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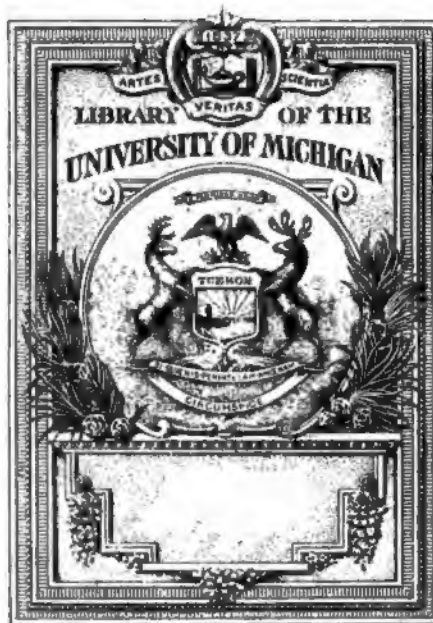
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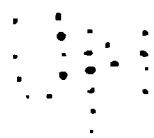
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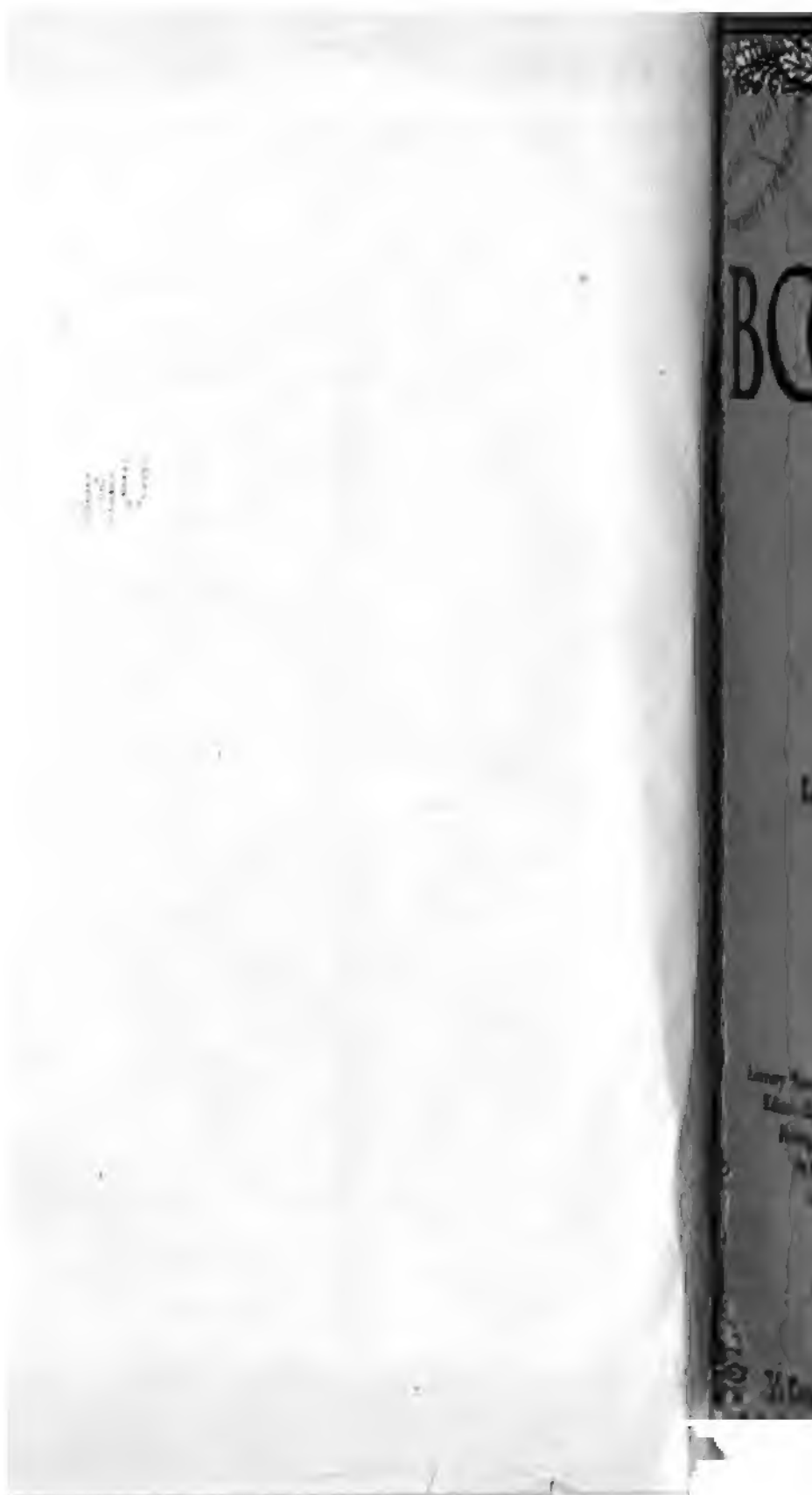


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THE BOOKMAN



"A CLERGYMAN"

BY MAX BEERBOHM

FRAGMENTARY, pale, momentary—almost nothing—glimpsed and gone—as it were, a faint human hand thrust up, never to reappear, from beneath the rolling waters of Time, he forever haunts my memory and solicits my weak imagination. Nothing is told of him but that once, abruptly, he asked a question, and received an answer.

This was on the afternoon of April 7, 1778, at Streatham, in the well-appointed house of Mr. Thrale. Johnson, on the morning of that day, had entertained Boswell at breakfast in Bolt Court, and invited him to dine at Thrale Hall. The two took coach and arrived early. It seems that Sir John Pringle had asked Boswell to ask Johnson "what were the best English sermons for style". In the interval before dinner, accordingly, Boswell reeled off the names of several divines whose prose might or might not win commendation. "Atterbury?" he suggested. "JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir, one of the best.' BOSWELL. 'Tillotson?' JOHNSON. 'Why, not now. I should

not advise anyone to imitate Tillotson's style; though I don't know; I should be cautious of censuring anything that has been applauded by so many suffrages.—South is one of the best, if you except his peculiarities, and his violence, and sometimes coarseness of language.—Seed has a very fine style; but he is not very theological.—Jortin's sermons are very elegant.—Sherlock's style too is very elegant, though he has not made it his principal study.—And you may add Smalridge.' BOSWELL. 'I like Ogden's Sermons on Prayer very much, both for neatness of style and subtilty of reasoning.' JOHNSON. 'I should like to read all that Ogden has written.' BOSWELL. 'What I want to know is, what sermons afford the best specimen of English pulpit eloquence.' JOHNSON. 'We have no sermons addressed to the passions, that are good for anything; if you mean that kind of eloquence.' A CLERGYMAN, whose name I do not recollect. 'Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?' JOHNSON. 'They were noth-

ing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may.' ”

The suddenness of it! Bang!—and the rabbit that had popped from its burrow was no more.

I know not which is the more startling—the début of the unforeseen clergyman, or the instantaneousness of his end. Why hadn't Boswell told us there was a clergyman present? Well, we may be sure that so careful and delicate an artist had some good reason. And I suppose the clergyman was left to take us unawares because just so did he take the company. Had we been told he was there, we might have expected that sooner or later he would join in the conversation. He would have had a place in our minds. We may assume in the minds of the company around Johnson he had no place. He sat forgotten, overlooked; so that his self-assertion startled everyone just as on Boswell's page it startles us. In Johnson's massive and magnetic presence only some very remarkable man, such as Mr. Burke, was sharply distinguishable from the rest. Others might, if they had something in them, stand out faintly. This unfortunate clergyman may have had something in him, but I judge that he lacked the gift of seeming as if he had. This deficiency, however, doesn't account for the horrid fate that befell him. One of Johnson's strongest and most inveterate feelings was his veneration for the Cloth. To any one in Holy Orders he habitually listened with a grave and charming deference. Today, moreover, he was in excellent good humor. He was at the Thrales', where he so loved to be; the day was fine; a fine dinner was in close prospect; and he had had what he always declared to be the sum of human felicity, a ride in a coach. Nor was

there in the question put by the clergyman anything likely to enrage him. Dodd was one whom Johnson had befriended in adversity; and it had always been agreed that Dodd in his pulpit was very emotional. What drew the blasting flash must have been not the question itself, but the manner in which it was asked. And I think we can guess what that manner was.

Say the words aloud: “Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?” They are words which, if you have any dramatic and histrionic sense, *cannot* be said except in a high thin voice.

You may, from sheer perversity, utter them in a rich and sonorous bari-tone or bass. But if you do so they sound utterly unnatural. To make them carry the conviction of human utterance, you have no choice: you must pipe them.

Remember, now, Johnson was very deaf. Even the people whom he knew well, the people to whose voices he was accustomed, had to address him very loudly. It is probable that this unregarded, young, shy clergyman, when at length he suddenly mustered courage to “cut in”, let his high thin voice soar *too* high, insomuch that it was a kind of scream. On no other hypothesis can we account for the ferocity with which Johnson turned and rended him. Johnson didn't, we may be sure, mean to be cruel. The old lion, startled, just struck out blindly. But the force of paw and claws was not the less lethal. We have endless testimony to the strength of Johnson's voice; and the very cadence of those words, “They were nothing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may,” convinces me that the old lion's jaws never gave forth a louder roar. Boswell does not record that there was

any further conversation before the announcement of dinner. Perhaps the whole company had been temporarily deafened. But I am not bothering about *them*. My heart goes out to the poor dear clergyman exclusively.

I said a moment ago that he was young and shy; and I admit that I slipped those epithets in without having justified them to you by due process of induction. Your quick mind will have already supplied what I omitted. A man with a high thin voice, and without power to impress any one with a sense of his importance, a man so null in effect that even the retentive mind of Boswell did not retain his very name, would assuredly not be a self-confident man. Even if he was not naturally shy, social courage would soon have been sapped in him, and would in time have been destroyed, by experience. That he had not yet given himself up as a bad job, that he still had faint wild hopes, is proved by the fact that he did snatch the opportunity for asking that question. He must, accordingly, have been young. Was he the curate of the neighboring church? I think so. It would account for his having been invited. I see him as he sits there listening to the great Doctor's pronouncement on Atterbury and those others. He sits on the edge of a chair, in the background. He has colorless eyes, fixed earnestly, and a face almost as pale as the clerical bands beneath his somewhat receding chin. His forehead is high and narrow, his hair mouse-colored. His hands are clasped tight before him, the knuckles standing out sharply. This constriction does not mean that he is steeling himself to speak. He has no positive intention of speaking. Very much, nevertheless, is he wish-

ing in the back of his mind that he *could* say something—something whereat the great Doctor would turn on him and say, after a pause for thought, "Why yes, Sir. That is most justly observed," or "Sir, this has never occurred to me. I thank you"—thereby fixing the observer forever high in the esteem of all. And now, in a flash, the chance presents itself. "We have," shouts Johnson, "no sermons addressed to the passions, that are good for anything." I see the curate's frame quiver with sudden impulse, and his mouth fly open, and—no, I can't bear it, I shut my eyes and ears. But audible, even so, is something shrill, followed by something thunderous.

Presently I reopen my eyes. The crimson has not yet faded from the young face yonder, and slowly down either cheek falls a glistening tear. Shades of Atterbury and Tillotson! Such weakness shames the Established Church. What would Jortin and Smalridge have said?—what Seed and South? And by the way, who *were* they, these worthies? It is a solemn thought that so little is conveyed to us by names which to the palæo-Georgians conveyed so much. We discern a dim composite picture of a big man in a big wig and a billowing black gown, with a big congregation beneath him. But we are not anxious to hear what he is saying. We know it is all very elegant. We know it will be printed and be bound in finely-tooled full calf, and no palæo-Georgian gentleman's library will be complete without it. Literate people in those days were comparatively few; but, bating that, one may say that sermons were as much in request as novels are today. I wonder, will mankind continue to be capricious? It is a very

solemn thought indeed that no more than a hundred and fifty years hence the novelists of our time, with all their moral and sociological outlook and influence, will perhaps shine as indistinctly as do those old preachers, with all their elegance, now. "Yes, Sir," some great pundit may be telling a disciple at this moment, "Wells is one of the best. Galsworthy is one of the best, if you except his concern for delicacy of style. Mrs. Ward has a very firm grasp of problems, but is not very creational. Caine's books are very edifying. I should like to read all that Caine has written. Miss Corelli, too, is very edifying. And you may add Upton Sinclair." "What I want to know," says the disciple, "is, what English novels may be selected as specially enthralling." The pundit answers: "We have no novels addressed to the passions, that are good for anything; if you mean that kind of enthrallment." And here some poor wretch (whose name the disciple will not remember) inquires: "Are not Mrs. Glyn's novels addressed to the passions?"—and is in due form annihilated. Can it be that a time will come when readers of this passage in our pundit's Life will take more interest in the poor nameless wretch than in all the bearers of those great names put together, being no more able or anxious to discriminate between (say) Mr. Wells and Mrs. Ward, or Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Caine, than we are to set Ogden above Sherlock, or Sherlock above Ogden? It seems impossible. But we must remember that things are not always what they seem.

Every man illustrious in his day, however much he may be gratified by his fame, looks with an eager eye to

posterity for a continuance of past favors, and would even live the remainder of his life in obscurity if by so doing he could insure that future generations would preserve a correct attitude toward him forever. This is very natural and human, but, like so many very natural and human things, very silly. Tillotson and the rest need not, after all, be pitied for our neglect of them. They either know nothing about it or are above such terrene trifles. Let us keep our pity for the seething mass of divines who were *not* elegantly verbose and had no fun or glory while they lasted. And let us keep a specially large portion for one whose lot was so much worse than merely undistinguished. If that nameless curate had not been at the Thrales' that day, or, being there, had kept the silence that so well became him, his life would have been drab enough, in all conscience. But at any rate an unpromising career would not have been nipped in the bud. And that is what in fact happened, I'm sure of it. A robust man might have rallied under the blow. Not so our friend. Those who knew him in infancy had not expected that he would be reared. Better for him had they been right. It is well to grow up and be ordained, but not if you are frail and sensitive and happen to annoy the greatest, the most stentorian and roughest of contemporary personages. "A Clergyman" never held up his head or smiled again after the brief encounter recorded for us by Boswell. He sank into a rapid decline. Before the next blossoming of Thrall Hall's almond trees he was no more. I like to think that he died forgiving Doctor Johnson.

LORD FISHER'S REVELATIONS

BY JAMES C. GREY

A LOVELY woman sent Admiral Fisher the following riddle:

"Why are you like Holland?"—"Because you lie low and are dammed all round."

That was before Armageddon. "Jellicoe will be admiral when Armageddon comes along," Fisher wrote in 1912, "and everything that has been done revolved around that, and no one has seen it."

Since then, the stars of the political heaven have fallen to the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken by a mighty wind; and that heaven itself has departed as a scroll when it is rolled together, and Admiral Fisher has heard a voice saying "Speak!" and he has lifted up his voice like a trumpet in two volumes of revelations (very soon to be published in America) which he calls "Memories" and "Records", the outpourings of a mind that scorns urbanity and knocks its adversary down by sheer force of its genius, without resort to logic or irony. The Reformation, it has been said, was the inauguration of free thought; but only the inauguration. Criticism was yet unborn. Fisher never criticizes, but like the men of the Reformation and the century that followed, he has a bull's ferocity and is a good hater. Elegance and sequence are unknown to him. His brain is a thorny thicket

through which the mind within strives to beat a path, and the result is unusual in the world of books: "Better the fragrance of the picked flower than trying to get more scent out of it by adding hot water afterwards," he writes in his preface.

If history is nature's drama and the historian a dramatist; and if as Froude tells us, there are periods—and those periods for the most part of greatest interest to mankind—the history of which may be so written that the actors shall reveal their characters in their own words; and the great passions of the epoch not simply be described as existing, but be exhibited at white heat in the souls and hearts possessed by them, where the power of the man is seen either stemming the stream till it overwhelms him, or ruling while he seems to yield,—then these "Memories" and "Records" of Admiral Fisher are history. Fisher is conscious of all this himself, and he shows it in his eagerness to get face to face with his readers. "It is the personality of the soul of man that has an immortal influence," he says. "Printed and written stuff is but an inanimate picture. Fancy seeing the Queen of Sheba herself, instead of reading of her in Solomon's print!... I compared this morning early what I said to you yesterday in my peripatetic dictation and I can't

recognize what is in type for the same as what I spoke."

Nevertheless, these "Memories" and "Records" are fascinating reading. Fascinating to the general reader of history, and instructive as well as fascinating just now to the American who is interested in the future of America's army and navy, in the plans for an army and navy staff, and the pleas from Admiral Sims for constructive criticism within the navy itself. "What's wrong with the navy?" asks Admiral Sims. Read Fisher's "Records", and see what he found wrong with the British Navy and how he righted it. "In 1886 I became Director of Ordnance of the Navy, and after a time I came to the definite conclusion that the ordnance of the Fleet was in a very bad way, and the only remedy was to take the whole business from the War Office who controlled the Sea Ordnance and the munitions of war. A very funny state of affairs." And again: "When are we going to have the great Army and Navy Cooperative Society which I set forth to King Edward in 1903—that the Army should be a reserve for the Navy? When shall we be an amphibious nation?" They are talking that way in Washington just now, as a result of the Great War. If you would know what Fisher did, read his letters to Lord Esher.

* * * *

John Fisher's father was a captain of the 78th Highlanders, who married a London beauty, a Miss Lambe, whose people were in trade, and the Fishers bitterly resented the alliance—for were not the Fishers gentlefolk in Warwickshire in the Dark Ages? And had not a Fisher been killed beside the Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo? Young Fisher had a hard

time in his youth, but wild horses won't make him say much about those early years when he lived with his maternal grandfather who was driven through the artifices of a rogue to take in lodgers.

"I was born in 1841, the same year as King Edward VII. There was never such a healthy couple as my father and mother. They did not marry for money—they married for love. They married very young, and I was their first child. All the physical advantages were in my favor, so I consider I was absolutely right, when I was nine months old, in refusing to be weaned.

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies....

these lines were written by Lord Byron of my godmother, Lady Wilmot Horton, of Catton Hall, Burton-on-Trent. She was still a very beautiful old lady at seventy-three years of age, when she died.

"One of her great friends was Admiral Sir William Parker (the last of Nelson's captains) and he, at her request, gave me his nomination for entering the navy. He had two to give away on becoming Port Admiral at Plymouth. He gave the other to Lord Nelson's own niece, and she also filled in my name, so I was doubly nominated by the last of Nelson's captains, and my first ship was the 'Victory', and it was my last! In the 'Victory' log book it is entered: 'July 12, 1854, Joined Mr. John Arbuthnot Fisher' and it is also entered that 'Sir John Fisher hauled down his flag on October 21, 1904, on becoming First Sea Lord.'"

He laments the changes that have come over the British Navy since then. All the entrance examination he had was to write out the Lord's Prayer, do

a rule of three sum, and drink a glass of sherry. "I remember so well, in the Russian War (1854-5, he was then thirteen years old) being sent with the watering party to the island of Nargen to get fresh water, as we were running short of it in this old sailing line of battleship I was in (there was no distilling apparatus in those days). My youthful astonishment was how on earth the Lieutenant in charge of the watering party discovered the water. There wasn't a lake and there wasn't a stream, but he went and dug a hole, and there was the water. It may be that he carried out the same delightful plan as my delicious old Admiral in China. This admiral's survey of the China Seas is one of the most celebrated on record. He told me himself that this is how he did it. He used to anchor in some convenient place every few miles, right up the coast of China. He had a Chinese interpreter on board. He sent this man to every fishing village and offered a dollar for every rock and shoal. No rock or shoal has ever been discovered since my beloved Admiral finished his survey. Perhaps the Lieutenant of the watering party gave rubles."

As a young Lieutenant, Fisher was sent to the Hythe School of Musketry, where, at the viva voce examinations, "we had some appalling questions. 'What do you pour the water with into the barrel of a rifle when you are cleaning it?' Both my answers were wrong. I said, 'With a tin pannikin' or 'The palm of the hand'. The right answer was, 'With care'."

When he was in the West Indies, a French frigate came into the harbor with yellow fever aboard. The Admiral asked the Captain of the English man-of-war what kindness he had shown the Frenchman. The Captain

replied he had sent him the keys of the cemetery.

Commander of the China flagship, head of the Torpedo School of the Navy, flag captain to Sir Leopold McClintock in the North American station,—were steps to his appointment to command the "Inflexible", which he did in 1882 at Alexandria, where he was struck down by dysentery and invalided home, to come under the notice of Queen Victoria who invited him to Osborne. There he met the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, and in the main these "Memories" and "Records" are a chronicle of the political events of the reigns of King Edward and King George. Personally devoted to King Edward, whom he calls a "blessed friend", he never mentions King George's name; but there is one passage eloquent by its omission: "The only way the masses of the people can act effectively is by means of republics. In a republic we get government of the people, by the people, for the people." Is it any wonder all England is asking what Fisher will say next?

"Nothing in these volumes in the least approaches the idea of a biography," he bluntly assures his reader. "Facts illumined by letters, and the life divided into sections to be filled in with the struggles of the ascent, seems the ideal sort of representation of a man's life." Take the headings of some of the chapters in these amazing volumes which are assuredly not an autobiography but a collection of episodes of a "lifelong war against limpets, parasites, sycophants, and jellyfish": "King Edward VII"; "Abdul Hamid and the Pope"; "Jolly and Hustle" (Fisher's name for an American contractor); "The Dardanelles"; "The Bible"; "Democracy";

"The Navy in the War"; "Submarines"; "Notes on Oil Engines"; "The Essentials of Sea Fighting". The impression left by reading them is bewildering. It is like witnessing a hand to hand fight or a battle of his own dreadnoughts in which every blow is struck for the efficiency of that Navy to which his life was dedicated and which he was building up against the Armageddon to come. He sets it all down here, as he tells us, because he wishes to

- a) Avoid national bankruptcy,
- b) Avert the insanity and wickedness of building a navy against the United States,
- c) Establish a union with America, as advocated by John Bright and Mr. Roosevelt,
- d) Enable the United States and British Navies to say to all other navies, "If you build more, we will fight you, here and now. We'll 'Copenhagen' you without remorse".

Railing and whimsical by turns, he assails the Departments, the public men and the politicians, and his letters to Lord Esher reveal a genius that borders on prophecy. "Youth, youth, youth; we must have youth!" is his cry. "Every one of the old gang must be cleared out, lock, stock and barrel, bob and sinker."

* * * *

Here is a letter written in 1907 to King Edward:

"...I don't mean to say that we are not menaced by Germany. Her diplomacy is, and always has been, infinitely superior to ours. Observe our treatment of the Sultan as compared with Germany. The Sultan is the most important personage in the whole world for England. He lifts his finger, and Egypt and India are in a blaze of religious disaffection. That

great American, Mr. Choate, swore to me before going to the Hague Conference, that he would side with England over submarine mines and other naval matters, but Germany has diplomatically collared the United States absolutely at The Hague.

"The only thing in the world that England has to fear is Germany, and none else."

"We have no idea at the Foreign Office of coping with the German propaganda in America. Our Naval Attache in the United States tells me that the German Emperor is unceasing in his efforts to win over the American official authorities, and that the German Embassy at Washington is far and away in the ascendant with the American Government."

And here are passages from letters to Lord Esher in 1910 and 1911:

"...Two immense episodes are doing Damocles over the Navy just now. ... 1) Oil Engines and Internal Combustion, about which I so dilated at our dinner and bored you. Since that night (July 11) Bloom and Voss in Germany have received an order to build a motor liner for the Atlantic Trade. *No engineers, no stokers, and no funnels, no boilers! Only a d...d chauffeur! The economy prodigious!* as the Germans say '*Kolossal billig!*' But what will it be for war? *Why! all the past pales before the prospect!!!*

"The Second is that this democratic country won't stand 99 per cent at least of her Naval Officers being drawn from the 'Upper Ten'. It's amazing to me that anyone should persuade himself that an aristocratic Service can be maintained in a democratic State..."

"...I want you to think over getting the Prime Minister to originate

an enquiry for a great British Governmental Wireless Monopoly, or rather I would say 'English Speaking' Monopoly! No one at the Admiralty or elsewhere has as yet any the least idea of the immense revolution both for Peace and War purposes which will be brought about by the future development of Wireless!... The point is that this scheme wants to be engineered by the Biggest Boss, i. e. the Prime Minister.... Believe me, the wireless in the future is the soul and spirit of Peace and War, and therefore must be in the hands of the Committee of Defense! *You can't cut the air!* You can cut a telegraph cable!"

All the great political figures of the past twenty years are whirled before the reader in turn in these letters: Asquith and Balfour and Botha (Fisher was a pro-Boer); Campbell-Bannerman and Churchill; Lord French, Gladstone, and the German Emperor; Jellicoe and Kitchener; Labouchere and Stead (Fisher tells some wonderful Labouchere stories!); Lloyd George and Tirpitz (there is an amazing letter to Tirpitz which the English press refused to print).

All the great political events in the past twenty years are cast on the white screen of his memory and illuminated; Agadir and the Battle of Jutland; the Dardanelles and the Dogger Bank incident; Haldane's visit to Berlin and the "hush-hush" ships; the Kiel Canal and diplomacy on the Golden Horn; the unreadiness at Scapa Flow and the massacre at Zeebrugge, of which he writes: "No such folly was ever devised by fools as that operation divorced from military co-operation on land."

No such footnotes to contemporary history have appeared in our time,

and no historian can afford to overlook those episodes in which the Admiral tells of Gladstone's resignation and how the Great War was carried on. But beyond their value to the historian, they are a document teeming with humanity. Were ever such frankly revealing chapters penned as "The Bible and Other Reflections", "Some Personalities", and "Things that Please Me"? Here are some of the things that please him:

"No one can hustle Providence."

"Never fight a chimney-sweep: some of the soot comes off on you."

"Tact is insulting a man without his knowing it."

"Hit first, hit hard, keep on hitting."

"The best scale for an experiment is 12 inches to a foot."

"Acknowledge the receipt of a book from the author at once: this relieves you of the necessity of saying whether you have read it."

"You've got no right to pray for rain for your turnips when it will ruin somebody else's wheat. The only prayer is for Endurance or Fortitude."

"Isn't it odd that those three great saints (John Wesley, Bishop Jeremy Taylor and Robertson of Brighton) each of them should have a nagging wife! Their home was Hell!"

Here is another side of the Admiral:

"I've never known what joy there is in nature," he writes in 1910. "Even beauteous woman fades in comparison. I've just seen the swans flying over the lake." ... "We have no poets nowadays like Pope, Goldsmith and Gay—only damned mystical idiots like Browning and Tennyson that want a dictionary and a differ-

ential calculus type of mind to understand what they are driving at."

He opens his eightieth year by saying: "Thanks be to God, I believe I am now as well as ever I was in my whole life, and I can still waltz with joy and enjoy champagne when I can get it."

King Edward was his great hero—"a noble man and every inch a king; I don't either say he was a saint. I know lots of cabbages that are saints—they couldn't sin if they wanted to!"

On one occasion, Fisher was staying at Sandringham with a great party: "I think it was for one of Blessed Queen Alexandra's birthdays. As I was zero in this grand party, I slunk off to my room to write an important letter. Then I took my coat off, unlocked my portmanteau and began unpacking. I had a boot in each hand; I heard somebody fumbling with the door handle, and thinking it was the footman, I said: 'Come in, don't go humbugging with that door handle,' and in walked King Edward with a cigar about a yard long in his mouth. He said (I with a boot in each hand): 'What on earth are you doing?'—'Unpacking, Sir!'—'Where's your servant?'—'Haven't got one, Sir.'—'Where is he?'—'Never had one, Sir; couldn't afford it.'—'Put those boots down. Sit in that armchair,' and he went and sat in the other on the other side of the fire."

It was on another of Queen Alexandra's birthdays—her sixtieth—he calls her "the most beloved woman of the nation"—that Admiral Fisher was

invited to lunch: "After lunch, all the people said something nice to Queen Alexandra, and when it came to my turn, I said to Her Majesty: 'Have you seen that halfpenny newspaper about Your Majesty's birthday?' She said she hadn't. What was it? I said: 'These were the words:

"The Queen is sixty today—

"May she live till she looks it!" "

Her Majesty said: 'Get me a copy of it' (such a thing didn't exist). About three weeks afterwards she said: 'Where's that halfpenny newspaper?' I was staggered for a moment but recovered myself and said: 'Sold out, Ma'am. Couldn't get a copy!' (I think my second lie was better than my first.) But the lovely part of the story yet remains. A year afterwards she sent me a lovely postcard which I much treasure now. It was a picture of a little girl bowling a hoop, and Her Majesty's own head stuck on, and underneath she had written: 'May she live till she looks it!' "

* * * *

To sum up, it is no exaggeration to say that these whimsical, earnest volumes reveal one of the most fertile brains of our generation. In naval affairs, Admiral Fisher has proved himself right so often that it is the part of wisdom to listen to him now, and his predictions are: oil is the future fuel of the Navy—battleships must be submersible—the wars of the future will be decided in and from the air.

Memories and Records. Two volumes. By Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fisher. George H. Doran Company.

LITERARY NEW YORK IN THE 'EIGHTIES

BY THE MARQUISE CLARA LANZA

FORTY years ago, when life was not so complex as it has since become, and when it was inclined to the simple and the unostentatious, fostered by a more ample leisure, New York possessed a literary society that has apparently vanished from the face of the earth, or else is so scattered and diffused by modern conditions that it may truthfully be said to be as dead as Pontius Pilate. As I look back upon those colorful days, tempered by a mild yet haunting charm, something akin to regret steals into my consciousness; for while society, literary and otherwise, may not occupy a higher plane in many respects, the close fellowship that once was its most attractive characteristic has long been a thing of the past. The city was then little more than an overgrown country town, where everybody knew everybody else, and formal evening functions began at eight-thirty and ended decorously at midnight. We absorbed our infantile pleasures slowly and in small doses, as one sips a strong liqueur that might go to one's head if indulged in too recklessly.

Yet even so, progress was creeping stealthily onward. The old Academy of Music, hallowed by memories of Patti and Nilsson, Campanini and Capoul, was abandoned for the newly completed Metropolitan Opera House, where, bursting with pride, we heroically began our Wagnerian edu-

cation, dressed in the most modest of décolleté gowns. Those too were the days of Eastlake furniture and heavy dinners. I shudder when I recall those formidable festivities—a dozen courses, smothered in truffles and mushrooms, and washed down by as many kinds of wine, that in the present year of grace would land those of us who are still alive in the hospital. How it was possible to consume such quantities of food and survive is one of the mysteries that will never be solved, but we accomplished the feat and, what is yet more astounding, seemed none the worse for it. There were no suffragettes, bachelor girls, automobiles, moving-pictures, cabarets, or jazz bands, in the 'eighties. The "wireless" slumbered tranquilly in space, a trip to Europe was an event, the telephone a new and amusing toy that few people took seriously. As for the proprieties, we shrank to a degree that today would be laughable from doing anything calculated to excite comment, or that might be construed as bizarre. A wholesome horror of Mrs. Grundy was impressed upon us from infancy.

Provincial? Oh, yes, frankly and distressingly so, but we rather gloried in our shame, for as a class we were unique, romantic, and picturesque, and we certainly were happier in our ignorance and limitations than we appear to be now, with our motor-cars,

palatial hotels and apartment houses, mammoth ships, Russian ballets, emancipated women, and all the rest of it. Of course nobody pretends that there are fewer really worth-while persons in New York in these advanced times. Doubtless there are many more. We meet them occasionally and revel voluptuously in their scintillations and achievements. But we do not rub elbows with them as we did three or four decades ago. They dazzle our senses for a moment, stimulate our flagging brains, and pass on to be swallowed up in the labyrinthian mazes, the intricate byways, the circles within circles, of which Greater New York is composed.

I remember as if it were yesterday the thrill that agitated the "intellectuals" of Manhattan when the Nineteenth Century Club was founded by the late Courtlandt Palmer, a man of wealth and a rabid disciple of Comte, whose spacious home in Gramercy Park speedily became the rendezvous for all the clever and distinguished people in town; and where, as a wag aptly observed, "the literary lights tried to be fashionable and the fashionable folk attempted to be literary". Later, when the club membership outgrew the parlors of a private residence,—we had parlors, and I blush to confess it, even back-parlors, at that period,—the bimonthly meetings were held in the American Art Galleries in East Twenty-third Street. There congregated for debate and social intercourse some of the most interesting personalities of the day—Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, infidel, free-thinker, and agnostic, the socialist and the dilettante, the society leader and the east-side girl in a second-hand evening frock, men and women of letters and the stage, artists, journalists, and the ubiquitous hang-

ers-on whose sole object was to bask in the rays of reflected greatness. Naturally, there was a small contingent of gentlemen in business suits, heavy boots, and doubtful linen, and eccentric ladies with blowsy coiffures and æsthetic draperies of jade-green and sulphurous yellow. But on the whole it was a well-dressed, eminently correct assemblage, and I never saw anything in the least out of the way except once; when a certain much-read novelist, who shall be nameless, not finding the sandwich he was nibbling to his liking and fancying himself unobserved, surreptitiously cast it to the floor where it was promptly stepped upon by a magnificent dowager in white satin and diamonds, to whose immaculate slipper it adhered for the rest of the evening.

The platform of the Nineteenth Century was a free one, the more free the better; and no matter how radical might be the utterances of a speaker, nobody objected. The discourses rippled along smoothly, rarely with a note of venom or animosity, seldom with more than a pardonable degree of excitement or sarcasm; and it was no unusual spectacle to see men of such widely divergent opinions as Henry Ward Beecher, Robert G. Ingersoll, The Reverend Dr. McGlynn—the priest who gained notoriety by openly defying the Pope,—and Dr. Felix Adler, the apostle of ethical culture, pitted one against the other in lively argument. "Why didn't you come to my assistance?" inquired on one such occasion a Catholic monsignor of the rabbi who had also taken part in the discussion. "You and I are the only ones here who believe anything."

When the voices of the debaters were no longer audible on the field of battle, conversation became general and we talked of books and authors,

royalties and publishers, how much Jones got for his short story which wasn't much of a story after all, and the weak points in So-and-So's play—as we partook chastely of light refreshments, feeling from the depths of our souls that since we were permitted this familiar communion with giant intellects, to see them as it were stripped of all glamour and illusion, life had indeed but little more to offer.

It was at the club that I came in contact for the first time with some of the literary celebrities of the hour, and others who had not then "arrived" but were destined to become famous afterward. Among the former the figure of Edgar Fawcett stands out prominently. What a big man we pen-and-ink fledglings thought him—almost, if not quite, the peer of James and Howells! Yet I doubt if his realistic studies of New York, his charming metropolitan portraiture, his graceful verses, are read or even recalled now, or if any of his books are to be found on the shelves of our public libraries. Surely, however, such finished productions and masterpieces of style as his "An Ambitious Woman", and "The Evil that Men Do", deserved to live.

Fawcett was short, stout, and stolid of mien, looking, as somebody remarked, "more like a butcher boy than a poet". He was nevertheless extremely witty and agreeable, and without being exactly snobbish, prided himself upon his social position, his family being one of means and standing. But his pet weakness was a hypersensitiveness to criticism; and whenever an unfavorable review of one of his works appeared, he would seize his pen and dash off a savage rejoinder to the editor of the offending paper or magazine, pouring out inky torrents of vituperation and invective

that, for some cryptic reason, nearly always found their way into print, to the unholy delight of his friends. "I cannot tell you", he once said to me, "the agony I endure when my work, which costs me such labor and into which I put my very heart and soul, is belittled and misjudged by those who are incapable of creating a single page of fiction or poetry. It makes me see red, and my one thought is to strike back and inflict if possible a still deeper wound."

Fawcett's bosom companion was George Edgar Montgomery, the scholarly young dramatic critic of the "Times", although two more dissimilar characters and temperaments it would be hard to find. There was no hint of aggressiveness about Montgomery who, in fact, was shy and retiring, with placid blue eyes and the pink-and-white complexion of a girl. No one, however, could be more vitriolic than he when it came to passing judgment upon an inferior play or an actor who fell short of his ideal. The close intimacy between this ill-matched pair was at its height when I met them, and continued unabated until a quarrel—which a clairvoyant had predicted was inevitable sooner or later—not merely separated them, but engendered so bitter an animosity that neither ever missed an opportunity of insulting and abusing the other. Both died while still comparatively young, and without becoming reconciled. An amusing incident connected with them will, I think, bear repeating.

One evening the veteran poet and editor, Richard Henry Stoddard, was a guest of the club, and hearing that Fawcett was present, expressed a desire to meet him, for oddly enough they were utter strangers. Montgomery volunteered to go in search of his friend, and I chanced to be chatting

with Fawcett when he approached and announced his errand. "Edgar, Mr. Stoddard wishes to make your acquaintance. He's on the opposite side of the room. Let me take you to him."

Fawcett glanced in the direction indicated and into his bovine eyes crept a glacial stare. "If Mr. Stoddard wishes to know me", he replied in freezing accents, "you may bring him to me. I certainly shall not cross the floor for the purpose of an introduction."

"But, my dear chap," Montgomery expostulated, "I couldn't ask him to do that. He would consider it beneath his dignity, and rightly so. Why, he is old enough to be your grandfather."

"It makes no difference, I shall not budge."

"Edgar, I implore you. He has been raving over your poems, comparing some of them to Shelley and Keats. And look at his white hair!"

"I *am* looking at it", retorted Fawcett imperturbably, peering through the crowd, "and it isn't the lovely, shimmering silver that inspires reverence, not at all. It is simply ordinary gray hair," and he turned his back, leaving Montgomery to proffer what feeble excuses he was able to invent.

Another habitué of the club was Julian Hawthorne, tall, muscular, athletic, and bearing an absurd resemblance to the portraits of his immortal father. Hawthorne occupied a villa on the Hudson that he had bought or rented, and which—his large brood of children being then at the noisy age,—he jocosely referred to as "the house of the seven gabblers". To the club came likewise George Parsons Lathrop, the author, who married Hawthorne's sister Rose, now Mother Alphonsa, a Dominican nun; while Lathrop's brother Francis, the artist,—a very

small man who painted such enormous canvases that they had to be set up in barns and lofts, any ordinary studio being entirely inadequate,—was usually to be found in the wake of his relatives. I can see him now, stroking his brown Vandyke beard and murmuring dreamily: "I really don't see how I am to begin my new picture—dozens of figures, all heroic size, and not a spot large enough for my canvas. I suppose I shall have to *build* something."

The Norwegian novelist, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, was a regular attendant at the Nineteenth Century. Boyesen has been dead these many years, and I sometimes wonder what has become of his books; for he was a prolific writer, and it would not be easy to match his beautiful phrasing, or his ability to always hit upon *le mot juste*—something rare in one writing in a foreign language. Then there was Edgar Saltus,—a stripling in his early twenties with a white carnation always in the lapel of his faultlessly tailored coat,—already spoken of as a young man of extraordinary talent, whose sparkling epigrams were passed from mouth to mouth.

Among the women, the gifted Kate Field was conspicuous in a Persian shawl of as many colors as Joseph's coat, fantastically looped over a long black silk train; and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the new "poetess of passion", slim, girlish, and clothed in classic garments. Gertrude Atherton, a recent arrival from California with the manuscript of a novel in her trunk, was a personality that aroused instant attention. I recall vividly her initial appearance at the Art Galleries, and Saltus saying in his somewhat stammering speech, "Let me present a new author from San Francisco," as he halted beside me with an attractive-

looking young woman on his arm—a smallish person in black velvet, cut square in the neck, with cool light eyes under a fringe of pale yellow hair.

Bret Harte I saw once. There was nothing in the least remarkable about him. My memory hovers around a rather undersized man in the middle thirties—though he may have been younger or older—who had not much to say and who might easily have been mistaken for a floor-walker in a department store. Henry George, florid, and sporting a veritable forest of fiery hair and whiskers, came now and then, and twice addressed the club. Andrew Carnegie was one of our vice-presidents, and I am reminded of a remark I once heard him make which gave me the key to his character as perhaps few other things could have done. He was speaking of a forthcoming journey to England when someone asked whether he intended seeking an audience with Queen Victoria. "No, sir," retorted the little iron-master, drawing himself up assertively. "If I did, I should be compelled to walk backwards and bend my knee, and that is a homage I shall never pay to any human being alive."

Courtlandt Palmer died prematurely in '89, but the club, while never quite the same, flourished for some time after the loss of its brilliant founder—first under the leadership of Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, a man of great philosophical and scientific attainments, and later under the no less able administration of Professor Brander Matthews, who had been one of our moving spirits from the start. What became of it eventually I do not know, for I left New York in the early 'nineties to take up my residence in Washington, and when I returned some years later, the club was no more.

But it must not be taken for granted

that the Nineteenth Century was the only place where feasts of reason and outflowing of soul predominated. There were two noteworthy salons besides: one presided over by Mrs. Botta, who prior to her marriage to Professor Vincenzo Botta, an eminent Italian savant, had, under her maiden name of Anne C. Lynch, acquired a reputation as a poet of taste and originality. The Bottas, an elderly couple of a type long as extinct as that ancient bird the dodo, lived in a wide English-basement house in West Thirty-seventh Street, a stone's throw from Fifth Avenue. And every notability who set foot in New York came armed with a letter to them, for not to be seen at the Bottas' was to proclaim oneself either a nobody or a pariah. Their quaint old-fashioned parlor, with its early Victorian furniture, dim pictures, faded hangings, and much ornate stucco, formed a pleasant background for some of the most delightful gatherings it has ever been my privilege to attend. There I met the great tragedian Salvini, huge of frame, with fiery eyes that burned beneath beetling brows of gray, and lips that seldom smiled. Whenever I glanced at his long, curved, supple hands and noted the sinister expression of his features, I was moved to compassion for the luckless mummer, wretched actor though he was, who was fated to play Iago to his marvelous impersonation of Othello; and who nightly, to say nothing of two matinée performances a week, was ostensibly pummeled to a jelly and most realistically throttled, to the unmitigated glee of a discriminating audience. At the Bottas' I likewise met Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer; Ellen Terry and Felix Moscheles; the Kendals, and merry little Rosina Vokes, with her clever company of

London players. I recollect, too, Helena Modjeska, and Adelina Patti with her husband, Ernesto Nicolini.

It was at a dinner, one of those sumptuous banquets lasting for hours, that I found myself next to Nicolini. All through the interminable feast he did not address a syllable of conversation to me or to the lady on his left, nor did he appear to eat a mouthful of food. He leaned back in his chair, crumbling bread and munching olives, his eyes glued upon his wife opposite who, gorgeously gowned and blazing with jewels, was in the most lively of moods. Suddenly, however, as she was on the point of helping herself from a dish of lobster that was being passed, he started forward with a stifled shriek. "Adelina, Adelina, for the love of God do not touch that! Think of your voice—your precious voice." The diva hesitated, shrugged, then laughed and waved the platter away. "Lobster!" muttered Nicolini in the tone of one who has just snatched a cup of deadly poison from the grasp of a would-be suicide, "*lobster!*" And he relapsed into his former apathy.

Mrs. Langtry was in New York then and much discussed and paragraphed. I have forgotten precisely where or when I met her, but I cannot resist the temptation to relate an anecdote with which Mrs. Botta was wont to enliven her parties and add to the gaiety of nations, and which even at this late day is, I believe, worth telling. The Bottas had spent the previous summer in England where they frequently saw Herbert Spencer and took tea in his company at the home of Mrs. Lewes, better known as George Eliot. On a certain occasion the talk turned upon the Jersey Lily, then at the zenith of her fame as a "professional beauty", and superlatively complimentary adjectives were bandied

about concerning her. All at once, Mr. Spencer, who had been fidgeting in his seat and coughing behind his hand, bent toward Mrs. Botta. "Tut, tut!" he whispered, in a loud aside, "what arrant nonsense to call that Langtry creature beautiful! Now, my idea of a truly beautiful woman is *that*," and he pointed to George Eliot, seated some distance away at the tea table, who, if not uncompromisingly ugly according to our accepted standard of looks, by no stretch of the imagination could be termed a beauty.

The other salon was held at the residence of Mrs. John Sherwood, the wife of a prominent lawyer, who wrote light novels and books on etiquette, and contributed papers on social topics to some of the magazines. Mrs. Sherwood was *grande dame* to her fingers' ends and looked the part. She was large and imposing, and affected flowered brocades and massive ornaments. Despite her advanced age—for she must then have been nearly seventy—her hair was of a glossy blackness, arranged in rows of puffs and surmounted by a headdress of lace and ribbon. A thorough woman of the world as well as a very worldly woman, her manners were perfect; and inasmuch as she had traveled extensively and knew everybody worth knowing on both sides of the Atlantic, her invitations were eagerly sought after. She had inaugurated a series of weekly readings, compiled from her personal reminiscences and experiences at home and abroad, written in a pleasant and semihumorous vein; and on Wednesday afternoons the two long parlors of her house in West Thirty-second Street were thronged with the élite of society, the arts, and letters.

To "help out" and at the same time add to the popular interest of these occasions, recitations and music were

furnished by professional and amateur talent. I well remember a special Wednesday when Wilson Barrett was down for Mark Antony's oration and I had agreed to do my bit on the mandolin, an instrument then just coming into vogue and but little known in America. The butler's pantry did duty as green room, and three or four of us, including Courtenay Thorpe of the Vokes Company who was to recite Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "The Birth of the Opal", were secreted among the dishes and glasses, awaiting the signal for our respective "entrances" after Mrs. Sherwood had finished her reading. Now I had often played for her without suffering from anything worse than a transient flutter of stagefright, but on this particular day for some unaccountable reason I was in a panic of nervousness, with icy hands and shaking limbs. Mr. Thorpe was staring abstractedly into the back yard. I looked at Barrett. He was gnawing his nether lip, and striding up and down the pantry like a caged animal. "Oh, Mr. Barrett", I faltered, on the verge of tears, "I never was so frightened in my life. I simply *can't* face all those awful people." He turned quickly. "My dear young lady", he replied, "you are not half so much frightened as I am. And let me tell you this," he supplemented, wagging an admonitory forefinger, "be thankful you *are* frightened. If the day ever comes when I cease to feel nervous over an appearance, even at a small affair like this, I shall know that my art is dead, my career at an end."

Among Mrs. Sherwood's intimates was Archibald Clavering Gunter, whose novel "Mr. Barnes of New York" had achieved the distinction of having been declined by every publisher in the United States: to be finally brought out by the author himself who

awoke shortly to find fame knocking at his door, for "Mr. Barnes" proved to be a best seller of the first water. Gunter was absolutely devoid of magnetism or attraction of any kind. He was fat to grossness, and his fierce black moustache made him resemble the heavy villain of melodrama. He had sleepy eyes, and his conversation was as weighty as his body. Of humor he possessed not an atom. But we placed him aloft on a pedestal, all the same. "Mr. Barnes" might not be literature. Possibly it hadn't even a bowing acquaintance with art. The critics either ignored it as unworthy of serious consideration, or awarded it a few lines of withering comment. But nevertheless to Gunter must be accorded the applause due to one who had proved the fallibility and exposed the woeful absence of commercial instinct, laid bare the smug know-it-allness of that arch-enemy of real merit, the Publisher's Reader. For everybody is aware that publishers are in business for the purpose of making money, and Gunter, after being unmercifully snubbed by all of them, from Maine to California, was coining this commodity hand over fist. Was it any wonder that he walked on air, his head among the stars; and that we, his comrades of the pen who had often been turned down ourselves without tasting the compensating joy that "laughs last", strutted and crowed with him, forming as it were a sort of aerial Greek chorus?

Louise Chandler Moulton, the poet, although living in Boston, came to New York sometimes and I got to know her pretty well. She had run across George Moore in Paris and on learning that he and I corresponded, spoke much of him, praising his work in extravagant terms, and dwelling at great length on the extreme beauty of

his hands—"the most beautiful hands in the world", she averred. Thinking Mr. Moore would be gratified at this spontaneous homage, I took occasion in one of my letters to mention the high opinion Mrs. Moulton entertained of him, not omitting her admiration of his hands. His reply, when it came, was characteristic: "Mrs. Moulton is a nice comfortable old lady whose one fault is that she *will* talk about love." Needless to say this was not repeated.

The above reference to the celebrated Irish writer brings to mind my acquaintance with an English man of letters who came to live in this country in the 'eighties and who had known Moore when they had both been students in Julien's atelier. In those palmy days Moore, when he was not trying to paint, spent his time in writing erotic verses. Amply provided with funds, he had fitted up a large flat of eleven rooms where he lived in solitary state, and in course of time he conceived the very natural idea of having his poems brought out in book form. Consequently they were offered to various publishing houses. But no one would undertake the work. Much incensed, he resolved to print it at his own expense, and when the volume, beautifully gotten up, appeared, copies were sent to all the editors and *littérateurs* in town. Then Moore shut himself up and waited to hear that he had been hailed as the worthy successor of Baudelaire and Verlaine. One fine morning, an Englishman whom I will call B..., was tranquilly sipping his coffee when he was handed a note which read as follows: "Come at once, I am dying, G. M." Assailed by terrifying visions, he rushed to the flat. The front door was ajar, and after breathlessly traversing ten rooms, momentarily expecting to stumble over

the lifeless form of his friend, Moore was discovered in room eleven, stretched out in bed and seemingly *in extremis*, yet arrayed nevertheless in a most bewildering shirt of Tyrian purple, frilled, fluted, and befurberlowed, which B..., being blessed with keen intuitive faculties, said he could have sworn Moore had dashed out to buy before dispatching his *ante mortem* appeal. A newspaper was grasped between a nerveless finger and thumb. Moore was beyond articulate speech, but he managed to indicate that the journal was responsible for his semicomatose condition.

If I remember correctly, it was at Mrs. Sherwood's that I was introduced to Frank Stockton, and a really comical episode in which he played the chief rôle now emerges from the background of my recollection. I happened to be writing some articles for Peter Collier's "Once a Week", a magazine that enjoyed but a brief life, despite the fact of its being most ably edited by a delightful Irishman named Nugent Robinson. Having a business matter to transact with Mr. Collier, I one day wended my way to the office where Robinson as usual was ruminating in the outer room. As I was speaking to him, I noticed a masculine form perched on a high stool at a desk in one corner, actively engaged in scribbling on an immense sheet of paper, the desk being cluttered with similar sheets, so that it looked as though a rain of foolscap had descended from the ceiling. I recognized Stockton at once. "What on earth is he doing?" I inquired, *sotto voce*. "Well, you see", Robinson explained, "he has been contributing a lot of stuff to 'Once a Week' for which we agreed to pay him so much a line. There are a certain number of lines to a column, and so many columns

to a page. Looks easy, doesn't it? But Stockton has been sitting on that stool, like Poe's Raven, for the best part of an hour, trying to figure out how much we owe him. Every time he adds or multiplies he gets a different result." I smiled discreetly, and passed into Mr. Collier's sanctum. When I emerged some twenty minutes later, Stockton was still there, frantically jotting down numbers. His face wore a distracted expression, his hair was rumpled, and beads of perspiration stood on his brow. Robinson, rising to open the door for me, rolled up his eyes and thrust forth both hands as if he were beating off the air, signifying that the case was hopeless. Meeting him a few days later, I asked, as a matter of curiosity, how long the author of "Rudder Grange" had remained in the office working over his account. "Would you believe it," he replied, "the poor devil got so desperately mixed that in the end I took pity on him and went to his rescue. It required less than five minutes to calculate to a penny the precise amount due him, write a check, and send him away happy."

It was in the late 'eighties, the exact year escapes me, that William Sharp came to New York as the guest of Edmund Clarence Stedman, our "banker poet", as we called him. Sharp had brought a note of introduction to me from Mrs. Atherton, and my first glimpse of him was attended by circumstances so ludicrous that I find myself smiling involuntarily in recalling them. I was reading quietly in my room one morning when I was rudely interrupted by a furious hammering on the front door below—bang, bang, rattle, rattle, without intermission, and in a gradually increasing crescendo. Wondering what could be the cause of this uproar, I fled hur-

riedly down the stairs, not stopping to call a servant, and threw the door wide open, prepared to deal summarily with the offender. In the vestibule stood a big, blond-bearded man who reminded me so much of "Lohengrin" that I caught myself peering behind him to see if perchance a white swan was lurking on the stoop. In one hand this splendid apparition held the stout cudgel with which he had been belaboring the portal, and with the other he waved me a friendly greeting. Not having been notified of Mr. Sharp's advent, I hadn't the faintest idea as to his identity, or why he should adopt so extraordinary a method of announcing his presence. Probably my features betrayed my perplexity, for he broke into a shout of merriment. "I've got a letter for you in my pocket," he exclaimed genially. "I'm William Sharp from London, and as your electric bell is evidently out of commission, and I was bound to get in by hook or crook, I decided to pound on the door until somebody opened it."

Of course I laughed too and gave him a cordial welcome, for there are few writers for whom I cherish a more profound veneration than William Sharp or "Fiona Macleod". And what a wonderful talk we had, about books, the people we both knew, and life and matters in general! He was then editing the "Academy", and I experienced a throb of elation when he told me that if I would have a copy of my next novel forwarded to him, he would personally review it for that journal. Unfortunately, his stay in town was a limited one, and every available moment of his time had been mortgaged by the Stedmans, so we did not meet again. After his return to England, however, I was made happy by the receipt of a thin, vellum-bound volume, his then newly published

"Sospiri di Roma", inscribed to me with his autograph, which still remains one of my most precious possessions.

There was a seductive quality in William Sharp, the evidence of a nature singularly endowed and touched with mysticism, expressive not only of the artist but of a personality wholly virile, yet breathing a rare spirituality, at once rich, radiant, and unspoiled by affectation or self-consciousness. Among the hundreds of fascinating men and women who are enshrined in my heart and mind, his image stands forth clear, luminous, and imbued with a beauty all its own.

It was in '83, I think, that Oscar Wilde burst like a resplendent meteor into our charmed circle. Yet it seems but a day since I saw him for the first time at a luncheon given by a Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, a young couple who lived in the East Twenties, not far from Fourth Avenue, a fashionable residential section at that period. The Hayeses dabbled in literature and music; and being rich, or what was considered rich in those times, liked nothing so much as to hear the roar of a lion in their drawingroom. Oscar, just arrived in America, was quite the most stupendous lion that had electrified New York in years. He was mobbed in the streets, people stood on boxes and barrels, and fought like demons to catch a glimpse of him, and whole pages were written about him in the daily press. He was the man of the hour.

When I reached the Hayeses' I found all the company, about a dozen, assembled, with the exception of the guest of honor, and breathlessly awaiting his coming. Too excited to converse coherently, we sat keyed up to concert-pitch, our eyes fastened upon the

portières that masked the doorway and that presently parted to admit the most astonishing young man I had ever beheld. His brown hair curled on his shoulders and one thick lock brushed an eyebrow. He wore a velvet jacket, satin knee-breeches, black silk stockings and buckled shoes, while under his chin was an immense bow of apple-green, with long fluttering ends. After an instant of general hypnosis, presentations followed, and whether it was because the only vacant chair in the room chanced to be near mine, or for some other reason, I do not know, but at any rate Oscar dropped into it with a thud, assumed a soulful attitude,—one of his studied poses as I learned later,—his clasped hands supporting his left cheek, his gaze fixed rapturously upon space, and remarked apropos of nothing at all: "The great crises of our lives are never events but always passions." Then he paused, evidently expecting me to say something. But, at a loss for a reply, all I could do was to regard him in mystified silence. He looked up, our eyes met, and some subtle vibration of humor must have passed between us for we burst simultaneously into loud and unrestrained hilarity. Luncheon was at that moment announced, and as he was placed on the other side of the table, I had no opportunity of speaking to him again until we returned to the drawingroom. But throughout the repast he was constantly dodging the tall centrepiece that partly hid us from each other, in order to smile and raise his glass to me, and once, during a sudden lull in the chatter, I heard him discoursing glibly on the preface to "Mademoiselle de Maupin". If I live to be a thousand I shall never forget the look of blank consternation on the face of the woman beside him, who obviously had never

even heard of the book, and to whom Oscar's well-turned comments were about as lucid as though he had been reciting passages from the Koran.

Afterward I got to know him very well, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. Shorn of his affectations, his mannerisms that often bordered on buffoonery, but which after all were harmless enough, the English gentleman of culture and breeding stood revealed in all his wonderful brilliancy. A greater adept in epigram and repartee never existed, and his wit flowed in an endlessly glittering stream. Yet he had his serious moods, and among my varied recollections of him, one is etched on my mind with peculiar sharpness. We were sitting on the veranda of my country home on a blue and gold afternoon of the late summer, and after speaking of a lecture he was to give that evening in Newark, he let his eyes roam over the green valley below, and said earnestly: "My life stretches before me like that sunlit, flower-starred

meadow yonder. I see the beautiful books and plays I mean to write, the other things I intend to accomplish, for I know exactly what my life will be. I shall leave an indelible mark upon my generation. The world of art will be the richer for my having lived." How often have I reflected upon those words, uttered in all sincerity, in view of the grim tragedy that in a few short years stunned civilized society. His joyous youth and glowing manhood, his genius, the serene loveliness of his nature, rise up like so many jeering phantoms, and the pity of it all saddens my spirit. In one of his charming essays James Huneker has stated that since his death Wilde has been tremendously overrated. Perhaps in a strictly literary sense this is true. But to those who knew and admired the man rather than the artist, his memory, cleansed by the bitterness of his suffering, seems to have taken on a deeper value and an added significance. At least it pleases me, his friend, to think so.

COLLABORATION AND THAT SORT OF THING

BY MOREBY ACKLOM

THE only reason, I suppose, that we pay so little attention, as a general thing, to the strangeness and mystery of literary collaboration is the fact that we grow up accustomed to such monuments of it as the Erckmann-Chatrian novels and the series of sound and delightful romances, which nobody reads nowadays, fathered by Walter Besant and James

Rice—to mention only the first examples that occur.

If two musicians collaborated in a tune, or two painters in a picture, it would be hailed as a marvel, no doubt; but two writers can get together and produce a joint personality without exciting even a whisper of surprise. Even a good translation must be a collaboration if it is to be a real piece

of literature: witness Fitzgerald and Omar Khayyam in the "Rubaiyat". Anyone who will take the trouble to compare Fitzgerald's version with a literal rendering of the original will hardly use the word *translation* in regard to it again.

Like the rest of the unthinking, I had calmly accepted this real marvel of human ingenuity as a commonplace, and thought no more of inquiring into its causes and effects than I did into the inner meaning of a volcano or the possibilities of infringing on the precession of the equinoxes. It was a very slight thing that set me wondering about it, merely the casual discovery that the pen-name, Michael Field, concealed the joint work of a young woman and her aunt.

I felt at first that I had been imposed upon, because I happened to have a volume of Michael Field's poems in my own private five-inch bedside bookshelf: a testimonial that, in those simple days, I thought them pretty good. Then, naturally, ensued a period of persistent effort to disentangle the two authors, but I had to retire completely frustrated; though I had better luck with "Songs from Vagabondia": for after listing the poems in it which I suspected of being Bliss Carman's and which Richard Hovey's, and after getting Bliss Carman to initial his own contributions, I found that I had only made two mistakes in the volume.

Of course, publishing in the same volume poems separately written by different authors is not the most complete kind of collaboration; but it might pass for a mild variety of it.

There are many others—e. g. assisting authors, dead and therefore unprotesting, to contribute to one's own support by means of a ouija board; writing stimulating introductions to

the works of other and less-known writers or precocious literary infants, or even the humble and often useful parody, which we have always with us.

In fact, the possibilities are infinite. Suppose for instance that Sir James Barrie really *had* collaborated with Daisy Ashford, or Wells with disappointed Barbellion, what books we should now have!

Or think what the effects would be of Elinor Glyn's working hand in hand with Henry James, or Walt Whitman revising Walter Pater.

It will not seem improbable that with my mind taken up with the delights of this new game, I should have fallen into the snare myself and become a collaborator. As a matter of fact, I did.

A certain lady who wrote, though luckily not for a living, used occasionally to send me short stories and poems of her own for me to read and haply criticize. I knew she was not averse to selling them; but the editors were generally not willing to meet her half way, and I was not often able to indicate any selling possibilities in her work.

She had a gift of dialogue and her sense of character and situation was, though untrained, accurate; but she utterly failed in dramatic feeling and when she had a situation she never did anything with it. Even I could see possibilities in some of the stories which the fair author never seized.

Finally one day one of them came along which led up very pleasantly and delightfully to—absolutely nothing. Piqued by this waste of good material and seeing what ought to have happened, I filled in the blank with a rapid-fire climax which came to me ready-made, probably out of some French story, for I was a great ad-

mirer of Catulle Mendès and his circle at that period. Then I signed the result with a name which was neither mine nor hers, but which bore a certain resemblance to both of them, and which, as a matter of fact, turned out to be that of a fairly-well-known poet (in my ignorance I had never then heard of him!), and on an impulse sent the thing straight off to the editor of "Chic New York".

To my surprise, and almost embarrassment, an acceptance arrived by return mail, and a check for thirty-five dollars at the end of the month. Now I had to confess to my totally unconscious collaborator what had happened, for you can hardly send a lady you know only through correspondence a check for \$17.50, without some sort of explanation. However, she not only took the freedom with which I had acted in good part, but actually proclaimed herself delighted to continue the arrangement on a fifty-fifty basis. Thus another collaboration, so far undiscovered by any discerning critic, was born.

The new firm actually flourished spasmodically for perhaps a couple of years, though without any outcry arising in the press over the discovery of a new star in the literary firmament. Then, of course, the to-be-expected happened: the firm was shipwrecked on the rock of invincible disagreement.

The lady sent me a pathetic story which began very well indeed with a lonely woman and an eligible bachelor both spending their summer vacation at a delightful out-of-the-way little beach somewhere in the north of Maine. Not unnaturally, the young man wanted the girl, who was quite charming, to marry him, but she wouldn't. She admitted she loved him,

but she simply refused to marry him; and not only so, but she was determined not to, to such a pitch that she went out in her nightie next morning just before sunrise in order to drown herself and convince him that she really meant *no* when she said it.

Well now, that motif may be all right; but to my base mechanical mind, it seemed (and still seems) without coherence or cause, as there was nothing developed in the course of the dialogue to show why she should be averse to marrying this perfectly nice young man who was well-to-do as well as fond, and whom she herself theoretically loved. The only cause that my mind could suggest would have been a previous indiscretion on the lady's part; but this the author through the mouth of her heroine had already expressly barred. I liked the story first-rate as far as it went. The setting was excellent and the dialogue revealing, quick, and interesting. My problem was to introduce some sort of reasonable climax and explain the lady's frame of mind.

I thought the thing over and over, and nothing suggested itself; until I got tired of the problem, and in a reckless frame of mind sat down at my desk and dashed off the first thing that came into my head. The cause which under these painful circumstances I provided for the sensitive heroine's invincible distaste for matrimony was that she had a cork leg.

The acute-minded reader will of course see at once that when she flung herself off the cliff into the sea at the witching hour of 4 a. m. in order to prove to the young gentleman that he would have to do without her, the same cork leg kept her afloat and made it possible for him to rescue her, with the conventional result, and wedding bells indicated in the near future.

I fear that my collaborator took violent offense at what she considered to be my injudicious levity in dealing with her sentimental little pastoral. Anyhow, she promptly and energetically demanded the elimination of the cork leg, and the substitution of a climax not calculated to arouse a ribald smile on the face of the reader.

Personally, I thought the cork leg a fairly ingenious solution of the two difficulties—and I may say I still think so. So that was where my collaborator and I—I was going to say, “parted”; but as we had never met in the flesh it would possibly be better to substitute, “ceased to collaborate”.

It was not, however, the exact end of our endeavors to get together again. After a voluminous correspondence spreading over a couple of months, the only way out that we could see was that we should meet to talk it over; and as the lady lived in Boston and I inhabited the environs of New York, and as she claimed to have a steady job which she couldn't get away from, the only thing left was for me to go to Boston.

Of course the simple and natural thing would have been for me to call at her home and have the interview there. But no, emphatically *no*! A woman writer of romantic short stories and poems could hardly be expected to consent to the obvious as easily as that. I must meet her somewhere.

Then, of course, there arose the difficulty of mutual recognition. As far as she knew I might be anything from a college boy to a decrepit dervish pushed about in a wheel chair. She had told me very little about her personal self in her letters; but I had got the idea that she was dark and slender and not uncomely, and had

even pictured the type of face which she would be most likely to reveal.

We had to arrange some means of recognition; and of all the unlikely things for a romantic young woman to pick out, she chose a scarlet poppy as our mutual badge.

It was a little awkward for me to arrange to get away from New York without incriminating explanations at home; and the more so as the lady who commands my check-book and manages my ice-chest promptly volunteered to accompany me, wanting (so she averred) to visit a former school friend living in a Boston suburb.

When we got there it turned out that I had to make further explanations, which didn't seem to explain anything, in order to get out of accompanying her to the house of the said friend, and also to account for my decorating my buttonhole with large scarlet poppies, previous to starting out to encounter my unknown fate.

However incredible it may appear to those of my readers who happen to be married, the get-away *solus* was finally achieved. I set out to the appointed meeting place which was, in defiance of all the canons of romance, the Concourse of the South Station.

A quarter before noon on that Saturday morning a solitary pedestrian might have been observed (by any reader of the late G. P. R. James) slowly wending his way past the Dewey Column and into the gloomy portals of the Station, wearing, not one, but a bunch of scarlet poppy in his buttonhole, and looking apprehensively, as it were, from side to side as he entered.

At the far end of that grimy, hurry-infested space an enormously stout woman with saucer-like blue eyes and

dragged bunches of peroxide blonde hair bulging over the tops of large, flat, fleshy ears, grunted as she slowly heaved herself down from the step of a weighing-machine which had registered her 286 pounds, and waddled massively toward the entrance of the Concourse, followed by a meek, black-clad, bowed, grey-bearded male who trailed wearily behind in charge of three pigtailed female children of assorted sizes in starched white frocks. Upon the ample and swaying bosom rested about half a hundred-weight of scarlet poppies. In her one hand was a distended string shopping bag, and in the other a mangy, sore-eyed caniche, shaved as to his hinder parts and decorated with a dirty blue ribbon.

She rolled in the direction of the Seeker. He saw her—saw the poppies—saw the bowed house-slave—saw the sticky, goggle-eyed children! He stood petrified with horror for a second, then he turned stealthily to flee! Alas, too late! Protruding saucer-eyes had even at that moment caught the gleam of poppies in his button-hole. Casting the poodle into the arms of her long-suffering male concomitant, she waved one fat red arm violently at the Searcher. Upon her row of bulging

chins a vast smirk of welcome began to spread. Her pendent cheeks glistened with moisture and her grotesquely flowered bonnet took a rakish angle, as she began to hurl her flaccid bulk toward him.

Throwing to the winds all idea of decency and the last rags of manhood, the Searcher scrambled blindly toward the open air and freedom. But even then grinning Fate drew from her quiver and loosed toward him a yet deadlier arrow. In his reckless and unseeing haste he crashed full tilt into the arms of a tall woman who was just hurrying into the station to catch a suburban train. Here he would probably have spurned under foot without apology or remorse, but that she clutched him wildly with cries of excitement and surprise.

Yes—his wife, of course! As one cannot publicly murder one's wife in the entrance of the South Station, Boston, there was just one thing for the Searcher to do. He did it.

Shall I draw a nice, dark, impenetrable, close-fitting veil over what followed? I shall. However, I may add that since that unforgettable moment I have done no collaborating with unknowns of the opposite sex.

SEA SAND

BY SARA TEASDALE

I

June Night

○ EARTH, you are too dear tonight,
How can I sleep, while all around
Floats rainy fragrance and the far
Deep voice of the ocean that talks to the ground?

O Earth, you gave me all I have,
I love you, I love you, oh what have I
That I can give you in return—
Except my body after I die?

II

"I Thought of You"

I thought of you and how you love this beauty,
And walking up the long beach all alone,
I heard the waves breaking in measured thunder
As you and I once heard their monotone.

Around me were the echoing dunes, beyond me
The cold and sparkling silver of the sea—
We two will pass through death and ages lengthen
Before you hear that sound again with me.

III

"Oh Day of Fire and Sun"

Oh day of fire and sun,
Pure as a naked flame,
Blue sea, blue sky and dun
Sands where he spoke my name;

Laughter and hearts so high
That the spirit flew off free,
Lifting into the sky,
Diving into the sea;

Oh day of fire and sun
Like a crystal burning,
Slow days go one by one,
But you have no returning.

IV

When Death Is Over

If there is any life when death is over,
These tawny beaches will know much of me,
I shall come back, as constant and as changeful
As the unchanging, many-colored sea.

If life was small, if it has made me scornful,
Forgive me; I shall straighten like a flame
In the great calm of death, and if you want me
Stand on the sun-swept dunes and call my name.

BOOKING TO ALASKA

BY FRANK V. MORLEY

I DOUBT if many people appreciate the possibility of traveling by means of books. I do not mean by Stanley's "Africa" and a reading-lamp, nor yet by Baedeker, whom Charles Lamb would not have called a book. Nor do I mean George Borrow's system or its modern Parnassus-on-Wheels equivalent, of traveling to distribute books. Nor yet the humblest scheme of all, to sell compendiums bound in costly karatol to pay the expenses of the journey.

Six sailors, of six different nationalities, were once laid up in a Valparaiso calaboose for the trifling indiscretion of showing too much money. Finding their company congenial and Chile uncomfortable, they exchanged their money for their liberty and set out to cross the continent to Buenos Aires. Their system was not uninteresting. Arriving at the scattered hamlets they would discover how many persons of each nationality were living there. Each man then visited the

representative of his own language. Returning, they pooled the extractions, and invariably enough money was seduced to take them to the next village. In eight months they reached Buenos Aires.

Without pressing the analogy too far, the same system will work, with the substitution of books for the diversity of languages, and with the same high disregard of morals. Vide licet the case of Miguel and myself.

I call him Miguel from a resemblance to the character in Snaith's "Fortune"; also because he is a loyal son of Britain and dislikes the misnomer.

"Miguel", I said, "let's go to Alaska."

"Right, old chap", said he, "but we haven't any money."

Although it was perfectly true, his answer argued a lack of faith in our ability. We were tired of San Francisco. In a month we had to be back east in college; there was not time to visit China, therefore Alaska was the logical place to go. And to this logic Miguel succumbed.

We went down to the Embarcadero to hunt for a ship going north. Fortune favored, and we found a dirty, blunt-nosed cargo tub outbound upon the morrow for Seattle. The captain, a ruddy Swede, listened to reason and took pity on our plea. We were allowed to sail on her as workaways.

The next step was a trip to Holmes's bookshop. Miguel was for the moderns, and I had to remonstrate.

"Not that I care at all about the exorbitant prices of new books; but our object is to read what everybody has and we haven't, and to fill our school hiatuses. We can read 'Java Head' and Miss Daisy Ashford when we get back to civilized society and have to talk pink tea. Moreover, a good book

has to fit the pocket. There are no books like small books, Miguel."

To his credit, Miguel sees reason. We therefore picked out pocket editions of Marcus Aurelius, "The Fortunes of Nigel", and Macaulay on Hastings.

At an Embarcadero pawnshop we bought some "work-pants" (for four bits) whose flavor was sufficient to bear out our tale of having been to sea before. Then we proceeded to embark.

"My dear Miguel", I said, "the estimable Charlie Chaplin playing in 'Shanghaied' will have nothing on us."

He grunted, for he fails to see the artistry of the little man. But I was right.

Our ship was called the "Apache", and she lived up to her worst Parisian precedent. She carried dynamite between decks, and oil above in barrels. She turned out to be blind and halt and lame. She stank abominably and rolled worse. She was the epitome of vice and the absence of all virtue. Moreover, I was seasick.

We were nominally workaways, but we worked only four or five hours a day; washing paint, scrubbing the galley, cleaning up the cabins. The rest of the time was ours to spend on books or with the crew, just as we pleased. We alternated the two pleasures.

It was a quaint sight to see Miguel—he is only nineteen, I a year older—flat on his back digesting Antoninus. Despite the praise of the commentators, I fail to think the Roman easy for after-dinner reading. On Miguel the effect was soporific—five pages always provoked a snore. And my case was little better, though an interest in Cecil Rhodes acted as a spur.

So it was only natural that our chief interest was in the crew. The "Apache" is an American ship, but I

found myself the only American aboard. The captain was a Swede, the cook a Norwegian, the mates a Finn and Russian respectively. The crew was divided into Finns and Germans, Swedes and Danes. The cook's helper was a Hawaiian boy. The talk was motley and hard to understand, but full of incident. The leaders in it were a red-haired Finn and an enormous donkey-man of doubtful nationality, and the yarns spun in competition were the finest one could hear. The more the pity that they cannot be told to squeamish readers of the present century.

One morning as we came up from mess a Swedish sailor, hitherto rather quiet and untalkative, noticed Aurelius on my hip and asked to look at it. Unlike the others, who when they saw us reading invariably asked two questions,—1. Is that the Bible? 2. Is that a detective story?—this man remarked that it would be better to read the "Meditations" in the original. I agreed, and we talked awhile on suggested topics. He spoke of writers of the sea, and what rot they most of them were, Jack London in particular, for whom he had a pet aversion. Stevenson failed to stir him, he said, though he had read with expectations. He had not tried Conrad, nor, I venture, would he like to. It is remarkable that one seaman should write. It is remarkable that another seaman should read. But it would be much more than doubly remarkable that the one should read and like what the other had written. With regard to sailors Cutcliffe Hyne is right, that they are much more interested in what they know nothing about, than in tales of the sea in which they are expert. And *nemo propheta*, etc.

But this A.B.'s tastes were scientific rather than literary. I was frankly

astonished at his knowledge, since he admitted having gone to sea in his early 'teens. Chemistry was his hobby, though he put in a plea for mathematics which warmed my heart. Think of going before the mast for commendation of pure research! And finally he knocked our education. "The youngsters play too much football," he reiterated. I quailed and did not even have the courage to recall how Sir William Ramsay turned to chemistry as a result of a leg broken in the outdoor sport.

A word should also be devoted to the Hawaiian boy. He was a handsome fellow, tall and naturally slim, though as cook's helper he had developed a considerable embonpoint, for which his name was more descriptive and less elegant. He was distinguished by wearing bright blue underwear and by an incurable curiosity. He was never tired of interrupting us with innumerable questions. He had no name that we could discover, but we called him "Swipe", after the famous Hawaiian knockout drink, and every time we used it his teeth would flash with an inimitable smile. Unlike most sailors, he had not lost at sea his native gift of good teeth. He was proud of them, and brushed them twice a day.

But until we met Swipe it was hard to realize the advantages which education gave as a potential for enjoyment. Whereas in idle moments we were entirely happy with a book or pencil, at such times he was reduced to restlessness. So with his travels, which had been extensive. All that he had derived from them was—nothing; summed up in his own words, "all over looks the same to me." Truly it is a sound quotation, though I forget the words, which they have carved on the terminal at Washington, that the

benefits of travel are proportional to how much one carries with him.

The "Apache" towed a schooner up the coast, and what with fog and heavy weather it was five days before we rounded Tatoosh Island and were in the sound. Then a slight explosion—"a terrific sternutation of the boiler", Miguel quaintly described it—held us back another day and provided plenty of excitement in consideration of our cargo. But finally we landed in Seattle in the evening, and looked for a job to take us farther north. This is where the potency of books first comes into the tale.

"Sweet Miguel", I said, "we are in need of wherewithal to spend the night. Your smiling build and fair hair commend you as an usher at a playhouse. While you ush I shall go down to the dock and meet the 'Northeastern' coming in tonight. She sails tomorrow for Alaska, and may be in need of men."

So while Miguel was earning board and keep I wandered down to the Alaska dock. Unfortunately there was an arrogant inspector at the gate who refused to let the crowd through to meet the steamer. But noticing a venerable white-haired gentleman edging his way to the front, I followed him. He wore an air of authority to which the guard succumbed, and following as if an obvious connection whose thoughts on no account might be disturbed, I passed in the shadow of celebrity. We were alone upon the dock, the crowd without. Seeking to safeguard my position, I started conversation. He asked my name. Informed, he spoke of meeting John Morley many years ago at Bonn. He had "seen Shelley plain" on several occasions; John Bigelow had visited him, he had known Emerson and

Whitman. Age and youth spent a very pleasant half-hour together. My thanks to you, Mr. Davies, bookman of Seattle!

And even physical were the advantages obtained. For when the wharf agent threatened my expulsion from the premises, the old gentleman was generous in my protection. Score one to the benefits of books!

But I was less successful on the "Northeastern", and returned to pick up Miguel. I had no money, and his show was not yet half way through. I am ashamed to say I entered the theatre by the trick immortalized in "Handy Andy", of simply walking backward through the door during an intermission while the crowd was passing out. The faithful Miguel then led me to the best seat in the house.

When the show was over we spent the night in comfort on his handsome earnings. I told him that there was no chance from Seattle to Alaska, direct. We therefore shipped as porters on the steamer for Vancouver.

I shall not detail our adventures in Vancouver, nor how we eluded the police (having illegally crossed the border) and shipped on the "Queen Alice" for Skagway. Sufficient that on the second day, having smoothed the steward's palm, we managed to get jobs as dishwashers in the pantry.

Before the "Queen" left Vancouver we went up town to that splendid bookstore—Holliday's—and fairly reveled in the small editions so cheap and common to British shops, so inaccessible to ours. Having stocked up with a formidable list,—

1. Shanghaied Norris
2. The Lady of the Barge W. W. Jacobs
3. Life of Nelson Southey
4. Charles XII Voltaire
5. Plays Marlowe
6. The Vicar of Wakefield Goldsmith
7. Notre Dame Hugo,—

and a little volume of selections from George Eliot, we went aboard. We were determined that no amount of dishes would wash all pleasure from our trip. But oh! it was a wrench to leave unbought the tempting shelves of Stacpoole and Anthony Hope!

We were bunking in the steerage, and consequently made friends with the steerage steward. He took an interest in Jacobs, which we lent him. In return he insisted on our reading that remarkable book, "Maria Monk". He was only too glad to lend us "jumpers" in which to work, and to give us the freedom of the storeroom and its quantities of fruit—in short, to make us comfortable in every way. Score two to books as an amenity to traveling!

Our work in the pantry was neither difficult nor uninteresting. We were working in close contact with Chinese, not our first experience of the kind with that curiously incurious race, who are yet very careful to size you up before unbending at all. But we passed muster with them, jabbered nonsense galore, and found them a happy lot of boys, superior to any of that nation we had seen before.

At meal times we were very busy, otherwise quite free. Hence in between we changed—we "dressed" as Miguel insisted,—and mingled with the passengers. The smokeroom was our habitat, in spite of the intrusion there of women; and we had not frequented it long before Mr. O'Connor, of San Francisco, came over to us. He had, he said, noticed that we were reading, and it induced him to speak. He laid down his own book on the table. It was "The Bible in Spain", and we commented on it as an old friend. Hearing us speak of Borrow, a small and pleasant-faced English-

man left his "Atlantic Monthly" and came to join us. The conversation shifted to other literary subjects, Mr. O'Connor leading the way, ourselves merely listening and putting a few questions. We quite forgot the noisy feminine chatter from the next table, and our pleasure only stopped when lack of sleep prevailed on us to go below.

But this acquaintanceship that sprang up through books turned out later to be useful as well as pleasant, though I blush to own the way we used it. During the trip into the Yukon and back again we had continued learning about Francis Thompson and Richard Harding Davis, of Charles James Fox and Hugh Walpole. For the two gentlemen were versatile and knew their Hugh as well as Horace. Yet in the realm of gossip I think we held our own, with anecdotes of doubtful authenticity of Seeger, of Mr. Massingham in Camden, or of Vachel Lindsay.

I repeat that this acquaintanceship was useful, when we were back in Seattle and could not get passage down to San Francisco. Only one boat was leaving for the south and it was imperative that we should sail on her; yet everything was sold—Mr. O'Connor himself had bought the last available ticket—and there was no possibility of working the passage. We therefore wandered over to the New Washington Hotel, where Mr. O'Connor was staying, and happened to meet him in the lobby.

The situation was, however, a little complicated. During our passage to and from Alaska, in the company of these gentlemen we had posed as passengers—tourists, gentlemen of leisure, anything at all but dishwashers. Yet an unfortunate incident occurred.

It was the last day of the trip, when we had become so expert as to work in shifts. Miguel was off and playing cards aloft, I toiling in the depths below. An accident occurred, and we had to send the bell-boy for Miguel's assistance. The boy, running to the smoke-room door, spied Miguel playing in the corner, and called across the room to him, "Hey, you've got to come down and wash dishes." Perforce he came, but Mr. O'Connor raised an astonished eyebrow.

So as we went to the New Washington in Seattle, we had of necessity to frame an explanation. To Miguel belongs the credit for the unveracity. We told the generous Mr. O'Connor that on a bet we were working our passage to the north; that by its terms we had to be in San Francisco in four days, and that unless we could sail upon that ship we were lost. Miguel's ready tongue weaved the spell of mendacity, and the appeal to sporting nature met with instant and undeserved success. The scheme was to get into porters' uniforms, to cross

the gang-plank in that guise carrying Mr. O'Connor's luggage, and to stow away in his cabin until the ship sailed, at midnight.

By devious means we were appareled by ten o'clock, met Mr. O'Connor, and went on board. Once in the cabin all was safe, with the door locked. Although some fears were natural, two hours was a long time to wait, and when Mr. O'Connor came at twelve-thirty to say the ship was under way, he found us, like a pair of Falstaffs in the arras, fast asleep.

The remainder of that night we spent in the smokeroom, and in the morning interviewed the angry but impotent purser.

Although our Alaskan trip was hard on our veracity and even of doubtful value to our morals in general, yet Miguel and I congratulate ourselves upon it. And certainly what made it possible, not to say pleasant, was the introduction to acquaintanceships through books. It was, in truth, booking to Alaska.

AN UN-VICTORIAN VICTORIAN

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in 1835 and died eighteen years ago. His childhood was spent in his father's Anglican parsonage in Nottinghamshire and he had for grandfather the famous schoolmaster-bishop, Butler of Shrewsbury. Samuel had to wait several months for baptism in consequence of his grandpapa's elevation to the episcopal bench, for it was not to be thought of that any lesser ecclesiastical dignitary should perform this initial rite for the boy. So not until the hurly-burly of Dr. Butler's consecration and farewells and greetings was done did his Lordship of Lichfield make a Christian out of Samuel. His biographer records Butler's sardonic remark that this postponement was a very risky business "because during all these months the devil had the run of him". There was a christening dinner that must have been a colossal affair. Butler the bishop was something of an epicure. Into England he had brought water from the Rhone, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Po to make "Punch aux quatre fleuves"; he also possessed a bottle of Jordan river water which he was wont to use for less ungodly purposes,—the baptism of Samuel, for instance. A special turbot was cooked in the parsonage kitchen, and at the opportune time, the fish was placed before the guests. When the cover was removed and the bishop

saw what had happened to the turbot, he turned to his hostess and exclaimed, "Good God, Fanny! it's skinned!" Family pride, as Herbert Paul once sagely observed, cannot be justified by reason, and the habitual display of it is an intolerable nuisance. But surely here was an ancestor to brag about!

Butler was never tempted to indulge in what Gibbon morosely calls "the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of our boyish years", and indeed his early days were not conspicuously joyful. It is impossible to speak in kind terms of his father, who was the most unpleasant of men and clergymen. Ernest Pontifex's childhood in "The Way of all Flesh" is a faithful enough memory of the author's,—"Theobald and Christina being portraits of his own father and mother as accurate as he could make them, with no softening and no exaggeration." Butler père was, first and last, the family bully. The whole art of being a father was for him summed up in this sweet prescription from a brochure for parents: "Break your child's will early or he will break yours later." Besides being narrow, ignorant, and tyrannical, the Reverend Thomas was subject to frequent fits of passionate anger, and when the mood was on him he took it out of his wretched offspring. Samuel knew how it felt to be flogged by a savagely

irritated man, and he had perforce learned to read and write by the time he was three; "before he was four he was learning Latin and could do rule of three sums." When he was thirteen he passed to Shrewsbury school and under the ferule of a famous teacher of the classics, Benjamin Hall Kennedy,—the only man who ever succeeded in composing a Latin epigram of twelve lines during the hours of sleep. Butler, one cannot help thinking, was in after years hardly fair to Kennedy who does not emerge at all agreeably from "The Way of all Flesh", or from its author's reminiscences of his school days as set forth by Festing Jones in the biography under review. Butler very bitterly calls Kennedy an old fool and speaks, absurdly, of his silliness and laziness. Others have testified far differently, recording Kennedy's deep love of ancient literature which "animated and stirred and quickened every pulse of his energetic nature", and paying tribute to his contagious enthusiasm and to the fire of his zeal which communicated itself to everything that came within its way. The truth is that Kennedy was much more than a grammarian,—though he was a good grammarian,—he wrote accurate and vigorous translations of, and commentaries upon, Sophocles and Aristophanes, and he composed exquisite Latin and Greek verses; he was also the most industrious of scholars and a most kindly man. Jebb, in his perfect Greek inscription on the marble bust of Kennedy in St. John's, is nearer the truth than is Butler who was temperamentally unable to appreciate the very real fineness of his old headmaster. To these days dates Butler's love of music, in particular the music of Handel, of which he was

in after years to become so expert an interpreter.

From Shrewsbury he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he sat under John E. B. Mayor whom, in a letter to his father written shortly after his arrival in Cambridge, he describes without further qualification as "a brute", though it is fair to add that in a later letter he speaks in terms of praise of one of Mayor's lectures. It is nevertheless strange that Mayor, who was one of the most lovable if most rugged of men, should have at first impressed so unfavorably our outspoken undergraduate. Much as Butler disliked Kennedy, the training that eminent scholar gave stood him in such good stead at the university that, though during the first two years he read for mathematical honors, when he turned aside to work at his classics he had no difficulty in securing a first-class in the tripos. The beauty of the ancient buildings must have powerfully affected his imagination at this time. In an article contributed to the college magazine there occurs a passage which evokes the spirit of Cambridge in summer term as exquisitely as anything in Fitzgerald's "Euphranor":

From my window in the cool of the summer twilight I look on the umbrageous chestnuts that droop into the river; Trinity library rears its stately proportions on the left—opposite is the bridge—over that, on the right, the thick dark foliage is blackening almost into sombreness as the night draws on. Immediately beneath are the arched cloisters resounding with the solitary footfall of meditative student, and suggesting grateful retirement. I say to myself, then, as I sit in my open window, that for a continuance I would rather have this than any scene I have visited during the whole of our most enjoyed tour—and fetch down a Thucydides, for I must go to Shilleto at nine o'clock tomorrow.

After graduation Butler went down to the work of lay assistant in St. James's parish, Piccadilly. If the so-

lution he offered to a troubled questioner at the church night-school be typical of his handling of such difficulties, his theology was certainly more ingenious than sound, but the discussion of religion and theology was never one of his strong points. Mr. Jones relates how Butler was shocked to discover that many of his pupils here had not received baptism, and worse still, that the unbaptized were not notably less upright than those who had been submitted to the ceremony. His faith in the efficacy of infant baptism was thus sadly shaken. His life in London at this time differs in important details from that which Ernest Pontifex lived in Ashpit Place: he lost neither his money nor his liberty. Eventually he refused ordination and returned to seek pupils at Cambridge, thereby precipitating a quarrel with his unpacific parent which ended in a proposal from Butler junior that he should emigrate. This after some delay he did, betaking himself to New Zealand and sheep-farming. His richly varied experiences in those remote regions of the earth occupy some forty of the most interesting pages of Mr. Jones's two-volume work. As a sheep-farmer he was so successful as to accumulate a considerable sum of money in a comparatively short time,—money was rapidly made in those pioneer days,—and after four years returned to London which, except for occasional trips to the Alps and Sicily and one long business trip to Canada, he never afterward left. The history of his life in London for the remaining thirty-seven years of his existence is in the main the history of his books.

Although at no time in his life did Samuel Butler ever stand in the remotest danger of being gazetted

"Eminent Victorian",—to use the term in the clever Mr. Strachey's somewhat invidious sense,—he has as sound a title to biographical commemoration as the best of them and a much sounder title than most of them. "The man's life and character"—Dr. William Barry once wrote—"had he composed not a line, would have deserved a biography." Here at last, wrought by the pious and unwearying hands of his devoted friend and admirer, Henry Festing Jones,—a veritable Boswell *de nos jours*,—is a biographical record, intimate, meticulous, and exhaustive, which not merely makes us "see Butler plain" and in his habit as he lived, but provides us generously with data upon which to base something like a verdict—for this generation at any rate—upon the man and his place in the history of English letters and thought.

That Butler rightfully has such a place is no longer seriously disputed. During the greater part of his literary life he was regarded as hardly more than an interesting oddity by his fellow writers and by the general public. One reason for this was that he turned his hand to such a diversity of tasks. "Erewhon", the first book he published, was a Utopia. A year later there came pseudonymously from his pen a book sub-entitled: "A Work in Defense of the miraculous element in Our Lord's Ministry upon Earth, both as against Rationalistic Impugners and certain Orthodox Defenders." This he followed up, successively, with an essay on Evolution which he called "Life and Habit"; a book comparing the theories of Buffon, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck with those of Charles Darwin; a work on Unconscious Memory; a travel book on the Alps and Sanctuaries of the Pied-

mont; a collection—done in collaboration with his future biographer—of “Gavottes, Minuets, Fugues, and other short pieces for the Piano”; “Luck or Cunning”, a study of Charles Darwin’s theory of natural selection; a first-rate biography of his episcopal grandfather; a treatise on the authorship of the “Odyssey”, which cut violently athwart the accepted theories of professional scholars; prose versions of the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey”; and, posthumously, his great novel “The Way of all Flesh”. Nor does this exhaust the list of his publications. Since, however, nothing nowadays damns a writer so much as versatility—the refusal “to stay put”—it is not at all to be wondered at that readers, professional and lay, should long have viewed Butler with vague perplexity if not with downright distrust. Most of them were content to affirm him a crank, and turn to the work of writers who did not so obstinately and exuberantly blur the pigeonholes.

That Butler was a crank is assuredly not the whole truth, but neither is it wholly untrue. Fluttering dove-cotes was the breath of life to him; he loved a controversy, and was in a perpetual simmer of revolt against the conventions of morality, art, and scholarship of his later-Victorian day. For example, he had read only two poets, Homer and Shakespeare; and somewhat late in life the issue of his resolve to set the world right upon certain fundamental questions concerning both was one book in which he sought to demonstrate that the “Odyssey” was written by a woman; and another book in which, entirely unbiased by the results hitherto obtained by his predecessors, he accomplished a reconsideration and rearrangement

of those dark and beautiful enigmas, the sonnets of Shakespeare, which, if it had no other merit, had at least the doubtful one of novelty. It is highly probable that posterity will refrain from paying undue attention to these later labors of his. His work on the sonnets is likely enough to relapse into the decent obscurity of a bibliographic reference; and the Leafs and Murrays of a hundred years hence will scarcely venture to traverse Jebb’s judgment that Homer signally failed to abide Butler’s question. The foundations of this writer’s fame must be sought elsewhere in his works.

But it would be a mistake to present as evidence of Butler’s genius the pamphlet he wrote in 1865 not long after his return from Australasian exile: “The Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ as given by the four evangelists, critically examined”. Herein he comes “to the conclusion that Christ did not die upon the Cross but that he swooned and recovered consciousness after his body had passed into the keeping of Joseph of Arimathea.” Than the regretful avowal of Butler’s biographer that “the Resurrection cannot yet be included in any category of dead horses”, nothing could be more amusing unless it be his melancholy asseveration (apropos of the Bishop of Winchester’s censure of Reverend J. M. Thompson’s “Miracles in the New Testament”) that “the Church in 1911, was still requiring its officers to teach *that which Butler had found himself unable to accept.*” (Italics are the reviewer’s.) Butler frankly knew far too little about Christian apologetics and the principles of evidence to discuss profitably the evidence of the Resurrection; indeed all

his references to Christianity are marred, where they are not totally invalidated, by his prejudices and waywardness. He was no more fitted to discuss the basis of Christianity than he was to write a book on the care and feeding of babies. Where orthodox claims were involved he seemed to lose all sense of fairness in weighing witness. As Philip Littell has acutely observed: "He has the keenest nose for evidence that strengthens his case, and in the presence of any other kind of evidence he loses his sense of smell." In his chronicling of Butler's onslaughts on orthodoxy, the naïveté of Mr. Jones is immense and touching.

Of much greater value and significance is Butler's achievement as a philosophical biologist. In this field his four full-length works are "Life and Habit", "Evolution Old and New", "Unconscious Memory", and "Luck or Cunning". "One object of Life and Habit"—Butler himself noted—"was to place the distrust of science upon a scientific basis." It is impossible to do more than mention these contributions of Butler's to the literature of philosophical biology. Suffice to say that among other results achieved by him, he demonstrated abundantly and convincingly that the scientists had been making altogether too much fuss over Charles Darwin and his special theories. *Vixere fortes multi*.... There is room only to refer in passing to Butler's delightful Italian and Sicilian journeys and sojourns enshrined in "Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino" and "Ex Voto: an account of the Sacro Monte or New Jerusalem at Varallo-Sesia".

But the works upon which Samuel Butler's fame will securely rest are neither his biological nor his topographical writings, nor, certainly, his

assaults upon the creeds of Christendom. The fire of his genius burns with brightest and most unwavering flame in "Erewhon" (and its sequel) and in "The Way of all Flesh". "Erewhon" describes an undiscovered country where ill-health is punished as a crime, and those who commit what we should call crimes are treated in hospitals. It is a masterpiece of the satirical imagination and is unquestionably literature of the highest order in the direct succession of Lucian and Swift. "The Way of all Flesh" is a sort of family history of the Pontifexes culminating in a biography of Ernest Pontifex. This grim and massive novel of Victorian life, posthumously published, is the subtlest and most scathing of invectives against certain aspects of the English system of education with its sham morality and evil reticences. A hatred of shams and of social deceits beats like a pulse throughout its pages. The main weakness of the novel lies in Butler's inability to handle effectively the dramatic situations in which it abounds; but as a psychological study it is beyond praise. Bernard Shaw has frequently confessed his indebtedness to the ideas of Butler, and the works of the novelists who have written since its publication testify to the profound influence which it has exercised. "The Way of all Flesh" set the fashion of the long biographical novel, which entered upon its vogue about fifteen years ago and has so far shown no falling off in public favor.

Henry Festing Jones's two sumptuous volumes are sure of a very high place in English biographical literature; they would immortalize Butler if Butler had not already immortalized himself.

Samuel Butler, author of Erewhon. By Henry Festing Jones. The Macmillan Co.

THE PROGRESS OF THE OGRE

BY CAROLINE FRANCIS RICHARDSON

AS far as outward seeming is concerned, the ogre has had his day. Although we may suspect his presence in modern stories, we are unable to identify him. He was not originally, it must be remembered, merely a wicked man, nor even a man who had specialized in some unique form of wickedness. Sinful he was and frequently did he specialize in sin, but the quality that made him not as other sinners, that won him his melodramatic reputation, was his personal appearance.

In Bible and Homer stories, in fairy and folk tales, it is quite possible to know an ogre when we see one. Usually a giant (like Goliath), frequently one-eyed (like Polyphemus), often deformed (like Puss-in-Boots's adversary), sometimes a monster (like Grendel's mother),—the ogre is self-evident. Then, too, in early narrative, he is fond of carrying a bludgeon, and he is much addicted to slogans: "Fee, fi, fo, fum!", or "I'll crack his bones and suck his blood!" The seasoned reader of ancient narrative is likewise well aware that the ogre's entrance into a plot always promises action and his exit always marks a climactic triumph for the David, or Ulysses, or Marquis of Carabas, or Beowulf who has played the part of hero.

Recognizable ogres also frequent the mediæval romances, but they are

only property creatures, repulsive in appearance, feeble-minded in behavior. Their schemes are easily circumvented, and they themselves are as easily exterminated by any wayfaring knight with a good sword or by any wandering damsel with a bit of magic. But gradually fiction shows ogres less repellent physically, less exigent temperamentally; evil is no longer invariably depicted as objective. It may be insidious, and the person who seeks to destroy others is not identified as soon as he enters a story. By the eighteenth century, indeed, the ogre actually acquired a pleasing countenance and ingratiating manners. No one would, for instance, immediately discern ogre-qualities in Pamela's Mr. B. Yet after an acquaintance with but a few of the volumes that make up Richardson's first novel, the reader comprehends that Mr. B. has employed all the stereotyped devices of ogre-behavior: pursuit, capture, imprisonment, recapture of escaped heroine, preparation for devouring her. Finally, Mr. B. succumbs, like his paste-board predecessors, to an adversary who is apparently weak but is in reality invincible through the possession of an unsuspected source of power. In the later eighteenth century, an ogre revival occurred and, in the Gothic novel, he disported himself in almost his original form. This

return engagement was, however, of brief duration, but even so the ogre did not lose his conspicuousness without a struggle. Emily Brontë's Heathcliffe was a reincarnation of many of his stirring traits and, moreover, was not unlike him in facial expression. There is, too, little doubt about the sinister ancestry of Charlotte Brontë's Mr. Rochester,—though his complete reformation demonstrates how far removed he is from the day when ogres were spectacularly eaten by their own lions, baked in their own ovens, or reduced to pulp by the collapse of their own castles.

But though by the opening of the nineteenth century, the ogre is no more, physically, in every other way he has gained enormously. He is, for instance, absolutely untrammelled by ancient literary convention: he walks and talks and dresses and eats like any innocuous person. Though inwardly he be a ravening wolf, outwardly he does not differ from the persecuted hero himself. Furthermore, he has developed an extraordinary and disconcerting intelligence. These acquired characteristics naturally make the present-day ogre far more dangerous than he of the bludgeon and slogan, and consequently the modern story shows the villain as often triumphant as is the charming heroine or the greatly daring hero.

Frequently, indeed, the ogre himself becomes the leading character of the tale: his career is the reason for the story's being. To trace the decline and fall of the wicked is a task always grateful to writer and reader alike. Every modern literary device is employed to enhance interest in the ogre variety of sinner, and his end is usually planned for in accordance

with the best-selling theory of the moment.

Because of his adaptable personality, the twentieth-century ogre can follow literary fashions closely. A few years ago, he was frequently a department-store manager and remorselessly did he pursue and devour golden-haired salesgirls; or perhaps he impersonated a factory superintendent and followed the same scandalous course with beautiful girl spinners or cigarette-makers. When the taste of readers and, later, of publishers became satiated with the wicked employer-defenseless girl plot, the ogre disguised himself as a broker, a ward boss, a lawyer, or a trust magnate and continued on his awful way, unrebuked until the concluding chapter.

Then the fashion in psychological vivisection developed, and the ogre promptly took advantage of the mode. He began to prey upon the temperament and intelligence of his victims rather than upon their fortunes or their lives. This ogre sapped the ambition of the youth, the will power of the maid. He separated a son or daughter from a loving family, and he even absorbed the cleverness or sprightliness of any individual whose personality he envied. In the fairy tales, we remember, an ogre or ogress who had any knack at magic did not hesitate to walk abroad in the physical form of a prince or princess who meanwhile was forced to live unrecognized as a bird or a rock or a flower. But when the borrowed form reverted to the rightful owner, the convicted ogre was obliterated by a mass of rock which dropped upon him with excellent moral effect. The same theme in modern stories shows a less definite conclusion. In Henry

James's "The Sacred Fount", for instance, we watch one person absorb another's individuality until only a shell of a human being remains, but nothing happens to the ogre who has possessed himself of someone else's charm and wit. The book concludes with a pertinent inquiry from a woman who, through eighty pages, has sought to analyze the situation: "Who then", demands the lady, "has what?"

If, however, the writer of a story should belong to the Uplift school, the ogre may on the last page declare his intention to forswear his nefarious pursuits or he may renounce his well-earned vengeance ("there is good in everyone"). Again—and this theme is quite in vogue—his life or death may illustrate a thesis on heredity, or germ behavior, or obsession. But up-to-date though he may be, yet his real disposition (until artificially reformed) and his plain purpose (until artificially thwarted) remain essentially unchanged. He has become repulsive morally and mentally instead of physically. A gleam of the eye, a line about the mouth, a peculiarity of the rim or lobe of the ear (if the author has read up on criminal physiognomy) are all that is left of the appearance that once a wayfaring man or maid might read and run from. But whatever the alterations time has brought to him outwardly and inwardly, he has kept firm hold of the plot: always has he provided the complications, always has his success or failure constituted the climax. The plot in itself changes little. Still are the youth and maiden captured, still do they struggle to escape. But the fight is more evenly matched today. The victory no longer rests inevitably with the young and

the beautiful, the brave and the good.

In his very latest development, the ogre has become an abstraction: he does not condescend to human shape at all. He is Conscience, or Greed, or Ambition; he is Science, or Society; he is Sorrow, or Disease. He is War. And with the final loss of objectivity has come an incalculable gain in power. Never in the heyday of classic myth or mediæval romance did he pursue the weak and threaten the strong as relentlessly as he does now when he can be identified only as a metaphor.

In his most terrible form, he is Fear. After all, the ogre of the long-ago stories was only Fear rationalized. To that danger which primitive folk felt but could not see, saw but could not understand, they gave form and voice, and called *ogre*. The same fear of the unknown, of threatening evil, persists today, but there are many names for the one sensation. Fiction writers realize the influence of fear and make good use of it in developing their characters, urging, retarding, strengthening, weakening, by fear of failure. As far back as Charles Brockden Brown's "Wieland" we read how a man, through a skilful use of ventriloquism, brought about the ruin of an entire family by working on their fears and torturing their nerves. It may be that many people do disport themselves in a secret garden, but it is certainly true that most people lash themselves in a secret prison. And the jailer of that prison is an ogre,—an ogre who personifies anxiety, or vanity, or shame, or sense of failure. Secret fear is a hideous thing. By comparison, the suffering of which the world is aware, is a light affliction but for an hour; it is the terror which a man would not

have others guess, that becomes a devouring ogre.

Advertisers comprehend that haunting anxiety is an everyday matter, and thereby copy almost makes itself. Deftly the advertiser shows the reader how not to grow old, or blind, or deaf; how not to succumb to disease; how not to be fat; how not to forget; how not to fail socially, professionally, or financially. And shrinking from his very private and personal ogre, the reader of the advertisement fills in the dotted line of the coupon, makes out a check and sends for the book or the instrument or the bottle that he is assured will prove an invincible deterrent. It is the old, old story of the magic word, the charmed sword, and the fairy potion.

The giants that were on the earth in those days, are with us in these days. Tradition says that Og, king of Bashan, survived the flood by riding on top of the ark. In the same way, the ogre has lived through the chances and changes of narration. Balor and Loki walk about incognito today; the Wandering Jew, though

invisible, journeys on, leaving devastation as usual in his wake. Evil genii are still in active practice; Giant Despair keeps open house at Doubting Castle. Some arch-ogres, however, have lost much of their ability to terrorize. There are people, for instance, who persist in looking upon Death as a friend and on the Devil as a whimsical abstraction.

Certainly, through his centuries of existence the ogre has assumed a multiplicity of names and shapes. But in one thing he has been consistent: he has kept to the same line of conduct. Single-mindedly he has pursued human beings and held them and tortured them. Sometimes they have destroyed him, sometimes he has destroyed them, sometimes both ogre and victim have lived to fight another day. At present, the ogre, stronger and keener than ever before, is up and doing. As always, of course, he preys upon human kind; but as always, also of course, the magic word of knowledge, the charmed sword of will power, and the fairy potion of truth can conquer him.

THE LONDONER

Reaction of the younger generation to the war—the Nice Girl in fiction vs. the product of the novelette mind—a new novel of episode—common denominator criticism—a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club—Georgian poetry—more English poets in America.

LONDON, *February*, 1920.

I SUPPOSE it would be proper in me to take the opportunity in one of the early causeries of the year, of surveying the progress of British letters in the period from January to December 1919. It is a tempting opportunity, but I should say that on the whole the year has been remarkably thin so far as original work has been concerned. Few striking new works have been issued. Few new reputations have been observed to have emerged from the welter of books. And there has been none of the ardor which the wise folk prophesied as inevitable upon the conclusion of the war. The truth is, I think, that the younger generation is too much occupied in the game of life to take very much of a stand outside it, and it is only by standing outside life that one can produce a creative work of any quality. The charge I have made against the younger generation was not brought in any spirit of bitterness. It seems to me only natural that the reckless spirit prevailing throughout the war should be continuing through the first months of relief. Of course, older people do not understand the feeling among their juniors. They are full of gloom at the spectacle of infant de-

pravity. They shake miserable heads over the horrid whirl of gaiety that continues. The children dance, they say, while England makes rapid descent into the inferno of disaster. It may be so. I am myself sometimes impatient at the shortcomings of the young. It is difficult not to be. Meanwhile the stalwarts of the older generation are doing little to retrieve the position. They are wringing their hands.

Will the wildness pass, and will the youth of England come to think of its duty to the imagination? I hope so. There is any amount of thinking—savage, unhappy thinking—going on amid all the excitement. Questions are being asked, horrors are being endured in all that bitter introspection that accompanies the neurotic indulgence in noise and folly. When the younger generation wakes up to its task, it will, I think, get going with a rapidity and a remorseless, hectic fervor comparable only to its present state. Then, and then only, will the possibilities of the future be foreseen with any accuracy. I do not know what the quality of the stuff will be. But I do think the stuff itself will be full of a restless and terrible energy. I may be wrong. I am no prophet by

trade. That, nevertheless, is my conviction.

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One of the most shocking things I have noticed in the year's fiction is that all sorts of writers, from Galsworthy and Mrs. Humphry Ward to such younger scribes as Miss G. B. Stern, are trying to reproduce in fiction the type of girl produced by the war, or rather, developed by it. This girl has not, so far, been handled with understanding. She defies it. Miss Stern gets nearer to her than anybody else, because she is nearer to her in age. Galsworthy and Mrs. Ward make horrible messes of her. I have just been reading Mrs. Ward's "Cousin Philip", and I can assure all that Mrs. Ward would shrink in horror from the reality of her heroine, Helena. They are much worse than that. Mrs. Ward simply cannot stay the course. Helena has to be very gentle and good and wise and womanly, according to the Victorian tradition, before Mrs. Ward has done with her. This is a pity. I am quite sure it is all wrong. I am perfectly certain that Helena was headstrong, and selfish, and rude; that she endured great humiliation from the wisdom of all Mrs. Ward's contemporaries, by whom she is surrounded. But that she was tamed as easily as that, nothing will make me believe. It isn't done, nowadays. Mrs. Ward cannot forego her illusions. For her, as for the matrons who read her books, a heroine has got to be a nice girl. A "Nice Girl". One day I shall write a novel called "A Nice Girl". All the sentimentalists will shriek, "She isn't!" But she'll be the modern equivalent for that delightful invention of the marketable novel.

I like to think of that novel about the nice girl. It will be a very good novel. Very few people could write

that novel. I shall write it. Because I know. Mrs. Ward doesn't. How could she know? It would be completely contrary to nature that she should. She would suddenly betray genius. "Cousin Philip" doesn't betray genius. It gets perilously near betraying the novelette mind. What a state of mind for England's premier intellectual woman novelist to be in! It has become truly bad taste to deplore Mrs. Ward's later novels, and I will not take up the cry. I will merely repeat that she could not bear to understand the modern girl. Sometimes I can hardly bear it myself.

Miss Stern, who has just published "Children of No Man's Land", has been experimenting with two kinds of theme. She has been tackling the question of the Jews and the war, and she has been tackling the question of the young people of England, with their amours and their strange moral code. The result is a book which is dull by excess of vivacity and a strained cleverness. It is, none the less, a book which one would do ill to ignore. Compared with it, "Cousin Philip" is skilly, thin, and bodiless. Compared with the skilly of "Cousin Philip", "Children of No Man's Land" is a nightmare. It is coarse where Mrs. Ward is eminently tactful, overbold where Mrs. Ward is timidly petticoated. There is a garish brightness, a raw and horrible "newness", without any newness of inspiration or lucidity of perception. And yet it is rather a brave book. If H. G. Wells had never written his social novels, "Children of No Man's Land" would never have been written, which is as much as to say that it is packed full of stuff, but is entirely lacking in art and clarity. And in spite of all this, it is a document. It marks a stage. There will be other such novels before we are

done with this generation. I hope we shall get through them very quickly. Otherwise there will be no reading novels for pleasure again. I must admit that I still cling to the old delusion that one ought to be able to obtain pleasure from the reading of a novel. It is a sensation I rarely enjoy nowadays.

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I wish I could go on to say that some novel had given me pleasure recently. But that would hardly be true. I have noticed several books getting well reviewed, and have even reviewed some of these myself; but of them all I cannot say that any appear to me to be first-rate, even in their own kinds and judged by their own standards. Apart from the tales which seek to mirror the time, such as those I have been discussing so generally above, there are several which have tried in another way to get over the difficulty presented by the war. As a well-known novelist who was put next to me (for some reason) at dinner the other night expressed it, "There is going to be a boom in the novel of episode" simply for the reason that one does not want to repeat accounts of the opening weeks of the war, and does not want to pile up tales of the horrors of war, and cannot ignore the war in any truthful picture of contemporary life. By the novel of episode, I take it, my neighbor, who had just written some such thing himself, meant the novel which lays itself out to tell the events of a night, or the events of a week, set in a timeless spot of time, when war was not, and when people had old-fashioned reactions to ordinary emotions such as those which were enjoyed before the Kaiser loosed his legions upon the world. He meant, presumably, such books as Miss "Clemence Dane's" "Legend", which has

been having a considerable "press" here.

I have read "Legend", and I am not convinced that it is the masterpiece about which the reviewers have been writing. It is an extremely clever piece of work, and my admiration for the author is great; but it is one of those elaborately "literary" novels which arise from time to time and take the winds of opinion by storm. The winds of literary opinion, of course, which blow whither they list. Another superlatively "literary" novel is the new tale by Mrs. Woolf called "Night and Day". It was Clive Bell who once startled me by writing of "great novelists such as Hardy, Conrad, and Virginia Woolf", and in my agony I cried aloud, "Who is Virginia Woolf?" She was then the author of one novel, "The Voyage Out", which I have never read. Now has come this fresh exhibition of her talent. H. W. Massingham, the editor of "The Nation" (English version), refers to the protagonists as "impassioned snails", which sounds very bright commentary. He pretends that the characters do nothing but drink tea, which of course is not strictly true. Nevertheless, the vitality of the book is low, and there is a certain amount of debility in it which makes the pace seem pedestrian, and adds a kind of "thinness" to its literary charms. It is incessantly elaborate.

So, upon its smaller canvas, is "Legend". "Legend" is ostensibly the tale of a night. In reality it is nothing of the kind. The action of it takes place in one evening, and it consists of one long conversation between a number of literary people. But in reality this is only a part of the literary fake. Long before the book opens, a young woman novelist has had a love affair with a painter. It

has lasted a year. Then she has married respectably. On the night of the conversation-piece she dies in child-bed. The story is concerned with her year and her character. The fact that it is gleaned through any amount of dialogue is all a part of the author's literary artifice. And if one admires anything about the book it is the author's literary artifice. That stamps the book. The story is sentimental. All the brainwork lies in the technical method employed. That is not enough to make a masterpiece. The book is terrifically clever. But it is not important. It remains a piece of literary artifice. Masterpieces are written quite otherwise. If they are technically interesting, that fact is an additional virtue. Miss Dane has begun at the wrong end of the stick.

* * * *

A friend of mine is writing an article of some length upon the novels of the autumn. He tells me they are twenty in number. As far as I can remember they include "Legend", "Night and Day", Galsworthy's "Saint's Progress", Morley Roberts's "Hearts of Women", the new works of Mackenzie, Cannan, and Swinerton, Romer Wilson's "If All These Young Men", Brett-Young's "The Young Physician", and several others that I have not read. The task seems to me appalling. I suppose he will compass it, for the man is a most able fellow. But just imagine taking such diverse works and making anything coherent out of an account of them. It reminds me of an extraordinary performance in the Christmas number of the English "Bookman", where Ellis Roberts has tackled all the younger novelists—he says, I think, forty in number—and reduced them to a common denominator. Mr. Roberts has singular courage. His esti-

mates are original and less perfunctory than one might expect. I am not able to check them all, and several of his assessments fill me with amaze; but the feat is performed, and with gusto.

* * * *

The other evening I found myself at a gathering which seemed to include an almost startlingly heterogeneous collection of young writers. Arnold Bennett was down upon the table plan, but his guest, J. C. Squire, had to sit alone, for Bennett had been prevented by indisposition from attending. At the same table was Aldous Huxley, a grandson, I believe, of the scientist, and a young man of strikingly original talent. A seat or two away was J. D. Symon, who is known to novel readers as "Laurence North". "Anthony Hope" was there, and Clement Shorter. Osbert Sitwell, whose first book of poems is arousing a good deal of acrimonious controversy, sat between Alec Waugh and another novelist, Ralph Straus; while next to Straus, again, was the extraordinary S. P. B. Mais, who has the enthusiasm of a prophet and a vitality which enables him to throw off a novel or a review or an "English Course for Schools", or a lecture, with a facility not otherwise to be matched in our day. The principal speakers were Mr. Balfour and Mr. Birrell, and the former, especially, gave a most delightful address. Sir Robert Hudson, in proposing the guests, had mentioned that to know Mr. Birrell or to read his books was to love him. He did not say the same of Mr. Balfour, a fact which seemed to weigh upon both of the statesmen. Mr. Balfour said, in effect, as a literary man that nobody loved him; and Mr. Birrell, in his turn, repudiated the love of his readers. He said he didn't care whether they loved

him or not. He didn't want their old love. But then he must have been speaking as a man tired of great wealth. I should mention, perhaps, that the occasion was a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club; and Mr. Balfour roused some almost ribaldly guilty laughter by declaring that nobody in the room knew anything about the original Persian text which Fitzgerald had converted into a western masterpiece. It was left to Mr. Birrell to say that the "Rubaiyat" had been found to be one of the most popular books, not only in the trenches, but also in the camps of our conscientious objectors.

* * * *

Speaking just now of the young poets at the Omar Khayyam Club dinner, reminds me that a new volume of "Georgian Poetry" has just been published. The reception given to this book has been decidedly less cordial than that enjoyed by its predecessors. Either the quality of the verse is inferior or the boom in poetry is definitely on the wane. I think I gave expression to this latter view in an earlier causerie. Possibly, both causes have operated. I have heard bad reports of the book, which has produced, however, a most fatherly column and a half of praise from Edmund Gosse in "The Sunday Times". Elsewhere, as for example, in "The Athenæum", there has been almost no enthusiasm. The truth is that since the establishment of "Georgian Poetry" a newer school has arisen, and this has made some of the Georgians seem almost *vieux jeu*. It may or may not be a passing phase in judgment, but I hear on all hands that the best verse in the new volume is that contributed by Siegfried Sassoon, whose work is by no means similar to that of the other contributors. It is biting, entirely

without affectation, and simple to the point of slanginess. The others are described by the editor of "The Athenæum" as pseudo-naïve.

It is precisely to Sassoon's verse that Mr. Gosse refers in terms of rebuke. He thinks it most unnecessary that Mr. Sassoon should continue to harp upon the war. The other poets, he says, have agreed to give the war the go-by and forget it. Why should Mr. Sassoon alone keep it to the forefront? And so on. I should say that the Georgians had lost their absolute standing, and that their accomplished verses were in danger of being ridiculed as halfway to the gentlemanly rhymings of Sir Owen Seaman. One of the cruelest prophecies I have ever heard is to the effect that Squire, one of the Georgian leaders, will end up as a knight and as editor of "Punch". This is to ignore Squire's very great gifts. It is only a sign of the restlessness of the times that every idol should be cast down almost as soon as he has reached acceptance. This is not a good thing. It is the mark of a period of dissatisfaction and transition. To Americans this may all be very hard to understand, but it should be reckoned with in dealing with all estimates of English literary affairs. Standards are temporarily upset, and nobody is safe from the spirit of detraction. Squire is strong enough to weather many more serious storms, as the success of his new journal, "The London Mercury", should prove.

The most delightful bloomer I recall for a long time has just been made here by James Douglas, the editor of the "Star". It has all along been very well known that the initials of the editor of "Georgian Poetry" are those of Edward Marsh, the friend and executor of Rupert Brooke. This is so well known that there has never been

any point in retaining the initials upon the book's title page. Mr. Douglas, however, lost in the backwaters of ordinary daily journalism, has just charmed literary London by assuming "E. M." to be none other than Gallo-way Kyle, who uses the pseudonym of "Erskine Macdonald" for his publishing business. It is a passing joke, of course, but it is quite delicious.

* * * *

By the time this causerie appears, I expect Americans will have had an opportunity of examining two of the younger English poets for themselves. Osbert Sitwell, who is one of the leaders of the anarchist group, the post-Georgians, is going to lecture in the States, and so is Siegfried Sassoon. Sitwell has a very remarkable personality. I personally find him most amusing, and Americans should not be deceived by his restlessness into thinking him a mere deliberate eccentric. He is far from that. He may develop into a distinguished satirist and a genuine poet. He is young, full of ideas, and a born raconteur in a curious, fastidious manner. Whether he is really as cold as he sometimes appears I cannot tell, but I should say that he has a mind of singular variety and quality.

Sassoon is much more immediately approachable. He is patently candid and modest. His little hesitating way of speaking does not conceal his real determination. He is a sportsman and a realist. Where Osbert Sitwell is fantastic, Sassoon is almost unduly scrupulous in avoiding any appearance of being unusual. Like many of our best writers he hugs the illusion that he is "just an ordinary sort of chap". Those who have appreciated his poetry (and I find that most of the young soldiers of my acquaintance think his war poems give the best picture of the horrors they endured) do not think him ordinary. Besides which, he won the military cross for conspicuous gallantry, and it is a part of the simplicity of his nature that his poems should concern themselves chiefly with his hatred of warfare. Both Sitwell and Sassoon have expressed their detestation of a certain characteristic of the war atmosphere in England, but while Sitwell's is an intellectual contempt for the selfishness of arm-chair patriots, Sassoon's is a burning disgust for the stupidity of human nature, however displayed. I am quite sure that he will endear himself to the Americans by his honesty and the charm of his nature.

SIMON PURE

A GREAT EDITOR'S GALLERY OF PORTRAITS

"Marse Henry's" Crowded Story

BY EDWARD P. MITCHELL

Editor of the New York "Sun"

FORTY-ODD years ago the present writer chanced to be sitting in the press gallery of the House at Washington. The Hayes-Tilden electoral controversy was in its last phase. The atmosphere of the Forty-fourth Congress was overcharged with excitement. From the crowd of members standing back near the door an engaging figure emerged and proceeded up the middle aisle to claim the Chair's attention. A spectator more sophisticated than myself whispered: "Listen! That's young Watterson; he's going to fire off". A moment later the Speaker's words confirmed the identification. "The gentleman from Kentucky," said Sam Randall.

The chosen of the Star Eyed Goddess and the captain of Protection entrenched in Democracy met eye to eye.

I was immediately and immensely interested. The snapshot picture is as distinct in memory as if it were taken yesterday. Nevertheless, in order to make sure of the contemporary impression, I am venturing to refer to the observations jotted down at the time of Colonel Watterson's single and brief episode of official statesmanship:

"He has two peculiarities which, perhaps, distinguish him from the ordinary run of Congressmen: he does

not begin to talk until he has something to say, and when he has said it he stops talking. His manner is a curious mixture of modest self-consciousness and bluster. The modest self-consciousness is evidently natural to the man. The bluster is natural to the man's circumstances. It is the attempt at self-assertion of one accustomed to think and write, but not accustomed to speak; who is sure of his thoughts but not quite sure of his success in giving them oratorical expression, and who is therefore a little defiant.

"From a gallery point of view Mr. Watterson is a blond young man, apparently thirty-five but probably older, with yellow moustache and imperial, brow and chin rather more prominent than the neutral territory between, eyes indeterminate, top of head showing small veneration but considerable hair, of medium stature and loose gait. When he arises to speak his ingenuous face wears the deprecatory smile of a schoolboy about to spout a piece before critics of whom he is a little afraid. When he finishes his remarks, the deprecatory smile reappears, as if to disarm criticism, and he walks away from where he has been standing with a slight swing or swagger which says very plainly: 'There!

I suppose I've given myself away. Make the most of it.'

"His style of speaking is declamatory, yet in tolerably good taste. His gestures are awkward and often inappropriate. He gives undue emphasis to unimportant words. Nobody would call him an orator, but nine persons out of ten would hearken to him with pleasure, independently of the subject-matter, and even the tenth would find it hard to go to sleep while he was speaking.

"As printed in the 'Record', Mr. Watterson's longer speeches read like vigorous leaders and his shorter remarks like well-constructed editorial paragraphs. It is probable that he writes out what he has to say beforehand, and, being a good editor, uses only the good ideas and consigns all others to the waste basket. His remarks are always to the point, always conveyed in strong, square-shouldered English, and always manly and sensible. I do not recall a Representative, novice or veteran, who ever talked less buncombe to the thousand words than Henry Watterson of the 'Courier-Journal'.

"Socially and personally Mr. Watterson is said to be a favorite on both sides of the House. He can be partisan enough when duty seems to require, but his delight is to be the good fellow; his chief annoyance, the necessity of refusing to print in full in his newspaper the long speeches of all his friends. Watterson has expressly declared that in all the world there is only one worse poker player than himself; but this opinion is far too modest."

That was Colonel Watterson's only term in Congress. It had begun six months before, to fill a vacancy; and

a month later he went back to Louisville and to the "Courier-Journal" where and wherein he has been chiefly engaged ever since in stating the case as he understands it; stating the case about men and women and the wise and the just and the fools and frauds of politics, and the philosophies and humanities of Kentucky and the Union and the globular outside world, with a fertility of phrase, a mastery of anecdote, a wealth of illustrative resources, and—merely from the technically professional point of view—a productive energy which has had no parallel during the period in question. The blend is unique in American journalism. There has been no other Watterson. Until very recently there has been no other "Courier-Journal".

Looking either backward or forward from that midway station of a most remarkable lifetime, the same winning personality appears, the continuous Watterson, loyal to friends, courteous to adversaries, curious of all mundane and supernal and even infernal affairs, intrepid appraiser of intellectual and moral offerings, factor in the largest events. It is but honest-Injin to mention the fact that in the later years he developed a much more finished oratorical style than was credited to him in February of 1877, by a distant admirer who heard the young spokesman and trusted representative of the Tilden cause declaim in Congress when the pebbles were still in his mouth. Other addresses and lectures besides his surpassing platform tribute to the Lincoln he knew and loved, are properly ranked with the masterpieces of American eloquence. Many audiences in quiet lyceum hall and in stormy political convention and around the mahogany have recognized the power and charm of his spoken

utterance. But that is perhaps an incident.

II

There has been in this long and varied experience material, and to spare, charged with first-class activities and densely populated with interesting friendships and acquaintanceships, for several more volumes such as these handsome two now presented in type agreeable to old retinas or young. The total of the output has been measured by a selective restraint which is the last, best gift of the gods to the maker of autobiography. "Marse Henry" describes his recollections as desultory and fragmentary; but his artistic consciousness must be aware that with an efficient journalist's apprehension of a many-sided job, he has instinctively chosen the one method for the production of a living likeness. He has come back at himself, so to speak, at so many angles of approach that the result is an all-around portrait bust and not merely a picture of two dimensions.

As well as I can remember, no personal record that in fulness is comparable to this has been added to the literature of journalistic history by any other of the foremost American editors. Thurlow Weed's reminiscences, important in substance, are dry as the dust in a bin. Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life" belongs to the subscription-book class and is strangely inadequate in not a few respects. Dana's published recollections are wholly concerned with the civil-military fraction of his multiform achievement. What Raymond could have done so well with his own pen is but hinted at in Augustus Maverick's poor and scrappy sketch. There is a more intimate view of Joseph Pulitzer in Colonel Watterson's own mem-

oirs than is elsewhere accessible to the general public, except in Mr. Ireland's "Reminiscences of a Private Secretary", relating exclusively to the pathetic days of darkness and disease when that astonishing soul was holding on to itself with unexampled tenacity and pluck. Neither the elder nor the younger James Gordon Bennett left his story.

But consider the thing that Watterson has done for us in the odd moments of a happy senescence while gracefully dodging the scythe of Chronos! A man of intense vitality will survive in these volumes. It is a man so irresistibly lovable that although "born an insurrecto", to admit his own phrase, he has gone through eighty years of strenuous existence, with the chip on his chin all the time, accumulating precious few enemies worth mentioning; a human mite invested at the start by the benevolent fairies with most of the desirable germs of equipment — conscience, courage, unhesitating perception, picturesque imagination, humor, philosophy, broad sympathies, comprehensive artistry including all the literary arts except the art of being dull. Perhaps I am exceeding good taste in dwelling so much on the personality, but in this case, if ever, the personality is the key to the life and the book.

The collection of memories is all that might be expected. The series of portraits, swiftly drawn, discerning and always generous, astounds the unprepared reader by its range and volume. The Who's Who of Saint-Simon is scarcely more crowded.

You are listening to a veteran who has been dandled in Old Hickory's arms at the Hermitage. His yellow curls have been stroked by Old Rough and Ready. He has been the pet and

playmate of General Lewis Cass, a snuffy elder in an ill-fitting wig. As a volunteer page in the House where his father sat, he has fetched library books for a little bald-headed gentleman named John Quincy Adams. You are holding pleasant intercourse with one who sold programs for Jenny Lind's concert; who was the boy companion and quite competent accompanist of Adelina Patti years before her appearance on the stage, and who actually wrote for Raymond's "Times" the musical criticism of her debut at the Academy of Music in Irving Place; who has reveled at the Savage Club in London with Artemus Ward, slowly dying; who has dined at Huxley's table with Tyndall and Mill and Herbert Spencer, and that with the haziest notion at the time as to who the scientific gentlemen (except Spencer) might be; who heard Bishop Henry Bidleman Bascom preach lively Methodism at Nashville before 1850; who knew behind the green baize most of the great actors of England and America from Wyndham and Irving to Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, and who enjoyed for more than fifty years the rare possession of Jefferson's unreserved friendship.

You are also in the company of an accomplished and tolerant viveur who has played the game with Poker Schenck himself in an unexpected encounter with an ancient but unidentified enemy, ending in a reconciliation probably to the moral advantage of both. He has listened to and respected the whispered confidences of the most famous chefs on both sides of the ocean. He has studied with intelligent interest through many years the system workers in Monsieur Blanc's establishment. He began to adore his Paris when Thackeray's Street of the

Little Fields was yet redolent of the saffron oil. He has been more or less persona grata to an illustrious procession of highly specialized talent, from Sam Bugg of the Mississippi river circuit to the steely, suave Marcus Cicero Stanley, gorgeously fur-coated in the old Hoffman House. And Colonel Watterson, if my recollection is not at fault, was one of the earliest authorities on liquids in motion to commend to the attention of the thirsty the virtues of the American table waters, notwithstanding the circumstance that they were hatefully protected by a robber tariff.

You are learning, moreover, the true inwardness of historic politics from an inveterate observer who knew and was fond of Franklin Pierce, who despised Buchanan, cared greatly for Stephen A. Douglas, and stood in the capacity of Associated Press reporter at the side of Abraham Lincoln when he delivered his first inaugural in 1861; who has been a central figure in four national conventions of his party, and over and over again the architect of its platform policies; who has seen and known almost every President of the United States, if not every President, from Jackson to Wilson, and has been on terms of personal friendship and confidential intimacy with most of them.

And you are making the acquaintance—if such has never been your privilege before—of a Southern gentleman of genius and sentiment, opposed to human slavery from the heart and from the beginning; who was yet on Forrest's staff, chief of Confederate scouts in the Sherman-Johnston campaign, aide to General Hood through the siege of Atlanta, and the best of Union men when the issue was decided. He did as much as any citi-

zen now living or now dead to extirpate the sectionalism that menaced the Republic's future. He has been all-American all his life; and for that reason, the negligible errors of judgment and small sins of omission and commission so frankly by himself avowed shall be wiped clean from the slate if he will only cause the next edition of this unmatched repository, which he has dedicated with affection to his friend Alexander Konta, to be provided with a suitable index.

Fresh from the two volumes, I have been positively unable to overcome the temptation to multiply semicolons. Forgive the catalogue. Infer from it the menu, and exclaim with the still hungry person now writing: "Gimme all!"

III

How could such a garner of reminiscence fail to fascinate and inform? Colonel Watterson's serious contributions to the ever growing fund are of permanent value. Nobody attempting in the future a definitive version can afford, for example, to overlook his candid narrative of the self-determined Quadrilateral of 1872, as humorously immortal, in its way, as that other newspaper quadrilateral in which figured the innumerable elbows of the Mincio, "formed by the sympathy of youth". There is, indeed, all the sympathy of youth for the droller aspects of large events in the story which the surviving member of the Watterson-Halstead-Bowles-Horace White syndicate of political reformers gives us, at eighty, of the tauric invasion of the stronghold by Alexander K. McClure of the Philadelphia "Times", and its final occupation, while its custodians slumbered, by Whitelaw Reid with B. Gratz Brown in tow. And then, with a quick trans-

ition which might almost bring tears, the comedy of blunders and crosspurposes at Cincinnati becomes the tragedy of the baby-faced editor-philosopher's despair and death—surely, next to the wanton assassination of the three Presidents, the saddest chapter of our political history!

Even more important are the passages concerning the disputed succession in 1876, in relation to which Colonel Watterson sustained a part of which we had a glimpse near the top of this article. His direct knowledge of the attitude of Mr. Tilden throughout that unparalleled contest, of the undercurrents determining the result, of the attempted and completed bargainings, corrupt or merely political, both in Washington and at the capitals of the doubtful states, is conveyed with candor convincing in most respects, if with proper reticence as to some details. I can note here only two features of Colonel Watterson's energetic recital: first his effectual disposal of the long current yarn about a purpose on his part to march a hundred thousand heavily armed Kentuckians to Washington to seize the government in Mr. Tilden's interest; and, secondly, his statement on the authority of Stanley Matthews, his Republican kinsman by marriage, that even if Mr. Justice David Davis had not been lured by the Illinois election to the Senate, and had gone on the Commission as one of the Supreme Court members as he had been expected to go, his vote nevertheless would have made the eight for Hayes precisely as Mr. Justice Headley's did. This is particularly interesting, if true. I can only add, of knowledge, that it was not the view entertained at the time by at least one unusually observant Republican believer in Tilden's

electoral majority, General Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts, like Watterson a member of the Forty-fourth Congress; to whose quite uncanny political discernment Colonel Watterson pays a deserved tribute in another place in his book. Tilden shines in these recollections. He is "the nearest approach to the ideal statesman I have known", says the autobiographer. The final volume ends with a striking and just appreciation of the much misunderstood sage and leader's social, intellectual, and moral qualities.

I wish there were space for a full transcription of some of these broadly drawn and deeply etched character sketches. Sam Houston, King Leopold of Belgium, Carl Schurz, Grant, Andrew Johnson, Blaine, Mark Twain, Jay Gould, Grover Cleveland, McKinley, John Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, and hundreds of others—some of them at the bidding of a single phrase—fairly jump from the pages into renewed being. So, too, do Dana and the two Bennetts, whose sharply individualized and diversely conceived newspapers not many days ago joined their future fortunes under Frank A. Munsey's competent control. Colonel Watterson's authoritative professional judgment rates Frank I. Cobb of the "World" as on the whole the strongest editorial writer on the metropolitan press since Horace Greeley; and it is worth noting that the Colonel has come to have some faith in the educational usefulness of the training schools of journalism.

In all this record of a rich and varied experience, which has woven a thousand threads into a tolerant and knowing philosophy of life, possibly

no other thing stands out more distinctly than Henry Watterson's intuitive perception, at the very outset of the Great War, of its inevitable finale. Neither Isaiah nor Jeremiah nor again Ezekiel nor any of the sure-enough prophets; nor, indeed, any of the laymen and amateurs including Ernulphus, ever uttered a more potent and prescient judgment and sentence than that which he reiterated day after day in the "Courier-Journal" at the very beginning of the struggle: "To hell with the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns!" You can no more object now to the curse-word than to its use by Cotton Mather or Jonathan Edwards in the theological sense; and it is a matter for uncommon satisfaction that the prophet has lived to see the fulfilment.

But the portrait most to be prized by the judicious for its color and completeness is that of the autobiographer himself. I confess that the honorary title "Dean of American Journalism" does not capture my fancy when applied to "Marse Henry". Its pale conventional greyness lacks the least touch of the pigments proper to this personality, so vivid, so militant, so humanly sympathetic, so salient among all his professional contemporaries. It would never have occurred to anybody to call that other Henry, Henry of Navarre, the Dean of Monarchs, even if he had attained to the age of one of the Bible patriarchs and had sat down in the genial sunshine of late afternoon to write his inestimable reminiscences.

"Marse Henry." An Autobiography. By Henry Watterson. Two volumes. George H. Doran Company.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *February*, 1920.

THEN there's the matter of these dedications. Some time ago I received a communication. I think it was sent by Miss Katharine Lord, or maybe it was Hamlin Garland. Anyhow, it was an invitation. The upshot of this invitation was that the annual exhibit of the "best books of the year" held at the National Arts Club, New York City, under the auspices of the Joint Committee of Literary Arts, was now going—or was just about to go. Further, it was conveyed that the opening evening of the exhibit would be devoted to a reception for the authors of the books exhibited. Also, that on this evening speeches would be made by a number of distinguished persons acquainted with this matter on the subject of the idiosyncrasies of authors and editors. Further than this, this invitation made clear beyond all manner of reasonable doubt that the pleasure of the evening would be generally felt to be sadly incomplete without the presence there among the speakers of one Murray Hill.

The reasons why I was (I am sorry to say) unable to rise to this occasion were two. For one thing, I have known long and intimately a considerable number of authors and editors. Also, I have had the honor of having been several times to the National Arts Club. And (such is my tact and delicacy) I could not feel that this was

any fit place for me to discuss the (as the term is) idiosyncrasies with which a decidedly checkered career has acquainted me. Then, as to one of my own idiosyncrasies: I am like George Moore in this which he says, that he is "the only Irishman living or dead who cannot make a speech"—except that I am not an Irishman.

All of this, however, is merely picking up the threads of my thought. What I have in my eye is an idiosyncrasy of authors which doubtless I could have discussed with some propriety. That is, if I were able to discuss before an audience anything at all. Though with this subject, as many of those present were authors (who had their toes along with them) I should have had to exercise more than a little caution, and considerable skill in maintaining a honeyed amiability. Maybe this theme wouldn't have done at all either.

You see, it's this way: many people, I believe, do not read the introductions, prefaces, forewords (and whatever else such things are called) to books. I always do. Perhaps this is a habit formed during a number of years spent as a professional reviewer. If you read the introduction, preface (or whatever it's called) to a book, you can generally pick up pretty much what the author thought he was about when he wrote it, the points he intended to make in the work, the circumstances in which he wrote it, and

so on. This is a great time and labor saving procedure. All you've got to do then is to read a bit in the volume here and there to taste the style, pick up a few errors of fact or grammar, glance at the "conclusion", where the author sums up, to see whether or not he got anywhere—and as far as you are further put out by having this book on your hands, it might just as well never have been written. But I am drifting. That's one reason I can't make a speech. Never can recollect what it was I set out to say.

Oh, yes! About these dedications. Fewer people than read prefaces, I fancy, read the dedications of books. I always read 'em. I read them when I have no intention whatever of reading the volumes which they—well, dedicate. They are fine, dedications. Better, far better, than old tombstones. But never judge a book by its dedication.

I one time knew a man, of a most decidedly humorous cast of mind, who was a great spendthrift, an A 1 wastrel. He ran through everything his father left him (a very fair little fortune), and then when he had run through—in advance of that gentleman's death—everything his wife was to inherit from his father-in-law, he had no means whatever. He had a daughter. Without, it was clearly evident, the least suspicion of the pleasant humor of this, he named her Hope. She was a small child. And—it's absurd, I know; but 'tis so; there was not a particle of conscious irony in it; this child's name was the one blind spot in her father's sense of the ridiculous—her parents frequently referred to her affectionately as "little Hope".

So, quite so, with dedications. Whenever, or perhaps we had better

say frequently when a man writes a particularly worthless book, he lays the deed (in his dedication of it) onto his wife, "without whose constant devotion", etc., etc., etc., "this work would never have come into being". Or he says that it is inscribed, "To—my gentlest friend—and severest critic—my aged Grandmother". Or maybe he accuses his little daughter, "whose tiny hands have led me". Or again he may say benignantly: "To—my faithful friend—Murray Hill—who made possible this volume", or "the illumination of whose personality has lighted my way to the truth".

Doubtless he means well, this author. And, in most cases, highly probable it is that his magnanimous sentiments are O. K. all round. For to the minds of what would probably be called "right thinking" persons, is not having a book dedicated to you the equivalent, almost, of having a career yourself? I know a very distinguished American novelist—well, I'll tell you who he is: Booth Tarkington—who has told me this: time and again he has been relentlessly pursued by some person unknown to him who (in the belief that did he once hear it he would surely use it as material for his next book) wished to tell him the story of his life. This life, according to the communications received by the novelist, was in every case one of the most remarkable ever lived by man. It was, in every case, most extraordinary in, among a variety of other singular things, this: the abounding in it of the most amazing coincidences. And so on, and so on, and so on. One of these romantic personages nailed the novelist somewhere coming out of a doorway one day, and contrived to compel him to sit down and listen to the life-story. He was an old, old

man, this chap, and firmly convinced that the tale of his many days (as simple, commonplace, dull, and monotonous an existence as ever was conceived) was unique. Now he did not want any pay for telling his story; he had no design on any royalty to come from the great book to be made out of it; no, not at all. All he asked—and that, he thought, was fair enough—was that the book be dedicated to him. And so it was with them all, all of those with the remarkable, obscure, romantic, humdrum lives. So much for that.

Dedications run the whole gamut of the emotions. A type of author very tonic to the spirit is that one whose soul embraces not merely an individual but which enfolds in its heroic sweep a nation, a people, or some mighty idea. What, for instance, could be more vast in the grandeur of its sweep than this—which I came upon the other day in a modest little volume? "To the Children of Destiny." The Great War, which has wrought so much evil and inspired so much literature, is responsible for a flood of noble, lofty dedications. The merest snooping through a bunch of recent war books turns up, among a multitude more, the following: "To the Mothers of America." "To—the Loyalty and Patriotism—of the—American People." "To the Hour—When the Troops Turn Home." "To all the Men at the Front."

I should not affirm, of course, that there is anything new under the sun. And it is very probable that ever since this psychic literature began (whenver it began) authors resident beyond the stars have, naturally enough, dedicated their manuscripts submitted to earthly publishers, to folks back in the old home, so to say. But with the

war, which has so greatly stimulated literary activity on the other side of life, the dedications of these (to put it so) expatriated authors have perhaps become (in a manner of speaking) loftier in tone than ever before. As a sample of the present state of exalted feeling of authors of this sort I copy the following dedication from the recently published book of a writer "gone West": "To the heroic women of the world, the mothers, wives and sweethearts who bravely sent us forth to battle for a great cause:—we who have crossed the Great Divide salute you."

I wish, I do wish, I had at hand a book which I saw a number of years ago.... As examples of persons to whom books have been dedicated may be specified the Deity, the Virgin Mary, Royalty and Dignitaries of Church and State, "the Reader", and the author himself. Many of the pleasantest dedications have been to children. Besides armies and navies, countries, states, cities and their inhabitants, books have also been dedicated to institutions and societies, to animals, to things spiritual, and to things inanimate. An attractive example of a dedication to Deity is furnished by one John Leycaeter, who, in 1649, dedicated his "Civill Warres of England, Briefly Related from his Majesties First Setting Up His Standard, 1641, to this Present Personall Hopefull Treaty"—"To the Honour and Glory of the Infinite, Immense, and Incomprehensible Majesty of Jehovah, the Fountaine of all Excellencies, the Lord of Hosts, the Giver of all Victories, and the God of Peace." He continued in a poem, "By J. O. Ley, a small crumme of mortality".

But about that book I saw some time ago. You, of course, remember

that prayer in "Tom Sawyer" (or somewhere else in Mark Twain) where the great-hearted minister called upon the Lord to bless the President of the United States, the President's Cabinet, the Senate of the United States, the governors of each of the states, and their legislatures, the mayors of all the cities, and all the towns, of the United States, and the inhabitants—grandmothers and grandfathers, mothers and wives, husbands and fathers, sons and daughters, bachelors and little children—of every hamlet, town and city of the United States, also of all the countryside thereof. Well, this book of which I have been speaking,—this minister in the august range and compass of his prayer had nothing on its dedication. It was published, as I recollect, by the author; printed on very woody wood-pulp paper by a job press, and had a coarse screen, frontispiece portrait of the author, whose name has long since left me. What it was about I do not remember. That is a little matter. It lives in my mind, and should live in the memory of the world, by its dedication; which, I recall, in part was: "To the Sultan of Turkey—the Emperor of Japan—the Czar of Russia—the Emperor of Germany—the President of France—the King of England—the President of the United States—and to God."

But it was in an elder day that they really knew how to write sonorous dedications. If I should write a book (and the idea of having one to dedicate tempts me greatly) I'd pick out some important personage, such as Benjamin De Casseres, or Frank Crowninshield, or Charles Hanson Towne, or somebody like that. Then I would take as the model for my dedication that one, say, of Boswell's

to Sir Joshua Reynolds. I am afraid you have not read it lately. And so, for the joy the meeting of it again will give you, I will copy it out. It goes as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,—Every liberal motive that can actuate an Authour in the dedication of his labours, concurs in directing me to you, as the person to whom the following Work should be inscribed.

If there be a pleasure in celebrating the distinguished merit of a contemporary, mixed with a certain degree of vanity not altogether inexcusable, in appearing fully sensible of it, where can I find one, in complimenting whom I can with more general approbation gratify those feelings? Your excellence not only in the Art over which you have long presided with unrivalled fame, but also in Philosophy and elegant Literature, is well known to the present, and will continue to be the admiration of future ages. Your equal and placid temper, your variety of conversation, your true politeness, by which you are so amiable in private society, and that enlarged hospitality which has long made your house a common centre of union for the great and accomplished, the learned, and the ingenious; all these qualities I can, in perfect confidence of not being accused of flattery, ascribe to you.

If a man may indulge an honest pride, in having it known to the world, that he has been thought worthy of particular attention by a person of the first eminence in the age in which he lived, whose company has been universally courted, I am justified in availing myself of the usual privilege of a Dedication, when I mention that there has been a long and uninterrupted friendship between us.

If gratitude should be acknowledged for favours received I have this opportunity, my dear Sir, most sincerely to thank you for the many happy hours which I owe to your kindness,—for the cordiality with which you have at all times been pleased to welcome me,—for the number of valuable acquaintances to whom you have introduced me,—for the *noctes cœnæque Deum*, which I have enjoyed under your roof.

If a work should be inscribed to one who is master of the subject of it, and whose approbation, therefore, must ensure it credit and success, the Life of Dr. Johnson is, with the greatest propriety, dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was the intimate and beloved friend of that great man: the friend, whom he declared to be "the most invulnerable man he knew, whom, if he should quarrel with him, he would find the most difficulty how to abuse". You, my dear Sir, studied him, and knew him well; you venerated and admired him. Yet,

luminous as he was upon the whole, you perceived all the shades which mingled in the grand composition; all the peculiarities and slight blemishes which marked the literary Colossus. Your very warm commendation of the specimen which I gave in my "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides", of my being able to preserve his conversation in an authentik and lively manner, which opinion the Publick has confirmed, was the best encouragement for me to persevere in my purpose of producing the whole of my stores....

I am, my dear Sir,
Your much obliged friend,
And faithful humble servant,
JAMES BOSWELL

London,
April 20, 1791.

In a more modern style of composition the epistolary form of dedication is still employed. I wish I had not (one time when I was moving) lost that copy I had, English edition, of George Moore's book "The Lake". I have a feeling that the dedicatory letter there, in French, was an admirable example of its kind of thing. If you happen to have a copy of the book, why don't you look it up?

When poems are written as dedications an established convention is followed. You affect at the beginning (in this formula) to be very humble in spirit, deeply modest in your conception of your powers. You speak, if your book is verse, of your "fragile rhyme", or (with Patmore) you "drag a rumbling wain". Again perhaps you speak (in the words of Burns) of your "wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble", or you call Southwell to witness that,—

He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrumps leave to grow.

And so on. At any rate, you always do this. Then you say that his (or her) eyes for whom the book was written will change the dross to gold, the "blind words" to "authentic song", the "mushrump" to a flower, or some such thing. So, after all, you skilfully con-

trive to leave your book to the reader on a rather high, confident note. Any other way of writing a dedicatory poem to a book of verse (being out of the tradition altogether) is, I take it, bad, very bad literary etiquette.

Numerous dedications have considerable fame. There is that enigmatical one to "Mr. W. H.", prefixed by Thomas Thorpe, bookseller of London, to Shakespeare's Sonnets. And Dr. Johnson's scathing definition of a patron when Lord Chesterfield fell short of Johnson's expectations in the amount which he contributed to the publication of the famous dictionary, men will not willingly let die. Another celebrated dedication is that of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies"—"To the Rare Few, who, early in life, have rid themselves of the Friendship of the Many." Laurence Sterne's solemn "putting up fairly to public sale" to an imaginary lord a dedication to "Tristram Shandy" is not without merit. John Burroughs was felicitous in his dedication of "Bird and Bough"—"To the kinglet that sang in my evergreens in October and made me think it was May." And a very amiable dedication prefixed to "The Bashful Earthquake", by Oliver Herford, illustrated by the author, is this: "To the Illustrator, in grateful acknowledgment of his amiable condescension in lending his exquisite and delicate art to the embellishment of these poor verses, from his sincerest admirer, The Author." Mr. Herford's latest book, "This Giddy Globe", is dedicated so: "To President Wilson. [*With all his faults he quotes me still.*]"

A clever dedication, I think, is that of Christopher Morley's "Shandygaff"—"To The Miehle Printing Press—More Sinned Against Than Sinning." A dedication intended to be clever,

and one frequently seen, is, in effect, "To the Hesitating Purchaser". A certain appropriateness is presented in a recent book on advertising, "Respectfully dedicated to the men who invest millions of dollars a year in national advertising". And some nimbleness of wit is attained in the inscription of the book "Why Worry?"—"To my long-suffering family and circle of friends, whose patience has been tried by my efforts to eliminate worry, this book is affectionately dedicated."

Miss Annie Carroll Moore, supervisor of work with children at the New York Public Library, tells me that the other day a small boy inquired, "Who

was the first man to write a book to another man?" I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps this is told somewhere. A number of books and articles concerning dedications, I have heard, are to be found in studious places. I have never read any of them. I remember, however, reviewing for a newspaper a number of years ago (I think it was in 1918) a book, then just published, called "Dedications: An Anthology of the Forms Used from the Earliest Days of Bookmaking to the Present Time". It was compiled by Mary Elizabeth Brown. The volume made handy to the general reader a fairly representative collection of dedications.

MURRAY HILL

THE GARDEN

BY ALINE KILMER

AND now it is all to be done over again
 And what will come of it only God can know.
 What has become of the furrows ploughed by pain
 And the hopes set row on row?

Where are the lines of beautiful bending trees?
 The gracious springs, the depths of delicate shade?
 The sunny spaces loud with the humming of bees,
 And the grassy paths in the garden my life had made?

Lightning and earthquake now have blasted and riven,
 Even the trees that I trusted could not stand;
 Now it lies here to the bitter winds of Heaven
 A barren and a desolated land.

CURRENTS IN FRENCH LITERATURE

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

The story of Louis XIV—Sainte-Beuve's letters—the Empress Eugénie's war apologia—social self-criticism—a new life of Baudelaire—a Poe enthusiast—new light on the mystery of the lost dauphin—two royal biographies—an actress's memoirs—the vexed question of the First Novel.

IT is clear that there is going to be a great literary swing back to the old, happy, prewar France of long ago. Every king of France had his war, and as a rule it was a terrible war. But now both historian and romantic look at those battles of long ago through a magic haze. To a certain extent this attitude is justified, for in those days kings and princes at war did things in the grand manner. Compare, for instance, the strange, human, sometimes grotesque story of Louis XIV's famous early campaign—that campaign when he was accompanied by the queen, by Louise de la Vallière, and by his coming favorite, Madame de Montespan—with the sordid story of what went on at German Headquarters in 1916. Every moralist must condemn Louis XIV, but a student of human nature cannot but be moved by the complicated drama of love, hatred, and jealousy which was played out in the Flanders of that far-off day. From all that occurred at Charleville five years ago, even a coarse mind turns away in disgust. Yet the book which tells the story will probably have the biggest sale of all the war books.

I am told that before allowing the volume wherein these revelations are made to be published, the French government took great pains to make

quite sure that the events related within had really come to pass as described by the Frenchman who claims to have been an eye-witness. The fact that Maurice Barrès consented to write the preface to such a work also proves its absolute authenticity.

To all true lovers of French literature Sainte-Beuve remains a most attractive and enigmatic figure. Not only was he acknowledged as the greatest of French historical essayists—and could there be higher praise?—but he had a most curious personality. He was on intimate terms with all the great minds of his day, and he was such a delightful human being, his conversation was so entrancing, that all kinds and conditions of human beings sought his friendship and intimacy. He never allowed private friendship to interfere with what he thought his duty as a writer, and he broke what had been for many years a kind of platonic and yet rather more than affectionate intimacy—that called by the French *amitié amoureuse*—with Princess Mathilde Bonaparte because he thought it right, in one of his essays, to attack the memory of the great Napoleon.

I hear that among forthcoming spring publications is a volume of letters written by Sainte-Beuve to

Renan. In addition to being a great essayist, Sainte-Beuve was a brilliant letter writer, and this book will certainly be a very valuable addition to the literary history of the nineteenth century.

Singularly little has been written, of an intimate kind, on the court of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. I am told that several volumes of letters and diaries are being held back owing to the Empress's prolonged life. Much mystery surrounds the Empress Eugénie's own memoirs. There seems no doubt that she has prepared a very elaborate apologia with regard to her own conduct before and during the Franco-Prussian War. She has always deeply resented the legendary tale of how she exclaimed to a foreign diplomat, "This is *my* war!" And from what we now know of German and especially of Bismarckian propaganda methods, it is quite possible that the phrase was invented, and put into her mouth, in Berlin.

II

There is a strong current setting in toward what I may call, for want of a better phrase, social self-criticism of France and of French ways. The most striking book of the kind published this winter is called "We Must Now Conquer Ourselves". The author, M. de Noussanne, is very seriously distressed at the present state of things in his beloved country. He belabors with equal indignation and sincerity the leaders of modern French democracy, and the small, vigorous group of Intellectuals, who, led by Maurice Barrès, would like France to become once more religious, thrifty, and, in perhaps a narrow sense, moral in her outlook on life.

M. Noussanne's quarrel with the Intellectuals is that they are more fond

of talking than of acting. He says that they do not try to get into real touch with the masses of weary and war-worn workers; "they dine at the tables of the Pharisees, not at those of the poor, the halt, the lame, and the blind. They forget their Master, who said, 'None of these guests who were invited shall sit at My table' ". If all that this writer says is true, then France is indeed in a parlous state. But, like all Frenchmen of his type, he paints in far blacker colors than he need do, and he is ready with his remedy. He implores his countrymen, and especially his countrywomen, to restore the old French ideal of family life. As is the case with innumerable thoughtful Frenchmen who have seen the havoc which easy divorce has worked in so peculiarly conservative a civilization as is that of France, he would now wish to see divorce absolutely abolished. The part of the book where he discusses this question would perhaps make an American or an Englishman smile, for M. Noussanne is nothing if not thorough, and he even goes out of his way to tell his young countrywomen how they can retain their husband's love, and prevent them from running after strange goddesses.

Baudelaire is out of fashion, and yet I for one venture to believe that his name will be famous as long as French literature endures. Not only was his literary technique flawless, but he invented a new literary genre, and he introduced Edgar Allan Poe in a series of translations which are every whit as good as the original. Like Flaubert, Baudelaire had the mingled honor and shame of having a book attacked, tried, and finally condemned, by the legal authorities of his country. But whereas "Madame Bovary" triumphantly survived the ordeal, even

among the writer's own contemporaries, Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal" was henceforth branded as an extraordinarily wicked book. This perhaps was partly owing to the fact that Baudelaire was not at all popular among his contemporaries, and why this was so is very clearly and even amusingly set forth in a new life of him just published by a clever writer named Crépet.

M. Crépet has wit and humor, and both are required for dealing with the eccentric, fretful, poet whose wonderful work influenced that of so many English and American writers. His adoration of Poe is of course well known, but I was not aware that he actually gave up what to such a man must have been the greatest sacrifice of all—a life of almost complete idleness—in order to begin and complete his translation of "Tales of Mystery and Imagination". Apropos of his enthusiasm for Poe, M. Crépet tells the following touching tale. A friend came in and told Baudelaire one day that an American gentleman then passing through Paris, was personally acquainted with Edgar Allan Poe. At once Baudelaire rushed off to the stranger's hotel. He found the American engaged in trying on a number of pairs of boots which had been sent him on approval by one of the great Paris bootmakers. Baudelaire at once began to question him about Poe, and was much angered at being coldly informed that Poe was a very eccentric, peculiar sort of fellow; and, further, that he was fond of talking at random, that his conversation in a word was not consecutive! Baudelaire jumped up, put on his hat, and exclaiming, "After all, why should I listen to you? You are only a Yankee!" rushed out of the hotel. The poet was also, which is rather strange, devoted to Longfel-

low. Far more natural was his attraction to De Quincey and his wild enthusiasm for "The Confessions of an Opium Eater".

III

Like so many other French writers, M. Lenotre was forced during the war out of his natural bent. He wrote two books, but both of them were more or less intended to be topical, and they were quite lacking in the charm and originality with which we all associate his name.

I am glad to announce that he is now working on a very close study of that enigmatic figure, perhaps the most unhappy boy in all history, Louis XVII. All those who are even only slightly interested in this great historical mystery are well aware that a vast literature has grown up round the possible survival of Marie Antoinette's son. I have personally discussed the question with many distinguished and erudite Frenchmen, and on the whole they are inclined to believe that the dauphin *did leave the temple alive*, and that the half-witted boy who undoubtedly died there, and who was buried under the name and with the style of the son of the last king of France, had been substituted.

During the greater part of the nineteenth century, this theory was regarded as quite untenable, and indeed absurd. But this was undoubtedly owing in a great part, as we know now, to the extraordinarily astute propaganda which was carried out, with that object in view, by those who naturally desired the Bourbon Restoration to be permanent. That Madame d'Angoulême had very grave doubts as to her brother's death in the temple, has become known of late years through the medium of private letters and diaries. It is on secret record

that she received at least one of the Pretenders, but he obviously did not satisfy her as to the authenticity of his claim. Her position was an agonizing one. She was not only niece to the reigning sovereign, but she was the wife of his heir apparent. The survival of her brother would have meant the deposition of all those who had become her nearest and dearest.

I am told that M. Lenotre claims to have made some important discoveries, and I cannot help suspecting that these will turn out to be the production of some kind of proof that the dauphin was really smuggled out of the temple by one of his parents' innumerable devoted adherents. But what happened to him afterward is not likely ever to be known. At one time there were six Pretenders, each of whom probably sincerely believed in his claim to be Louis XVII.

Perhaps the most sinister figure of the war was Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the astute sovereign concerning whom the German emperor, while on a visit to England, once observed to an acquaintance of mine, "This wily old fox is the cleverest of us all—but what a rogue!" In France he is hated with a peculiar hatred, owing to the fact that up to 1914 he was fond of boasting of his French blood, and of recalling the fact that he is own grandson to Louis Philippe. In this connection I hear that there will shortly be published a most interesting book dealing with Ferdinand's peculiar and sinister personality. The volume is being written by a man named Necludorff, who was for many years one of the king of Bulgaria's most trusted familiars. Whether the volume will really throw any light on Ferdinand's tortuous policy may be doubted. He is a man of few confidants, and it will be remembered that he hesitated for a very

long time before throwing in his lot with the central empires. A distinguished neutral observed to me early in the war, "We shall know who is going to win when Ferdinand of Bulgaria shows his hand." There are some who say that the intellectuality and the power which he showed through all his youth and middle age were really those of his mother, the formidable Princess Clementine; and that when she died at an advanced age, he lost not only his best friend, but the counselor to whom he owed his position and success.

Another royal biography—which is already out in Germany, where it is being read with extraordinary interest, and which will shortly be published both in France and England—deals with the personality of the late Franz Ferdinand, the Austrian heir presumptive, whose assassination precipitated, if it did not cause, the war. The author of this book also writes from inside knowledge, and he gives a curious, intimate picture of the violent, despotic, obstinate, and yet in a sense high-minded prince, whose marriage to the Countess Chotek was such a nine days' wonder some twenty years ago.

It will be remembered that Franz Ferdinand renounced all his rights to the Austrian throne, thinking the world well lost for love. He remained devoted to the Countess Chotek and, together with their three children, they led a placid, almost idyllic existence. She was, however, known to be extremely ambitious—desperately anxious that her eldest son should be, if not Emperor of Austria, then King of Hungary. It is believed that she and William II struck a kind of bargain together, by which she should persuade her husband to promote a European war—or, rather, such a European war as suited the German emperor—and that in exchange he would in every way

help her to raise her boy to the position of heir apparent to the Hungarian throne.

IV

I hear that Madame Réjane is busy on her memoirs. Not only is she a very great actress—some would tell you the greatest and most versatile actress that France has seen since Rachel—but she is a very clever and cultivated woman, interested in a dozen things apart from the theatre. She has known all the more noted French writers, artists and politicians of her day, and she is also intimately acquainted with the high little London world which settles, for England at any rate, questions of taste. I once had a talk with her at the moment of her marvelous success as Madame Sans-Gêne, and she confided to me her intense desire to play de Goncourt's terrible Germinie Lacerteux. I felt amazed, for it seemed impossible that the same woman who could play Madame Sans-Gêne—a part which was absolutely created for her by Sardou, could possibly act the fierce, unhappy, and at once very human being who had been, as I was well aware, drawn with cruel fidelity from the Brothers de Goncourt's housekeeper. And yet it was her acting Germinie Lacerteux which ultimately gave Réjane her place among the really great actresses of the last century. I fancy few people are aware that Madame Réjane's great-grandfather was court tailor to Napoleon I, and that her relatives possess various relics of the great man. It is curious how few of the more noted French actors and actresses have taken the trouble to keep diaries, or to write their memoirs. Both Got and Coquelin were constantly asked to publish a book of reminiscences; but though they both wrote well,—Coquelin being

a delightful letter writer,—they always refused to write anything for publication.

Apropos of the French drama, Messrs. Goupil have published a kind of edition de luxe of their prewar review "Le Theatre". In it is told the history of the theatrical world during the war. Among the illustrations are some curious drawings of performances which were given for the poilus only, at the front. Those who have formed anything in the nature of a war library will find this number of "Le Theatre", which only costs the modest sum of one dollar, of future value and present interest.

The correspondence which lately took place in London on the vexed question of the First Novel, and which was brilliantly inaugurated by Hugh Walpole in the Literary Supplement of the "Times" and carried on by various novelists, and publishers including Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Chapman and Hall, has naturally aroused some interest in France. With a very few exceptions, which only prove the rule, every French writer who has attained fame or popularity, or both, published his first novel at his own expense. Before the war, owing to the fact that all books were first bound in paper, and also to the fact that French publishers did not advertise, this was not so onerous a business as might first appear, but even then it was certainly an unfortunate thing. Now and again an unknown genius found a way to publication through one of the two or three big reviews. Madame Adam was a very kind friend to young unpublished authors. It was thanks to her that Loti's first masterpiece, which he called by the ugly name of "Ra-

rahu", first saw the light, and I believe it was Madame Adam who gave it its final name of "Le Mariage de Loti". The "Mercure de France" also occasionally publishes the work of an unknown writer. This famous publication is exactly thirty years old, for it first came out in 1889. It began, as all those publications in France always do begin, in a very small, quiet way, and it owed a very great deal to the now famous Remy de Gourmont. The

magazine has become not only world famous, but it is now part of a great publishing business, and has introduced to the French reading world a considerable number of German, American, and English writers. But when all is said and done the great work of the "Mercure" has been to introduce to French readers the writings of certain young men, who, but for the existence of such a publication, would have remained mute and inglorious.

A NEW YORK BARRIE: SIMEON STRUNSKY

BY MORRIS R. WERNER

IN connection with the preparation of this article Simeon Strunsky wrote the following letter to the editor of THE BOOKMAN:

Between you and me I don't know what use a newspaperman who works where they makes it has for publicity, but I suppose I owe it to my descendants. I appreciate your and Mr. Werner's feeling the thing worth while; only I do shrink from anything in the personal, people-in-the-public-eye and I-do-my-work-in-the-early-morning-with-my-left-hand-resting-on-the-head-of-a-favorite-collie sort of thing. If Mr. Werner cares to write about me as though I were dead or in Tanganyika, all right, and I shall be glad to see him if it does not lead to anything in the interview or *weltanschauung* line; in other words if he will be good enough to write his piece as if he never had seen me.

Perhaps if Simeon Strunsky lived in Tanganyika instead of at "The New York Evening Post", and had been brought over to this country heralded by three blares from the trumpet of a competent publicity agent, he would have been able to return to Tanganyika and spend the rest of his life in bed. He is not in the public eye, although a considerable part of the reading public has been keeping its

eyes on his work for the last ten years. For more than five of those years Simeon Strunsky was a part of Saturday for many New Yorkers, for every Saturday in "The Evening Post" there appeared a delightful essay under the caption first of "The Patient Observer" and later "Post-Impressions". He was as much a part of Saturday as Zit's theatrical vaudeville chart is part of that day for many more New Yorkers. No attempt will be made to compute the batting averages of Mr. Strunsky and Zit.

Mr. Strunsky is an excellent humorist, whose work abounds in continuous quiet laughs. When Irvin S. Cobb builds a joke, he sets up scaffolding and then places brick upon brick until he attains solidity, whereupon he hurls the finished product briskly at the reader. Mr. Strunsky prefers to allow us to experience mental smiles over a long period of time rather than get from us a good guffaw. His humor is quiet, subtle, and above all whimsical. Unlike George Ade and Mr. Dooley he

is never boisterous. In short, he is the only approach to J. M. Barrie that we have in this country and in his books, "Post-Impressions", "Belshazzar Court", and "The Patient Observer", he does for our daily life in New York what Barrie did for tobacco in "My Lady Nicotine".

Simeon Strunsky was born in Vitebsk, Russia, on July 23, 1879, but the reader is not to infer from that bald statement of fact that he will take poison in a fit of depression before many years, or that he has secretly hitched a printing press to the job of overthrowing the Constitution. He left Russia in time to get his education at the Horace Mann School in New York and from that school went to Columbia College. To this day at Columbia they show you copies of "The Columbia Monthly" for 1898 or thereabouts to which Simeon Strunsky and Henry Sydnor Harrison were contributors, and the young exhibitors sigh with regret, saying: "Ah, those were the days when 'Monthly' *was* a magazine. We haven't got the men now. Times have changed." Ten years from now a fresh young man will be exhibiting "The Columbia Monthly" for 1916 and 1917, pointing out the names of Irwin Edman and Robert A. Simon. He will sigh with regret and say, "Ah, those were the days when 'Monthly' *was* a magazine. We haven't got the men now. Times have changed."

Having been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, it was inevitable that Simeon Strunsky should become a member of the editorial staff of "The Evening Post". But he resisted the temptation for six years. After his graduation from Columbia in 1900, Mr. Strunsky became a department editor of the New International Encyclopædia. At Columbia he had spe-

cialized in foreign politics, of which he has always been a deep student. Unfortunately, it was not until the Peace Conference of 1919 that he was able to turn his attention to the humor of the situation. In 1906 armed with his Phi Beta Kappa key, Mr. Strunsky became an editorial writer on "The Evening Post", which has been his main position ever since and still is his daily job. Since the affairs of the world have become so muddled, Mr. Strunsky has found no time for "Post-Impressions". But every once in awhile in "The Evening Post", if you know Simeon Strunsky's work you can detect a real, live "Post-Impression" in the disguise of a "second" editorial, which means the more interesting editorial.

Before the less interesting but important political affairs of the world took up so much of his time, Mr. Strunsky was able to contribute to the Saturday magazine of "The Evening Post" every week a fine piece of intellectual burlesque with a sound basis of truth. Some of these are published in his books, "The Patient Observer" and "Post-Impressions". The following is from a supposititious interview with Henri Bergson:

The distinguished philosopher turned in his seat, struck a match on the marble bust of Immanuel Kant just behind him, and lit his cigar. He gazed thoughtfully out of the window. Before him stretched the enchanting panorama of Paris so familiar to American eyes—Nôtre Dame, the Gare St. Lazare, the Bois de Boulogne, the Eiffel Tower, the cypresses of Père Lachaise, the tomb of Napoleon, and the offices of the American Express Company.

"Yes", he said, "one envies the advantages of your multimillionaires. The kings and princes of former times, when they built themselves a home, had to be content with a single school of architecture. Your rich men on Fifth Avenue may have two styles, three, four—what say I?—a dozen! And on their country estates, where there is a garage, a conservatory, stables, kennels, the opportunities are unlimited.

"I repeat," said M. Bergson, "your skyscrapers stand for an idea, but they also ex-

press beauty. Not only do they reveal the restless energy of a people which waits five minutes to take the elevator from the tenth floor to the twelfth, but they also embody the most modern conception of fine taste. I think of them as displaying the perfection of the hobble-skirt in architecture—tall, slim, expensive, and never failing to catch the eye....

"When I was in New York I experienced no difficulty whatsoever. When I saw a Corinthian temple I knew it was a church. When I saw a Roman basilica I knew it was a bank. When I saw a Renaissance palace I knew it was a public bath house. When I saw an Assyrian palace I knew there was a cabaret tea inside. When I saw a barracks I knew it was a college laboratory. When I saw a fortress I knew it was an aquarium. The soul of the city spoke out very clearly to me."

Mr. Strunsky observes admirably the interesting details of home life, married life, professional life, newspaper life and above all of New York life. He is able to analyze and present the funny little things which we all have in our minds. For example:

Incidentally I would remark that the opportunities for consulting the Gettysburg Address occur frequently in a newspaper office. Every little while, in the lull between editions, a difference of opinion will arise as to what Lincoln said at Gettysburg. Some maintain that he said, "a government of the people, for the people, by the people"; some declare he said, "a government by the people, of the people, for the people"; some assert that he said, "a government by the people, for the people, of the people." Obviously the only way out is to make a pool and look up Nicolay and Hay. When we are not betting on Lincoln's famous phrase, we differ as to whether the first words in *Cæsar* are "*Gallia omnis est divisa*", or "*Omnis Gallia divisa est*". We all remember the "*partes tres*".

Mr. Strunsky uses a simplicity of language which makes his fine shades of thought all the more distinctive. He is capable of deep pathos as well as whimsical humor. "Romance" in "Post-Impressions" reveals the tragedy and comedy of a routine existence with much charm. He is our New York Barrie, also an editorial writer and daily minister to foreign affairs. After a leading editorial on Czecho-Slovakia he is able to do such an entertaining and delicious piece of work

as "The Scandal of Euclid", which appeared in the September issue of "The Atlantic Monthly". In that delightful essay he proves the erotic motive in Proposition 18, viz., "The greater side of any triangle has the greater angle opposite to it," by the use of the Grandmother Complex. The intimate details of the great geometer's subconscious soul are revealed in this manner:

When the boy was six years old, his father perished in a raid upon the island of Cos by the Phi Beta Kappas, a pirate tribe inhabiting the adjoining mainland. His mother was carried off into captivity, but the lad and his grandmother were left behind as of doubtful commercial value. Thus the early Complex between the two was strengthened in the course of the next three years; for when the boy was nine years of age the old lady died, but not without leaving a profound impress on the future Proposition 18.

Newspaper fathers are often able to make admirable copy out of their children. And Simeon Strunsky's child, "Harold", is a principal character in "Belshazzar Court, Village Life in New York City". Readers of "The New York Tribune" are becoming daily more interested in Heywood Broun's boy, "H. third", but "Harold" has figured in Simeon Strunsky's work for many years. "Belshazzar Court" contains some of the best essays in American literature. "The Street" in that volume shows Strunsky at his level best. It has beauty, humor, and truth. For beauty we offer this quotation:

The only place where I am in the mood to walk after the prescribed military fashion is in the open country. Just where by all accounts I ought to be sauntering without heed to time, studying the lovely texts which Nature has set down in the modest type-forms selected from her inexhaustible fonts,—in the minion of ripening berries, in the nonpareil of crawling insect life, the agate of tendril and filament, and the 12-point diamond of the dust,—there I stride along with my own thoughts and see little.

For humor:

It is on such occasions that Williams and I, after shaking hands the way a locomotive takes on water on the run, wheel around, halt, and proceed to buy something at the rate of two for a quarter. If anyone is inclined to doubt the spirit of American fraternity, it is only necessary to recall the number of commodities for men that sell two for twenty-five cents....

When people speak of the want of real comradeship among women, I sometimes wonder if one of the reasons may not be that the prices which women are accustomed to pay are individualistic instead of fraternal. The soda fountains and the street cars do not dispense goods at the rate of two items for a single coin. It is infinitely worse in the department stores. Treating a friend to something that costs \$2.79 is inconceivable.

Probably there is nothing in American literature that catches the spirit of Broadway as does "The Street".

Mr. Strunsky did much writing during the war on the war. First of all there was his daily job. Besides the editorials in "The Evening Post", Mr. Strunsky was the military critic on that paper, and he was therefore intimately concerned with pushing pins on maps for several years. But his best piece of work, and that includes all his writing, is his war novel, "Professor Latimer's Progress", which was first published anonymously in "The Atlantic Monthly". Mr. Strunsky did not put his name on the first edition of the book because of a whim. The trick was not very successful. The author was spotted at once, and a second edition of the book bears his name. "Professor Latimer's Progress" is one of the best novels of the war, dealing with war in the abstract. It has been called an American Mr. Britling, but personally I found it more interesting than Mr. Wells's book. Like "Mr. Britling Sees it Through", it is the mental adventure of a man who was too old to fight. The quest of Professor Latimer for intellectual solace from the strain of thinking about the war, is relieved by Mr. Strunsky's keen humor with sound

basis of truth. For instance, the following description of the newspaper business by a former managing editor whom Professor Latimer meets:

"It's not so bad the first two years", said Manning, "until you have graduated from police and the criminal courts. There, I admit, you touch on what is called life, though touch it is about all you can do. The only sincere stuff in the business is crimes and accidents. A man doesn't usually shoot his wife for publication, or fall under a motor-truck with his photograph ready for 64-screen reproduction. Everything beyond that is just formula and make-believe, acting and speaking for publication—politicians this way, and strike-leaders that way, and woman suffragists their own way. We are the family photographers of the world, and people come to us in their Sunday clothes. If they didn't we'd retouch them anyhow; make them every one,—gangsters, society leaders, shop-girls, Secretaries of State,—say what we want them to say; which is what they want us to make them say.... When a national convention starts to cheer, the reporters pull out their watches—and the shouters know that they are being timed and act accordingly."

There is still another war book by Simeon Strunsky, the outcome of too much military criticism. "Little Journeys Towards Paris, A Guide Book for Confirmed Tourists, By Kaiser Bill, translated from the original German and adapted for the use of unteutored minds by Simeon Strunsky," is the only published writing by Mr. Strunsky which falls flat in its humor. It lacks the imagination which the author displays in "Professor Latimer's Progress", "Belshazzar Court", and "Post-Impressions". There are some funny things in the book, but most of the humor is forced, and on the whole the book is not worth while. However, Mr. Strunsky can afford that one miss.

In order to satisfy any readers who wish something "in the personal, people-in-the-public-eye sort of thing", I can say in conclusion without betraying any confidences that Mr. Strunsky is growing bald and wears spectacles.

STRANGE TIMES IN FICTION

The field of psychic phenomena, so marvelously developed in our day, is ever rapidly widening. Most recently the capacity of the individual ego for projecting itself has manifested itself in a new and startling way. We live in strange times and a wildly exciting world. Any of us, it now seems to be established, is liable at any time to be seized by the spirit of not only a dead but a living author of renown, and become for a space, in our heads, the idiosyncratic character of that author. The first substantial and cumulative proof of this extraordinary fact has come to THE BOOKMAN in the incontestable form of the three articles which follow, and which this magazine has the great honor of presenting to the world. One word more,—there can be no doubt (to any reasonable man) that literature will henceforward never again be the same.

—EDITOR'S NOTE

THE REGURGITATION OF ALMOST ANYBODY

BY H.R.LD B.LL WR.GHT

Chapter I—Some Baby

ALTHOUGH I have never laid eyes upon her, I remember Auntie Mush as well as though I had met her yesterday.

She was standing in the door of her little post-office, looking out over the shimmering expanse of the broad, dirt road that flowed by the simple, rustic edifice. Her fine, clean-chiseled, double-beveled, oil-finished old face with its attractive egg-and-dart pattern of silver hair was symbolic of the quiet strength that characterized the sweet old gentlewoman. Her tender eyes were in keeping. They were big and brown and soft with loving understanding. One of them fixed its calm gaze upon me while the other wandered in its scrutiny as far as the bend in the road, as if looking beyond

the material horizon of our little day into the spiritual scenes of a greater comprehension.

Such was Auntie Mush as I remembered her. Such was Auntie Mush as everybody in the neighborhood remembered her.

"Some baby!" was Art Jordan's crisp comment upon Auntie Mush. Art had been to the city and liked to talk as do the city-folks.

And so she was.

Chapter II—The Man In the Wagon

Hitting on all four cylinders, the interurban police patrol rushed on its dutiful way.

Inside the wagon was a young man with a drawn face. It was a badly drawn face. It was so badly drawn that it should have been erased and done over. In a typical attitude of de-

jection, he sunk his head in his hands and gave himself over to his gloomy thoughts. His eyes held the hopeless look of an expired cigar coupon—of one beyond redemption. Ever and anon he drank deeply from a bottle of red liquor with which he had provided himself.

At this particular moment the patrol went over a bump sufficient to fling the wretched occupant of the rapidly-traveling vehicle out into the black, voiceless night. Unheeding, the patrol went on its sinister way, the driver continuing to swap obscene observations with the officer of the law who instead of guarding the prisoner was up in the front seat, availing himself of the driver's company.

Chapter IV or V—Discovery

Viewing her beloved dirt road in the rose-tinted dawn, as she was taking down the shutters of the little post-office, Auntie Mush beheld the unusual spectacle of the body of a man lying prone in the dust. With quick and unswerving decision, the inestimably estimable old lady approached the body through the miasma of red liquor which surrounded it, and relying upon the inner strength for which she was famous, picked it up, tucked it under her arm, and carried it upstairs to her spare room. It was the work of a moment to put the man between clean sheets, part his hair in the middle and remove a week's growth from his face, once handsome but now stained and lined with dissipation. "What a sweet-looking man!" remarked Auntie Mush as he fell into a deep and grateful slumber.

In the afternoon, as Auntie Mush had settled upon the back porch to practice upon her mail-order saxophone, the sheriff came up with a stranger.

"Howdy, Auntie Mush," said he. "I've got a visitor fur ye. This yere's Detekative Hoss of the Hoss & Feffer Detekative Bureau."

"How do you do, Detective Hoss," said Auntie Mush, who was never without a kindly word. "My, what lovely flat feet you have!"

The great detective blushed with pleasure at this unexpected compliment.

"Auntie Mush," volunteered the sheriff, "we're a-lookin' for this yere Zion Trent, th' stock swindler. Last night they were a-takin' him to th' calaboose and they kinda lost him outen th' wagon when she hit a bump. Th' driver reckons it happened down to th' bridge over th' quagmire. We deduce that he fell into th' quagmire and was swallowed up. But we ain't a-takin' no chances. Hev ye seen any person or persons what answers them descriptions?"

"I have seen nobody that I could not vouch for," said the darling old lady with an outward smile yet with an inward gasp. It was the first time in her life that she had ever told a lie.

"That settles it, Hoss," said the sheriff. "This old lady and Jarge Washington is twins." And thanking Auntie Mush—after she had helped them to two or three tunes on the saxophone—they took themselves off.

In the room above, Zion Trent—for it was really he—had heard all. He trembled with relief and with wonder at what the glorious old aristocrat had done for him. As he trembled, there arose in him the daybreak of a new hope.

Chapter XVII or XXIII—Rehabilitation

Completely renovated, relined, remodeled, and repainted, Zion Trent stood on the back porch of the little post-office by the dirt road, reflected

in the tender light that came from the beautiful eyes of Auntie Mush. Dear Auntie Mush had nursed him back to health, strength, and happiness. Dear Auntie Mush had heard his pitiful story and had cheered and bolstered him with her beautiful platitudes. Darling Auntie Mush had brought out and encouraged his struggling desire to invent and had summoned Tootsie Mike, the beautiful lady civil-engineer, to help him.

But it was Tootsie Mike who gave him the practical view of his obligation to Auntie Mush. "It is your duty," she said, "to invent something that will be successful and that will pay back the money poor dear Auntie spent settling with the stockholders of your fraudulent stock company to keep you out of jail—don't you think?"

And when Tootsie Mike put an idea in that interrogative form, it was impossible to do other than agree with her.

For months and months Zion had worked to find a successful invention. Finally he hit upon it.

"Darling Auntie Mush," he exclaimed, "Eureka!...or Mazuma!...or Ronconcoma!...or something like that. I have found it. My invention is perfected!"

"Zion dear!" The sweet old lady's voice was tremulous with gratification. "Do you mean your experiment to obtain condensed milk by the concentrated and intensive planting of milk-weed?"

"Yes! yes! I have perfected it by the simple addition of a herd of cow-slips and a nest of bullfinches. It is all, all due to your dear, dear kindness."

"My dear Mr. Itches (the name Zion went under), I am so glad to hear it

—don't you think?" That was Tootsie Mike.

The three rejoiced in chorus. "I knew you could do it, Zion dear," said the gentle old D. A. R., "I just *knew* it."

"You must let me get your invention on the market for you—isn't it, Mr. Itches?" said Tootsie Mike.

"Of course, Miss Walker," replied Zion and he looked deeply into her downcast eyes. In those few words was love born between them.

Chapter XXXIX—The Dirt Road

Needless to say the invention was an enormous success and speedily acquired all the money that Auntie Mush had consumed upon the worthless Zion Trent. No exigency arose (although there was a small matter of the threatened exposure of Zion's former criminality and the fortunate demise of Zion's red-liquor-sodden wife) to disturb the gentle tenor of Auntie Mush's dirt road. Love was all, and all was love.

"Auntie Mush, dear," said Zion as they sat by the open fire, "how noble, how sweet, how true is your splendid nature. To think you picked me, a good-for-nothing outcast, from the dirt road where I fell and made me what I am today. Why did you do it?"

"What a wonderful Auntie you are, you are," said Tootsie Mike. "—shouldn't you?"

"Hush, my dear children," replied Auntie Mush—nature's own princess. "It is the dirt road that flows ceaselessly past my door. Sometimes it is crooked and muddy, sometimes it is fair and straight. The dirt road is like life. We are apt to find anything on it. What we find we should accept and make the most of—always—as I have with Zion, dear."

"And now," she concluded, "I know you two darlings have something to say to each other," and she tactfully averted her sweet old eyes.

Zion manfully took up his cue. "Miss Walker, dear," he said, "I love you deeply. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Itches, dear!" responded Tootsie Mike. And their fresh young lips met in a long, long kiss.

"Goodie-goodie!" exclaimed Auntie Mush peeking through her slender fingers in docile rapture.

Dear Auntie Mush, are there any like you, ever? You go through life serenely and joyously, distilling happiness and creating content, soothing and soothing, comforting and caressing, lavish of your innate sweetness (with sugar where it is), achieving the impossible every minute.

God bless you, Auntie Mush. If there are any others like you, God bless them—and help them.

They need it.

HENRY WILLIAM HANEMANN

MORE STRYCHNINE

BY S.M.RS.T M..GH.M

WHEN I was very young I wrote a novel. By an unlucky chance it was not called "The Young Visitors". Otherwise...

I first met Charles Strychnine at his home. He was a commonplace man, I thought, connected with insurance or banking or bonds or something. His wife I had met before. She was a comely, middle-aged, motherly woman with a fondness for parcheesi. Many a friendly bout had we had together with the dice. Indeed, I knew her far better than I knew her husband. It's a way we writer chaps have, you know.

But stifling the temptation to expand to eight or nine thousand words, let me state that I took the Strychnine family to be a happy, healthy, normal one, headed by an excellent if somewhat dull head, living a quiet, uneventful, thoroughly middle-class life.

Imagine my surprise to receive Mrs. Strychnine as a visitor, one morning or another. I judged something was amiss. With that divination that is a gift to us writer fellows, I divined that her cook had threatened to leave.

It wasn't cook. It was her husband. He hadn't threatened to leave. He had left. She showed me a letter.

My dear Minnie:

I hope you will not be put out when I tell you I have gone away forever. I have gone to Paris. You are absolutely unessential to me. I hope I may never see you again.

Yours always,

CHARLES STRYCHNINE

"Don't you think it's very unkind?" "Unkind?" I replied,— "it's preposterous!"

"Would you mind", she asked, "going over to Paris and bringing him home? I can't imagine what's come

over him. Anyway, I want him back. Tell him I forgive everything. Do go—please.”

“*Volontiers*,” I replied. Which is a way I have.

I found Strychnine in Paris, in a shabby, broken-down little hotel. He had changed. He was no longer the comfortable, middle-class dullard. I shall have to eschew the pleasure of devoting pages and pages to the gradations of the difference. He looked to me like two or three francs—or roughly speaking, thirty cents.

“What the three em dash do you want?” he growled.

I told him.

“Tell her to etaoïn and shrdlu,” he answered violently.

“Will you tell me”, I asked, “what it is all about?”

“Well”, and though it breaks my heart, I shall have to condense his utterings, “for seventeen years I have done my duty toward Minnie. She was a perfect wife—dog-gone her. Now I’m going to do what I’ve always wanted to do. I’m going to be a taxidermist.”

“Stuff!” I exclaimed.

“That’s it exactly. I’m going to stuff. Like a locust, the desire has been growing for seventeen years.”

“But see here, you can’t run off with no provocation whatever and leave a perfect wife and two perfect children—and all that sort of thing.”

“I tell you I’ve *got* to stuff.” He looked at me with a peculiar intentness. And because I am quick at catching on, I understood that what he said was true. He *had* to stuff. There was a decided stuffiness about his eyes.

“I’ve got to stuff,” he repeated. “I may start with discarded alley-cats—

but some day, by Heaven, I shall do a full-sized elephant.”

“What about Minnie?”

“!!*** **!! \$\$\$*!# ##*****! Minnie,” he said.

“I think you are an unmitigated doodle-bug,” I replied hotly. But being unusually broad-minded, I couldn’t help liking this man. He was so confounded original.

Mrs. Strychnine would not believe me. “Stuff?” she said, “—nonsense. Why he hated the sight of stuffed shoulder of veal.”

“Exactly,” said I. “That proves it. He had a complex.”

“No,” she moaned, “it was that jazz record. The first time Junior brought it home and played it, Charles became restless. Oh, the brute!”

And nobody could persuade her differently.

Off and on I saw Charles Strychnine in Paris. His heart and soul, if he possessed either, were in his work. His squalid room was a constant litter of crocodiles, iguanas, blowfish, and birds of paradise. None of us knew then of his genius—how as a taxidermist he would someday be acclaimed as second to not even the great Phrank Kambell. I’m afraid we even ragged him a bit. But he was imperturbable. “Getta three em dash out of here,” he would roar, throwing the hind leg of an ostrich after us as we scampered down the rickety stairs.

I heard that he finally had to leave Paris. In an excess of zeal, he kidnapped a baby from a fond mother and mounted it. It was an artistic job of the first water, but the authorities were distinctly annoyed.

Years later on a visit to Mauritius

to enlarge my postage stamp collection, I mentioned the name "Charles Strychnine".

"Did you know him?" they asked me. "He died here, you know."

I didn't know, and asked for particulars.

When he first arrived, Strychnine saw so many things he wanted to stuff, he nearly went mad. He promptly took to the bush, emerging for materials only when absolutely necessary. The natives looked after him and literally worshipped him for his skill. When the great chieftainess Yamyam died, Strychnine stuffed her. So lifelike was the result of Strychnine's genius that P'nut, the new chief, existed in constant dread of his defunct mother-in-law. She had been a terror in her day. Out of love or respect for Strychnine, he stood it as long as he could, but one night in a bad attack of nerves, P'nut sliced Strychnine from ear to ear. As Strychnine had gone native long ago, the white authorities were powerless to act. There were a few examples of Strychnine's work about Mauritius.

I saw them. Excuse me if I do not

dilate upon their beauty. I'd like to—but you know what editors are.

When I returned from Mauritius I thought the least I could do would be to visit Mrs. Strychnine. I found her quite well off in a little stucco house which she had bought with the money earned by giving Gilbert and Sullivan Tuesday afternoons. I found her very enthusiastic about Strychnine.

"Yes," she said. "It does give me a thrill to be the wife of a recognized genius. Of course Charles's works are entirely beyond me, being in museums, but then I can always visit them. Every Saturday morning I take the children."

I told her all I had learned of Strychnine's last days—even of his fateful finish.

A placid tear fell from her eye. "I always told him to take care of his throat," she said. "It was very, very sensitive."

Which made me think of an excellent quotation from Confucius, but I held my tongue.

What does a woman like that know of Confucius?

HENRY WILLIAM HANEMANN

INCHOATE . . A CRAVING . .

BY OUR OWN JO..PH HERG...EIMER

A CLOCK struck slowly—it needed winding—ten blurred notes.

Howat uttered a vague period, and fingered the rim of whiskers framing his lower face. He was oppressed by a crawling hunger, a spiritual emptiness—something almost physical.... He touched the bell-cord.

He was, he felt, at least presentable, in his dove-colored balloon trousers over glazed boots, his quince-yellow waistcoat, his mob of seals.... He bolted two insignificant crab-meat timbales, a round steak smothered in onions, sautéed quail, a barbecued ham, and some baked larded liver with claret sauce. Food...that was what he craved...nourishment... He asked for a menu, ordered ox-joints en casserole, boiled fowl with Bechamel sauce, beef-stew with dumpling, a roast stuffed capon, a dish of country sausages, a small, planked, club-steak, Maryland chicken... Almost immediately he began to feel better. He experienced a feeling of the desirability of life. He ate slowly, his eyes feeding hungrily on the line of sere cabbages in the garden below the window.

A clock struck in the hall. He was still conscious of a curious longing—a vague hunger—something almost physical.... He tried a Yorkshire pudding, some pan-broiled chops, a halibut steak, a loaf of chicken-and-ham mousse, creamed mushrooms on toast, with croustades of spinach, egg-

plant and Brussels sprouts, Turkish pilaf, an endive salad, a dish of pigeon pie, cauliflower Hongroise, glazed sweet potatoes, and a bit of stuffed haddock with egg-sauce.... Gradually, thank God, the faintness waned.... He ate a maple mousse, a dish of plum-pudding with wine sauce, an individual mince-pie....

His watch chimed the hour in tinkling notes. He murmured a bored period and moved out to the car. He still experienced a vague craving, a longing...something almost physical. At the café, Jannan—good old Jannan!—had his order already on the table...a choice cut of tenderloin Bordelaise, caviare canapés, broiled trout, moulded figs on artichoke bottoms, cucumber ribbons, coupe St. Jacques, bar-le-duc strawberries.... He found himself breaking his third scarlet boiled lobster with a nut-cracker.... There was a bomb of frozen coffee, but the center was revealed as a delicious creamy substance flaked with pistache.... Momentarily, he felt almost himself.... He found a grateful relief in the quiet restfulness of his surroundings—the Turkey-red carpets, the gilt Chinese cabinets, rectangular studies in oils by one of the newer futurists, Kalamazoo bric-a-brac in bird's-eye maple, bright orange and cerise banians hanging from cut-glass chandeliers....

Then the old longing returned...a vague hunger, a curious aching of the

spirit—a craving—something almost physical.... He broke out in a sharp period. Three waiters surged forward. "The menu!" he said thickly, and suddenly he had an extraordinary lightness of spirit—a feeling of the desirability of life. "Just a snack—almost anything!" he said lightly. "Tenderloin, perhaps, with hubbard squash, a deep-dish lamb pie, three orders of Golden Bantam, a small suet pudding, and a slab of fruit-cake. If you haven't any of that, a young roast pig—provided it's not too young—a plate of Boston baked beans, and a pitcher of buttermilk!"

He was alone, once more.

He took a sip of water, and murmured a vague period. A clock struck slowly in some distant part of the house.... The springs were rusty, doubtless.... In an unsparing flash of comprehension, he saw himself suddenly for the thing he was—a creature of thin, attenuated impulse, of formless, inexpressible desire—the prey of a subtle spiritual hunger, a craving...something almost physical....

He uttered a stifled period and closed his eyes. A clock on the mantel struck loudly.... It needed winding.

RICHARD D. HILLIS

ADVENTURES IN PORTRAITURE

BY H. W. BOYNTON

"The Mask", a book of remarkable quality by a new writer—Frank Swinnerton in "September" pictures the impulse to snatch in some desperate fashion at the hurrying skirts of beautiful youth before it passes from us forever—three sea tales.

WHOEVER John Cournos may be, he has written a book of remarkable quality. "The Mask" is confessedly less a story than the portrait of a man. But it is the portrait of a man in his natural setting, a man of our time, product and interpreter of a vastly larger human world than respectable fiction dreamed of dealing with, a few years ago. *Respectable* is a word of ghastly omen in these days: let me hasten to protest that I mean nothing by it but the kind of fiction that deserves respect as a product of the literary art. It wasn't only Vic-

torianism in the now established sense of prudery and hypocrisy and general all-round squeamishness in the face of God and man that made such a novel as this inconceivable a generation ago.

It was not so much the narrowness of our hearts as the narrowness of our vision. We could not see beyond our group, or clan, or class, or race. Our imagination dwelt within a fenced range. It is pleasant still to find ourselves now and then back in that safe place with the Mrs. Humphry Wards or the Archibald

Marshalls or our own mild proponents of the average American citizen at work and play. But we can't stay in it. There is a bigger world outside, and it calls us with a hundred voices.

The author names his prefatory chapter: "Overture: A Promise and a Warning." It is a warning that we are not to have a conventional novel or even, strictly speaking, a novel at all; but rather a series of pictures in which one John Gombarov is "more or less the central figure":

And in this series of pictures of life looked back upon, Gombarov saw each picture complete in itself, yet all of them together formed the parts of a larger and grander composition, which gave rise to a mood akin to the one in which he had many a time stood before a wall decoration by Veronese or Titian, as, eyeing a small detail of the panel, he had said to himself: "Here is a piece of colour so beautiful that I should be happy in possessing but a few square inches of it, framed, and hung on my wall." In such a mood he liked to think of a man's life not as a play or novel but as a collection of short stories conceived by a single mind and dominated by a single personality, which in some latent unobvious way is the sole hero of them all.

Here, then, is John Gombarov's world, with John Gombarov in the middle of it, busily engaged, as each of us is engaged, in being himself. The extraordinary thing is that this world of his, the narrow world of a young Slav immigrant in America, is so patently part of our own world—or rather, like our own world, a fragment of some greater human cosmos which as yet we in our provincialism but vaguely apprehend. The book may, among other things, be good medicine for that complacency which ascribes unlimited capacity and power to the American melting-pot. One or two of our story-tellers have recently ventured to show that we now and then actually gain something from the presence of the newcomer from Europe, with his thrift and his ambition—as a spur to our own sluggishness if noth-

ing else. This book shows a Russian Jew of the better class coming to America, tasting her boasted freedom, her educational privileges and so on, and continuing to regard her quite coolly, her faults as well as her virtues, till he passes on to the experience of another and older civilization. John Gombarov spends his childhood in a Russian village. The name Gombarov really belongs to his stepfather who has ascended to that post from a tutorship in the family by irregular if not unheard-of means. This stepfather is as salient a figure in his way as John; a man of great talent and energy who lacks the luck and the common sense to turn his trick of "success". In various ill-fated experiments he gradually scatters the money that has been settled on his wife. Being so unfortunate in Russia, they turn, with their last pocketful, to America, to Philadelphia, "city of brotherly love". But they are no better off there. Brotherly love does not notably embrace them or even tolerate them. The narrative, in so far as it may be called a narrative, leaves them quite abruptly in a new little *cul-de-sac* in a yet poorer quarter of that hard American town. "Much befell them there," says the chronicler.

All this might be commonplace enough, as a piece of realism. But the charm and power of the book lie in its welding of substance and form,—its "style", in the only sense that matters. Its pictures are conveyed as if by indirection, through a fragmentary report of Gombarov's own memory after the passage of years. Yet they are as clear-cut as the work of a lapidary. One may cite as applying to them the chief figure of speech in the following passage,—which may be given as an example of Gombarov's extraordinarily eloquent and suggestive discourse.

"There is a strange idealism in your sensuality," an English friend has remarked. Whereupon Gombarov observes:

"The two are inseparable. All true idealism proceeds from sensuality and seeks its expression in refined sensuality. In religious men and artists this sensuality strives ever towards chastity. The monk in his small clean cell performing a genuflexion before a small image of the Immaculate Virgin, flanked by two large candles, is one form of this expression. Botticelli, drawing in his 'Primavera' his pregnant women in chaste outlines against a background of dream, is another. Again, you find chastity running to sensuality, otherwise how can you explain Christianity accepting Solomon's 'Song' as a tribute to itself? And yet, in spite of this poem's sensuality, its outlines are chaste and austere; every expression is an image, clear, hard, hewn out, edged and rounded, there is no cosmic froth in it, no atmosphere, which is an abominable modern invention, rather does each image give out its own radiance and colour like a precious stone. And the curious thing is that the greater the love, the more does it tend toward abstraction, the more precise becomes the image in which it is expressed. And in the measure that I love London I see her more and more clearly as the chastely outlined Queen, silver-girdled by the Thames, of the kingdom of creative chaos, beside whom Paris is an obviously beautiful woman, and New York a parvenu and a harlot ambitious to become a courtesan through indiscriminate patronage of art."

A book of pictures and a book of sad wisdom, sceptical, illuminating,—a light upon us from an Eastern window.

One needs more courage, on the whole, to read "The Secret Battle". For "The Mask" is big enough to offer shelter for a sensitive reader in the variety of its pictures and its commentary. If this scene is unpleasant or that reflection uncongenial, there is sure to be something more palatable on the next page or in the next chapter. We are in a microcosm where beauty and ugliness each, as it were, take a chance: and why shouldn't we take a chance there with them too, without undue misgivings? "The Secret Battle", on the other hand, yields

no cover. It is the ruthless study of the effects of modern war on a fine but oversensitive nature. Whether it is a record of fact or only based on facts doesn't matter much. It has the qualities of a skilfully told story. But it leads us back to that recent nightmare of which a great number of readers already resent being deliberately reminded. It's over, over there, in a general and official sense: why not help us forget, instead of rubbing it in, in all its major and minor horrors? Moreover, in this case the effect is not of that merely casual cumulation of items, heroic or comic or squalid or tragic as chance might determine, which made up the early records of personal experience at "the front". It is an effect of deliberate and relentless pursuit of a single human fate among those millions, a tragic fate hopelessly foreshadowed from the start from the nature of the man and the character of the war and the irony of special relations. There is continuous pressure on certain exposed nerves of our sympathy and pity.

The tale is told, and beautifully told, by a fellow officer of young Harry Penrose. That gallant young Englishman has eagerly enlisted among the first, and served his hard apprenticeship with credit and even distinction in the luckless Gallipoli campaign. He is full of the romantic tradition of war, he dreams of glorious deeds and so on. The squalid reality slowly disenchanting him, and a kind of stubborn zeal for "doing his bit" takes the place of that first glamorous enthusiasm. He gains reputation for bravery, is an excellent officer. But the malicious and subtle enemies of the fighting man are all the time sapping his position—a too quick imagination, a too sensitive stomach, a nervous system too high-pitched. He becomes conscious of per-

sonal fear as a purely physical shrinking, or impulse to shrink. This he successfully conceals from others, and for some time it acts only as a spur upon his boldness in action. But there are other enemies to reenforce this unseen foe: two superior officers—superior in rank but inferior in every other sense—owe him their several grudges. By their malice he is subjected to a prolonged and merciless strain which has nearly broken his spirit when a wound sends him home safe to "Blighty". Safe, except from his own suspicion. For his fear of fear becomes an obsession. He will not endure it, refuses a safe job at home, and against the better judgment of his young wife and his intimate friends goes back to the front. There his old enemies are in wait for him. Official malice at once puts him in a place of peril, and the dreaded thing happens; his nerve wavers, and he becomes technically subject to court-martial. Red tape, and again the malice of the official two, have their way, and he is duly shot. "This book," says the chronicler in conclusion, "is not an attack on any person, on the death penalty, or on anything else, though if it makes people think about these things, so much the better. I think I believe in the death penalty—I don't know. But I did not believe in Harry being shot.... That is the gist of it; that my friend Harry was shot for cowardice—and he was one of the bravest men I ever knew."

"The Passage of the Barque Sappho" was written during the war by a war-busy man; but, unlike his "War-Time Voyage", it has nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the new mad world of recent years. The story, he says, was nine-tenths "written at sea, and the remainder in certain open

harbors". It seems to have stood for a restful voyage into the past for an over-worked servant of the present whose life was to end before the war did. The last words of the narrative and the dedication to a fellow officer were written aboard a British transport in the North Atlantic in 1917. The dedication, like the "overture" to "The Mask", is a sort of warning:

This is not a love-story; that is, it contains no sexual affection, only the love that a man may have for a man, or for a ship. My narrative concerns itself entirely with the sea, men, ships and the things and actions thereof.... Is nothing more than the record of a crew of individualities (as all crews are at their hearts, no matter how colourless they may seem to be), and of a passage that was, up to some ten years ago, much frequented, and will always be famous in the annals of deep-water sailing craft; but which is now practically a thing of the past.

It is the passage round the Horn from Frisco to the home port of the British barque "Sappho".

The tale is told fragmentarily, a little after Conrad's fashion, in part by the mate of the "Sappho", in part by one Lionel, the son of an "owner", who has been roughing it about the world and is now by whim of chance and choice a hand before the mast, homeward bound, on his father's ship. At once in the first chapter we step aboard the "Sappho", as she lies at Clancy's wharf, waiting for the last odds and ends, a hand or two, a favoring tide. A fine, fast vessel under a well-seasoned skipper. Unluckily, what with age and other matters, Captain Sennett is at the breaking point from the outset of the voyage. Like the hapless Harry of "The Secret Battle", he has "the wind-up", is obsessed by fear of unknown disasters. As Conrad would handle this situation, we should experience it all, as it were, in the person of the skipper himself, and the other persons aboard the "Sappho" would have a purely secondary or com-

plementary function. Here, you may say, the person we have to deal with is the "Sappho" herself; and not as a mystical entity apart from and perhaps antagonistic to the human beings she has in her hands, but as a tiny State to which all her citizens are of equally genuine if not equally intense moment.

Therefore we find ourselves from the beginning committed to the study of each member of the "Sappho's" crew. A mixed lot indeed, and thrown together at apparent haphazard; yet to the effect of a quite intelligible joint personality. There is cheap stuff here, and evil stuff, but somehow it is taken care of, kept under or sloughed off, by the better and stronger elements in the body politic; so that the barque, the little ship of state, as we see it, contrives to come through her desperate adventures without absolute disaster—and so lives to adventure again. There is no suggesting the quality of the narrative by analysis, nor would quotation help much. Its effect grows slowly by increment of the least obvious sort. Inch by inch we make our way into intimacy with all aboard from the ill-fated skipper to the impish cabin-boy. And when, with their escape from the Sargasso Sea, the real perils of the voyage are over, there is little we do not know about them that may be known about neighbors who live with their walls down—as they do in fiction and do not in "real life". The style of the story, in so far as it may be detached from its substance, is (but for certain passages of description) homely enough, lacking in the ordinary "literary" graces; but this in the end appears to be a part of virtue. Beside Conrad and Bullen my copy shall take its place with confidence.

"The Shepherd of the Sea" is a tale of more popular robustiousness. The publishers cannot be blamed for drawing the patent analogy between this story-teller and the unforgotten Jack London. But the comparison doesn't go very deep. There is less of the professional teller of tales here than we felt in London's later work, at least. The initial situation is conventional enough. "Buck" Traherne of Seattle is a rich man's son who has just ceased to be a college athlete and "sport" and seems in no hurry to settle down to being anything else. A dramatic (or melodramatic) chance casts him aboard the big schooner of an eccentric sea missionary, bound for Arctic seas. There they have a busy time running down rum-traders among the natives of the Siberian coast, and otherwise playing a lone hand against the Devil and his works in the far North. On a quixotic expedition in search of a missing explorer, the "Wing and Wing" is pinched in the ice and has to be abandoned. Follows a perilous winter of semi-starvation in wild company on a wild shore; with, of course (for this is undisguisedly a romance), the eventual elimination of the inconvenient characters and the rescue of the elect. Traherne is to return to civilization a hardier and better man, bringing his bride with him. There we have a point of contrast with London, whose "heart-interest" was always a pretty lame affair. For in this sea story there is a heroine strange and far-fetched, yet with enough interest and charm to establish her right on the scene. We rather wonder what Traherne did with her in Seattle!

Among current sea yarns place must be given also to "The Sea Bride" of Ben Ames Williams, whose "All the

Brothers Were Valiant" not long since proved his quality as a salt-water romancer. He also has been compared to Jack London, and it must be owned that he is not beyond suspicion of pursuing consciously the cult which worships red blood as something to be seen and smelt. To this school, for all their pretensions, a barrel of red blood in the veins is not worth a drop in the bucket. However, like Mr. Leverage, this writer is a very fair hand at the lady business, when he thinks of it.... In the case of Captain Noll Wing, we have another old skipper who has reached the breaking point. Yet you have only to think of comparing his portrait with that of Captain Sennett of the "Sappho" in order to realize that any serious comparison is impossible. There would be as much sense in comparing Dick Deadeye and Lord Jim.

And with this, let us get ashore and have a square land meal in the company of Mr. Swinnerton. I won't pretend that "September" has anything in common with these other books but its exceptional quality. It is a study of the human heart in its phase of revolt against approaching age. Twenty years ago, when G. B. S. was doing the most brilliant and creative work of his life as a dramatic critic, he made no end of fun, in a certain article headed "On Turning Forty", of Messrs. Jones and Pinero, for undertaking, in "The Physician" and "The Princess and the Butterfly", to sentimentalize middle age. He is particularly rough on his brother Pinero, for he declares:

"The Princess and the Butterfly" is a play in five acts—two and a half of them hideously superfluous—all about being over forty. The heroine is forty, and can talk about nothing else. The hero is forty, and is blind to every other fact in the universe. Having this topic of conversation in common, they get engaged

in order that they may save one another from being seduced by the attraction of youth into foolish marriages. They then fall in love, she with a fiery youth of twenty-eight, he with a meteoric girl of eighteen. Up to the last moment I confess I had sufficient confidence in Mr. Pinero's saving sense of humour to believe that he would give the verdict against himself, and admit that the meteoric girl was too young for the hero (twenty-seven years' discrepancy) and the heroine too old for the fiery youth (thirteen years' discrepancy). But no: he gravely decided that the heart that loves never ages....

G. B. S.'s mockery was deserved; but it did not refute the fact that there is a piteous moment—and a normal moment for both men and women—when the impulse comes to snatch in some desperate fashion at the hurrying skirts of beautiful youth before it passes from us forever. It is easy to laugh at this impulse, and it is easy to make a really absurd thing of it, as Pinero did twenty years ago in "The Princess and the Butterfly", or a rather unclean thing, as Mr. Galsworthy did much later in "The Dark Flower". But there it is, to be dealt with in some fashion by the middle-aged sufferer and by his interpreters. Beside Pinero's sentimental solution, ignoring as it does the truism about youth and crabbed age, there is the other one, common in current fiction, which throws the married pair, reconciled and, as it were recharged for good, back into each other's impassioned arms. Mr. Swinnerton looks about him, and observes that nature often behaves herself more modestly, under these conditions. His fiery youth and meteoric maid (and the epithets do not fit badly) find the cure for

The Mask. By John Cournos. George H. Doran Company.

The Secret Battle. By A. P. Herbert. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Passage of the Barque Sappho. By J. E. Patterson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Shepherd of the Sea. By Henry Leverage. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Sea Bride. By Ben Ames Williams. The Macmillan Co.

September. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company.

their infantile infatuations for age, in each other's eyes; and the hapless married pair are left to make the best of each other, not altogether unhappily, but with the roses and raptures of love now definitely set behind them. And let us note that Mr. Swinnerton is not afraid to draw an old-fashioned moral from his tale. If the young pair have won the happiness, the treasure of youth, from their experience, the old pair have won for their part the treasure of age—character. Let young Nigel and young Cherry go their enraptured ways together; they have helped reveal poor, jaunty, philandering old Howard to himself, and they

have taught Marian how to be herself without being young. "If Marian could have prayed for a gift, she would have demanded joy in her life. Instead, nature had given her as compensation the strength and courage to endure her own pain and the ability to imagine and soften the distress of others. If it is not the first of gifts it is among those most rarely bestowed upon poor mortals, and is without price." I for one listen with gratitude to this sort of simple confession of faith in human goodness, in character as opposed to temperament, on the part of one of the most brilliant and subtle of our modern novelists.

THE TERRORS OF TUSHERY

BY C. S. EVANS

IN those incredibly remote days before the war, there was a thing called Futurism. It was a "movement" (or whatever the horrid word is) in art, especially in pictorial art, and a great many worthy people took it very seriously indeed. They went to exhibitions of it, and read about it in their newspapers, and generally made friends with it, for it was new, and novel, and revolutionary; and the world was old and very tired, so that the accustomed traditions seemed stale and unprofitable, and there was a keen delight in the stimulation of jaded senses.

But nobody knew exactly what Futurism was. If you asked an art critic to explain it, he would murmur some-

thing about "subjective vision", or "mystic spiritual significance", or "synthetic representation". If you asked the artist himself what it all meant, he would look at you reprov-ingly, and tell you that his work carried its own message—which, in a way, was true.

I once heard an American lady talking to Jacob Epstein at an art gallery in London where his sculpture was being exhibited. She looked at everything approvingly. She looked at the nude figure of a kind of pithecanthropoid lady; she looked at the busts of flat-headed women which seemed to have come straight out of the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's; she looked at the bit of shapeless rock

which was labeled "Mother and Child", and last of all she looked at the famous Venus. And when she saw that, in all its studied and abominable ugliness, she turned to the artist and said: "Oh, Mr. Epstein, you surely don't expect me to like that!" And Mr. Epstein, in a cold, reproving voice, answered: "No, Madam, I expect you to try and understand it!"

The fact of it is that Futurism was a cult which only its devotees understood. If you pursued the matter, you learned that it was a sort of development of impressionism. The impressionist painter put down what he saw, or what he thought he saw, which was the same thing. Then came the neo-impressionist, who painted in little blobs of pure color set close together—a perfectly legitimate method by which he sometimes attained exceedingly beautiful results. After him came the cubist, who, by taking thought, had come to the conclusion that all form sprang from an arrangement of cubes, and in the attempt to render the beauty of form more completely, painted or drew in cubical masses. All of these methods, up to a point, were legitimate. They were simply variations in technique, and technique is always subordinate to the result. The Futurists, however, went one better. They decided, apparently, that the artist's job was not to interpret life, or to render the artist's vision of certain aspects of it, but, rather, to represent, by means of form and color, an analysis of the subjective experiences which make up perception.

Let us take a concrete instance. An artist who is called upon to represent, we will say, a night scene in a restaurant, will in the ordinary way choose one aspect of the scene he wishes to depict, and render it with

what truth and with what symbolism he may. The Futurist, on the other hand, is interested in presenting not so much what is seen, as the sum total of the perceptions, emotions, and sensations arising in the mind of the artist.

He analyzes his sensations while sitting in a restaurant. He knows that while he is looking at his companion across the table many other sights and sounds are occupying his consciousness at the same time. There is the smell of cigarette smoke, the confused murmur of voices, the flutter of a white apron as a waiter flits by. Out of a corner of his eye he sees a bottle on the next table, a bouquet of flowers, the spangle of gilt on a balcony, the sheen of a woman's dress. His perceptions, at any one moment, are multitudinous, and in his picture he tries to render them all.

And this is how he does it. He divides his canvas into a number of triangular spaces, variously and brilliantly bordered. In one of these places he puts the crude representation of a human eye, generally with some aspect or another grotesquely exaggerated, according to the feature that has caught his fancy—it may, for instance, have enormous lashes, or an abnormally dilated pupil. In another triangle he paints the top of a champagne bottle, in others a bit of a silken frill, the top of a violin, a chair leg, a rainbow-like coruscation from a diamond stud, and so on. Still other triangles he fills with a sort of symbolistic tracery to represent the emotions which cannot be rendered by concrete images.

There are modifications of this idea. At a recent exhibition, for instance, I saw some pictures which purported to represent musical compositions, or,

more precisely (for we must be just, even to Futurists), the emotions which those compositions were supposed to evoke. There was, for example, a picture entitled "Mendelssohn's Spring Song". It looked like a realistic painting of a worm-cast. There was another labeled "Beethoven's Fifth Symphony", which reminded me of nothing so much as the blotch which a printer makes when he is rubbing his inky roller on a strip of proof paper. They were very interesting pictures; but I cannot say they elucidated the musical compositions very much. I would much rather have those erudite expositions on orchestral concert programmes. When I am told that the "principal theme is given out by the wood-wind, accompanied by muted violins, which give expression to all the agony of hopeless longing, brought to a climax by the roll of drums at the end of the first movement", I may not be helped to appreciate the music very much, but I have at least a comprehensible idea to work upon.

The idea of Futurism, so far as it was informed by anything comprehensible enough to be called an idea, was also carried over into music and literature. I have listened, at the concert-hall, to a soul-deadening cacophony by a Futurist composer named Schonberg. It was called a symphony, but as a matter of fact, it was nothing but a beastly noise, and I wished I might have been a dog, so that I could relieve my feelings by howling at it. As it was, I went outside, and sat on some very uncomfortable hot-water pipes in the passage. In literature, the apostle of Futurism before the war was an Italian named Marinetti. He, so far as I know, is the only artist of them all who attempted to justify his creed.

This he did in a manifesto which was even more futuristic than his poems. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the manifesto was a farrago of incoherent nonsense, which the physician would recognize instantly as the ravings of egomania. But I daresay it took a good many people in.

I don't know what has become of Marinetti, but Futurism in literature is still obscurely alive. A magazine has just come into my hands which is obviously inspired by the same clap-trap. This magazine is called "The Little Review", and it is published both in London and New York. It is described on the cover, which is of a dirty red, as "A Magazine of the Arts, Making no Compromise with the Public Taste". Among its contributors, present, past, and future, are H. Gaudier-Brzeska (a sculptor of considerable powers), Ben Hecht, Ananda Coomaraswamy, and Else von Freytag von Loringhoven ("Furriners they be, Bill"), and others whose names one is rather surprised to find in such company—W. B. Yeats, Aldous Huxley, and Dorothy Richardson.

But let us look at the magazine itself. The first thing that attracts the attention is a long instalment, running to twenty-four pages, of a story (I suppose it is a story) by James Joyce, called "Ulysses". It begins:

Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steely ring-
ing
Imperthnthn thnthnthn
Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail,
chips,
Horrid! And gold flushed more.
A husky fifenote blew,
Blew, Blue bloom is on the
Gold pinnaced hair.

There are forty-eight more lines of this kind of stuff. Then this:

Big Benaben. Big Benben.
Last rose Castile of summer left bloom I feel
so sad alone.
Pwee. Little wind piped wee.

True men. Lld Ker Cow De and Doll.

Ay. ay. like you men

Will lift your techink with techunk

FE! Oo!

Where bronze from anear? Where gold from afar? Where hoofs?

Rrrpr. Kraa. Kraandle!

Then, not till then. My eppripstaph. Be pfwritt.

Done

Begin.

Now, James Joyce is a young Irish writer who has given evidence of considerable literary power. His novel called "Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man", written in the usual convention of grammatical and intelligible English, was by no means negligible as a work of art. I recognized its power when it was sent to me for review by a literary periodical at the time of its appearance; but it was so gratuitously nasty that I refused to write anything about it, preferring to keep silence rather than condemn a young artist whose promise was so apparent. When, therefore, I came across this example of his work in "The Little Review", I made up my mind to discover precisely what he was aiming at.

Well, I have found out. There are, as I have said, twenty-four pages of the kind of stuff I have quoted, and the aim of the author is simply to describe the bar in a Dublin public-house. Stirred by the impulse which I have already explained as inspiring Futurist art, he has endeavored to render all the elements which make up that complex sensation to be labeled "bar". There are the loafers in front,—vague impressions of them,—the gleam of gold and bronze in the two barmaids' hair, the smell of dinners, the flashing of bottles, the tinkling of glasses, snatches of disconnected conversation, impressions of vague, fleeting thoughts passing through the brains of all the people

present, a hint of memories and emotions called up by the various concrete sights and sounds, the thud of hoofs on the road outside, darting of sunlight through the windows, a sudden glimpse of a man filling his pipe or picking his finger-nails, the hurried perception of little threads of tobacco on a polished counter—all these and a thousand impressions more, jumbled together incoherently, and connected, in the parts where they are connected, by an idea which I can only describe as obscurely obscene.

The fact of it is that the work of these Futurists, whether in painting, music, or literature, simply gives evidence of one of the first and strongest symptoms of insanity—the withdrawal of attention. Attention is the power of the mind to shut off all disturbing ideas, all that crowd of associations which forever batter at the doors of consciousness, and are kept back in sane minds during waking hours by the watchful sentry at the door. In madmen and Futurists this sentry—inhibition—is withdrawn, and pandemonium reigns.

That is the plain truth about Futurism, and it is so obvious that it would not be worth writing if it were not for the fact that the corrupt thing is again creeping into our art. A week or two ago I read an article in a reputable paper that has a large circulation among the idle rich, dealing with an exhibition of some of these "Modernists" (they are "Modernists" now). There were reproductions of some of the pictures, all of them marked by the same degraded and bestial ugliness. Yet the writer of these articles professed to find in them a certain spiritual significance and other tushery.

Let us avoid cant, and hold fast to sanity; for sanity is the soul of art.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

A discussion of old favorites and new ranging through a period of two hundred years, from "Robinson Crusoe" to "Jeremy".

WHEN one writes a novel about grown people he knows exactly where to stop; but when he writes of juveniles he must stop where best he can." So wrote Mark Twain in his conclusion to "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" in the year 1876.

Forty-four years have brought many changes to the novel about grown people. Authors are no longer as sure of where to stop or where to begin. The middle-aged heroine has come into her own. The hero has too often seen his best days. Technique has driven many a hard bargain with imagination. With a few notable exceptions novels of the twentieth century are being written for a sophisticated middle-aged audience.

"Is 'Jeremy' a book we can discuss at a club meeting?" (The club, we learn, is composed of more or less intellectual women whose children are grown up or non-existent.) "We have just discussed Galsworthy's 'Saint's Progress', but a child character would be too simple for discussion wouldn't it? There would be no problems. 'Jeremy' remains a child, doesn't he? We are tired of discussing Wells. We had thought about 'Mary Olivier'—she does grow up, I know; but we hesitate over May Sinclair. So you really think Booth Tarkington's books about boys are to

be taken seriously? I can't imagine boys reading them. Girls too. Why 'Seventeen' especially? I have always thought of them as written merely for the entertainment of grown people. Has he written anything we could discuss or is everything from too youthful and romantic a standpoint?

"I had always supposed it much easier to write for boys and girls in their 'teens than for grown people or children—after the author got used to it. You think it isn't. Yes, I know boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen are very critical, but they are so capricious and they have no sound judgment of books. How can they with no experience of life?

"You think a vision of life and a passion for reading may carry them a long way? Who knows? Well, if you can't think of a recent book for our club discussion, won't you suggest a subject? 'Back to Youth With the Novel'? Why, yes, I believe that would be different from anything we've ever taken up and it might remind us of books we've forgotten. How far back? Would you begin with Defoe or Sir Walter Scott? With Mark Twain, really? I never think of Mark Twain as a novelist—just a humorist. So 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn' are really histories of boy life in the eighteen-forties.

Aldrich's 'Tom Bailey' always seemed to me so much *safer* for a boy to read. Not very popular with the boys of today? Why not, I wonder? After all you've said, I really think we should give serious consideration to 'Penrod' and 'Seventeen'.

"I don't know the girls' books so well. I can think of only two girl characters, Jo March in 'Little Women' and 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'. But I'm afraid the club would seriously object to Miss Alcott's English. I am really surprised you don't object to it. I had supposed librarians were more particular about English than anything else. To be sure I never thought about it when I was reading 'Little Women', but the question has been raised by so many literary critics. Miss Alcott is dramatic and human, of course. *Russian* girls read her books? How singular!

"Why doesn't Kate Douglas Wiggin write another book for girls? She is so clever and original and has all the background from which to write for the girl of today.

"I'm surprised that you can suggest no other girl characters unless, as you say, we go back to Jane Eyre or Maggie Tulliver.

"Has there really never been a fine story of school life for girls in England or America—a story corresponding to 'Tom Brown's School Days'? I hadn't realized the significance of the lack of it. Even a book like 'Joan and Peter' can hardly make up for it. Will you promise to come to the final meeting and tell us what books—especially novels—from 'Robinson Crusoe' to 'Jeremy' are popular with boys and girls in their 'teens'?"

I promised. For next to the children under ten years old who are forming their first intimate associa-

tions with books, I have always felt nearest to these older boys and girls who are unconsciously seeking in romance, in mystery, in poetry, in history, in philosophy, and in reality, substitutes for the fairy and folk-tales, the legends, myths, and hero tales, the wild adventure, and the true or fictitious narratives belonging to early childhood.

I am inclined to place less stress on the choice of books made by boys and girls between the ages of ten and fourteen if they have been naturally and continuously exposed to a liberal selection of good literature in their earlier years. Between the ages of eleven and thirteen there frequently occurs a reading craze which is the despair of many parents and teachers, and full of opportunity for the librarian. It is a time of ranging over a great variety of subjects to see what they are like—pirates, smugglers, Indians, treasure-seekers, boys of unfailing courage and resource, girls in strange cities, girls at boarding-school, girls at home, are all on the near horizon. So, too, are, or may be, some of the great characters in fiction and in real life.

I shall have more to say of these "middle-aged children" and their multitudinous interests in reading in a future article. They were the dominant element in the children's libraries of the 1890's and early 1900's. It is largely on certain of their known tastes and preferences and on a tradition of what has been considered suitable for "youth" handed down from the old moral tales and the Sunday School libraries of the first half of the nineteenth century, that the present schemes for juvenile publications, designed to cover the period from eight to eighteen years old, have been based.

These schemes betray their origin. They are built around the series idea with all its limitations for author, publisher, and reader. I shall not now discuss the series in relation to boys and girls under fourteen years of age. I do not fully share the prejudice against it that is sometimes expressed, provided the work is well sustained. But it is an affront to the intelligence of young people from fourteen to eighteen to allow the series idea to be the determining factor in the production of a literature designed for their reading. It is inevitable that it should result in just such a state of arrested development as we find today. It has been said that childhood and poverty emerged at the same time to claim their naturalization papers—in poetry at the hands of Wordsworth, in prose in the novels of Dickens.

The discovery of adolescence has not yet been declared in corresponding terms, but all clearly recollected experience concerning it indicates that it is a period of greater expansion, of livelier interests, of deeper emotions, of greater sensitiveness, of stronger appreciations, and of keener critical perceptions than any other period of life. Thomas Hughes, Louisa Alcott, Mark Twain, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Booth Tarkington, Rudyard Kipling, E. F. Benson, and May Sinclair have given varied and eloquent testimony concerning life at this period. Since the Brontës there has been no such unveiling of the inner life of a girl and woman as in "Mary Olivier". Writers of girls' books and mothers of girls who are still growing up may well look to it for the clarification of many hazy views respecting the character of girls and women. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is one of the books

May Sinclair read as a child with much skipping, she says. That "Mary Olivier" was not written for children nor for girls in their 'teens we may feel confident. I think it would have interest only for a very unusual young girl, such as May Sinclair herself must have been, but I also think it may come to be considered one of the strongest forces for the liberation of truer girl characters in fiction for young people; it bears so clear a stamp that what a girl really is—not what she is made to seem to be—determines her destiny, whatever her inheritance or environment.

There have been very few liberated characters in fiction for young people in the forty odd years since the publication of "Tom Sawyer". Authors have stopped where they have been quite plainly told to stop rather than "where best they can". There has been too much tinkering of stories in offices. Old properties have been revamped by somebody who remembers what he liked at the age of twelve and "how mature" he, or his brother, was; and who decides the skeleton can be set up in a series designed for boys of fourteen to eighteen if the plot is up to date and scientific, or if mechanical information is accurate and abundant.

The school athletic story, whose most successful exponent is Ralph Henry Barbour, was a new type of story with considerable promise. It was overdone and lost its first distinction and originality of theme. Mr. Barbour's earlier stories, such as "The Half-Back" and "The Crimson Sweater", are the popular ones today. His versatility has led him into the field of the adventure story. It is perhaps too soon to predict the degree of success. It would be possible to mention

a considerable number of competent writers who have either become martyrs to the series idea or have turned completely away from the juvenile field.

Books dealing with historical periods, if the material is ample, and the author capable of making dramatic use of it, suffer less from the projection into a series than do characters supposed to be living their own lives. This is notably true of the work of Joseph Altsheler. Mr. Altsheler wrote out of interest in his subject, never with a definite age in mind. His books are read by many men as well as by boys of different ages.

Kirk Munro's best work was in his individual books rather than in his series.

The absurdity of expecting an author or a group of authors to produce six, or eight, or a dozen books of a defined species for the reading of young people between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, has long been apparent to the young people themselves. The series interest is at its height between eleven and thirteen, and by fourteen or fifteen has been replaced by a very persistent desire for romance, detective stories, historical novels, stories of the sea, authentic books of exploration and discovery, etc., so written as to absorb the reader.

This desire has been met in the children's libraries with which I have been connected for many years by a liberal selection of novels written for adults—placed upon the shelves of the children's rooms. I have always believed in educating such parents as may be unthinking, or even unwilling, to allow their daughters to take their first impressions of love from novels which seem to follow naturally the old fairy tales, the mediæval legends and

the classical tales. Fortunate the girl who passes, in her own good time, from "The Sleeping Beauty" to the stories of Atalanta, Brunhilde, Guinevere, and "Aucassin and Nicolette"; and from these to "The Scarlet Letter", "The Mill on the Floss", "Pride and Prejudice", or "Cranford"—as Anne Thackeray conceived of it, "a kind of visionary country home"; "The Brushwood Boy", "Monsieur Beaucaire", and her own free choice of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and other authors.

The made-to-order series with its girl bride and its up-to-date boy hero seems very insipid after any such vision and foreshadowing of what love is going to be.

What is true of the love story is true also of the mystery, the detective story, and the tale of pure adventure for both boys and girls. When the interest is strongest they should be able to put their hands on the books written by masters of the art. Poe is better known since the boys discovered Conan Doyle's tribute to him as master of the mystery story. Wilkie Collins, Quiller-Couch, Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights", "Island Nights Entertainments", and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" are all much read. Dumas is without doubt the most popular of the novelists read by the older boys.

No one who has watched two generations pass into their 'teens and has held any large and continuous observation of life at earlier and later periods, feels like minimizing the value of impressions which may then be taken from books. But it is a time, not for prohibitions and restrictions hedged about with sentimentality and cheap optimism; it is a time for throwing wide the gates if any have

been set up. Literature—great literature—can be trusted to do its own work, and one who hopes for large returns should make no unsought recommendations. Too many books have been killed for young readers by overzealous recommendation.

It is plain that neither an age limit, or a series limit, will ever command the service of writers who have the imagination, the wisdom, the sincerity, the charm, and the distinction of style which are essential qualifications of the successful writer of books for young people. One, if not both, of two things is sure to happen. The novel will recover its sense of youth,—it is written in the history of the novel that it must,—or the writer for young people must enlarge the boundaries by escaping from the series and the age limit when entering the competition to write the “real thing” for the ’teens. In “High Benton”, William Heyliger has taken a long step forward in this direction. There may be a sequel to “High Benton” but the book is clearly not one of a series. It bears all the marks of sincerity and intimate continuous knowledge of boy nature. Moreover, it is a school story of a new type dealing with the everyday life of a boy at High School who is tempted to leave school and go to work before finishing his course. Never has the village loafer, full of superstition and unbelief in education, been better drawn than in the character of old Todd, the jitney man, in his relation to a group of boys. One feels an integrity of background in the book. The author knows the environment he has re-created and deals with actual problems of boy life with uncommon freedom and naturalness. Mr. Heyliger’s earlier books, school stories and scout stories, have

been very popular with boys and are characterized by their emphatic presentation of “fair play”. From a second reading of “High Benton” I went back to “Tom Brown’s School Days”—beginning where so many boys do, with chapter five, and reading the first chapters after I had finished the story. It would be difficult to picture a sharper contrast than is presented by the life of an English boy at Rugby in the 1830’s and an American boy in a New Jersey public school in 1919, but I think I have never read “Tom Brown” with so strong a sense of his kinship to the boy life of all time. “Tom Brown’s School Days” often requires introduction and a judicious amount of skipping, but I have never known a boy who really read it not to like it. I often read it in conjunction with “Huckleberry Finn”—another sharp contrast provocative of many questions concerning the nature of boys who lived in the same era, for Mark Twain places Huck on the Mississippi at about the same period that Thomas Hughes entered Rugby.

From “Tom Brown” I came back to “David Blaize” and what a fascinating, moving story of English school life it is, carrying David from the age of eleven to seventeen. The book is perhaps too subjective for the American boy even in his later ’teens, but it is a revealing book to all who know much or little about boys. The chapter descriptive of David “changing his skin” under the yew tree in the garden, with his sister Margery standing by, is I think the best account of boy and girl adolescence I have ever read. The mysterious attics and the gurgling cistern, the dark corners and the frightening games belong to my own childhood with a brother whose imagination was very like David’s. The

visit of David's father—the Arch-deacon—to the school is a perfect bit out of English family life. David at seventeen, and in love for the first time, is free from the self-consciousness of William Sylvanus Baxter at seventeen, but remember how differently he was situated. I turned to "Seventeen" to refresh my own memory and also to contrast the story of Willie Baxter with "Betty Bell". "Betty Bell" is very well written, but the incident is too circumscribed and the characters too restricted to invite a second reading. "Betty Bell is a regular little flirt, and that's all she does do," commented a girl of fifteen who read the book recently. Rereading "Seventeen" in the light of its growing popularity with girls of fifteen and sixteen, I am struck by its peculiar value for girls of that age and older. Life is touched by perspective as well as tinged with humor. Where is there such another mother in a book as Mrs. Baxter, yet how well one seems to know her! While "Penrod" is the more popular book in the children's rooms of the libraries,—and contrary to all prediction it is very popular,—"Seventeen" is being read more and more by both boys and girls.

Those who have read "Master Simon's Garden" know that Cornelia Meigs writes with charm and knowledge of "the long sea road" from New England to China. In "The Pool of Stars" she has told the story of a girl who gives up a trip to Bermuda with a rich aunt in order to get ready for college. She spends an interesting summer and makes a charming friendship with a boy of her own age, and an older woman who is the daughter of a dreamy old inventor. There is a mystery and a most successful story

within a story. A chapter to which boys would listen with delight since it gives color and life to that period of our history following the war with the Barbary pirates, "The Tree of Jade", is so well told as to completely reconcile the reader to the interruption of the main narrative.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. By Mark Twain. Harper and Bros.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. By Mark Twain. Harper and Bros.

The Story of a Bad Boy. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Penrod. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Seventeen. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott. Little, Brown and Co.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Jane Eyre. By Charlotte Brontë. Harper and Bros.

The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Tom Brown's School Days. By Thomas Hughes. The Macmillan Co.

David Blaize. By E. F. Benson. George H. Doran Company.

*Mary Olivier. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Co.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Half-Back. By Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton and Co.

The Sleeping Beauty and other Fairy Tales. Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. George H. Doran Company.

Children of the Dawn. By E. F. Buckley. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Stories from Old French Romance. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. The Macmillan Co.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. The Macmillan Co.

The Brushwood Boy. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Monsieur Beaucaire. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Tales. By Edgar Allan Poe. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sherlock Holmes. By Conan Doyle. Smith, Elder and Co.

The Moonstone. By Wilkie Collins. Harper and Bros.

The Wandering Heath. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The New Arabian Nights. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Island Nights Entertainments. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Count of Monte Cristo. By Alexander Dumas. The Walter Scott Publishing Co.

High Benton. By William Heyliger. D. Appleton and Co.

The Pool of Stars. By Cornelia Meigs. The Macmillan Co.

Doctor Danny. By Ruth Sawyer. Harper and Bros.

Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. Harper and Bros.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. J. B. Lippincott Co.

*For the adult reader.

Ruth Sawyer ought to be writing for the girls who enjoyed "The Primrose Ring". "Doctor Danny" is a partial answer to this appeal since it contains several stories which are very much liked by older girls, but they will not rest content with short stories.

The final meeting of the club at which the popular novels from "Robinson Crusoe" to "Jeremy" are to be enumerated has not yet come off, but I am going to anticipate it in so far as to remind the readers of THE BOOKMAN that "Robinson Crusoe", after two hundred years, is more read than ever it was. Older boys are deeply impressed when told that it is the first humanized adventure story. Many of them have read it when they were younger as if it were history or biography.

Between "Robinson Crusoe" and "Treasure Island" lie one hundred and sixty-four years, and the increasing popularity of "Treasure Island" testifies to fresh delight in adventure for its own sake in a second generation of boy readers. There has been no more striking growth of the popularity of

an author not accounted a juvenile than is evidenced by the circulation of Stevenson from the children's rooms of the libraries during the past twelve years. Between Defoe and Stevenson stands Sir Walter Scott. "Ivanhoe" is one hundred years old this very year, and wherever the schoolboy reads it in advance of assignment he is still held captive.

"I am, I own", wrote Sir Walter, "no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious composition." When we remember that he lived in an age of moralists, we may take heart for the writers of our own time. It is clear that those who would write for young people in the 1920's must come to the task with more first-hand knowledge of their readers and the books they are actually reading; nor is it far to seek. I know of no more inspiring or inspiring pageant than that unconsciously set by hundreds and thousands of new readers of fine books, whose authors have passed on, but whose work remains—a light to the men and women who strike out new paths or who follow in old ways.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A RILEY BIOGRAPHY

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

IT seems a pity that a man who cares so deeply for his subject and who is so intent on giving to the public a detailed and intimate account of the man he knew and loved, should have been so mistaken in his manner of portrayal as was Mr. Dickey in "The Youth of James Whitcomb Riley". It is indeed as though awed by his task, a false modesty and wrong estimate of values had led him to adopt a language not his own,—certainly not the one in which the two men must have conversed together,—and then to con a dictionary of quotations until he had one pat for every text. What, after all, we want and what he wants to give us—for there is sincerity beneath the verbiage—is quite simply Riley himself, the circumstances of his life, the influences that went to make him a poet of the people, as John McCormack has become their singer—a national poet in a sense in which no American poet is today.

Some such contribution is made by Mr. Dickey, who was not merely the intimate friend but the manager and secretary of the poet, though it is a contribution made rather with our help and with his hindrance. For in the biography there are pictures, sudden glimpses when we break through the undergrowth, that reward us for the trouble that it takes. There is, for example, the pioneer village, undisturbed by the great migrations that

moved through it to the westward; the log cabin whose cracks had to be chinked in winter; the district school with its informal rewards and punishments; the swimming hole and mulberry tree—all of which were to figure later in Riley's works. But it is in dealing with this simple period that the writer uses least restraint. Imaginative Riley surely was and filled with a quickening instinct for music and for poetry; but there is too much talk of the "Fairy Heart". Most often he appears as a normal little boy, tow-headed and freckled-faced, with a normal instinct for truancy and freedom—not a wistful Peter Pan.

Otherwise there would never have followed what are the most romantic chapters of the book, those which deal with his wanderings as sign-painter for an itinerant doctor of patent medicines; and which later deal with the youths of the Graphic Company, an irresponsible lot who made their vagrant business a happy kind of skylarking. It is to these chapters that the memory returns: to the doctor with his "breezy sidewhiskers" and tolerant view of life; to the nights spent at chance farmhouses; to the sideshows by which they drew the folk together, Riley playing the guitar or acting the buffoon; or to the day when, trade at a low ebb, Riley played the blind sign-painter, and imposed at a large profit on the forgiving crowd. There is, too, a communicable humor in the prankishness that prompted the dripping paint-brush to his first jingle. It is from such ex-

periences, undoubtedly, that Riley gained his knowledge of simple people and their language, and the most deft method of approach.

It was later that he was urged by his father to the least profitable of his ventures, a study of the law. Try as he would he could not find Blackstone less irksome than he had found McGuffey's Reader; and much in the same manner that he had taken furtive peeks at story-books concealed by sober covers, he began, while apparently more seriously engaged, to exercise his gift at verse. There follows, once his decision had been made, his long struggle toward recognition as a poet—a struggle faced with more than ordinary pluck and surely more than ordinary humor in the face of poverty, misunderstanding, and scanty praise. Most interesting are the chapters which present him as editor for local papers; scouring the countryside for news, endearing himself to the people by his interpretation of their simple lives, writing—not very well perhaps, but always with sympathy and drollery—while he laid by the store of memories which he was later so much more skilfully to use. The book closes with the famous hoax of the poem, "Leonainie", supposedly an unpublished poem of Edgar Allan Poe's, and printed with the connivance of the editor of the Kokomo paper. The trick was conceived and executed by Riley with much the same boyish instinct that led him into mischief in earlier days; and it was with consternation and dismay that he discovered that there were many who believed him guilty of an intentional fraud. From the dark period which followed, one in which he struggled not only with loneliness and misinterpretation, but with his besetting weakness, there came the first of his best lyrics.

The biography has no pretension to literary distinction by reason of its grandiloquence; but those who love Riley, will find pleasure in the scattered poems placed with the scenes by which they were suggested, and still more in the drollery, the humanity, and individual character of its subject.

The Youth of James Whitcomb Riley. By Marcus Dickey. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE POEMS OF HERBERT TRENCH

By Benjamin De Casseres

Rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight....

wrote Shelley in the long ago. Did he mean that no great new poems were being fabricated? Probably not. But it is true today—rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight; the Spirit of Delight being to me a book of fine poems.

Of versifiers there is never an end. The humorist and the sobbing sentimentalist are always with us. Every "poet", no matter how commonplace, believes that he is unique, just as every pair of lovers believe they are unique and that no one has ever loved in just that manner before. But great poets are rare—those that spring throstle-throated and frenzy-smitten straight from the forehead of Dionysus. Swinburne and Hugo and Whitman and Poe have had no successors. Thomas Hardy is sublimely metaphysical at his best—never a singer. Only Gabriele D'Annunzio today carries out the legend of the traditional poet. He is a demigod, a superman, the Red Vision, a spiritual Bolshevik, a passionate chanter of movement and revolution. Just now he is mixed up

with the international traffic cops, but that is a poet's birthright—to keep in trouble.

But speaking of the Spirit of Delight. It came to me when I picked up for review "Poems" by Herbert Trench. As in the case of Murray Marks, I had never heard of Herbert Trench, so my delight was doubled—something of that feeling that an astronomer has when he catches certain jolts and jostlings along the chalk-line of old Neptune that tell him there is another planet in the sidereal system lying beyond and out-there somewhere.

The poetry of Herbert Trench is done impeccably. It is not world-shaking verse or visions that will jolt Blake or Swinburne or Leconte de Lisle out of their heavens. They are intellectual products (we have too little intellectual poetry in the world today), marmoreal, of a poised and studied sensuousness, done by a man who is absolute master of his vision and his voice.

They are dedicated to the "memory of the two well-beloved masters, Ivan Turgenev and George Meredith", and, indeed, the influence of both these great writers is seen in Mr. Trench's work. There is the impersonal attitude and intellectual pessimism of the great Russian, but tempered by the inescapable faith that all's well that ends in the slumber of God. Meredith would have liked many of these poems, so would Robert Browning—and Francis Thompson. The latter is recalled in Mr. Trench's magnificent "Requiem of the Archangels for the World", also done in Latin by E. Iliff Robson. To me, it is the finest poem, by far, in the book, although "Deidre Wedded", a long narrative poem, should, like the "Requiem", be bound in gold and jasper and printed separately.

The theme of the "Requiem" is sublime. The star that has borne us all is dead. The streams are dumb. The human heart had faded into dust. The battle flags of our wars against Nature and Evil and our poor enemies are furled. The spouting craters of ideas—the skull—are silent. The oceans are mud. Gods and flowers and little children have passed like a morphinated dream.

Make ready thou, tremendous Night,
Stoop to the Earth and shroud her scars,
And bid with chanting to the rite
The torches of thy train of stars.

It is not the vision of a pessimist or a Schopenhauerian Nay-sayer. Our legend has been a glorious one. We lie bleeding on the altar of Moloch, but we are not tired or fatigued. It was a sublime adventure of a spark of God in matter.

Fount of the time-embranching fire
O waneless One, that art the core
Of every heart's unknown desire,
Take back the hearts that beat no more.

"Apollo and the Seaman" is a beautiful series of studied images—a poet's poem. "The Rock of Cloud" is Shelleyan—ethereal and winged. "The Battle of the Marne" and "Stanzas to Tolstoi in His Old Age" are majestic and have the beat of the heart in every line. "An Ode to Beauty" is unforgettable in its matchless house of words. Mr. Trench's Hound of Heaven is the immortal Helena, mother of the sons of song.

Nothing in these poems reveals to us what manner of man Herbert Trench is. There are no excursions into the waking world. He is not of this day or hour, or any particular day or hour. I imagine him to be seated in a tower in some lost English town where, care-free, he carves his visions into words.

Poems. By Herbert Trench. Two volumes.
E. P. Dutton and Co.

THE MARTYRED TOWNS OF FRANCE

By Margaret Pinckney Allen

IN one sense all the towns of France were martyred in the Great War." But the towns whose personality is so vividly painted in Miss Clara E. Laughlin's book, "The Martyred Towns of France", suffered the very extremity of martyrdom,—all the horrors which the diseased imagination of man has borne to the god of war. Most of these places are heaps of dust and rubble, and might conceivably never rise again from their desolation. Yet the significance and the value of the book lies in its attempt—a successful one—to picture not the present tormented waste in which they lie, but the enduring, indestructible vitality of the spirit which for so many hundreds of years slowly built them into what they were. Of each of them it might be said, as it is said of Arras the Proud:

For more than two thousand years men and women struggled to maintain a city in that place—to build and beautify and carry on commerce and manufactures, to rear churches and cultivate the arts and multiply hospitals and asylums for the sick and the aged, to provide excellent education for youth. And in a few months, the brutish rage of frustrated savages was able to reduce the visible result of all those centuries to dust.

Miss Laughlin wisely does not dwell upon the heartbreaking, all too familiar pictures of ruin which the names of Noyon, Reims, Verdun, Soissons, Amiens revive in memory. Instead, in each vivid chronicle, the spirit of each place seems to assure us that there are qualities which the most horrible destruction cannot even touch. Time and again, over these towns of hill and plain and river-side has swept the mad rage of the invader. They have been pawns in the hands of

terrible bishops, dowers for duchesses, playthings for princesses, bargains for butchers of men. Tortured on that rack of history which has been made out of the curious and infinite cruelty of man to man, they have seemed, again and again, to yield up their bodies to dissolution. Yet the spirit has lived on.

Miss Laughlin writes out of a deep, intimate knowledge of French history and long familiarity with the actual countryside. All these gorgeous figures, so much more pleasant to read about than to live under, take their way vividly through these pages, bright with banners and the gleam of armor. Bishops, weighted down with the glory of their very earthly pomp, saints or rascals as the case might be, strive with dukes and kings for personal and churchly ends. And through it all one feels, like the irresistible surge beneath a turbulent sea, that struggle of the people, the everyday people of these wonderful towns, to gain for themselves the fruits of their patriotism, their skill, their love of beauty. For it was they who made Noyon, with its "mother of French cathedrals"; proud, ancient Laon, with its quaint claim that it was founded six hundred and eighty years after the flood; Arras, with its splendors of palace and abbey, its libraries, its museums, its sinuous, picturesque streets, its gorgeous Hotel de Ville, its belfry built in the fifteenth century to express to posterity the joy of its citizens in their city,—that belfry which soared two hundred and forty-five feet "with the grace of a flame and like a cry of joy and liberty in the sky. (I quote not from a poem but from a report of a commissioner of public works!)" ; Amiens, with its cathedral, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world; Verdun, all its

former glory linked now with its immortal phrase for more than mortal endurance; the small towns of the Marne Valley, especially that ancient Château-Thierry which has its special place in American hearts. Names, these, that are like a trumpet-call, "reviving the immortal spirits of old victories".

But more than these triumphs of war is the remembrance that these small cities and towns of France gave their citizens a remarkably complete life with their libraries, their museums of art, their theatres, cafés, and public gardens, their fine promenades, and beautiful boulevards. Gone are these, apparently forever, in half a hundred towns, another enormous sacrifice on the altar of Vandal lust and hate. But through all these vital pages, the spirit of France breathes its promise of triumph and renewal.

The Martyred Towns of France. By Clara E. Laughlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TWO OLD LADIES SHOW THEIR MEDALS

By John Bunker

THERE are, as every wise man's son doth know, just two kinds of books: those that are readable—and the other kind. And for sheer readability commend us to a good volume of biography, of memoirs, of reminiscence. These are eminently the fireside books, the companionable affairs, so heartily approved of by Johnson—throwing as they do a direct and personal light on that forever fascinating subject, human nature.

Of such a sort are the two books before us: "The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill" by her son

Ralph Nevill, and "Mid-Victorian Memories" by Matilda Betham-Edwards. There are certain resemblances between them. In time the long lives of these two women practically coincided, the first living from 1826 to 1913, and the second from 1837 to 1919. Each was on a footing of intimacy with many of the great personages of their period, and each possessed an alert intelligence, lively and undimmed even after the passage of eighty years. This being said, the rest is a matter of contrasts.

Lady Dorothy Nevill was of the inmost circle of the great world of rank and fashion, a descendant of Lady Dorothy Townshend, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. Partly from this circumstance and even more from her native charm and gaiety and unfailing zest for life, she acquired in the course of her eighty-seven years a series of friends and acquaintances which for number and variety was really astounding. The list of statesmen and politicians alone is in itself memorable, running from Lord Palmerston (that tough-minded old aristocrat with his "I have known only one woman who refused gold, and she took diamonds"), Gladstone, Disraeli, Chamberlain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and a host of minor figures, down to John Burns, Asquith, and Winston Churchill—"that fretted soul who cannot make up his mind as to whether he is Nelson or Napoleon." In addition to these she knew military leaders of the standing of Lord Wolseley and Sir John French, poets and *littérateurs* like Tennyson and John Morley and Edmund Gosse, philosophers like Frederic Harrison, artists like Whistler, scientists like Darwin, to say nothing of earls and dukes and personages of even more

exalted rank. And most of these she not only knew but knew intimately, seeing them frequently or carrying on a close correspondence with them.

Naturally in such a book the requisite number of *mots* are recorded, and there is a wealth of amusing stories. One of these concerns Tennyson, present at a country-house party when a well-known singer sang a poem of his which she had set to music.

She sang it beautifully, but when it was over the poet with asperity expressed his intense annoyance that his beautiful lines should have been set to what he called "horrible third-class music"! The result was general consternation—everyone called for candles and went to bed.

But perhaps the cleverest story, in view of recent occurrences, has to do with an American named Silsbee, noted for his collection of Shelley relics, who was once asked to address a temperance meeting:

He duly appeared upon the platform amid a crowd of rigid abstainers. The audience were much moved by speech after speech depicting the horrors produced by alcohol, but Mr. Silsbee's oration produced a far greater sensation. Rising to his feet he said: "I have searched the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations, and I have found that there was only one man who called for water and he was in hell as he deserved to be."

Turning to the second of these octogenarian memoirists we find that Miss Betham-Edwards was a writer who at twenty succeeded as a novelist with her first work of fiction "The White House by the Sea"; and at seventy, at the request of her publisher, she wrote a novel "Hearts of Alsace" to celebrate the jubilee of her working life. Frederic Harrison mentions "Kitty", "Dr. Jacob", and "John and I" as among her best novels, but considers that "A Suffolk Courtship", "The Lord of the Harvest", and 'Mock Beggars' Hall' have a special value, even as historic records of

'Old England' in Corn Law days, and they are worthy to stand beside those of Maria Edgeworth and Mary Mitford."

Herself a literary woman, most of Miss Betham-Edwards's friendships were with literary people or those connected with literature, and her book is put together on an entirely different plan from that of Lady Dorothy—the plan, namely, of devoting separate chapters to the person under discussion. The first and (religious prejudice apart) the best chapter in the book has to do with "my neighbor and intimate friend, Coventry Patmore...far and away the most original figure in these memorabilia." That Miss Betham-Edwards knew how to strike off a graphic portrait the following account of Patmore as a talker will show:

As the blue tobacco fumes curled upwards, and the strange, lank, sardonic figure of the speaker became partly obscured, his listener would forget the man in the potency of the voice—a voice mysterious, penetrating, Danteque, belonging not to one of ourselves, but to the olden time, an echo of the grand old days, "the days that are no more"... He had known Carlyle well, and was fond of talking about him. "Why", I asked one evening, "should Carlyle have written his 'French Revolution' in the chaotic, parenthetical style of Jean Paul Richter, every sentence being a Chinese puzzle?" "Why?" he replied; "because to put all that he had to say in clear, matter-of-fact prose would have required twenty pages instead of one. His book suited the theme; it is in itself a revolution!"

Speaking of her introduction to George Eliot, Miss Betham-Edwards writes:

...and there I was in the presence of a tall, prematurely old lady wearing black, with a majestic but appealing and wholly unforgettable face. A subdued yet penetrating light—I am tempted to say luminosity—shone from large dark eyes that looked all the darker on account of the white, marble-like complexion. She might have sat for a Santa Teresa.

Other chapters deal with Frederic Harrison, Madame Bodichon, and

Herbert Spencer, Baron Tauchnitz, Lord John Russell, Henry James, Amelia Blandford Edwards, Miss Braddon, Lord Kitchener, John Morley, "Mark Rutherford", Mudie, John Murray; and "a trio of pioneers"—Rose Davenport-Hill, Frances Power Cobbe, and Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D.

The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill. By her son Ralph Nevill. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Mid-Victorian Memories. By Matilda Betham-Edwards. With a personal sketch by Mrs. Sarah Grand. The Macmillan Co.

THE BEST FOR THE LOWEST

By Oscar L. Joseph

THERE are some lives which can be limned at full length on a small canvas, but other lives need a large canvas with a spacious background. Some men leap into fame at a bound, others must industriously work their way to the pinnacles of success. Barnett of Toynbee Hall, whose "Life", written by his wife, has just been given us, was of this latter class. He had neither the gifts nor the graces that popular standards esteem as of first consequence. But he had the glow which made him grow, and at fifty his talents were so prolific as to overwhelm those who regarded him, when twenty years of age, as a youth of mediocre parts. He was a constant surprise to those who knew him best, and he proved the truth of the saying that "appearances are deceptive". He had early formed his ideal, and through evil report and good report, he pursued the devious paths which enabled him to achieve, far beyond the expectations of even the most sanguine.

Barnett was often in ill health and oftener depressed, and frequently slandered, not so much by the ignorant

as by the educated. He was also the recipient of those curious missiles of the black art, called anonymous letters, resorted to by cowards; but instead of consigning them to deserved oblivion, he preserved them. Here is one of them:

You awful fraud. I wonder you are not struck down dead taking part in the service. The poor hate you like the bitterest poison. You are no good at all and not fit to be a clergyman. I hate you. I hope you will drop dead before long. Curse you.

He, however, showed unusual courage in sticking to his last, although he lived between the two fires of misunderstanding by the poor, and of misrepresentation by the rich whose zeal for calumny was only exceeded by their pharisaic self-complacency. He held that "it is only the passion of patience which effectually reforms abuses". For twenty years he lived in a tiny house in Whitechapel, East London, on a self-imposed limited income, and immersed himself in the life of this destitute neighborhood, determined to make religion a real force for spiritual and social uplift. He was splendidly supported by his wife, who shared all his humanitarian aspirations. The career of such a man, in the face of numerous odds, is a better argument for the immortality of life and influence than a whole library of philosophy and theology. When he died, Dean Ryle said from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey:

He was no visionary, no fanatic, but from his early manhood he was moved with a genuine love for the people. He yearned to show that the Church of Christ belonged to the true heart of the nation—beating in sympathy with its sufferings and its needs, its aspirations and its hopes, with its struggle for fairer conditions and purer environment. He refused to be discouraged, and was hopeful, prudent, and fair-minded, a lover of truth, a man of intellectual humility and religious honesty. He insisted that if the Church of Christ preached religion and virtue to the tolling millions of our great cities, it must contend for the establishment of a Kingdom of God on earth, and pro-

mote the removal of those conditions by which clean and virtuous living is rendered most difficult, and which too often are the fertile seed-plots of vice.

Canon Barnett was a pioneer in many directions and it almost takes one's breath away to read about his endeavors for housing reform, popular education, pension relief, university changes, and other movements for human advancement. He showed an unusual facility in enlisting the personal services of eminent people for the enrichment of the work at Whitechapel. Many of them delivered lectures and taught classes, impressed by the guiding principle of Barnett, "The best for the lowest". A partial list of some of these activities is given in Volume I, page 370. The climax of his labors was the establishment of Toynbee Hall, which was destined to carry out an extensive program, to become a great university center, to open to the poor "the great avenues of art, literature and history down which come the thoughts and ideals of the ages". How this has been carried out may be gathered from the list of Toynbee societies, conducted not as mere classes but as discussion groups under the leadership of experts. One of the most interesting parts of these volumes is the correspondence of Barnett, which alone was exhaustive enough to engage all the energy of one man. As rector of St. Jude's Parish, Canon of Bristol, Canon of Westminster, and Warden of Toynbee Hall, this servant of God fulfilled a service which has given a new complexion to the militant mission of Christianity. Well did M. Clemenceau declare, after a visit to England in 1884: "I have met but three really great men in England, and one was a little pale clergyman in Whitechapel".

Canon Barnett. *His Life, Work, and Friends.* By His Wife. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Co.

TWO DECORATION BOOKS

By Richardson Wright

WRITERS on furniture history have hitherto been content to follow the antiquated system of periods and dates. In this volume, "The Practical Book of Interior Decoration", furniture history is set down in the new fashion, according to the four great tides of influence that have affected furniture design and use—the Renaissance, the Baroque, the Rococo, and the Neo-classic. This treatment is important because it shows the history of furniture as an international affair, which it was. The influences that changed a chair leg did not stop at frontiers. Interior architecture and equipment in France, England, Italy, Spain, and Portugal yielded to the same general influences at about the same time. Furniture was even more sensitive to stylistic changes than architecture.

The book is divided into three general sections. The first outlines the architectural background of the room in each era, beginning with the sixteenth century, and summarizes the changes in that background and in the mobiliary furniture and accessories as the four different influences moulded their contours. At the end of each chapter is a tabulation of all the articles used in the furnishing of these period rooms. The second division is devoted to the practical aspects of decoration, in which are considered such matters as color, furniture arrangement, window and door hangings, floors, walls, fixtures, etc. The third division contains a scheme for international, interperiod decoration by which the authors attempt to create a distinctive, livable style on the basis of scale and design rather than period—a sort of democracy of tables

and chairs. This combination of the history, the practical application of decorative principles, and the suggestion for a new style makes a presentation of the subject far more comprehensive and useful than has been attempted in other volumes on the subject.

Among the especially commendable points are the concise summaries of the customs underlying furniture design and usages; the treatment of the architectural background of the room—a subject either ignored or avoided by many decorators; and the explanation of the use of color. The last is a difficult subject at best; here it is explained in simple terms aided by analogies that the amateur can readily grasp. The authors are not convinced of the livableness of modernist decoration—the unrestrained use of strong color and the tortuous contours of the Viennese School. Nor do they take seriously the ephemeral styles created by furniture manufacturers who, during the last few years, have attempted to make styles in American decoration change almost as often as styles in dress.

There are debatable points, however, on which the authors dogmatize. They also manage to use a great many words, an appalling number of words, and they have submitted to Englishisms so completely (although all three are Americans) that the book gets annoying. One doesn't mind color spelt with a *u*, but he does writhe when he reads that "the King *sate* upon the throne".

In this large volume of 450 pages, interspersed with several hundred plates of half-tone and line illustrations, the professional decorator and student will find an authoritative work. And to the amateur it should prove equally helpful because all the

possible problems are touched on in a practical and sane fashion.

"Color Schemes For the Home and Model Interiors" is a portfolio that will prove of value to the beginning decorator in the selection of colors for a room and the placing of color accents. After stating the general rules of decoration, there follow twenty color plates of schemes for curtains, walls, upholstery, etc., with the photograph of the room to which they apply shown opposite. Together with these is a text explanation of the scheme. The idea is excellent, the colors are sane and practical but strangely lacking in vitality. One must protest, however, against the obvious faking of the photographs—the backgrounds of excellent rooms have been taken and groups of Grand Rapids pieces "bled" on them. Even the untrained eye can discern the mark of the retoucher.

The Practical Book of Interior Decoration. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein, Abbot McClure and Edward S. Holloway. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Color Schemes For the Home and Model Interiors. By Henry W. Frohne and Alice F. and Bettina Jackson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE LYRIC LINE

By Louis Untermeyer

IN 1911, before the poetry produced in America had reached the proportions of a "renaissance", there appeared one of the most remarkable "first" books that have ever roused my dogged enthusiasm. It was called "The Human Fantasy" and its author was an unknown by the name of John Hall Wheelock. What gave the volume its peculiar distinction was the way it fused the spirit of Whitman with the tone of Henley and the grace of Heine. But what gave it its authority was the musical overtone that

rose from the strangely assembled chords; a singing buoyance, an athletic loveliness, a lyricism that was both tender and intense. On the first page of this arresting book one was confronted by a freshness not only of idiom but of vision. "The Human Fantasy" was one of the earliest contemporary contributions to our rapidly growing literature of exalted realism; it celebrated, with passionate vigor, "the glory of the commonplace". The two volumes that followed were a rude and rapid decrescendo; "The Belovèd Adventure" was a weakening of the first strain; in "Love and Liberation" Wheelock touched incredible depths of banality. And now comes "Dust and Light"—an apotheosis of the preceding trio; a summary and, in some ways, a spiritual synthesis.

In spite of the frequent passages of exaltation, one looks in vain for the early vitality; the rich, human stuff of such a poem as "Sunday Evening in the Common" is strikingly absent. It would be pleasant to write that what Wheelock has lost in a realistic magic he has gained in a lyric romanticism. But an examination of "Dust and Light" forbids any such agreeable conclusion. The singer who gave promise of being one of our most poetic interpreters of modern life has become a dispenser of musical platitudes, a determined (and often genuinely inspired) chronicler of the tidbits of poetry. He buries his best effects in what seems to be a mass of carefully-hoarded juvenilia; he blurs his clean images with a thick film of *clichés* like "dizzy draught", "rude buffet", "languid breath", "wanton waste", "fall like dew", "move like music", "sounding shore". In addition to these disappointments, the faults of his early work are intensified. He is uncritically repetitious;

he thins out his themes till they seem the merest trickle of ideas; the continual and upper-case "Beauty" of "Love and Liberation" is replaced by an overcapitalized "All" varied by an equally imposing "Awe".

These defects mar but they cannot utterly destroy the power of Wheelock's convictions. If "Dust and Light" contains some of this poet's least distinctive efforts, it also includes some of his most successful ones. The two long poems at the end of the volume ("The Man to his Dead Poet" and "Toward the Bright Doom") are among the noblest verses Wheelock has achieved. "Thanks from Earth to Heaven" and "The Far Land" vibrate with his old certainties and a new restraint; "Earth" is a set of dazzling couplets that would delight Ralph Hodgson. I quote the first few lines:

Grasshopper, your fairy song
And my poem alike belong
To the dark and silent earth
From which all poetry has birth;
All we say and all we sing
Is but as the murmuring
Of that drowsy heart of hers
When from her deep dream she stirs:
If we sorrow, or rejoice,
You and I are but her voice.

The set lyrics are less notable. They waver between a rather lush mysticism and a too-insistent plucking of the amatory string. It is a somewhat cloying Love that Wheelock finds in all things—even in Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata and the opening bars of Wagner's "Ring"! The section "April Lightning" is a significant example. It describes passion but rarely evokes it; it is full of an emotionalism that flashes but seldom burns, that flickers but rarely flames. If Wheelock were a more ruthless self-appraiser, his volume would have been much smaller and far more remarkable. The elimi-

nation of a score of songs that he seems to have sung for the tenth time would have given the fresh lyrics a firmer authority. "The Lonely Poet" is one of these arresting pieces. "Revelation" is another facet of loveliness, and in several of the sonnets he captures the delicate music that often evades him in the more avowedly musical stanzas:

Greatly, undauntedly, you did endure
 With brave abandon and supreme consent
 To render up, in the accomplishment
 Of life, your holy body and being pure:
 Great in surrender, in your giving sure
 And weariless, still with magnificent
 Ardor of love, when love's desire was spent,
 Laughed in your eyes the everlasting lure.

And all that loveliness, the loud world's pride,
 Mine in that moment, and how dear I know!
 Yet dearer was an hour, when at my side
 You clung with eyes all blinded, and cheeks
 of snow,—
 And beauty broken,—and quivering lips that
 cried
 Against my lips their piteous human woe.

Although by no means his best, "Dust and Light" is a decided improvement upon its immediate predecessor. It not only contains some of Wheelock's finest individual achievements, but gives evidence that the swing back to the spirit of "The Human Fantasy" will be a hearty one. With this promise, after the long lapse, the new collection is doubly welcome.

Dust and Light. By John Hall Wheelock.
 Charles Scribner's Sons.

A LOVER OF NATURE AND THE MOUNTAINS

By LeRoy Jeffers

LIKE John Muir of California, Enos Mills of Colorado lived for many years alone with nature and the moun-

tains. In summer and winter he has roamed over hundreds of miles of mountainous country, climbing many peaks on the way. He formed intimate acquaintance with the flowers and trees, and he studied and loved the birds and animals until they realized his friendship. Neither Muir nor Mills ever carried a gun, preferring to win the confidence and companionship of wild life rather than to destroy it for profit or pleasure. Many have felt that a sympathetic friendship for nature leads to a deeper understanding of the Creator.

In his latest book, "The Adventures of a Nature Guide", Enos Mills has much to tell about the new profession of nature guiding. For many years enthusiastic groups of children have attended his Trail School, studying with him the beauties of the Rocky Mountain National Park. Banishing the foolish notion that altitude is harmful, he has taken them far above timber-line at 11,500 feet, and has frequently reached the summit of Long's Peak, which is 14,255 feet in height. In seven miles they passed through many zones of tree, plant, and animal life. A true nature guide is always discovering life histories, and he is always encouraging his companions to see and understand for themselves. He is a fascinating interpreter of the natural sciences. There is immeasurable difference between his art and the out-of-date method of text-book and indoor instruction. Instead of dry and uninteresting facts that are forced upon one, against which the mind rebels, the spirit is awakened by the voice of living things, and it reaches out in every direction to learn the meaning of life. We look for the day when this wiser method of education will develop men and women to be alive to deeper realities and to fuller

and more satisfying human relationships. There is a decided need for leaders in our schools and colleges who will make possible these things to the young; and for adequate opportunities for teachers themselves to learn the art of assisting their pupils to develop, without repressing their divinely creative impulses.

An important movement has recently been inaugurated by the National Parks Association of Washington for the intelligent appreciation of natural scenery. Some of our leading colleges are cooperating, and are offering courses of study and summer excursions to our National Parks under the guidance of specialists in the interpretation of nature. Last summer in Yosemite Valley, the University of California commenced an annual series of popular scientific lectures descriptive of the scenery of the park. The rapidly increasing number of visitors to all our National Parks suggests an excellent opportunity for public education if trained nature guides can be provided by the government. It is certain that appreciative acquaintance with nature is more vital to the growth of true Americanism than is as yet realized.

Mr. Mills has long loved the courageous trees that live on the mountains at timber-line. Gnarled and stunted by winds and storms they crouch behind the boulders and grow thickly together for mutual protection. In a lifetime many grow to be only a foot or two in height, while their annual rings are hardly a hundredth of an inch in diameter. The author used one of these trees that was four hundred years old for a staff; while he found a tree twelve feet in height that had lived for 1,182 years. As these trees part with their life and warmth in the campfire's flickering glow, is it

not easy to imagine they are telling us their age-long secrets?

Very early one season I ascended Long's Peak alone, finding much ice and snow, and delicate work on the final climb above the Narrows. Here the rocks were icy and the wind strong, threatening to sweep one instantly down the gulley and over the cliffs into Wild Basin. I can readily appreciate Mills's ascent of the peak one winter day when he literally crawled up to examine his air-metre in a gale that reached 170 miles an hour. He found the buffeting of the wind was like a journey through a dangerous rapid. Again and again he was picked up and hurled about by his invisible antagonist. In climbing the "Trough" he found it safest to lie with his head down the slope, while the terrific wind shot him up the steep incline feet foremost. Passing the unprotected "Narrows" in safety, he found the "Home Stretch" even more dangerous. The wind was so continuously strong that he trusted himself to its arms, and he was whirled up the precipitous gulley to the summit in the only way possible to have reached it. Unless one has encountered winds and storms at high altitude upon the mountains, it is possible to have but little idea of these conditions. Avalanches hundreds of thousands of tons in weight tear down the mountain sides, sweeping a pathway through the forest, and instantly killing the sheep and bears. For miles the flying mass of snow, trees, and boulders jumps the ravines, falls over cliffs, and comes at last to rest in some great canyon which it fills high with wreckage.

In summer, electrical storms of great intensity gather in the mountains. On the summits of the Rockies of Colorado and the high Sierras of Cali-

fornia, one's hair often stands upright and his fingers crackle, while the rocks sing with electricity. On a high peak of the Canadian Rockies which I had ascended, I awaited the arrival of other climbers. A severe blizzard with electrical conditions hid all from view; but, just as the leader reached the summit, he was struck down by a blinding flash of lightning. It traveled along the ice-axes of the party, instantly throwing them over.

Under ordinary circumstances Enos Mills has the keenest of eyes, but on one of his winter trips across the divide he lost his snow glasses when a spruce tree shed its snow upon him. At 12,000 feet his eyes were blinded by the dazzling snow and he was finally unable to see at all. It was many miles over the mountains to any habitation and he was without provisions. With staff, snow shoes, matches, a hatchet, and his senses keenly awake, he felt his way for hours down to timber-line. Here he stood upon the brink of a cliff with the chill of night upon him. He shouted and the echoes spoke of canyon walls. He felt of the trees and rocks for mosses and lichens to learn his direction. Finally the snow gave way and he fell to a ledge from which he escaped by climbing down a dead tree. Farther down the canyon he heard the roar of a great avalanche sweeping toward him. Unable to tell in what direction to move, he was thrown down by the force of its wind and smothered by its snow dust. In attempting to climb over its debris, he fell into the icy stream and narrowly escaped drowning. He was nearly frozen in searching for a missing snow shoe, but he providentially stumbled against the warm body of a mountain sheep that had been killed by the avalanche. Pressing on he was tortured all night long by the

pain in his eyes. With daylight the suffering became more acute, but he struggled along until evening, when he found an abandoned cabin. Here he made a fire and stayed until the following day. Although he was unable to see, he refused to become excited, and toward the end of the third day he found food and shelter with human beings.

The Adventures of a Nature Guide. By Enos A. Mills. Doubleday, Page and Co.

TWO GENIAL GENTLEMEN BEFORE US

By Tom Daly

THE scribbler of this sketch confesses to a constitutional weakness which makes it utterly impossible for him ever to become a perfect critic. He—or let's switch to the easier form and say we ourself—can never quite lose sight of an author's personality when we come to consider his published work. It is this self-knowledge which makes us sometimes doubt the justice of our estimate of Walt Whitman. Several times we have donned hip-boots and waded through the muck of "Leaves of Grass" looking for four-leaf clovers, but we've found mighty few. We have ended by deciding that Walt, as a poet, is a monumental false alarm. Yet we are conscious that this judgment may be biased by reason of the fact that we have had a "close-up" of the man, whom Lincoln is alleged to have admired (at a distance), and that we set him down as a vainglorious old blatherskite.

Conversely, we are, perhaps, one of the last men THE BOOKMAN should permit to undertake this present little task, if the result is expected to be an

unprejudiced appraisal of the two genial gentlemen before us. Take Christopher Morley to begin with; there's a fine Elizabethan monniker to conjure with, and the long given name is steadily dwindling, day by day, into the hearty bigness of the diminutive which he wears as jauntily and as rightfully as that earlier "Kit", of the similar sounding surname, with whom Will Shakespeare and Ben Jonson frequently hobnobbed within the walls of the Mermaid Tavern. What but good could we say of this wholesome "camerado"?

If you were a late bird lingering upon the lower slopes of Parnassus; or, to make the figure plainer, let us say, if you were an ancient minstrel doddering by the roadside and fumbling a tarnished harp, and to you suddenly should appear a fresh new singer, chubby but nimble, who, pausing in his eager journey to the heights above, should slip a friendly arm around you and urge you on and up, what would you be likely to say of that youth whenever an opportunity offered? Damn these senile tears! If you had any music left in you, you'd burst the last string of your harp in praise of him.

We fear, and at the same time hope, that we will never be able to find fault with anything to which Kit Morley is willing to sign his name. We can't imagine him capable of an unworthy piece of workmanship, though he almost succeeded in achieving that dubious distinction with "In the Sweet Dry and Dry". But we have nothing to do with that now. We have before us for discussion "Mince Pie". It is a wholly delectable dish. For architectonic toothsome-ness, plumpness of filling, variety of ingredients, and spiciness of seasoning, there never was another quite like it. The only raisin

seeds or bits of grit in it are a few annoying typographical errors, chargeable entirely to those graceless striking printers who all but kept it from reaching the Christmas table.

In this space it is impossible to discuss with proper gusto all the several savors of this rare treat. The thing is compact of humor, poetry, divine foolery, sound and true sentiment, and high thinking. It is the work of a man of wide reading and wider sympathies, who can write, and who is gifted not only with fancy but with imagination. He touches upon more than fifty subjects and he adorns all that he touches. These essays, sketches and poems were done—many of them—in the feverish press of daily journalism, much the same sort of thing that he is running now, each day, upon the editorial page of the New York "Evening Post". Yet they are literature.

We would not say that he doesn't strain occasionally, for he does—in one instance at least. Speaking of "Christmas Cards" he makes a plea "for an honest romanticism...that will express something of the entrancing color and circumstance that surround us today", and he asks us to believe that "a trolley car jammed with parcel-laden passengers is just as satisfying a spectacle as any stage coach". Nonsense! he knows better, and so do we. Kit Morley is built to fill a chair in a friendly inn, that throne of human felicity that old Dr. Johnson so loved; the rich, sweet spirit of the old romanticism permeates every page of his book. Why, else, was Walter Jack Duncan selected, to furnish the quaint, old-fashioned thumb-nail sketches which so becomingly ornament the delightful volume?

And, speaking of pictures, we come at once to the end of our tether and

to the name of this other man whom we confess ourself unable to criticize because of a personal prejudice. We know nothing of art "but we know what we like". Bruce Bairnsfather's sketches have always got to us strong. We believe them to be technically perfect, but if they're not we don't care. They suit us to a *t*. In his new book, "From Mud to Mufti", he gives us more glimpses of Old Bill and his pals, and the text he has written around them is mighty good stuff. We'd tell the world it was, even if it wasn't,

perhaps, for besides the work Bruce Bairnsfather has done with his pen and pencil, we honor him for the fine, cheerful spirit he showed and for the things he suffered when so many of us were taking our ease at home.

This may not be the sort of thing authors and artists like to have said of them when they have new books to the fore, but we can't help it.

Mince Pie. By Christopher Morley. George H. Doran Company.
From Mud to Mufti. By Bruce Bairnsfather. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN PRAISE OF NATURE FAKING

BY WALTER A. DYER

WHEN Rudyard Kipling invented a psychology for a ship and a locomotive, people differed as to the success of his imaginative venture; but no one, so far as I know, accused him of insincerity. Indeed, I have been told that sailors and engineers responded with gratitude because he had interpreted something that they loved. But when a man draws a little on his imagination in order to interpret the lives of animals, if he has the hardihood to impute to them motives and processes of thought that cannot be scientifically demonstrated, he is branded as a nature faker by the naturalists. Even Ernest Thompson Seton, whose story of a silver fox will long remain in my memory, has not gone unscathed, though as a rule he has watched his scientific step most assiduously.

Scientific accuracy, of course, must be revered; but when it comes to

literary criticism, I am inclined to think that the naturalists should give precedence to the sailors and the engineers—for what writer of fiction was ever held to strict accountability for the psychology with which he endowed his characters? His job is to write a convincing story. A lifetime spent in a laboratory of human psychology would probably never justify a d'Artagnan or a Pickwick. Human characters are permitted to be *sui generis*. But when an author essays to make his leading character a dog or a horse or a gnu or an ornithorhynchus, the shocked professors of natural history arise and call him faker. If they had their way they would burn most of our animal stories and so make our literature poorer to an incalculable degree. They would, no doubt, promptly put a spoke in the wheel of James Oliver Curwood, and

I for one am glad that they have not yet gained that privilege.

In "Nomads of the North" Mr. Curwood has written an entertaining, convincing, amusing, and sometimes thrilling tale, not lacking in vividness and beauty of style. The atmosphere of the great north wilderness pervades it. There is villainy in it, and high-hearted fighting, and touches of genuine tenderness. There is action, there is humor, there is sufficient plot, and there is a satisfying finish that fulfils all the artistic requirements. What more could the reader ask?

But Mr. Curwood is a nature faker. There are humans in his book, but they are chiefly for purposes of background. The protagonists of his wilderness drama are a cross-bred pup and a brown bear cub. They do things that no bear and no dog have ever been known to do in the records of the natural history societies. The scientists will tell you that it is contrary to nature for a bear and a dog to become pals and stick together through thick and thin far from the haunts of man. But that is what Miki and Neewa did. If they hadn't there would have been no story, and it's a good story. The scientist will gasp at many things in the book—that Miki, for instance, had a strange premonition of the fact that it was time for Neewa to awaken from his long winter sleep. Such things rather strain the credulity, but what healthy person has ever seriously objected to having his credulity strained since the news went forth that a whale had swallowed Jonah? Such is the province of fiction. The fact that Miki and Neewa did things that no other dog and bear have ever been recorded as doing is not enough, in my mind, to stamp the book as criminal. Sherlock Holmes did things beyond the

powers of any man of my personal acquaintance, and yet I have always believed in him.

Let it not be supposed that Mr. Curwood has essayed to write a story about creatures of which he knows little. His setting and his characters are notably authentic. He knows his animals as well as most novelists know men and women,—perhaps better,—and if he has chosen to turn their feet into somewhat unusual paths, that is no more than the novelists do, if they have any gift of imagination. To be consistent and convincing—that is the fiction-writer's job, however fanciful his characters or his theme. That Mr. Curwood has succeeded in this, that he has succeeded in arousing our fullest sympathy and interest in his four-footed heroes and their doings, that he has, in short, spun a good yarn out of it—a yarn which I shall not spoil by recapitulation—is surely a sufficient justification for any liberties he may have taken with the sacred findings of science. And the story leaves me, at least, with the feeling that Mr. Curwood may be as good a naturalist as any of them.

Go to it, friend Curwood, and give us some more. Let wise men puzzle their highly convoluted brains over the way of a serpent on a rock or an eagle in the air, and study their habits through thick lenses; it is for such as you to make living literature of them, and that is worth more to most of us. Let the naturalists rage and gnash their teeth; do you go blithely on your delightful way, nature faking whenever it suits your laudable purpose, so that you give us more stories as good as "Nomads of the North".

Major Charles G. D. Roberts is another nature faker of deepest dye. He

also is the more culpable in that he really knows something about wild animals. Him also have I known through the medium of his books ever since I spent happy hours with "The Heart of the Ancient Wood". With an unregenerate grin in the faces of the professors, a toast to Major Roberts.

Of his latest book, "Jim: the Story of a Backwoods Police Dog", I regret that I cannot write in words of highest praise. Remembering a hundred better tales of the folk of the wilderness, I must confess to a slight feeling of disappointment in this—a feeling that Major Roberts can make better fiction out of a lone panther than a domesticated dog. Jim, trained by Tug Blackstock to help him in his duties as deputy sheriff in a backwoods community, is a bit overworked in the effort to make him the hero of enough tales to fill a book. And, fortunately, they don't quite fill the book, for following the series of six stories of Jim come three that are rather more in the author's old-time vein—stories of an eagle, an army mule, and a skunk. Indeed, I am inclined to think that "The Mule" amply redeems the shortcomings of the Jim series, for here we get a genuine thrill, something of real feeling. This mule, transformed from a vicious brute by shell-shock, is not like other mules. He is an individual transcending his type. Nature faking again. But Major Roberts has woven a real story around him, a story of permanent merit. Again, it seems to me, the artistic result more than justifies scientific elasticity.

Albert Payson Terhune is such a prolific writer that I suppose it is my own fault that I have not before en-

countered him in the rôle of a nature faker. He is a very mild nature faker at that, for the stories in this book are all about thoroughbred dogs, and dog stories have been generally immune against the condemnation of the naturalists. These stories are all based on episodes and adventures in the life of Mr. Terhune's own collie. I have read better dog stories, and worse ones. These are good enough to strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of thousands of dog lovers. They are of uneven merit, and one cannot long remain unconscious of an exasperating habit on the part of the author to repeat phrases—a fault that would be overlooked in magazine publication but that might easily have been edited out of the book. On the whole, they are well written, spirited, and sincere. The nature faking crops out here and there in imputing extraordinary virtues and too human thought processes to the hero. And one hesitates to accept unquestioningly the "heart interest" injected in the form of a rather uncanine love affair between Lad and Lady. But the lover of dog stories will forgive it all, especially after enjoying the genuine thrill that resides in "The Killer".

None of these three authors has bluffed his way through half-mastered material. They all know the animals of which they write. And being, first of all, artists, they have sinned with their eyes open. If this be nature faking, make the most of it.

In the old days I used to associate

Nomads of the North. By James Oliver Curwood. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Jim: the Story of a Backwoods Police Dog. By Major Charles G. D. Roberts. The Macmillan Co.

Lad: a Dog. By Albert Payson Terhune. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Major Roberts's books with a unique and masterly type of illustration by Charles Livingston Bull. These illustrations were unquestionably a distinct addition to the stories. Some of Major Roberts's later books, including "Jim", have been offered without the embellishment of Mr. Bull's drawings, and I for one have missed them. But

Mr. Bull has furnished pictures for "Nomads of the North", and they're good. As a nature faker with brush and pencil, Mr. Bull can make the illustrations in the standard zoologies look like the line cuts in the Unabridged Dictionary. How he would have enjoyed doing Major Roberts's eagle!

LOSING A LIFE

BY FREDERICK HARRIS

SIR JAMES BARRIE and H. G. Wells are now cleared of the heavy charges made against them. It has been proved conclusively that they did not take a vacation together and spend the time writing "The Young Visitors" and "The Journal of a Disappointed Man". Barrie was able to produce the author herself; we have been permitted the sight of a portrait of Daisy Ashford as she now appears; and we hear with interest that, having made the discovery that she is or was a writer, she now proposes to undertake that deceptively simple-appearing task of editing a magazine. Mr. Wells has betrayed a very eloquent annoyance over his affair. And really he is justified. For if he had indeed written the "Journal", his introduction would have been an inexcusable piece of effrontery. His repeated denials were so slow in spreading over America that reviewers kept discovering internal evidence till a few weeks ago. Then came the complete information: Barbellion's real name was B. F. Cummings, and the general facts of his life are truly portrayed

in the "Journal"—the only variation from truth being in the date of his death. In a manner all its own, this book carried the witness of its integrity; there is nothing just like it anywhere else. If Mr. Wells had not committed the original indiscretion of writing an introduction, probably nobody would ever have thought of raising a question.

The book is of absorbing interest. Every few pages the reader meets a passage of the clearest insight, or the most pleasing humor, or of passing beauty. The descriptive passages hold the essential wonder before our eyes, and the little caricatures are complete with just a few lines. The account of the pile-driving episode is about as perfect as a piece of writing can be made. The casual criticisms of books and authors are stimulating to a high degree. And the woman in the case—though we have not seen her, we must love her.

But it is a pitiful tragedy. Tennyson said that the "flight of Hetty in 'Adam Bede' and Thackeray's gradual breaking down of Colonel Newcome,

were the two most pathetic things in modern prose fiction". But neither of these can match the pathos of a highly intelligent and sensitive young man, caught fast in the toils of enemies he cannot see or feel, sinking slowly toward the end. With a manly courage that commands our breathless admiration, he faces "the wild beasts" as they relentlessly close in around him.

Of course, to produce a really good diary a man must be a thoroughgoing egotist. Self-esteem must hold the whip over delicacy and be ready to lash back into the corner any insurgent sense of humor. And this is the one essential element: other considerations may heighten the effect, but they are adornments. There is the case of Samuel Pepys; he passes among notable people and participates in great events, but he sets it all down primarily because his supreme interest is in himself and his own goings forth and comings in. What a man he was—he who used to watch Charles II play tennis "must buttonhole posterity with the news that his periwig was once alive with nits". And another one, quite as great in his littleness—James Boswell: this man shadows Johnson day in, day out, and is willing to risk anything for an extra note or two in his daily jottings; but he works himself in even if he has to receive the negative end of a carefully-placed kick. These two were determined to shine even if only by reflected light; nature—blessed forever—graciously favored each one with "a place in the sun".

But nothing ever happened to the author of "The Journal of a Disappointed Man". He knew no great scholars, he met no restored kings on the rolling deep, he could not see the Great War when it came right upon

him. No distinguished names adorn his pages except those of authors whose books he has read. There is a lady—and a wonderful one, surely—but hear the lover's rhapsody: "If I am to admit the facts, they are that I eagerly anticipate love, look everywhere for it, long for it, am unhappy without it. She fascinates me—admitted. I could, if I would, surrender myself. Her affection makes me long to do it". These transports continue through the exciting period of courtship. And the poor baby girl—"Parental affection comes to me only in spasms, and if they hurt, they are soon over".

The egotism is triple-distilled: Barbellion plays all the parts—he is author, subject, and to a large extent the whole audience. All the interest lies within the limits of a keenly disappointed self. The title is strictly accurate; the persistent motif of the book is frustration. It is worked out through the whole gamut from peevish complaining to passionate protest.

Barbellion was a born naturalist. The earliest entries in the diary show that he could almost forget himself under the spell of the sunlight, wide stretches of sand, or a still pool. With no adequate direction and comparatively little encouragement, he worked away at his reading and his dissecting till his "naturalizing" actually attracted the attention of experts. In spite of the hard necessities of the life of a hack reporter, he kept at it till he finally secured a position in the British Natural History Museum. We are told by Mr. Wells that Barbellion's final achievements in the field of natural science were of no mean order. But, as we pass on through the years, the reader's disappointment begins to take definite shape. For it does not

appear that the author is worried primarily over his career as a naturalist. Though he defies ill-health and adversity, he issues his defiance not in the interest of the accomplishment of a "great work". A few months before his untimely death he does refer to his ill-success in science; but, though he must have known that the intermittent character of his attention to business would tie the hands of his superiors, his complaint is largely about his failure to secure preferment at the Museum.

Where then shall we look for his "disappointments"? The record is plain enough. The boy of fifteen asks: "What's the good of studying so hard? Where is it going to end? Will it lead anywhere?" Many passages betray an acute sensitiveness to lack of personal consideration, a pathetic desire for place and distinction. The man refers to his "vast capacities for envy". He groans inwardly over Gibbon's account of that complacent historian's own comfort, success, and prestige. He bewails his origin: "I started wrong from the very beginning. At the moment of my birth I was coming into the world at the wrong time in the wrong place." Physical distress elicits the plaint: "Instead of being Stevenson with tuberculosis, I've been only Jones with dyspepsia"; and the idea is so attractive that it is later elaborated into: "Everyone will concede that it must be a hard thing to be commonplace and vulgar even in misfortune, to discover that the tragedy of your own precious life has been dramatically bad, that your life even in its ruins is but a poor thing, and your miseries pathetic from their very insignificance; that you are only Jones with chronic indigestion rather than

Guy de Maupassant mad, or Coleridge with a great intellect being slowly dismantled by opium".

This is the temper and language of the "daydreamer". Those little flights of fancy that we call "daydreams" are the pleasantest and perhaps the least harmful of the recreations of early youth; but when they are carried over into manhood and nursed with care, each petty conceit becomes a poison spot in the soul. One suspects from the early entries that Barbellion must have been accused of being conceited by the time he was fifteen. That is of no particular significance because every normal boy ought to have a strong grain of self-esteem at that time. But you will find Barbellion becoming increasingly self-conscious in his relations with others. He records carefully what he considers to be his clever conversation: some of it measures up, but some of it is just smart. He strove to perfect himself in the most delicate of all arts by highly questionable means: "Rehearsed one joke, one witticism from Oscar Wilde, and one personal anecdote (the latter for the most part false), none of which came off, tho' I succeeded in carrying off a nonchalant or even jaunty bearing". As he moves about in a crowd he is uncomfortable because he thinks this man is trying to patronize him and the other to pry into his secret heart. He is constantly beset by anxiety to know what other people think of him. As a part of his campaign to achieve distinction he tried his hand at every variety of general literature, and unsuccessful contributions were sent to "every conceivable kind of journal from 'Punch' to 'The Hibbert Journal' ". Once an article of his in one of the quarterlies was noticed at considerable length in

"Public Opinion". This was a morsel of success but it turned bitter in his mouth; his wife and his brother, the two people in the world who loved him best, thought it wise not to get excited over the event.

There is hardly a man of us but has a passing dream that some day people will whisper his name as he passes. And usually our little visions have no relation to our daily work; the engineer sees himself as a superhuman baseball player, and the banker thinks of the great musician standing in a shower of bouquets. For some reason or other distinction in literature has a peculiar charm. There is nothing out of the ordinary in a first-rate naturalist having dreams of distinction as a literary man with a charming though eccentric personality. But Barbellion took his fancies seriously. He yearned more and more for the mere accidentals of success. He failed to grasp the idea that character, influence, and happiness cannot be sought directly but are the byproducts of sound living for sound ideals. Such ambitions as his are doomed to frustration.

These morbid habits of mind were surely stimulated by the triple curse of poverty, a monotonous job, and ill-health in supremely annoying forms. Then, hardly had his marriage been consummated when there fell on him the final sentence of death. He protests that he had expected it, but it was a tremendous shock just the same. On the other side, there seems to have been no effective influence working against the morbid tendency. The healing influence of nature was lost when he went to live in unattractive quarters in London. During the period immediately preceding his

marriage his future wife was herself suffering complete nervous prostration. The books that he read could not have helped him very much. He professed agnosticism and probably never dreamed that he might have learned much from the robust believers. The war came, too. Shut out the world for the moment and it is possible to feel the pathos in a young man being greatly inconvenienced by this clash of races.

This man was no fool. He saw it all—fifty passages could be quoted to prove this. He knew well enough that Stevenson went through with his own work in spite of tuberculosis and that Jones could do the same in spite of indigestion. But the evil spirit had possession and mere words were no effective exorcism. He probably convinced himself that if he were a literary man,—Guy de Maupassant, Coleridge, or Robert Louis,—he could write and write in spite of dyspepsia. In his fading life, therefore, the "Journal" must have been his one solace. He was not content merely to set it down. He edited it all and rewrote passages here and there. Parts of it he shared with a friend and he read practically all of it to his wife. It was cold enough comfort, perhaps, this odd chance of posthumous fame, but it was the only outlet for his pent-up ambitions. For exhibit he had to offer only himself. By the nature of his trade he was skilled in preparing specimens for study. So he has left us his own soul, its wings spread out and pinned down, prepared as carefully as his skilful and remorseless hand could do it, for what purpose—God alone knows.

The Journal of a Disappointed Man. By W. N. P. Barbellion. George H. Doran Company.

THE NEW EPICS

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

THE war is over, the making of histories is begun. And if there is one thing more striking than all others as the result of the great conflict through which we have just passed, it is the increase in the number of "serious" books, to which it and the social revolution which threatens us have given rise. Especially as to Germany. Hardly was the last gun fired on the western front when there began to appear from many pens, but particularly from those of Englishmen, books about Germany. The continuation of Sir A. W. Ward's monumental monograph on Germany between 1815 and 1890 plowed its slow, ponderous, irresistible way through the entanglements of its subject like a literary tank. J. Ellis Barker's "Modern Germany" achieved its sixth edition. Mr. Robertson's admirable biography of Bismarck has delighted a world of readers. The English translation of "J'Accuse" has developed into another history of the war under the title of "The Crime", and reinforced the Allied attack on Prussianism by a diversion in the rear which is extraordinarily interesting and effective. And now comes Mr. Dawson's "German Empire, 1867-1914", to "mop up".

In earlier days we read Bernhardt and Naumann and the imperial utterances with, let us say, a grain of salt. Then we realized, with shocked surprise, that they meant what they said. Now we can read such books as Mr.

Dawson's without that mental reservation which many felt before, that it might be a myth evolved in English minds. It now has a sense of great realities, this splendid, sordid saga of Prussia and her kings. Clear, readable, informed, intelligent, it is the best narrative of its subject in English or in any other tongue. And it has one other quality, so remarkable and so characteristic of the better English scholarship that it deserves notice as an intellectual phenomenon, by no means confined to contemporary English historians, but notable as well in present English fiction relating to the war. It is dispassionate.

That a people emerging from such a conflict with such losses and burdens as England has today, can, in these days when war is scarcely done, consider its bitterest enemies with such detachment, is proof—if proof were needed—of a greatness of spirit which all men may envy. For Mr. Dawson's book is not alone in this; and if it were, it would go far to prove the fundamental superiority of the English mind to detach itself from passion in a passionate age. With all of England's idealism—and that is no small thing—she proves by such books that, in a far deeper sense than that professed by the late school of German politics, she is, at bottom, a true realist.

And that is a great thing. No one can read the epic of Gallipoli as set down by Mr. Nevinson without a rec-

ognition of this fact. That expedition failed—and his absorbing narrative, which is not likely to be excelled as a story of that great adventure, tells us why and how. But it ends on a note of the same quality of realism, mingled with faith and courage which may hearten us all. Gallipoli, he says, “will always remain as a memorial, recording, it is true, the disastrous and tragic disabilities of our race, but, on the other hand, its versatility, its fortitude, and its happy though silent welcome to any free sacrifice involving great issues for mankind.” Beside it may well be set Mr. Trevelyan’s brilliant narrative of “Scenes from Italy’s War”, that striking series of pictures of Rome, of the Isonzo front, of the Italian offensives, of the disaster of Caporetto, the Rally, and the Final Victory, which, as he says, “may be added to the long list of the ‘decisive battles of the world’ ”.

Beside it, too, may well be set the chronicle of another tragedy, the virtual annihilation of the first British Expeditionary Force, the “contemptibles”, as told by their commander, Field Marshal Viscount French, in his extraordinary volume “1914”. This “*apologia pro vita sua*” is an amazing book, a record of blasted hopes, uncertain counsels, ill-concerted movements—and sheer dogged heroism—such as the literature of the war is not likely to produce again. It is too early to assess the German side—that will come soon, for we are now getting the material—but one thing emerges clearly from these books. It is a vast wonder that either side could win. And, as one reads, and reads again, and yet again, in the huge compilation of Mr. Halsey’s comprehensive “History of the World War”, another consideration forces itself upon our minds. It is the courage of these Eng-

lishmen, not only to admit, but to elaborate upon their own miscalculations and mistakes. And here, again, they are the realists. Will we have a like courage when it comes our turn to write of our exploits?

Yet, in a sense, these are dead, far-off things. Already they belong to the ages, for, as Dr. Holmes once said, “a calamity is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened”. Take Mr. Fletcher’s “The Problem of the Pacific”—a fascinating book; take Mr. Williams’s glorification of Lenin, “the surgeon” of politics—a most amazing and far from convincing performance; take Mr. Bevan’s “German Social Democracy during the War”,—a most illuminating narrative,—or Kellogg and Gleason’s “British Labor and the War”, which is a still more remarkable story; take, above all, Herr Erzberger’s complacent observations on the “League of Nations”—whose origin he, Teutonically, attributes to a Reichstag resolution of 1917—and the war seems almost a memory. So fast do we move in these convulsive times.

And what do we find? We find a

The German Empire, 1867-1914. By W. Harbutt Dawson. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co.

The Dardanelles Campaign. By H. W. Nevins. Henry Holt and Co.

Scenes from Italy’s War. By G. M. Trevelyan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

1914. By Field Marshal Viscount French. With a Preface by Marshal Foch. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Literary Digest History of the World War. Ten volumes. By F. W. Halsey. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

The Problem of the Pacific. By C. Brunson Fletcher. Henry Holt and Co.

Lenin. And the Impressions of Col. Raymond Robins and Arthur Ransome. By Albert Rhys Williams. Scott and Seltzer.

German Social Democracy During the War. By Edwyn Bevan. E. P. Dutton and Co.

British Labor and the War. By Paul U. Kellogg and Arthur Gleason. Boni and Live-right.

The League of Nations. By Mathias Erzberger. Trans. by Bernard Miall. Henry Holt and Co.

Prussianism and Pacificism. By Poultney Bigelow. G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

The Strategy of the Great War. By William L. McPherson. G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

National Governments and the World War. By Frederick A. Ogg and Charles A. Beard. The Macmillan Co.

world concerned with a complex of problems, so numerous, so various, that no man's mind can, for the moment, even sense them all. It is no wonder men read "serious" books; it is a serious world. They turn to the future from the past; and, until that future takes on a more substantial form, they will be the less concerned with the sad stories of the death of kings, and the collapse of states. Nations learn little save by experience—

and not much by that, for men's political memories are short, and they repeat from generation to generation the same old errors in the same old way. But publishers are helping us—we hope to their advantage, as to our own! And from them, as from their multitude of books we may derive at least one lesson, which we must take to heart. Like the English, with all of our idealism, we must be realists.

TWILIGHT

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

NO LONGER on the western field contends
The stricken sun, with leaguering clouds at bay,
And darkness like a silent rain descends
Upon the smouldering ruins of the day.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in January in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
2. The Strong Hours	<i>Maud Diver</i>	HOUGHTON
3. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Box with Broken Seals	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
5. River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
6. Sir Harry	<i>Archibald Marshall</i>	DODD, MEAD

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. Jeremy	<i>Hugh Walpole</i>	DORAN
4. Mare Nostrum	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
5. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
6. Mrs. Marden	<i>Robert Hichens</i>	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The Young Visitors	<i>Daisy Ashford</i>	DORAN
3. Mare Nostrum	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
4. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
5. The Great Hunger	<i>Johan Bojer</i>	MOFFAT
6. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
3. Mare Nostrum	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
4. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Moon and Sixpence	<i>W. Somerset Maugham</i>	DORAN
6. The Young Visitors	<i>Daisy Ashford</i>	DORAN

WESTERN STATES

1. The Young Visitors	<i>Daisy Ashford</i>	DORAN
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. Mrs. Marden	<i>Robert Hichens</i>	DORAN
4. Dangerous Days	<i>Mary Roberts Rinehart</i>	DORAN
5. Mare Nostrum	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
6. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
3. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
4. The Young Visitors	<i>Daisy Ashford</i>	DORAN
5. Mare Nostrum	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
6. River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
2. Theodore Roosevelt	<i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	HOUGHTON
3. A Labrador Doctor	<i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i>	HOUGHTON
4. Belgium	<i>Brand Whitlock</i>	APPLETON
5. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
6. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
3. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
4. Analyzing Character	<i>Katherine M. Blackford</i>	ALDEN
5. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
6. The Life of John Marshall	<i>Albert J. Beveridge</i>	HOUGHTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Theodore Roosevelt	<i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
3. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
4. Analyzing Character	<i>Katherine M. Blackford</i>	ALDEN
5. Contact with the Other World	<i>James H. Hyslop</i>	CENTURY
6. An American Idyll	<i>Cornelia S. Parker</i>	ATLANTIC

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
2. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
3. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
4. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
5. Theodore Roosevelt	<i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	HOUGHTON
6. Bolshevism	<i>John Spargo</i>	HARPER

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
3. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
4. Abraham Lincoln	<i>John Drinkwater</i>	HOUGHTON
5. Contact with the Other World	<i>James H. Hyslop</i>	CENTURY
6. Theodore Roosevelt	<i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	HOUGHTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
2. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
3. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
4. Theodore Roosevelt	<i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	HOUGHTON
5. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
6. Abraham Lincoln	<i>John Drinkwater</i>	HOUGHTON

THE GOSSIP SHOP

THERE is a man (we know him well) who is a poet—after a fashion. Brentano's bought six copies of his book. Put them in a pile on a table. The man used to go in day after day to count the copies in this pile to see if any had been sold. Day after day, week after week—still the same six copies always there. Then one day when the man went in he observed something queer looking about this pile. Counted the copies as usual. There were seven. Somebody, evidently, who had got a copy somewhere else, and finding he didn't want it, had slipped it onto the pile to get rid of it.

There is a woman (we know her well) who writes stories—after a fashion. She desired, for some reason or other (probably for use as material in her work), to gather a fairly complete collection of rejection slips. So she wrote a story, as bad a one as she could. And she started it off to the first magazine down on a long, long list of publications which she had made up. The third publication to which she sent this unfortunate story accepted it. Her work, poor child, was all for naught.

Modeling Vicente Blasco Ibáñez is described by the sculptor of a relief of the novelist, Leila Usher, in a letter which we have permission to print:

"Spending hours with Señor Ibáñez was like watching a movie. There was a steady stream of callers at his rooms in the hotel—men and women coming

in to beg him to autograph their 'Four Horsemen', to invite him to this or that function, to ask him every conceivable question. Oh, the strenuous life of a distinguished foreigner visiting our country!

"But still more like a motion picture was it to watch his face with its kaleidoscopic changes. Even if his French and Italian were at times too rapid for me to catch every word, even when he lapsed excitedly into Spanish to his interpreter, it was always plain enough what he was thinking and feeling. It was like close-ups on the screen and no titles were needed.

"Up and down the scale, his face expressed every emotion from amusement to cynicism, while Boston reporters propounded Boston questions, deep and subtle, about his new book, about the feminist movement in Spain—'it does not exist as in your America, our women are ambitious not for themselves, but for their men!'—and why didn't he write for the stage—'artificial and inferior to literature', came his prompt answer, 'that is the real art'—and was modern literary Spain dependent on Paris—'what? imagine! a country that produced Cervantes!'

"A most interesting person to study and to model, this tall man, big all over, with graying hair. His head piles up in front in a wonderful dome, with well-marked planes. He has the penetrating, seeing eye of a wizard; and whatever use he may intend to make of it, he knows what he sees.

Always he emanates vitality and power so that you are conscious of it.

"No photograph of recent years, since the shaving of his long beard, has pleased the Spanish novelist. But he seemed to like this portrait relief, done by an American woman, and gave it his hearty approval."

"I have seldom used tobacco to excess," says Henry Holt in the January-February number of "The Unpartizan Review". He continues: "I never smoked before I was six years old, and thence only at rare intervals until I was nearly eleven." Until "after seventeen" he smoked only in the vacations, though when he entered college, at about the end of that time, he found that in one vacation he was "running over twenty cigars a day". From that time until he was about sixty he "averaged perhaps four or five". And "about then I really did begin to smoke". Now he seldom smokes before dinner, but after dinner smokes all he wants to. He observes that he hasn't yet found any way to smoke while brushing his teeth. These confidences by the veteran publisher and editor of "The Unpartizan" appear in his paper entitled "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor" in that number of his magazine. Mr. Holt leads us to hope that the papers are to continue in succeeding issues. And the pages he has given us promise about the most attractive reminiscences of our time.

The Philadelphia Booksellers' Association four years ago requested the Board of Education of the Philadelphia Public Schools to add to the curriculum of the evening schools a course in book selling. Almost immediately the success of the course was demonstrated. One hundred and ten girls registered for the course, most

of whom were already booksellers, wishing to improve their efficiency. All of them were high school graduates or girls who were such "bookworms" that they were able to pass an entrance examination on books. Of this number, all afterward became successful saleswomen. Many of the students achieved good positions in the libraries of Philadelphia. Some became cataloguers for publishing firms or public and private libraries; others became the head librarians of camp libraries during the war.

Since its beginning the course has increased in popularity by leaps and bounds. Opportunity is given the class to hear practical talks from book buyers and salesmen, librarians, dealers in second-hand books, and from others in the trade. Recently Joseph Pennell addressed the students on "Better Typography in Books". Miss Bessie Graham is instructor.

Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, Jr., formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland, has entrusted to Professor Robert M. McElroy of Princeton the task of preparing the authorized "Life and Letters of President Cleveland". All of Mr. Cleveland's papers, personal as well as public, including the collection from the Library of Congress, the letters to Commodore Benedict, Mrs. Preston's own collection, and a vast assortment of letters from personal friends and political associates, have been placed in Professor McElroy's hands. He would, however, welcome contributions from readers who had correspondence with Mr. Cleveland, as Mr. Cleveland wrote most of his letters in longhand and kept no copies.

The public has long awaited the authorized life of President Cleveland, and Professor McElroy has already arranged for its publication by the

house of Harper and Brothers, New York. Certain especially interesting portions of the Life and Letters will appear serially in "Harper's Magazine" before publication in book form. In a letter which has just been received by Professor McElroy, Mrs. Preston declares:

My dear Dr. McElroy:

I am delighted to hear that you have arranged with Harper and Brothers for the publication of the authorized biography of Mr. Cleveland.

Your plan to use some of the material in Harper's Magazine before publishing the book seems to me very wise. Although you are writing a biography from original and hitherto unused sources, your aim, I know, is to reach the people as well as the special student of history, and I fully sympathize with that desire. Mr. Cleveland's heart was always with "the people"; his thought was always for "the people"; and it is to them that any true picture of his life will make the strongest appeal.

I have turned over to you all of his papers, without reservations and without conditions. I wish only a true picture of his life.

Very sincerely yours,

Frances F. Cleveland Preston.

Somebody who went into a well-known New York bookshop not long ago and asked for a copy of "After Thirty", by Julian Street, wrote F. P. A., conductor of "The Conning Tower" of the New York "Tribune", about it. He said: "'We sell a lot of her books,' the clerk remarked pleasantly, then added, 'She's one of the most popular authors.'"

Edward P. Dutton, who celebrated early in January his eighty-ninth birthday, is just entering upon his sixty-ninth year of publishing activity and is still in active control of the business of the publishing house which he founded and of which he is the president—E. P. Dutton and Company—going to his office in their establishment on Fifth Avenue, New York City, every working day. For the first time in his life, he consented

to be interviewed in celebration of that occasion and the New York "Times Book Review" published a long and interesting interview with him. It is one of Mr. Dutton's beliefs derived from his publishing experience that the public likes new things, enjoys being introduced to good authors hitherto unknown.

Meredith Nicholson, in a recent letter to the author of "Broome Street Straws", complains that in the essay in that book called "Hoosier Highlights" the author "encourages the idea" that he (Mr. Nicholson) is "a person of infinite leisure". Mr. Nicholson continues:

This is most unfortunate for my peace of mind. Nearly every one in Indiana has the idea that I have nothing on earth to do but write publicity stuff for charities and make speeches. Indeed this fallacy as to my infinite leisure seems to pervade the whole United States. As a result I have had to purchase an ediphone into which to dictate letters declining to do things of this kind. I have declined within the last year invitations to deliver orations in well nigh every state in the Union, including Texas, if that commonwealth is really a part of the United States. I know that you meant me no harm and you never lived around here long enough to know that there is an impression abroad that writing folk really do not belong to the laboring class.

In the latest number of "The London Mercury" to reach us, the new English magazine edited by J. C. Squire (called "the most influential man of letters in England"), "the editorial notes" are devoted to a survey of the literary productions, mainly in England, of the year just past. In its discussion of the novels of 1919 the magazine says: "The book which more than any other appeared to us to be notable, both for its workmanship and for its imaginative power, was Mr. Hergesheimer's 'Java Head'—and Mr. Hergesheimer is an American." In an article on the "books of the

month" in the same issue of this magazine there is, in a review of "Gold and Iron", this statement: "In Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer discriminating English readers found over a year ago an American novelist whom, alone of his generation, they were able to admire and to consider seriously."

The editorial pages of the magazine rate Masefield's "Reynard the Fox" as "certainly his finest book".

The following note appears in the "literary intelligence" department of this number of "The Mercury":

Mr. Chesterton will shortly start for the Holy Land. He intends to write a book about it. The book may, and probably will, be his best, for obvious reasons. It is commonly remarked even by those who think him one of the greatest natural geniuses and, at bottom, one of the wisest men of our time that he has never yet written the books of which he is capable. His best books, such as "The Ballad of the White Horse" and "A Short History of England", are, for all their fine qualities, too slight to give his powers full room for display. As a rule, though he cannot be accused of a lack of energy, he has seemed never to put into a whole book that last effort which is necessary if a work is to be completely satisfactory; he has bothered too little, content to waste his imaginative largesse on hastily-written romances and polemical articles. How good "The Flying Inn" might have been had a little more trouble been taken with it! In Palestine, away from politics and journalism, with a new and romantic landscape around him, in the home of our religion and on the fields of the Crusades, he may provide the last answer to those who do not see an artist in him.

We have heard from professional (and hurried) reviewers the dictum that "the reviewer who reads the book is lost". On the other hand, there are, it seems, some disadvantages about not looking at the book at all. Thus, in a clipping recently received by the publishers of Sax Rohmer's novel, "Dope" is referred to as an "extremely thrilling series of tales". An equally complimentary review from another newspaper refers to "The New Decameron" (which is a collection of tales by different authors) as a

"charming novel". And a southern critic writes of James Branch Cabell's new book, "The Face of the World", in the apparent belief that Johan Bojer is merely the pseudonym of the author of "Jurgen".

Mrs. Henry Mills Alden requests that anyone having letters of interest from Mr. Alden, for so many years editor of "Harper's Magazine", send them, or copies of them, to her in care of Harper and Brothers for use in the writing of his biography.

A London booklover writes:

"Both in the literary and social worlds of London the news that Mrs. Asquith is to receive £10,000 for her memoirs has created a great sensation. That sensation has been increased as regards the few who know the fact that this large sum is to be paid, not as might be supposed for the whole of her memoirs, but only for that portion of her recollections which end with the year 1901.

"Mrs. Asquith had, as most of us know, a very brilliant youth. Her father, a man of great wealth and high character, possessed a beautiful country place within a drive of Walter Scott's Abbotshire. This delightful house being called 'The Glen', Margot Tennant's father soon became known as 'the Monarch of the Glen', while the castle itself was christened by some wit 'Château Margot'.

"In the eighties and nineties of the last century 'The Glen' was the scene of many notable gatherings. In fact it is not too much to say that all famous men and women of England of that day were entertained there. No account as yet has been written of these gatherings, if we except the very charming and moving chapter in Alfred Lyttelton's 'Life' dealing with

his first marriage, for the first Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton was Laura Tennant, Mrs. Asquith's beloved sister.

"To English readers the portion of the memoirs dealing with the writer's youth will be full of interest, but I venture to think that to Americans the value of the work will greatly increase when they come to the chapters dealing with her life as a young married woman—as the wife, that is, of the brilliant statesman who was already Home Secretary at the time of their marriage.

"Mrs. Asquith has kept almost from childhood very full diaries, and no doubt she will draw copiously on these. She is also one of those people who keep almost all letters, and this again should be of great value to her. But it is a curious fact that in England the copyright of a letter remains with the person who has written it—not with its recipient. Thus the cautious writer of memoirs always obtains written permission before printing a scrap of anybody's handwriting. Certain people very rarely give such permission. Lord Rosebery, for instance, has a great dislike to his private letters being printed, and he is said to have once threatened a very famous lady with an injunction should she dare to print even an invitation to dinner from his pen."

"The most talked of book in literary circles is undoubtedly 'Legend', Clemence Dane's third novel. It is a brilliant piece of virtuosity, and as such is delightful to the author's fellow writers. As so often happens, however, the ordinary public are puzzled by the book, and one or two very clever people have asked me whether writers 'really talk like that?' The scheme of the book is very simple. A person bursts into a literary party with the

news that a famous woman writer is dead. There follows a discussion on her personality and on her work. From this discussion the reader is supposed to build up the woman as she really was. To my mind by far the finest passage in the volume is that which describes the woman's ghost appearing for a moment at the end of the evening, and being seen only by a man who really loved her, and by the looker-on who tells the story."

"Apropos of women writers who are still happily with us in the flesh, I am pleased to hear that the world is to receive yet another novel from Rhoda Broughton. Miss Broughton is spending the winter in London, and all Americans visiting this country who care for either literature, or society in its finer aspect, should try and obtain an introduction to the still vigorous and brilliant woman who wrote 'Cometh Up as a Flower', 'Goodbye Sweetheart, Goodbye', in what seems to some of us a lifetime ago. Almost every day in the week there take place in the delightful house where she is now living—a house beautified by the presence for many years of Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie—gatherings of noted men and women, a reconstitution in fact of what was known in old days as a salon. Many distinguished Englishwomen have tried of late years to run a salon—Rhoda Broughton alone, during the few months she is in London each year, effortlessly succeeds in doing so."

A venture new to New York City is found in the Children's Book Shop recently opened at 2 East 31st Street. A librarian is in charge who has specialized in children's literature. In addition to attempting to find the right book for the right child, the shop

purposes to be a center of study for anyone interested in children's reading the year round, and exhibits will be planned from time to time.

The article "An Editor's Morning Mail", which appeared anonymously in the January number of **THE BOOKMAN**, has brought to the office of the magazine so many letters in which it was assumed that the article was written by the Editor of **THE BOOKMAN** that it seems advisable to announce the authorship of the article. The paper was written by Charles Hanson Towne, who, perhaps it is quite unnecessary to say, has for a number of years been guiding the destinies of "McClure's Magazine". Because of the actual reminiscences in the article Mr. Towne preferred at the time of its publication that it be not signed. In order to relieve the Editor of **THE BOOKMAN** from the embarrassment of receiving basketfuls of undeserved compliments, he consents that we here publish his name in connection with his article.

Arnold Bennett and Frank Swinnerton, a recent letter from London tells us, left England arm in arm on January 20 for a trip to Portugal. It is probable that **THE BOOKMAN** will have an article from Mr. Swinnerton giving his literary adventure there.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice was in to see the Gossip Shop not long ago. He took from his pocket one of those huge diagrams of the various decks of an ocean liner that they have at steamship offices, and began to study it attentively. It was a plan of the good ship "Philadelphia", in which, it developed, he is soon to go to England for a stay of some considerable time. While there it is probable that he will

write another volume similar in design to his two books, "The New York of the Novelists" and "The Paris of the Novelists", to be called "The England of the Novelists".

The home of Mark Twain, at Hartford, Connecticut, where "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" were written, was recently sold to a Hartford real estate firm. Until not long ago the building had been used as a private school. Built by Mark Twain in 1870, up to the time of his death the big house was a magnet that drew to Hartford the great of the land among statesmen and writers. Here Mark Twain held forth in his billiard-room until all hours of the night, smoking, talking, and playing; and here he read the chapters of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn" to his wife and children, gathered around the fire-side at night.

Clement K. Shorter on his recent visit to America met with the proposal from a New York publishing house that he prepare for them editions de luxe of the works of Borrow and the Brontës. The sets are to be published similar in format to the American de luxe edition of Kipling's works. Mr. Shorter says in this work he will gratify the ambition of years. He says that his editing of these sets is under way. And he adds: "They will include much hitherto unpublished material, and still more which the authors printed that has never been collected. It was one of the ambitions of George Borrow's life to see his translations of Scandinavian Ballads in book form. This will now be done, and it is possible to revise his 'Bible in Spain' and 'Lavengro' from the original manuscripts in my possession."

Some time ago the publishers of Booth Tarkington's books announced, through circulars sent to the principals of high schools and by a small item in the newspapers, a contest for the best essay on "the meaning of 'Ramsey Milholland' ". The contest, which is open to students of high schools and preparatory schools, offers the distribution of one hundred dollars in prizes for the best essay under 2,000 words long. The judges are: Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale; Robert Cortes Holliday, Editor of *THE BOOKMAN*; Arthur Bartlett Maurice, critic, author, college mate of Tarkington, and former editor of *THE BOOKMAN*. The original idea was that the contest should close on February 12, Lincoln's Birthday, but owing to the widespread interest the closing date has been advanced to April 1. Therefore, if there is anyone who is interested in the contest and would like to have some of the circulars giving all the conditions, the editor of the Ramsey Milholland contest will be glad to forward them on application. Communications should be addressed: Editor, Ramsey Milholland Contest; Doubleday, Page and Company; Garden City, New York.

The chief feature of the annual meeting of the International Garden Club, held in New York, on January 14, 1920, was the lecture on the flowers and gardens of Shakespeare by Esther Singleton. This was a talk of about forty minutes, illustrated with lantern slides showing Tudor and Elizabethan gardens, some of the flowers mentioned by Shakespeare and the plant lore and legend for which he is so famous.

Miss Singleton is writing a series of articles for the "Journal" of the International Garden Club, a quar-

terly horticultural periodical quite in a class by itself in this country. These papers are on Shakespearian gardens and flowers, and deal with the poetic and legendary history of them, more than their culture. The International Garden Club, consisting of nearly six hundred members, is active in the horticultural world, and at its annual meeting a vigorous after-the-war program was proposed. Besides publishing the "Journal" the club maintains gardens and a club house at Bartow Mansion, Pelham Bay Park, New York City, and has leased "Nevis" at Irvington-on-Hudson for further development.

The Reverend Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, Episcopalian minister and one of the most prolific and versatile of contemporary authors, died January 24 of pneumonia at his home in Yonkers, New York.

Dr. Brady was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in 1861. His first ambition was for a naval career, but he gave up the idea soon after his graduation from Annapolis in 1883. For several years he worked for the Missouri Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads.

It was in 1898 that Dr. Brady first essayed to "supplement his clerical income" by writing, and from then during the ensuing twenty years he produced about forty books, including novels, boys' stories, biographies, and histories. Considering the high general average of these works, their quantity and variety, and the fact that the author was at the same time an active clergyman, this record has probably seldom been surpassed.

His first book was called "For Love of Country". Titles of other works, indicating their nature in most instances, were: "Stephen Decatur",

"Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West", "When Blades Are Out and Love's Afield", "Richard the Brazen", "Gethsemane and After" (a religious book which he regarded as his best), "The Island of Regeneration", "As the Sparks Fly Upward", "By the World Forgot", "When the Sun Stood Still".

Recently he had entered the moving picture field, composing scenarios and altering his novels for the screen.

The standard of the poetry which appeared in "The Bellman", the Minneapolis magazine which ended its career late last year, was so high as to win the commendation of the best critics. Year after year it was accorded flattering mention by Mr. Braithwaite, of the Boston "Transcript", in his annual review of American verse, and, during the period of its existence, "The Bellman" in this respect took rank among the leading American periodicals.

In response to request, and believing that many readers will desire to possess such a volume, The Bellman Company has published "The Bellman Book of Verse" which contains selections, carefully chosen according to the judgment of its editorial staff, of the best poetry which has been printed in its pages. The book is typographically in "The Bellman's" best form.

Burton Rascoe, literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune", recently wrote his friend the author of "Broome Street Straws" and "Peeps at People" that the reason he had not written him before for such a long time was that he had "failed to enjoy" these two new books by this writer. "No laughs, no point, no nothing," declared Mr. Rascoe; "why, oh why, did you ever pub-

lish them?" The Gossip Shop is deeply sorry to have its confidence in the judgment of the literary page of the Chicago "Tribune" destroyed in this way.

A good deal of attention has recently been given to Professor Einstein's theory of the relativity of space and time, which has been called as epoch-making a discovery as Newton's theory of gravitation; and many will therefore welcome Edwin E. Slosson's simple and popular account of this new conquest of science, "Easy Lessons in Einstein", which will be published this spring. Dr. Slosson has been for many years literary editor of "The Independent".

Donn Byrne, author of "The Strangers' Banquet", was early associated with the great literary revival in Ireland, of which Yeats and Synge were the central figures. In this country he became a member of a group of young writers many of whom have since become famous. "The Strangers' Banquet" is the story of Derrith Keogh who inherited a shipyard from her father, an Irish master of the seas. It is a first novel, though Mr. Byrne is already well known as a short-story writer. Mr. Byrne's full name, according to "Who's Who in America", is Bryan Oswald Donn Byrne. The same authority states that he is a "patron of sport and former international athlete". His specialty seems to be boxing and wrestling.

We reprint the following from the "Sun Dial" column, conducted by the celebrated Don Marquis, in the New York "Sun". And then we'll tell you something.

A great many persons, from time to time, have asked us what Benjamin De Casseres

looks like. We have never seen Mr. De Caseres; his contributions, always written on cream colored paper with violet ink, are brought to our office by one of his secretaries. But we find in the New York "Herald" of Sunday, January 4, this description of his physical appearance, which we are glad to make public:

"He is heavy set, very dark, has iron gray hair and a coal black goatee. He is a loud dresser...."

Mr. Christopher Morley, who will shortly make his New York debut as a column conductor on the "Evening Post", and concerning whose appearance we have also had many inquiries, is of a different physical type, more spirituelle and ethereal. Like Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday, the editor of *THE BOOKMAN*, Mr. Morley dresses with careful elegance, and like Mr. Holliday again, he does most of his writing while cruising about the open country in his limousine, having had a typewriter installed in the car. Mr. Morley ordinarily clicks off a column every forty miles; but it sometimes takes Mr. Holliday three or four days to write an issue of *THE BOOKMAN*, signing fictitious names to the articles. Once Mr. Holliday's car collided with Mr. Morley's car in New Jersey; they picked themselves up and the copy which they found strewn by the roadside, and returned to their respective offices, handing the copy to the printers. It was not until later that Mr. Morley discovered that he had written *THE BOOKMAN* for a certain month and Mr. Holliday found that he had composed the editorial page of the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger".

Very well. There is, then, no honor among thieves. Mr. Marquis has not hesitated to betray to the world the method by which in the sweat of our brow we get up *THE BOOKMAN*. Mr. Marquis's own "front", we have reason to know, has long been a matter of suspicion to many people. We have frequently been asked if he is the kind of a person he makes (or attempts to make) himself out to be in his column. He would have the public think that he is very robust. He affects a heartiness of mind, a large, free, carelessness of temperament. He thinks it is bright to appear to be a roarer among men. It makes us laugh. Mr. Marquis is decidedly small in stature. He is pale. Wears spectacles. Has a squeaky voice. Wears overshoes when the weather is the slightest damp. He

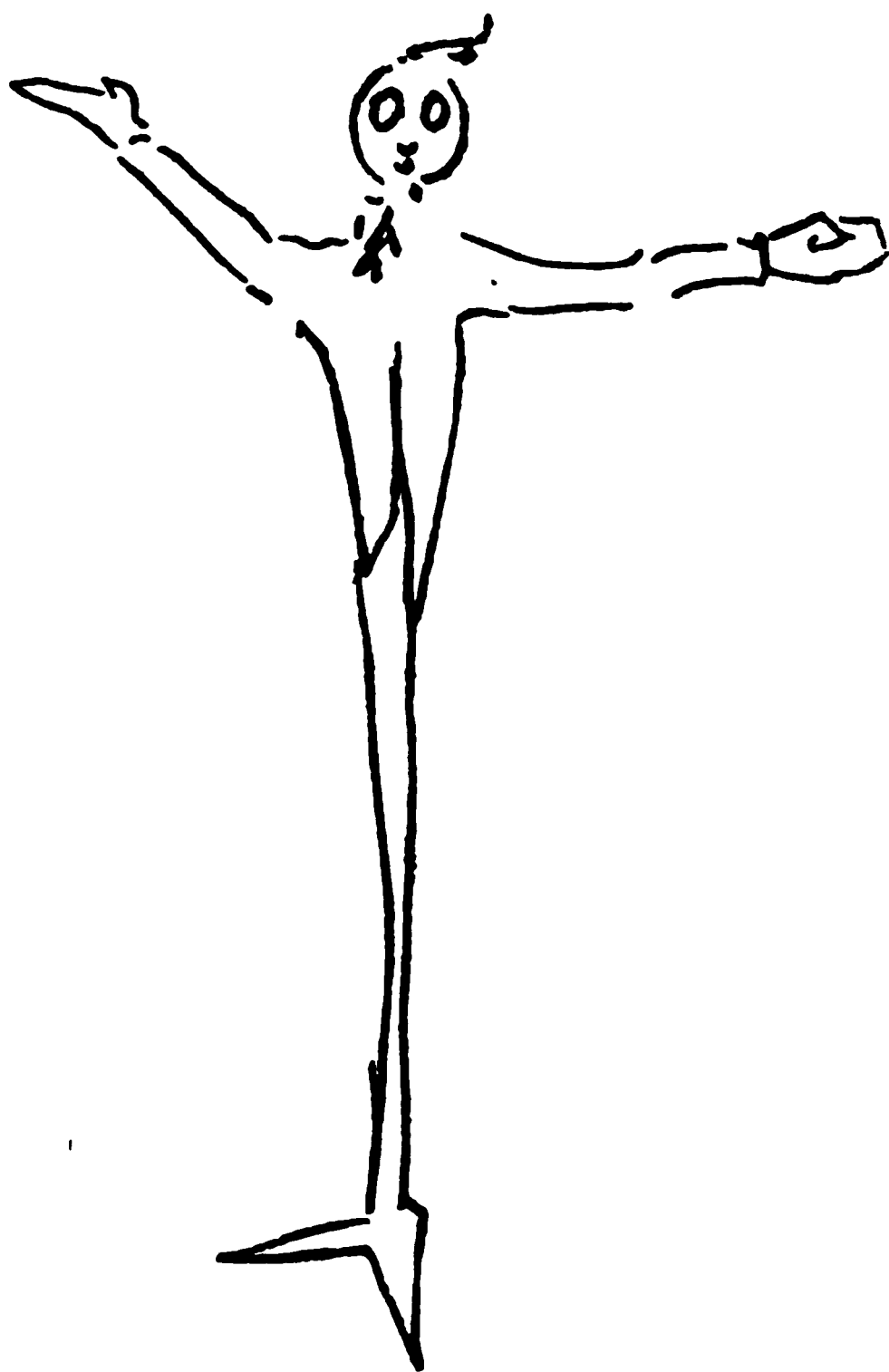
talks (in his column) about kelly pool, stud poker, booze. Heaven help us! We have known Mr. Marquis since he was that high. Oh! well, let it go; doubtless he doesn't fool anybody.

The J. B. Pond Lyceum Bureau, New York, announces that it has broadened the scope of its activities to include the placing of manuscripts for authors, both in this country and abroad. This new service will be known as The J. B. Pond Bureau Literary Department and will be conducted on the same standards that have been maintained since the founding of the Lyceum Bureau by Major Pond in 1873. The Literary Department will be under the direct management of Edward Frank Allen, an editor and author of experience. Exceptional facilities, it is said, will be provided for handling publication rights for the British Empire through the Pond Bureau's affiliation with Christy and Moore, Ltd., of London, the literary department of The Lecture Agency, Ltd.

Oliver M. Sayler, author of the recently published book "The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution", is the dramatic critic of the Indianapolis "News". His book on the Russian Theatre was written after visiting Moscow and Petrograd during the Bolshevik revolution. Mr. Sayler is also the author of "Russia White or Red" published late last year, and has contributed a number of articles to *THE BOOKMAN*.

The recent death of Mrs. A. J. Cassatt recalls her possession of two little-known paintings by Whistler, said to be masterpieces. Reproductions of these paintings will appear in the new, sixth edition of Pennell's

"Life of James McNeill Whistler", which will be brought out this year. One of these is a portrait of Mrs. Cassatt; and the fact of Whistler's authorship, assures for her a place in the gallery of great paintings.



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.
DRAWN BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Announcement is made of a new magazine, "The Psychical Review". It will be edited by Hereward Carrington, long well known as a writer and lecturer in the field of psychical research. The new publication, it is said, will have as contributors a number of men and women of international repute. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, the publishers, will

be glad to send a specimen copy of the first issue to any interested reader upon request.

Thomas Walsh, a contributor to THE BOOKMAN, whose new book of verse, "Don Folquet and Other Poems", was recently published, lately returned from Lithuania. He has been making official investigations of conditions there, under the auspices of the National Catholic War Council. Mr. Walsh reported to the Gossip Shop that there is no butter in Lithuania.

Said the author of "This Giddy Globe" to the author of "Broome Street Straws" and "Peeps at People": "You brag about publishing two books in one day, one in the forenoon and one shortly after lunch. Now it has been three days since I read those books, and you haven't brought out anything new for me to read."

In a review in an English newspaper of James Lane Allen's book "The Emblems of Fidelity", we find the author referred to as Mr. Lane Allen. We suppose, of course, he would be over there. It's that Mr. Surrey Sussex kind of thing. But in our simple, democratic way, we have always called him just Mr. Allen ourselves.

A reader of THE BOOKMAN declares that Mr. Chesterton in his new book "Irish Impressions" does gross injustice to the Shelbourne's stout. He says: "Now he could say whatever he wished to about the stuff they serve in Grafton Street, but as for the Shelbourne's—well, let us see that justice is done and the matter set right before the world."

THE BOOKMAN



April, 1920

A JESTER WITH GENIUS

Arthur Symonds

HAS NEW ENGLAND AN ART SENSE?

Helen W. Henderson

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THE BOOKMAN



A JESTER WITH GENIUS

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

OSCAR WILDE was a prodigious entertainer. The whole pageant of his pages is decorative, and passes swiftly; blood streams harmlessly across stages where a sphinx sits, with and without a secret, repeating clanging verse and mysterious prose, and where Sicilian shepherds and young girls on English lawns pass and return, and everywhere paradox-puppets turn somersaults like agile acrobats to the sound of a faint music which sometimes rises to a wild clamor. Verse and prose are spoken by carefully directed marionettes; songs, dialogues, and dramas are presented, with changing scenery and bewildering lights. At times the showman comes before the curtain, and, cutting a caper, argues, expostulates, and calls the attention of the audience to the perfection of the mechanism by which his effects are produced, and his own skill in the handling of the wires. Scene follows scene, without rest or interval, until suddenly the lights go out, and the play is over.

Such an artificial world Wilde cre-

ated, and it is only now beginning to settle down into any sort of known order. In Germany he is the writer of "Salome", in France a poet and critic, in England the writer of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" or perhaps of "De Profundis". Nowhere is there any agreement as to the question of relative merit; in fact, nowhere is there any due acknowledgment of what that merit really is. There is, indeed, so much variety in Wilde's work, he has made so many experiments in so many directions, that it is only now that we can trace the curious movement, forward and backward, of a mind never fully certain of its direction. It was a long time before Wilde discovered that he was above all a wit, and that it was through the medium of the comic stage that he could best express his essential talent. His desire was to write tragedies, above all romantic tragedies in verse. His failure in the attempt was hopeless, because he had got hold of the wrong material and the wrong manner.

Wilde's last attempt at romantic

drama is, if not successful, filled with a strange fascination, not easy to define. "Salome", which in Germany is regarded as great work, is difficult for us to dissociate from Beardsley's illustrations, in which what is icily perverse in the dialogue (it cannot be designated drama) becomes in the ironical designs pictorial, a series of poses. On the stage these poses are less decorative than on the page, though they have an effect of their own, not fine, but languid, and horrible, and frozen. To Wilde passion was a thing to talk about with elaborate and colored words. Salome is a doll, as many have imagined her, soulless, set in motion by some pitiless destiny, personified momentarily by her mother; Herod is a nodding mandarin in a Chinese grotesque. So "The Sphinx" offers no subtlety, no heat of an Egyptian desert, no thrill in anything but the words and cadences; the poem, like "Salome", is a sort of celebration of dark rites.

Wilde was not in the highest sense a poet, though his verse has occasionally a technical singularity, as in "The Sphinx", which can delude the mind through the ears to listen, when the lines are read out, to a flow of loud and bright words which are as meaningless as the monotonous eastern music of drum and gong is to the western ear.

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol" is written in that ballad stanza of six lines which Hood used for "The Dream of Eugene Aram"; and the accident of two poems about a murderer having been written in the same metre has suggested comparisons which are only interesting by way of contrast. "Eugene Aram" is a purely romantic poem: "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" aims at a realistic poem. It may more properly be compared with Henley's

"In Hospital", where a personal experience, and personally observed surroundings, are put into verse as directly, and with as much precise detail, as possible. Taken merely as sensation recorded, this poem is as convincing, holds you as tightly, as Henley's; and it has, in places, touches at least as finely imaginative; this, for instance:

We have little care of prison fare,
For what chills and kills outright
Is that every stone one lifts by day
Becomes one's heart by night.

But, unlike Henley's, it has not found a new form for the record of these sensations, so new to poetry; it has not entirely escaped "poetic diction" in its language, and it has accepted what has now become the artificial structure of the ballad, without making any particular effort to use the special advantages of that structure. But then this is just because a romantic artist is working on realistic material; and the curious interest of the poem comes from the struggle between form and utterance, between personal and dramatic feeling, between a genuine human emotion and a style formed on other lines, and startled at finding itself used for such new purposes.

We see a great spectacular intellect, to which, at last, pity and terror have come in their own person, and no longer as puppets in a play. In its sight, human life has always been something acted on the stage; a comedy in which it is the wise man's part to sit aside and laugh, but in which he may also disdainfully take part, as in a carnival, under any mask. The unbiased, scornful intellect, to which human life has never been a burden, comes to be unable to sit aside and laugh, and it has worn and looked behind many masks that

there is nothing left desirable in illusion. Having seen, as the artist sees, further than morality, but with so partial an eyesight as to have overlooked it on the way, it has come at length to discover morality, in the only way left possible for itself. And, like most of those who, having "thought themselves weary", have made the adventure of putting thought into action, it has had to discover it sorrowfully, at its own incalculable expense. And now, having so newly become acquainted with what is pitiful, and what seems most unjust, in the arrangement of mortal affairs, it has gone, not unnaturally, to an extreme, and taken, on the one hand, humanitarianism, on the other realism, at more than their just valuation in matters of art. It is that old instinct of the intellect; the necessity to carry things to their furthest point of development, to be more logical than either life or art—two very wayward and illogical things, in which conclusions do not always follow from premises.

This poem, then, is partly a plea on behalf of prison reform; and, so far as it is written with that aim, it is not art. It is also to some extent an endeavor to do in poetry what can only be done in prose; and thus such intensely impressive touches as the quicklime which the prisoners see on the boots of the warders who have been digging the hanged man's grave, the "gardener's gloves" of the hangman, and his "little bag", are, strictly speaking, fine prose, not poetry. But, it must not be forgotten, all these things go to the making of a piece of work, in which, beyond its purely literary quality, there is a real value of a personal kind—the value of almost raw fact, the value of the document. And here too begins to come in, in an

odd, twisted way, the literary quality. For the poem is not really a ballad at all, but a sombre, angry, interrupted reverie; and it is the sub-current of meditation, it is the asides which count—not the story, as a story, of the drunken soldier who was hanged for killing a woman. The real drama is the drama of that one of "the souls in pain" who tramps round the prison-yard, to whom the hanging of a man meant most:

For he who lives more lives than one,
More deaths than one must die.

It is because they are seen through his at once grieved and self-pitying consciousness that all those sorry details become significant:

We tore the tarry rope to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails;
We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails;
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails.

And the glimmerings of romance which come into these pages, like the flowers which may not grow out of the dead man's body as he lies under the asphalt of the prison-yard, are significant because they show us the persistence with which temperament will assert itself:

It is sweet to dance to violins
When Love and Life are fair;
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes,
Is delicate and rare;
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!

Beauty, one sees, claiming its own in a story meant to be so sordid, so veracious, so prosaically close to fact; and having, indeed, so many of the qualities at which it aims.

And there is also something else in the poem: a central idea, half, but not more than half, a paradox:

And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,

The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

This symbol of the obscure deaths of the heart, the unseen violence upon souls, the martyrdom of hope, trust and all the more helpless among the virtues, is what gives its unity, in a certain philosophic purpose, to a poem not otherwise quite homogeneous. Ideas were never what the writer of the poem was lacking in; but an idea so simple and so human, developed out of circumstances so actual, so close to the earth, is singularly novel. And whatever we may think of the positive value of this very powerful piece of writing, there can be no doubt as to its relative value in a career which might be at a turning-point.

Literature, to be of the finest quality, must come from the heart as well as the head, must be emotionally human as well as a brilliant thinking about human problems. And for this writer such a return or so startling a first acquaintance with real things, was precisely what was required to bring into relation, both with life and art, an extraordinary talent, so little in relation with matters of common experience, so fantastically alone in a region of intellectual abstractions.

In an enumeration of his gifts ("the gods have given me almost everything"), Wilde said with confidence: "Whatever I touched I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty." His expression of what he conceived by beauty is developed from many models, and has no new ideas in it; one can trace it, almost verbally, to Pater, Flaubert, Gautier, Baudelaire, and other writers from whom he drew sustenance. Throughout a large part of his work he is seen deliberately imitating the effects that these and other writers have achieved before him. All through the "Intentions" there is a

far-off echo of Pater; in "Salome" melodrama is mixed with recollections of "Pelléas et Mélisande" and of "La Tentation de Saint Antoine". "The Picture of Dorian Gray" owes much, I think, to the work of Huysmans. Of the writers named, all but the last had their own sense of beauty, their own imaginative world where they were at home, and could speak its language naturally. Wilde's style is constantly changing, as made things do when one alters them, and it is only at intervals that it ceases to be artificial, imitative, or pretentious.

From the first, one of Wilde's limitations had been his egoism, his self-absorption, his self-admiration. This is one of the qualities which have marred the delightful genius of the Irish nation, and it can be traced in the three other Irishmen who may be said to have formed, with Wilde, a group apart in the literature of our time. It is not needful to name them: one is a dramatist, one a novelist, one a poet. All have remarkable qualities, each a completely different individuality, and the desire of each is, as Wilde admits, to "make people wonder". In each there is something not human, which is either the cause or the outcome of an ambition too continually conscious of itself. The great man is indifferent to his greatness; it is an accident if he is so much as conscious of it.

Wilde wrote much that was true, new, and valuable about art and the artist. But in everything that he wrote, he wrote from the outside. He said nothing which had not been said before him, or which was not the mere wilful contrary of what had been said before him. In his devotion to beauty he seemed to have given up the whole world, and yet what was most tragic in the tragedy was that he had never

recognized the true face of beauty. He followed beauty, and beauty fled from him, for his devotion was that of the lover proud of many conquests. He was eager to proclaim the conquest, and too hasty to distinguish between beauty and beauty's handmaid. His praise of beauty is always a boast, never an homage. When he attempted to create beauty in words he described beautiful things.

"Intentions" is the most amusing book of criticism in England; it has nothing to say that has not been proved or disproved already, but never was such boyish disrespect for ideas, such gaiety of paradox. Its flaw is that it tries to be Paterish and pagan and Renaissance and Greek, and to be clothed in Tyrian robes, and to tread "with tired feet the purple white-starred fields of asphodel". But it is possible to forget the serious, exasperating pages in a lazy delight in so much pleasant wit. "Utterance" is the Irishman's need of talk and invariable talent for it; that is there, scattering itself casually like fireworks, but on its way to become a steady illumination.

Wilde's last and greatest discovery was when, about the year 1891, the idea came to him that the abounding wit which he had kept till then chiefly for the entertainment of his friends, could be turned quite naturally into a new kind of play. Sheridan was the best model at hand to learn from, and there were qualities of stage speech and action in which he could surpass him. Then might not Alfred de Musset show him some of the secrets of fine comedy? He had, to start with, a wit that was typically Irish in its promptness and spontaneity. His only rival in talk was Whistler, whose wit was unpleasantly bitter. The word sprang from Wilde's lips, some un-

sought nonsense, a flying paradox; Whistler's was a sharper shaft, but it flew less readily. And now this inventiveness of speech found itself at home in the creation of a form of play which, in "Lady Windermere's Fan", begins by being seriously and tragically comic, and ends in "The Importance of Being Earnest", which is a sort of sublime farce meaningless and delightful.

"De Profundis" (1897), the only document that really gives any explanation of Wilde's extraordinary behavior, has never been published in full. It was written in the form of a letter and was, of course, addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas. There is a passage referring to the death of his mother, which in the published English text reads thus: "No one knew how deeply I loved and honoured her. Her death was terrible to me; but I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame." Here the "lord of language" may already seem a trifle self-conscious, but in the original manuscript the sentence continues: "Never even in the most perfect days of my development as an artist, could I have had words fit to bear so august a burden, or to move with sufficient stateliness of music through the purple pageant of my incommunicable woe."

Perhaps the most revealing passage in the whole book is a passage omitted in the English version:

I have said that to speak the truth is a painful thing. To be forced to tell lies is much worse. I remember as I was sitting in the dock on the occasion of my last trial, listening to Lockwood's appalling denunciations of me—like a thing out of Tacitus, like a passage in Dante, like one of Savonarola's indictments of the Popes at Rome—and being sickened with horror at what I heard: suddenly it occurred to me, "How splendid it would be, if I was saying all this about myself!" I saw then at once that what is said of a man is nothing, the point is, who says it. A man's very highest

moment is, I have no doubt at all, when he kneels in the dust and beats his breast, and tells all the sins of his life.

In that passage, which speaks straight, and has a fine eloquence in its simplicity, I seem to see the whole man summed up, and the secret of his life revealed. One sees that to him everything was drama, all the rest of the world and himself as well; himself indeed always at once the protagonist and the lonely king watching the play in the theatre emptied for his

pleasure. After reading this passage one can understand that to him sin was a crisis in a play, and punishment another crisis, and that he was thinking all the time of the fifth act and the bow at the fall of the curtain. For he was to be the writer of the play as well as the actor and the spectator. "I treated art", he says, "as the supreme reality, and life as a mere mode of fiction." A mode of drama, he should have said.

BOOKS ON LONESOME TRAIL

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

TODAY, as in the days of Dumas or Balzac, you see them lingering along the little book-stalls on the *quais* of Paris, turning over pages of books old or new, reading undisturbed under the shade of the plane trees—reading books they are too poor to buy. Soldiers in faded uniforms, students in miraculous hats, little midinettes who cling to the arm of soldier or student and read too—read books they cannot afford to buy.

Of course a book is sold from these stalls now and then, else how would the sellers live? But on the whole the *quais* along the left bank are an open-air library, free to all who choose to stop and take up a volume. Plenty of books, but many readers without much money. It is like those anecdotes we read of in Pepys or Johnson, when impecunious young men, wishing to read and not being able to buy, would haunt the little bookshops assiduously, and

perched on a ladder or a stool go through one work after another, while the owner of the shop looked on indulgently enough, or struck up an uncommercial friendship with the youngster.

Most of us Americans know so little about America that we would feel surprise if told that here too the problem of getting the reader and the book together is a difficult one. Books are not expensive, and most people who want to read can easily afford to get what they want. Then there are the libraries, established throughout the country and eager to serve the book-lacking and book-wanting public. Certainly there is no one who wants to read and knows how to read who is deprived of reading here in these United States.

So we think, in our towns and cities, in our thriving rural communities with their pretty library buildings,

our villages where the librarian is the most popular young woman of the place. But we think wrong. There are thousands of people in our country who cannot get anything to read—probably there are hundreds of thousands—and yet who want to read.

Ponder this appeal, which comes from a camp in the state of Washington:

Will you please inform me where I can find out how to get library and reading-room facilities for small towns, rural communities, and mining and logging camps? It is certain that there is a wonderful opportunity to promote good citizenship in hundreds of communities remote from cities where there is no entertainment and nothing to read. Glacier is a mining and logging community. After work the men congregate in a desolate pool-room or just sit on the sidewalk....

For those men, it is a world without books. Hard to realize. No books, no magazines, for there is no one to start subscribing. You have to be trained to read, and the training is the having of books, the seeing books about, the comments of others who are reading. There is nothing of all this in Glacier.

Here is another letter written by an ex-soldier who had come into contact with books while in France, and who wants the American Library Association to help him and his pals:

A number of us are marooned in a small mining town (Dlles, Wyoming) with the nearest library three hundred miles away. Have you any system of sending books through the mail? A kind of correspondence library card? If so will you kindly advise me of the terms under which books will be sent?

We would be interested in good fiction by such writers as Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton-Porter, Jack London, O. Henry, and Mark Twain. Also classics such as Dickens, Poe, Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Balzac, etc.

Also we would like to take up some educational work in history, sociology, economics, botany, geology and kindred sciences, and technical works covering a myriad of subjects....

Think of having all those desires and being three hundred miles from any book—even one by Mr. Wright!

Many of the letters that come to the A. L. A. asking for reading matter are badly misspelled. None the less, each represents a prospective reader—a man who, like the readers along the *quais* and in the old bookshops, pursues his desire under difficulties. Here is a brief cry for help:

“Gentlemen:—Will you please send me one of them learning books if you still have them.”

This came from a small place in Pennsylvania. From Texas we have a more definite demand:

I wish to borrow three or more books from your Library if you have them on hand namerly Auto repair text book in arithmetic Bookeeping typewriting as I am one of the number that served overseas and I would like to have your best surport if possiable I wants to fit my self for higher Ideal in life, will you help me to?

The war world suddenly revealed the library, the book as a possible possession and source of interest and education to thousands upon thousands of men who had never conceived of it from a personal point of view before that time. And also it revealed these would-be readers in lost places to the library. And with that vision was born a new library ideal.

This new ideal is very human. It is the latest development of the library which began many years ago as a repository of books to which certain privileged persons should have access. It was intensely formal, the association between library and reader in that day. The reader was supposed to know what he wanted, and he signed registers and went through various formulas before he was allowed to get it. That was his only personal contact, the only man-to-man touch in the transaction.

Then came the circulating libraries, reaching out into the homes, and the reading-rooms open to all, with assistants to advise and help. Next the chil-

dren's rooms, and the story hours. But still, it was the people who came to the library, which waited to be called upon.

And now comes the final step in the progress of getting books and readers together.

The library goes forth to find the reader. It hunts him out at the end of many a lonesome trail, finds him in remote and desolate spots, appeals to him through his wish to improve his chances in life, to learn more about his job, and goes on with the work until it has made a true reader of him.

Far into the southern mountains, where the feudists still arrange disputes without recourse to the law, goes the Book Wagon. At first it found the men absent from home—they had no use for strangers—and the women timid and suspicious. But it continued its trips, going twice a year. The children were friendly, and the traveling librarian was what is called a good mixer. She gradually won over the women, and her visits became events. The books were taken eagerly, those who could not read learning from those who could. On one of these routes a single young woman showed some response. Now every door is ready to open, and the husband of the young woman, once an illiterate, has learned to read and delights in the outdoor books of such writers as Zane Grey, Ralph Connor, Dr. Grenfell, Jack London and others. He has found a new world, and so have his neighbors. None of these mountain folk would have had books, none would ever have found his way to a library. But the library found its way to him.

From Wolfpit, Pike County, Kentucky, a woman writes:

"I am working in the interest of child welfare here in this mining

camp. Many of these homes 'ain't got nary a book'. A library would be a wonderful advantage in this community."

It is through devoted workers in many of these tiny places, far from railroads and towns, that the first appeal comes. A young woman missionary "high up on the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina", writes to ask if a few hundred books from the camp libraries now passing out of commission might be diverted to her community:

We have a small library of about three hundred books which are in great demand—many coming for miles over the mountains to get books and magazines. There is no fee charged and I do not require a very strict time limit, as it is not always easy to get them back and I do not want to put the slightest obstacle in the way of their having the greatest possible circulation. We are greatly isolated here, especially during the long and very cold winters, so that reading matter and social gatherings are helpful.

Here is a picture of how the library functions in Multnomah County, Oregon:

The work of bringing the library's resources to the rural population of the county has been done not by printed advertisements in the newspapers, nor by the making of formal addresses, but by going out into the highways and greeting the people along the roads, learning their names, listening to their reports of crops and stock, and telling in friendly fashion of the books the library is so glad to supply. This getting acquainted leads the people to write to the librarian or come fearlessly to her office anytime to consult the books.

The use which the public makes of a library once it has been taught that the library wants to serve it, is shown by the quantities of letters that come from all sorts of people and all sorts of places to the librarian who has charge of the rural work in Wisconsin. One man writes asking for books on raising and marketing ducks, and wants a list of agricultural books. From a woman comes this request:

"Will you please send any material that might be of use in preparing a paper on the subject 'Woman in the Financial World'?"

Another woman wants a play "with a good story or theme". She adds that there are about thirty people in the "social centre" and that the play would "have to include all". One wonders what the librarian chose. Simpler is the plea to send "two herb books of the different kinds of herbs and their medicinal value", and there are countless requests for garden, fruit, and stock books.

To us, trying to make time to read the latest book by Wells or Maugham or Ibáñez or Booth Tarkington or Willa Sibert Cather, the mere thought of no books at all is untenable. We can't hold it. We, who rarely have a long evening free to read in, find it difficult to realize an unending series of long evenings where there is nothing to read. Books for the Bookless. That is the new job ahead of our public libraries, and to fulfil it they must ride the long trails and make camp in many a lonely valley or small prairie town or mountain fastness. They followed our soldiers overseas, into hospitals, aboard ships. But the former soldier is now the citizen. He is us. He is no longer a soldier, and he needs books as much or more than ever. He is asking for them from all the inaccessible places on our great

continent, he and his womenfolk and his children. And the books are finding their way to him.

The A. L. A. is no longer a collection of books on shelves. It has been finding out for some time it is a human thing, and that its relation with the public is that of friend to friend. Like the old bookseller in the London shops of generations back, it has begun to hobnob with those who cannot buy books and who have no way to get them save through it. Soldier and student, they look to it for the volumes that will amuse or assist them, as the students and the soldiers haunt the stalls on the crowded *quais* of Paris. Books are friendly things, and those who live with them and handle them are friendly too. Where a man cannot buy, they let him turn the pages and read as he wishes. Where he cannot get to the source and lay his hand on the book he wants, they go forth and take it to him.

The habit of reading is catching. One child getting a book through the children's service often makes readers of the whole family. One family reading books awakens the desire in the rest of the community. The men sitting on the curb and waiting for night and bed "with nary a book" are a long way from us. But the book will find them, for the book is off on the lonesome trail, where of all places in the world it is most needed.

HAS NEW ENGLAND AN ART SENSE?

BY HELEN W. HENDERSON

NEW ENGLAND'S reaction to art. At first, offhand, one might be tempted to dismiss hastily and not without irritation the whole idea as unsubstantial and visionary—on the old grounds that art and the Puritan temperament are incompatible; that art in the New England island was strangled at its birth; that upon the hard, granite soil and within the flinty, Puritan heart art found no foothold, derived no nourishment, and so languished upon an inhospitable threshold.

There is a certain amount of truth, of course, in this exaggerated statement—as much truth, I suppose, as might be found in the history of the founding of any new country. Founders can deal only with elementary things; their work is in clearing ground, fixing boundaries, mapping out settlements, laying foundations, establishing government. We have hardly yet had time for any spontaneous, native art to germinate in this new soil.

It is not, then, surprising that the obvious facts and achievements of New England's art reaction date well within the memory of men still in their prime. Before the reclamation of the Back Bay, for instance,—when Boston town hung suspended, like a pear, from the slender stem of land which connected it with the town of

Roxbury,—that vigorous artist, Robert Vonnoh, remembers vividly learning to swim in the "Baby Pond" in the Fenway, where now stands Mrs. Jack Gardner's imported Italian villa, within sight and sound of the big, forbidding structure on Huntington Avenue, now known as the Museum of Fine Arts.

The bleak mausoleum itself, even considered in its first form as the Venetian palace, which in the centennial year burst forth upon Copley Square, was not definitely projected until the year 1870; while Trinity Church, the Library, the Art Club, the Paint and Clay Club, and the Saint Botolph Club are still more recent developments of the city's artistic consciousness.

The museum, in this like most or all American art museums as to its locality, never in the least reflected anything of Boston or New England—nothing, at least, beyond the few local portraits and the superb collection of Copleys. The museum was merely a storage warehouse "for the preservation and exhibition of works of art", so reads the official booklet. And, after all, I have never much blamed the Bostonians for their lack of real, live interest in their museum—it seems, with all its gorgeousness, especially in the matter of Oriental supremacy, too singularly unrelated to

their lives to stir real, live interest.

I recall with wicked pleasure, as more typical than any true native would admit, the attitude of a woman of whom a friend and I once asked the way in Boston. Passing through the city upon sketching trips to the coast, our first thought always as conscientious art students was to make for the museum. It had been easy enough to find in the old days when it formed the logical feature of Copley Square; but car lines in Boston are puzzling to the stranger, and finding ourselves there soon after the removal of the museum to its new location on Huntington Avenue, we were obliged to ask our way.

One of those pleasant Boston women of the provincial class detailed the directions with characteristic exactness, and then, warming to her theme, threw in the mention of a few of the salient points of the great repository of art, with particular reference to the avoidance of pay days—urging upon us the prudence of deferring our visit until the Saturday or Sunday when admission would be free. "I guess it's the finest museum in the country," said she, and she knew her subject. "They have lots of pictures and statues by the great artists; they have Stuart's best portrait of Washington, they have the best Copleys in the country, they have fine foreign collections from China and Japan, and all over the world—but", confidentially, "it ain't wuth a quarter."

And, from her point of view—the point of view of the big, preponderant mass of intellectual bourgeoisie of New England, I think she was entirely right. It "ain't wuth a quarter" to a person like her, simply because with all its magnificence, and it is magnificent, there is almost nothing in these vast halls that belongs there, nothing

that relates to the New England island, nothing to stir the sense of kinship, except, as I have said, the handful of historic portraits and the collection of the native painter, Copley.

One cannot look at Stuart's portrait of Mayor Josiah Quincy—and it's a glorious Stuart—without getting a thrill. It must strike a sympathetic chord in the breast of every Bostonian, for it simply ties together in one delicious document the personality of the genial mayor, his service to Boston (in reclaiming the land upon which that fat, substantial, granite temple—the Quincy Market—stands as a monument to his energy), and a very graceful and beautiful example of the art of a contemporary, resident painter. Mayor Quincy holds the plans of the reclaimed quarter under his hand, upon the table before him, while behind him is a suggestion of the Quincy Market; and Stuart saw him as one of the builders of Boston. The canvas is exquisitely painted; its color is equal to any of Stuart's earlier portraits.

To me an infinitely more interesting museum, because intimately associated with the founders and woven into the lives and history of the people, is the Peabody Museum, at Salem. This museum founded by the sea captains of Salem who had been to the Cape of Good Hope or made the voyage to the Indies, was the first conscious effort on the part of the New Englanders to bring foreign works of art before the home-folks. Its collections have personality and interest because they represent the personal choice of Salem's merchants and bring us in touch with the bizarre contrasts of their lives; just as in the latter part of the eighteenth century they brought home to the stationary population of

Salem some flavor of what the captains and merchants, piling up wealth in their transactions in the Orient, saw, admired and coveted during the long absences in foreign ports.

What more thrilling room in any museum may be found than the Marine Room of the Peabody Museum, where contemporary portraits of the captains look across to contemporary portraits of the ships which they commanded, while between are ranged the picturesque spoils of their adventurous voyages?

As for any true development or original outcropping of art in New England, we find it first and in its richest state in Salem. It was here that shipwrights turned the perfection of their skill upon the designing and ornamentation of beautiful homes, developing an architecture comparable, within its limited scope, to the great movement of the day in England, under the brothers Adam. It was here that was developed that sporadic genius, Samuel McIntire, who rivals Rush as the first American-born sculptor—a man whose genius the world has hardly as yet recognized.

The history of art in New England is like the history of art in any country—it was stifled during the years of struggle and poverty, it blossomed in the train of affluence and leisure. As soon as the sea captains had made their piles, their thoughts inevitably turned upon the embellishment of their homes. They brought back what they could carry from the old world—sometimes even entire houses to be set up, as the Winslow house in Plymouth; sometimes rolls of hand-made wall-paper from Alsace—lots of it is still to be seen in Salem and in Newburyport; sometimes furniture, mirrors made to order in France to fit

over mantels designed here by the wood-carvers that the decline of ship building had left to work upon the captains' homes; and always they brought clocks, bronzes, chandeliers, curios of all sorts, to stand upon the "what-nots" in the corners of the drawing-rooms.

The desire for an expression of the beautiful in the home, spread from Salem up and down the New England coast; Newburyport, Portsmouth, Newport, and many minor towns still show how true to something homogeneous and honest ran the artistic taste of the men whose fortunes were made in trade with foreign countries.

The flower of the whole movement was Bulfinch—as has been said, our first and last native architect. His few original, unspoiled rooms in the original part of the State House in Boston, designed by himself, show more of New England's reaction to art than the whole of the artificial museum or the exotics which fringe the border of Copley Square. Bulfinch made a little Boston of his own; and though only a few fragments of his work have escaped demolition, the beauty of those fragments is enough to prove his genius. The fact that the architect himself was a native of Boston, born at the northern base of Beacon Hill, upon his grandfather's estate,—now Bowdoin Square, the site opposite the Revere House,—gives the related touch that makes the whole fabric of his work.

The pleasure I had in the architectural mass of the Massachusetts General Hospital,—somewhat altered from the Bulfinch design but still a glorious building,—the joy I felt in wandering about the Bulfinch rooms in the State House, it seemed to me I had almost to myself. During a year spent on Beacon Hill I took many Bostonians to

see these works of genius—to all of them it was a first visit. It seemed to me perfectly monstrous that no splendid photographs of these rooms had been made, that I was refused on all sides the privilege of making records of the details. Should the building be destroyed by fire, nothing so far as I could discover, except a book of tiny snap-shots made by an official in the State House employ, would remain to show what Bulfinch did for this building.

All the riches that have poured into the making of the library the splendid monument it is, that have swept the Museum of Fine Arts in a half century to its present prodigious importance in various extraneous fields, do not compensate for the neglect of this adorable relic of the fruition of Bulfinch's mature period. I visited them—the old Senate Chamber with its perfect ceiling in caissons, the opulent lotus bloom spread abundantly as the unit of design; the old Representatives' Hall, where the Sacred Cod used to hang, its elaborate circular ceiling unsurpassed by anything of its style—many times. I found them always wrapt in solitary silence, immaculate, impeccable, but totally disregarded.

Through Newport, Rhode Island, came many art influences into New England. Not far from this city, in the Narraganset country, was born Gilbert Stuart, with Copley (born in Boston) our most famous portrait painter. The Redwood Library contains several priceless gems of his most youthful period. Into Newport came also from an English port, Dean Berkeley bringing Smibert, the Scottish portrait painter, and Peter Harrison, the English architect. What McIntire did for Salem and Bulfinch did for Boston, Peter Harrison accom-

plished for Newport. His architectural style was less individual than either of the Americans. His Redwood Library at Newport is strictly classic, and his King's Chapel in Boston follows the same general style, though being built of rough, unhewn boulders and never having received the terminating grace of its intended steeple; it has an oddity which passes for character, and its handsome interior atones for much.

Smibert, too, built the first Faneuil Hall, remodeled by Bulfinch after the painter's design. Newport's library contains many of the finest of his paintings. The wealth of the town and its strategic importance at the time of the Revolution, made Newport a centre of luxury and fashion in the old days, and its artistic reaction was in proportion to its importance. In the mere matter of grave-stones—in the cemetery surrounding Trinity, that most beautiful of New England churches—New England's sensitiveness to beauty and grace of design may be judged. And when it comes to grave-stones, not counting what have been lost through carelessness,—for many choice ones were taken from the Burial Hill at Plymouth, especially, and used to cover drains and cess-pools,—a most delightful gallery of them might be imagined, might indeed some day be made a feature of some archæological museum. There are stones at Plymouth and Salem, in the old Charter Street burying-ground, that would make an exhibition of "modern" sculpture look extremely weak and foolish.

After Copley outgrew Boston and went to seek his fortune in England, where he became a famous portrait painter of the eighteenth century school; after Stuart's vogue declined and he died in poverty and was buried

in the Potter's Field, on the Common; after Bulfinch and his ideals in architecture had passed away, there was a long blank period in the art life of New England. This blank period lasted so long that when Dr. William Rimmer, William Morris Hunt, and George Fuller appeared upon the scene about the middle of the nineteenth century as the three dominant features in the founding of anything approaching a modern movement in art in New England, they sprang from no old roots, revived no spirit of what had gone before; but they were to struggle against prejudice and in an atmosphere totally indifferent to their aims and achievements.

It is curious that both Rimmer and Hunt found their most fruitful field of influence among women students, of which both artists had a great many. Dr. Rimmer was both physician and sculptor; his classes in artistic anatomy, at the Lowell Institute, were well attended—became, in fact, the rage. That he leaned strongly to the classic may be seen in everything he did—in his statue of Alexander Hamilton, at the head of the Garden on Commonwealth Avenue; in his head of St. Stephen, cut in granite; and in the "Gladiator", "concealed" in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

If Dr. Rimmer opened the minds of those with whom he came in contact, to art, it was for William Morris Hunt to bring that gayer side of their profession into the lives of the people. Hunt, traveling and studying abroad, found Millet at Barbizon, and discovered the great French painter to Boston and to America. Hunt was Millet's pupil and friend, and it was through his interest and enthusiasm that Quincy Shaw became possessed of the fine collection of Millet's works lately presented to the Museum.

Trueman H. Bartlett, who is the only old, intimate friend of Hunt's now living, writes of him as "now about forgotten". It seemed so to me, indeed, when attending the thronged opening of the Quincy Shaw Collection in the winter of 1918, I ventured to inquire of the museum guards the directions for finding the Hunt Room, which I had once seen in the building. It was wartime and winter, but upon application an attendant was furnished to run me up in the disused lift to the little sanctuary where the Hunt Collection is installed. Evidently nobody ever goes there. The place was dusty and in disorder, pictures had been removed leaving blank spaces, and my pleasure was harried by the heavy breathing of the bored attendant who waited for me in the anteroom. There is no stairway by which this room can be reached, so that one is entirely dependent upon the lift.

I could see also that the polite management looked upon me as a sort of old-fashioned crank when I asked to be shown Rimmer's "Gladiator"; and while I was not refused my odd request, it was made plain that so much lumber would have to be moved before I could gain access to it in its basement retirement, that I had pity and gave it up.

It is rather a nice question where to draw the line between civic pride and reaction to art. I feel pretty sure that a genuine reaction to art would give more prominence to Hunt, Rimmer, and Fuller as the three dominant factors in the beginnings of modern art in New England; and I realize that a just appreciation of what is indigenous will go further in the long run than the present madness for Japanese and Chinese exploitation.

Yet civic pride has led Boston miles ahead of Philadelphia, for instance,

whose Academy of Fine Arts antedates the Boston Museum by more than half a century. That intensely Bostonese wish to have the best, to be the best, especially upon the intellectual plane, has given Bostonians a magnificent public library with its important decorations; and accounts for the phenomenal growth and development of the museum through the action of its patrons. Trustees, directors, citizens in general have all come forward handsomely; and their attitude with respect to foundations, gifts, bequests, and annual support has been wholly admirable. No support from the city or state has ever been received, the only gift from a public source being the plot of ground on Copley Square, occupied by the first building.

Boston had been slow to awaken to the need for a museum. In 1859 the Jarves Collection of Italian primitives, now in New Haven, had been offered as a nucleus for a public museum of art in Boston, but the city failed to grasp the opportunity and the project was abandoned. It was not until ten years later—when the Boston Athenæum had received a bequest of armor with funds for its installation, when the Social Science Association had conceived the idea of a public collection of plaster reproductions of

sculpture, when Harvard College sought an opportunity to make its collections of engravings accessible to the public, and the collection of architectural casts belonging to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had outgrown its quarters—that the need for a museum became acute. These organizations, backed by other interested parties, applied for a charter.

The building grew in sections. In 1871 sufficient funds were subscribed to build the first wing; and the collections of the museum, both gifts and loans, which for four years had been shown in two rooms at the Athenæum, were installed. Popular subscriptions furnished the funds with which by 1888 the building on Copley Square was finished. The enlarged building, which one remembers as an unmistakable art museum, with all its florid accessories, was opened in 1890; but within nine years it had already become evident that much more space would soon be needed, and the property on the Fenway, where the new museum now stands, had been purchased.

If the Boston Museum of Fine Arts may be taken to express New England's reaction to art, then that reaction has been sufficient to justify the best ambitions of civic pride.

THE CONTRIBUTOR WHO CALLS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I HAVE long noted it as a curious fact that the contributor who makes it his business to call upon editors—with his manuscripts surrounding him so that often he is himself almost hidden—seldom has anything worth while to offer. I suppose the psychology is that the man who bothers you with repeated visits is lacking in that refinement of taste so necessary in the real creative artist. People of imagination let you alone—whether you happen to be an editor or just a friend. (Sometimes, miraculously, you may be both!)

Looking back over fifteen years or so of editorial work, I marvel at the small percentage of material found through the process of its being brought by hand to one's sanctum. Of course I do not refer to the call made by appointment. Practically every magazine article nowadays is talked over and gone over, from every point of view, many times before it gets into shape for the printer. Necessarily, therefore, certain contributors are frequently at one's door. I am writing of that casual guest whose main occupation in life, when he is not working assiduously at uninspired stories or poems, is to waste other people's time. A genius is generally a modest soul. I picture Chatterton as unspeakably afraid of editors and publishers—and even of their under-

lings; and we all know how Francis Thompson ran away from any contact with those of his craft, and slept under London Bridge. The poet starving in a garret may not be so imaginary a figure as we suppose, even in our own age. It is because we editors fear to lose the one flower out of so many weeds that call, that we try to see everyone who knocks upon the door.

I confess that visitors interest me. There is a certain magic, a mystery, in the card the office-boy brings in, on which is printed, written or engraved a name I have never heard before. Somebody has taken the pains to look me up; and there is always an element of fun in trying to hitch a name up with a face—before you have seen the face. Will "Margaret Sheraton Brown" be short or tall, dark or fair? And will "Montague Melville" live up to his romantic name?

I remember a caller once who wrote on a slip of paper, "Miss Barbara Bodley, Philadelphia", and I expected to see a funny little wisp of a person trip in. Instead, there was ushered to my desk a very stately dark woman of about forty-five, dressed in sombre black, with soulful eyes and a heavy bang—not at all the type my mind had conjured up. The first bit of information she gave me, very solemnly, was that she lived in a cellar. Why, I have

never discovered. She wrote, it seems, under terrific pressure in this dark place, and seemed to think I would be greatly interested in the fact that she always indited her poems standing. (Of course she was a poetess. She would descend to cellars, but never to prose.) A Philadelphia cellar! Often have I pondered on the strange case of Miss Barbara Bodley in her subterranean den, and wondered if she is still living or has been transported to a higher plane through the painful inroads of rheumatism.

Then there was Miss Angelica Watts Murphy, of Virginia—of one of the oldest families, she was quick to tell me. She blew in on a golden day, her purple plumes waving from a white straw hat—a lady of some sixty summers, I should say, powdered too much, wrinkled too much—yes, and rouged too much. Her bodice—how can I ever forget it? It was of Scotch plaid, and down the centre rolled, as on a bellboy's uniform, a row of brass buttons, the central design of which was an anchor when it was not a passion-flower. Her skirt was of black and white stripes, and from beneath it peeped two dainty feet encased in what had once been white kid shoes. On one arm she carried an enormous green bag, such as they still take about with them in Boston, I believe; and from it protruded innumerable manuscripts—oh, there must have been dozens of them—so many that my tired editorial heart sank at the prospect.

Miss Murphy was a chatty individual—the kind that snuggled toward you on the publisher's lounge in the anteroom, and told you, in the first five minutes of your meeting, the most personal things about her family: how her brother Geoffrey was a gentleman if ever there was one, but he drank,

and his young wife had to leave him; and how an aunt on her father's side had once taken some kind of drug but had providentially been cured through Christian Science. There were other family skeletons which I have mercifully forgotten; and then, suddenly, came the business talk. Were we needing poetry? She hoped Theodosia Garrison hadn't a monopoly on the magazine market—it was all beautiful stuff, she was kind enough to say; but then there were many other rising young poets who deserved a hearing. She began rummaging in her green bag, as she talked, remembering that there was one particular set of verses which I simply *must* see—a poem from the writer's heart. If ever a poem came out of a poet's heart, this was it. All the time I was trying to get in a cautionary word to the effect that I made it an invariable rule never to read manuscripts in the presence of the author—particularly poetry. "But it's so short!" Miss Murphy cried. "It won't take you but a few minutes, and.... Dear me!" poking her mittened hand still further into the voluminous bag, "it isn't here!"

I was beginning to praise God for this special deliverance, when she turned abruptly on me and shouted, as though I were deaf, "But don't worry! I know it by heart!" And before I could stop her, and with people passing and repassing in that little anteroom, she proceeded to recite a poem of at least seventeen stanzas, each one ending with the sad refrain, "Mah love lies buried in the dust!"

Cold type cannot give that rich Southern accent, or the melancholy tone of that line, as the middle-aged poetess rushed breathlessly on. I began to feel terribly sorry for her. Evidently it had been a most tragic

affair. I was so embarrassed that I could not look Miss Murphy in the eye. This self-revelation of a passion long since dead yet so fresh in her memory, laid away in lavender and rosemary, touched me beyond words—I literally mean this. Suddenly I found myself counting the brass buttons on her plaid bodice—one, two, three, four, I murmured to myself, as one might count sheep going over a fence when one is wakeful at night: anything to forget the stern reality of that face before me. And the plaid in that waist—how shall I ever forget it? It is as vivid to me now as Miss Murphy's love affair was to her then. I can see it as plainly as an invalid remembers the design on the frieze of his sick-room wall months after he has recovered. The squares were not even—and I recall how that annoyed, yet interested me; and there was a tiny ink stain on one of the lighter squares, as though in the haste of composition Miss Murphy had forgotten her pen-wiper and made sudden use of her bodice.

"Don't you think that's wonderful?" I heard a voice saying, in quite another key, after the last "Mah love lies buried in the dust" had faded into nothingness.

"Beautiful," I replied, weakly; "but the fact is—"

"Oh, don' you tell me *you're* goin' to reject mah little flower too!" she exclaimed; and there were real tears in her voice.

So someone else had heard that poem, and someone else had had the courage and cold-bloodedness to decline it! I never have found out who my fellow sufferer was. If he reads this and remembers Miss Murphy—who could ever forget her?—won't he let me know, and relieve my anxious mind? Besides, I would like to shake

hands with him on the experience.

There was also a quaint little man who owned a farm somewhere up along the Hudson. He used to stay on this farm about eleven months of the year, digging potatoes, milking cows, and writing verses in the evenings. He had been told once that he resembled Tennyson; and I think he purposely allowed his hair to grow as the bard of England liked to wear his; and he always wore a black cape and carried a thick cane. His hat was large and soft, his eyes the gentlest I have ever known; and one month each year, regularly, he would run down to New York and make a pilgrimage to various editorial doors, leaving the product of the previous months on your desk. He was sure to ask for a decision soon, as he would be going back to the farm almost immediately. Could he call again for your reply? He didn't know which modest hotel he could afford to stop at, and it would be far more convenient, and save him much postage, if he could drop around again. It was difficult to resist this little man; moreover, I am happy to say that many of his poems possessed genuine merit, and from time to time I bought dozens of them; and he would go away beaming. Once he told me that on a certain trip he had raked in as much as one hundred and eighty dollars on his verses—no untidy sum; and I shall never forget his smile as he broke the news to me. How little it takes to make some folks happy!

A caller I have always disliked is the type of woman who brings you a yarn with the statement that it is based on fact—a cousin's ghost story, or a great uncle's experience in Alaska, it is sure to be; and when you explain that it may be true to fact, but not true to fiction, she glares uncom-

prehendingly at you, leaves the office in high dudgeon, and declares behind your back that all editors are born fools and she can write better than Edna Ferber and Booth Tarkington rolled into one, and she doesn't understand how half the stories one sees in the magazines get published anyhow—the authors must have a pull or something, and full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

Another is the creature who asks you, out of the kindness of your heart, to offer a frank criticism on her manuscript; her feelings won't be hurt in the least, if you tell the brutal truth. And when, in a mad moment, you do, she flares up and her eyes pierce you like daggers, and you feel like the worm you are beneath her feet. She informs you that you never did know anything about lit-

erature, and that if *her* story isn't a good one, then nobody can write; and she wishes she had money enough to buy out a periodical and edit it as it should be edited. *She'd* show the world!

So they come and go, these tragic and comic figures, like forms on a lantern-slide; only, they are terribly real, and some of them break one's heart. When you are an editor, you think that every other person in the world is trying to become an author; but if you walk along the Rialto some morning, you decide that most people want to go on the stage. The crowded professions! Yet there is always that niche at the top waiting for someone with real talent. But your casual caller will never believe that. That's why he will always be—just a casual caller.

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUDGE

BY ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

AERICAN politicians as a class are not addicted to scholarship. Even in those branches of learning in which we must assume that they are interested—political science, jurisprudence, history, economics—few of them have made noteworthy contributions. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Wilson are exceptions, but the list at longest is short. A comparison of it with one that could be drawn up of England's scholarly politicians would not prove gratifying to our national pride. It is, therefore, all the more

pleasant to an American to greet the publication of an historical work of merit by an American politician—"The Life of John Marshall" by former Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

The last two volumes of this biography, which have recently been published, are in form of publication a continuation of the first two volumes which appeared in 1916. They may, however, properly be read and discussed as a whole and not as a fragment. They possess unity, for they cover the entire period of Marshall's

tenure of the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and their central theme is the contribution which his judicial opinions made to the development of American nationality. Seldom if ever will a reader of these concluding volumes find himself embarrassed because he is not acquainted with the first instalment of the work.

It should be said at once that Mr. Beveridge gives us what is by all odds the best historical account to be had of Marshall's great judicial opinions. His point of view throughout is that of the historian rather than that of the legal commentator. In consequence he pays little attention to legal analysis and citation of precedents, and much to the political and social setting of the opinions and the purposes which the judge desired to accomplish.

A lengthy and illuminating account of the debate in Congress on the repeal of the Judiciary Act of 1801, which took place in 1802, fills in the background for Marshall's opinion in *Marbury vs. Madison*, delivered in 1803. A chapter on the Burr conspiracy serves as the setting for his opinion in the most famous of all American state trials. Another on "Financial and Moral Chaos" paves the way for an understanding of his opinions in *Sturges vs. Crowninshield*, the Dartmouth College case, and *M'Culloch vs. Maryland*. Beveridge deserves the thanks of all his readers for putting them *en rapport* with the political and social conditions under which Marshall's opinions were written, for the Chief Justice was not setting down abstract scholastic propositions but striving purposefully to weld the United States into a nation. "American Nationalism", says Mr. Beveridge, "was Marshall's one and only great conception, and the foster-

ing of it the purpose of his life." Those who insist that the "judicial mind" operates in the empyrean, unaffected by the winds of political controversy, will find much food for reflection in these volumes.

The chapter entitled "*Marbury versus Madison*" shows Marshall, thoroughly alarmed by the spread of the doctrine of nullification, as propounded in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798-99, seizing upon an unimportant piece of litigation to write into American constitutional law a repudiation of that doctrine, and an assertion of the Federalist theory that the national judiciary alone possesses the power to declare acts of congress invalid on the ground that they are unconstitutional. The chapter, "*Vitalizing the Constitution*", shows him, in *M'Culloch vs. Maryland*, rebuking localism arrayed on the side of social disorder, and buttressing nationalism with the doctrine of implied powers. In the Dartmouth College case he makes America safe for business enterprise in an opinion which, as Mr. Beveridge says, "reassured investors in corporate securities and gave confidence and steadiness to the business world". In *Gibbons vs. Ogden* he frees commerce from the fetters of local monopoly and welds the American people into a unit "by the force of their mutual interests". Taken as a whole Marshall's constitutional opinions deserve to rank with the formation of the Constitution itself as a factor in the upbuilding of American nationality.

What was the source of Marshall's power and his influence over his colleagues on the bench? It was not intellect, Mr. Beveridge thinks, nor will power nor learning; for Marshall "had no 'learning' at all in the academic sense". He finds the answer in

"personality", and in his exposition of the content of this vague term he tells us something of Marshall the man. The judge who was the soul of dignity on the bench was in private life, we learn, a most unassuming person of shabby attire and hail-fellow-well-met manner, addicted to pitching quoits, gifted with a lively sense of humor, fond of children and fiction and poetry, reverent toward women in general and tender to his wife in particular. Whatever the explanation of it, Marshall's influence over his fellow judges was notorious. "It will be difficult", wrote Marshall's bitter enemy, Thomas Jefferson, "to find a character of firmness enough to preserve his independence on the same bench with Marshall."

Almost half of the third volume is devoted to the conspiracy and trial of Aaron Burr. Burr is pictured as a man of winning personality, impelled to falsehood and intrigue by Hamilton's malignant enmity and Jefferson's vindictive persecution. Following in the main McCaleb's "Aaron Burr Conspiracy", Mr. Beveridge thinks that

Burr's western enterprises did not aim at the separation of the West from the Union and were not of a treasonable nature. The reader will detect several similarities between the inflamed public opinion which Mr. Beveridge describes at the time of the Burr trial, and that worked up by the "anti-red" propaganda of the present. Nervous patriots should not fail to read in these pages how that unconscionable rascal, General Wilkinson, saved the Republic at New Orleans by violating every principle of liberty for which it was supposed to stand.

Justice cannot be done in a brief review to the extensive research and painstaking scholarship that have gone to produce these volumes. Not all of his readers will agree with the author in all matters of interpretation. The interpretation of Jefferson's character and career, for example, will no doubt evoke dissent. But Mr. Beveridge's work takes its place as the standard biography of America's greatest judge.

The Life of John Marshall. By Albert J. Beveridge. Volumes iii and iv. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE LONDONER

Exodus of authors—winner in the first-novel competition to be brought out in America—Keynes's portraits of the Big Four: our public men scapegoats, not supermen—wanted: a novelist of high politics—Ervine in America—Vachel Lindsay awaited—Daisy Ashford no longer Daisy Ashford—"The Young Visitors" on the boards—"Solomon Eagle" extinct in "The New Statesman".

LONDON, March 1, 1920.

AT the moment of writing, literary London seems as though it was going to be completely deserted for a long time to come, so enormous has been the recent exodus. Mackenzie, I hear, is to go to the South Seas on a voyage which is to take him at least six months. Presumably he will employ his time, apart from the necessary occupation of traveling, in writing a novel about Capri, where he has now been living for some time; and that ought to be very amusing, both for him and for his readers, but perhaps not so amusing for those who dwell upon the island. When he starts I do not know, but I expect he will gravitate to the United States, so that Americans will know all about it for themselves. Several of our young writers are in America already. Walpole and Cannan have been there for some time, and I suppose that Walpole, at any rate, will be thinking about returning to England by the date on which these lines appear. St. John Ervine and his wife left England for the States some weeks ago, amid the last—not the present—stormy weather. Sassoon is there also. D. H. Lawrence and Brett Young are

both wintering in Capri. Bennett and Swinnerton have just started together for Portugal. Galsworthy is in Malaga. Shaw is living in the country. Beresford, who has been staying in a London suburb, for some months, is going back to his beautiful house in Buckinghamshire. Hosts of other writers are already disporting themselves in the South. Altogether the Peace is enabling everybody to go abroad once more, and they are all taking advantage of the two continents—I hope to the benefit of their health and happiness.

At the moment, the island of Capri must be rather amusingly congested with literary people. I cannot imagine anything more curious than the existence within so narrow a space of no fewer than three of our chief young novelists. Mackenzie, no doubt, as a regular resident, must be having most of the social variety, and therefore of the fun; but the gathering has its amusing side for everybody. One anecdote I must relate, as it seems to make the island so small. Mackenzie orders books on rather a lavish scale, for he is a great reader and cannot get material except through the post. A short time ago he ordered sets of

three or four of the classic novelists—I mean, Scott, Dickens, and Co.—and sat down to await the arrival of the books. For a long time nothing happened; and then one day his servant came in a tremendous state of excitement to announce that a large number of parcels had arrived by the post, and the postman insisted that a couple of faquini should be hired to help bring them up! There were fifty-three parcels; and they were too much for the postal resources of the island!

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I am told that Alfred Harcourt, late of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, has recently been in England in his own interests, and that he has started in business under the style of Harcourt, Brace, and Howe. Good luck to him! Also, I hear that he has arranged for his firm to publish in America the winning novel in Andrew Melrose's recent first-novel competition. If this is so, and if I am rightly informed as to the title of the winning book, he has secured a very distinguished work with which to interest American readers in a new talent. The book, which I have read through the kindness of a friend, is entitled "Open the Door", by Catherine Carswell, and is an altogether exceptional picture of the life of a girl. It is a very original work, and could not have been written, or published, in a more squeamishly sentimental age; for while it is perfectly clean, and not even daring in its outlines, it gives this picture with unusual candor. Young women have always been shown in our fiction as saints or sinners, and justice has been meted out to them accordingly by authors unaware of (or incapable of rendering) the reality of young women. Young women, that is to say, have

been drawn as though they were not human beings at all, and as though marriage was either the end of all things or the beginning of a simple process of getting another, more suitable, husband. The author of "Open the Door" has managed to draw a real young woman, who gets married, loses her husband through his violent death, has an affair with a married man, and in the end, remaining human and essentially pure, marries a second time, her new husband being the man who will safely pilot her through the rest of her days. It is really good work, and I hope it will have its proper recognition both in England and America.

Another publishing item of interest in both hemispheres is that E. V. Lucas is going to publish a book dealing with the life and work of Edwin A. Abbey. Personally, I always thought Abbey's work rather thin; but I know that many good judges admire it, and there must be many in England and America to whom the news that Lucas is doing this book will be a source of great pleasure. There could be no happier choice, for Lucas has a style exactly suited to this kind of thing. He will be urbane and delicate, and I should say that the book will be another triumph for him in a field which has been made the subject of many, many efforts, but in which few successes have been scored.

* * * *

A book which is having a most extraordinary reception here is Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace". The bookselling trade was caught badly napping over this book, only a few of the booksellers having realized before publication that they were being offered something very special indeed. The consequence of this has been a funny contrast be-

tween the subscription orders given by some of them, and the orders which they were compelled to fire off on the day of publication. They must be kicking themselves for the loss of precious extra discounts allowed on all subscription orders. It is a short book, priced high, and the demand has been something out of the ordinary. Keynes is quite a young man still, and before the war was a lecturer at the London School of Economics. He is one of the young Cambridge men, and those who are capable of estimating the value of such work (which I am not) have always told me of his brilliance and ability in the subject which he has made his own. Non-financial and non-economic readers are finding their chief pleasure in the amazingly outspoken portraits of the so-called "Big Four", and these, if vitriolic, have a brilliance that not many men could out-do.

Few writers could have bettered the portraits of President Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau. They have all the sharpness of the brilliant sketch, and, what is more, a suggestive quality which enables even those who have not been at all behind the scenes, to visualize the men who took part in the conference. I speak here entirely as a professional writer, and not at all as a politician. Nevertheless, the account given by Mr. Keynes tallies remarkably with accounts given to me in confidence by others who were in Paris and who had exceptional opportunities of judging the progress of events and the personalities of the participants. All this business of assessing the characteristics of prominent men fascinates me. I have in my time talked to a good many people whose names are household words, and I am never tired of wondering in what it is that they differ from more ordinary

people. Some of our English politicians, for example, appear to me to be almost entirely without brains when it comes to subjects outside the routine of their lives. I know one very eminent man indeed who always gravitates in his talk to the nature of God and the Christian mysteries. His ignorance of these subjects is abysmal. He is more easily discountenanced and made ridiculous than any boy of sixteen could be. Yet he insists, in spite of many defeats, verbal and factual, on coming back, time after time, to the one subject, probably, upon which he makes a fool of himself. I have asked others what they think of his brains, and nobody has ever been enthusiastic about them. But the man is perfectly well-known and respected for unusual integrity and exceptional gifts, both in England and America. It is extraordinary.

* * * *

Take the case, again, of a very able editor whom I often see. That man is a child. He asks the most infantile questions about the most obvious things. He is capable of asking, "Who is Marie Corelli?" or of saying, "I have never heard of it" about some astoundingly obvious thing which has been engaging everybody's attention for days. He is, however, far from a fool. In his own way he is one of the best editors I have encountered. His paper is a model of knowledge. He knows a good writer when he sees him, but has absolutely no critical faculty where literature is concerned. He cares more for politics than for anything else, but he can crumple up the man who talks about God and the Christian mysteries, and he can learnedly discourse upon such difficult matters as the theory of relativity. I have heard him do this; I have heard him take on a man about this man's

speciality, and come out with all his colors flying. And he still remains incorrigibly an ignoramus upon matters which one would have thought it essential that the editor of a highly critical journal should understand.

Why is it? I know that I am ignorant; but then I don't claim either to have a world-wide reputation for intellect or a tremendous reputation as an editor. These men are the men who sway our destinies. They are those myterious beings, "public men". And they are human, and ignorant, and prejudiced, and stupid. And we expect them to be all-knowing. How ridiculous! It is one of the points of Keynes's book that it shows our leaders to be human, frail, erring; and that he really gives us reason to think that the burdens we lay upon them must be too heavy. What wonder they make mistakes! Should not we do the same, in their circumstances? There ought to be an end to the legend that our leaders are supermen. It is only a fostered legend. It continues because we must abandon the sense of responsibility to any one who will take upon himself the burden of bearing it, and only because of our inveterate need of scapegoats. I have heard many of our best politicians as it were "in undress", and they are most of them unmagnetic, ordinary people. Some of them, of course, are mad; some of them are charlatans; but the best of them are just moderately honest, hard-worked, puzzled men like ourselves, and when we shout at them and hate them or extol them we are making gods in the image of our own passions.

* * * *

It ought to be the business of the novelist to show us these true things. Who writes of high politics? Mrs. Humphry Ward. She has written al-

most all the political novels of the last quarter of a century, and her books have been read by all sorts of people under the impression that they depict the real life and recall the real atmosphere amid which these people live. Nothing could be more false. One has only to come in contact with the real thing to see that Mrs. Humphry Ward has never understood politics from the inside, but has all the time been trying to bolster up the conventional idea that the newspapers foster. Cabinet ministers are poor puzzled men, beset by personal antipathies and sympathies, cross when they are tired, seeking diversion, human and faulty. And there is room for a good political novel. Not the mush that is served out to us, but a real novel about politicians who are also men. I make a present of the notion to any novelist who may read these words. But he must be a novelist who knows something about politics—not in the sense of understanding programmes or intrigues or caucuses, but in the sense that he can show us the human elements underlying all these efforts to express the body of personality and aspiration. I am sure it can be done, but the man who does it will be something of a universal genius, for he will have to show a social picture that convinces, without ever losing hold of the original personal importance of his *dramatis personæ*. It is a great opportunity; but it will also be a great test, and I cannot think of anybody at the moment who has the power to avail himself of it, coupled with the necessary interest in the subject-matter. It is another illustration of what I have just been talking about—the colossal ignorance of the specialist.

* * * *

Mention just now of Brett Young reminds me that this young author

has passed the proofs of a new novel, which is to be published here in the spring. It is a short book—a *conte*—entitled “The Tragic Bride”. I am told that it is a departure for Brett Young, who has been experimenting with the chronicle novel and has now turned to the brief, passionate story. Mackenzie’s next book is to be called “The Vanity Girl”, and is in the vein of “Carnival”. I suppose that this will appear during the late spring. Before leaving England, St. John Ervine finished a new novel, and his play, “John Ferguson”, which has been running with so much success in New York, is to be brought out at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, within a few days. It follows at that theatre the famous “Lincoln” of John Drinkwater, which has just been withdrawn. I hope it will repeat in England the success it has enjoyed in America. I need not tell American readers anything about Ervine, as they can see for themselves what he is like. He is one of the young novelists—there are not many of them—who went on very active service in one of the Guards regiments in France. There he lost a leg; but the loss has not impaired his cheerfulness. What the new book is like I have no idea, but as his first novel was so good, and his third so successful in the States, I expect you will all by now be looking impatiently for it.

* * * *

As far as I can see, most of the other American tours planned by young English writers are unlikely to mature. Osbert Sitwell, for instance, has postponed his trip to the States, and is probably going instead with his brother to Sicily. Robert Graves, another poet, is staying on in England. Well, America’s loss is England’s gain, and as the only poetic visitor from

your side to this is said to be Vachel Lindsay, it is perhaps hardly fair that the exchange should in this case as well as the other be so unequal. We are all looking forward very much to Lindsay’s visit, because we have been told to expect something wonderful in the manner of his reading. I do not gather that English readers in general care very much for what they have seen of his work, but the enthusiasts are not few, and these are all saying, “Wait till you’ve heard him chant!”

The whole point of Vachel Lindsay’s work seems to lie in the fact that it partakes of the nature of a religious, or at any rate collective, rite. This gets right away from the ordinary notion of poetry as something essentially for the study, and that may make it harder for Lindsay to get the ear of the English public. Certain sections of our folk will go in shoals to hear hymns and revivalist exhortation; but that is not the section that will hear about Lindsay before he arrives. The section upon which he will burst is the literary section, and I foresee a great vogue for him at literary evening parties. But I rather gathered from something I read that he was in the habit of reciting out of doors, and this I cannot imagine in England. Perhaps he will clear away all our prejudices. We are quite ready for something new, because it is high time something happened to give us the feeling that time is not standing still.

* * * *

And yet to say that is to give a wrong impression. We are all very busy, and properly discontented with ourselves over here, and those are both good signs. All that worries me is that I do not see much talent coming along of the development of which I can feel truly confident. I am inclined to think that of all the young men who

are fluttering about here Aldous Huxley shows most signs of growing into something notable. He is very unequal, and has still a great hankering after the bizarre at all costs; but he is young, and there is at times such brilliance in his work that I pin my faith to it. At present, like so many others, he is doing too much journalism, which can never be a good thing for a young writer, but which has to be done until success in another field is assured. I wish there were some way out of this difficulty, because until one is, so to speak, "set", and so can deal with pitch without being smeared all over and losing one's native color, the dangers are incalculable. The men here under thirty are all doing journalism; and thirty is the lowest age at which it can be made a regular means of livelihood without impairing gifts much more precious.

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So Daisy Ashford is no longer Daisy Ashford! She was married on the eighth of January to a James Devlin. Although "The Young Visitors" took the world by storm only last year, the marriage was regarded by our papers as almost a national event. I chuckled on the morning of the ninth when I saw on a big contents bill the words "Famous Authoress Married". I knew what that meant. I knew that in spite of every attempt to keep the thing secret some keen fellow had got hold of the news. As a matter of fact I had rather a success on the eighth, when the whole thing was over. In a convenient pause, I said to a tableful of people with whom I was working: "Well, Daisy Ashford was married at eleven o'clock this morning!" The effect was electric. Meanwhile, preparations for the dramatic version of "The Young Visitors" are so far advanced that the play will certainly be on the

boards in a fortnight. Miss Edyth Goodall, who is producing it, is one of our best young actresses, and as this is her first experiment in management everybody will have a double reason for wishing the play success. Miss Goodall herself will play Ethel Monticue. May I be there to see! It will be a jolly first night, whatever the fortune of the play may be.

The other Ashford stories are to be published in a single volume. Although this is to be called "Daisy Ashford: Her Book", room will be found in it for the novel by Angie Ashford, called "The Jellous Governess". The contributions by Daisy herself include "The Hangman's Daughter", "A Short Story of Love and Marriage", "Leslie Woodcock", and "Where Love Lies Deepest". "A Short Story of Love and Marriage", I understand, was dictated by the juvenile author to her father, so if there are any misspellings in that, they will show that bad spelling ran in the family, and not that the spelling of "The Young Visitors" was adapted. As a matter of fact, I believe that the later stories are very much better spelt, because Daisy Ashford was rather older when she wrote them. This is a pity for those who got so much delight out of the capricious versions of some words in the classic; but it cannot be helped.

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My evening paper the other day told me that J. C. Squire was going to visit America. I do not know. The last I heard was that he could not do so; but Squire's plans have been changed lately by events which could not be foreseen. A weekly paper recently said that the identity of "E. T. Raymond", the author of "Uncensored Celebrities", was "an open secret". At the same time this paper published a portrait of "E. T. Raymond". It was

the portrait of J. C. Squire. Now as I knew that there was no truth in this guess, I took no notice of the suggestion. All the same, it has been necessary for Squire to deny the charge, which is amusing enough. In view of this interesting attribution, one reads with reserve the journalistic statement that he is to visit America. One thing is quite true. He is no longer to be literary editor of "The New Statesman", a position which he has held since the foundation of the paper in 1912 or 1913. This means that the familiar signature "Solomon Eagle" will become extinct, so far as "The New Statesman" is concerned. Squire's successor in the post of literary editor is Desmond MacCarthy, a very popular journalist whose principal work has hitherto been that of

dramatic criticism. But MacCarthy has for a number of years contributed what are called "middle" articles to "The Statesman", so he will be able to adapt himself to his new post without difficulty.

No contrast could be greater than that between the two men. Squire gives the impression, which may be a false one, of being as hard as nails. MacCarthy is a great good-humored fellow with a tremendous personal charm, incorrigibly procrastinating, always late for appointments, but a welcome guest in any company, and I should say one of the best-liked men in the literary world. It will be interesting to see whether he makes many changes in the conduct of "The Statesman".

SIMON PURE

MR. HERFORD'S AWFUL ERROR

BY BERTON BRALEY

A COBBLER should stick to his last. A humorist should stick to humor. There is no better evidence of this than Oliver Herford's recent excursion into the realm of geography and science which he calls "This Giddy Globe". We have read a good deal of Mr. Herford's work in the past, and while we have somewhat deplored his frivolous treatment of many serious subjects, we have occasionally indulged in cachinnatory ejaculations over certain of his phrases, though we have deprecated our mirth. But after all, we have thought, we suppose a humorist

cannot be blamed for his foolish whimsies and his illogical reactions to life. We have felt that he was wasting his time on trivial things, but we are sufficiently catholic in our views to allow him that latitude and to hope that he might turn his talents in time to something of a sterner and more important sort.

However, upon perusing "This Giddy Globe", which is evidently Mr. Herford's attempt at atonement for past nonsensicalities, we are compelled to realize that whatever talent for humor Mr. Herford possesses, he is not

an accurate or capable or authoritative writer of text-books. He seems to have rushed into print with the present work quite unaware that books dealing with science, with facts, with history and geology, require years of careful research and correlated and collected data. Thus he has produced a volume which is the most amazing hodge podge of misinformation and misstatement it has ever been our fate to encounter.

The title itself "This Giddy Globe" is undignified and utterly unfit for a work that pretends to authority. "This Revolving Oblate Spheroid" would be much more in keeping with the cosmic subject which the author attempts to consider. But the title is the least of the book's faults. For from the very beginning the author shows haste and carelessness. He puts the "Preface" heading in the proper place and then adds a footnote that he has located the preface itself between chapters One and Two. And there he captions it "Strictly Private—for the Reader Only". Could anything be more ridiculous? For how can anything be strictly private which everybody who reads the book must see?

As for the statements of fact adduced by Mr. Herford—they are the most astounding examples of ignorance we have ever read. The merest school child would laugh at them. For example, Mr. Herford says of our planet: "She"—he insists on calling the Globe *she*—"is really quite large, not to say obese. Her waist measurement is no less than twenty-five thousand miles. In the hope of reducing it the earth takes unceasing and violent exercise; but though she spins around on one toe at the rate of a thousand miles an hour every day, and round the sun once a year, she does not succeed in taking off a single mile

or keeping even comfortably warm all over."

"Spinning round on one toe", indeed! Where, pray, Mr. Herford, is this toe on which she spins? And why should the earth, even if she were a sentient being and not an agglomeration of elements, want to reduce? We are as giddy as Mr. Herford would make us think the earth is when we try to understand these statements.

Then when the author begins to particularize he is guilty of such baseless declarations as this: "From the cotton plant comes the woollen undergarment and the soldier's blanket."... "From the lowly cabbage springs the Havana Perfecto with its gold and crimson band, and from the simple turnip is distilled the golden champagne without which so many lives will now be empty." Speaking of the United States Mr. Herford says: "In large cities the sky is kept clean by means of sky-scrapers—year in and year out scraping away the germ-laden dust and refuse, and imparting a bright and cheerful gloss to the surface of the sky." Later he says: "London, the capital of England, is famous for its fogs. This is due to the absence of sky-scrapers." And Mr. Herford would put a text-book containing such ideas into the hands of those children of today who will be the adults of tomorrow. Perish the thought!

The author ends his chapter of misstatements about the United States with the wholly sane and proper conclusion that "the Inhabitants of America are the most moral and patriotic people in the world, and their army is second to none in bravery and won the world war". And from this one has hopes that his further chapters will have more relation to facts and realities. But we find that this phrase

seems to be an obsession from which Mr. Herford suffers, for it is the concluding sentence of his chapters on Canada, England, France, Spain, Persia, Holland, Liberia and every other nation he takes up save Germany. Evidently even the persistency of this idea of his was not great enough to overcome the historic fact that Germany lost the world war.

Everybody knows that Holland and Norway and Sweden did not participate in the war, nor did Patagonia; yet Mr. Herford, who dares to set himself up as authority sufficient to write a geographical text-book, is unaware of this patent fact and gives credit to these countries for winning the contest. This is but another exemplification of the appalling ignorance of a man who attempts to write about science and history without proper basic knowledge.

It is a wearisome and ungrateful task to point out the errors which crowd almost every page of this book. But we cannot in justice to the possible reader omit to quote such things as "Monaco is the center of the spinning industry of the world". The author evidently confused it with Manchester. "The principal products of Paris are Plaster of Paris, Paris Green, and Pâté de Foie Gras"—a remark whose inaccuracies it is needless to comment upon. Then there are such inane comments upon the world as,—“Its plumbing system is bad... the absence of heat in winter when there is greater need of it and the paucity of moisture in the desert places where it never rains”...—as though one could start a popular movement to change geological and meteorological conditions which are due to strict scientific causes. Or take this: "The terrestrial globe is pleasingly tinted in blue, pink, yellow,

and green. The blue portion is called water—the pink, yellow, and green portions are called land". Here is an author who puts forth a text-book on geography, yet whose conception of the world is based upon the distinguishing colors used by map-makers to differentiate countries and oceans. His untraveled mind fails utterly to understand that the lands and waters are not actually the hues printed in atlases and on charts.

But enough of this—it is plain that Mr. Herford cannot be taken seriously as a commentator or a chronicler of science. His mind is too naive and his credulousness too vast. His text is what one might expect from one who has learned his data from Marco Polo and confused it with Grimm's fairy tales.

The maps and illustrations accompanying the text of "This Giddy Globe" are of a piece with it. They have no connection whatever with fact and very little even with legend. Persisting, for example, in his illusion that the Globe is a *she*, Mr. Herford appears to feel that a depiction of her in the nude, as it were, would be immodest. So with a thoughtfulness that does credit to his delicacy, though not to his erudition, he portrays the earth as a corpulent lady in a sort of corset and combination. That the result is not wholly modest does not detract from the author's excellent intentions. But of course the whole attempt is so far removed from reason or common knowledge that it only adds to the utter failure of the volume as a scientific handbook. This particular illustration is, of course, one of many that show his absolute ineptitude as a geographer. It is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Herford will hereafter confine himself to his baili-

wick of humor, and leave science to scientists. Indeed, if this present volume were not so likely to lead the young idea who might perchance read it, astray, if it were not so filled with silly and baseless statements put forth with solemn authority,—and therefore likely to give the unscientific reader a distorted conception of the

universe,—if it were not for these dangers in its use, the volume might appeal to the educated mind, able to estimate its naïveté of ignorance and credulousness at their true worth—it might, we repeat, appeal to such a mind as extremely funny.

—
This Giddy Globe. By Oliver Herford.
George H. Doran Company.

THE CHINESE COAT

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THE finest poem I ever wrote
Was woven from a Chinese coat,
A magic coat of murrey brown,
Prize of a Cantonese godown;
An old and odd and rich brocade
Whose dragons boasted eyes of jade,
Whose dragons bubbled Indian pearls
White as the teeth of dancing-girls;
Whose bands of many-colored waves
Were gay as I-yin's happy slaves;
Whose clouds were bright as coral suns:
A coat of red-browns, cinnamons,
Blues like the birds of Si Wang Mu
And all the greens that glow in *yu*.

The finest poem I ever wrote
Was woven from this Chinese coat;
For from its colors rose a room
Which made the rainbow dull as gloom,
A room whose very colors sang
The songs of Ming and Sung and T'ang.

GIOVANNI PAPINI AND THE FUTURISTIC LITERARY MOVEMENT IN ITALY

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

IN one of his "Appreciations"—*depreciations* would be the more fitting word—Signor Papini says he seems to have read or to have said that in every man there are at least four men: the real man, the man he would like to be, the man he thinks he is, and the man others think he is. He is sure to have read it for he has read widely. Undoubtedly he has also said it, for he has made a specialty of saying things that have been said before, even that he has said before.

As for the man he thinks he is, he has written a long autobiography with plentiful data, from which it may be deduced that he is a man with great possibilities and a great mission, to wit: to precipitate in Italy a spiritual revolution, to bring to his countrymen the gospel that it is time to be up and doing, and that intoxication with past successes will not condone present inertness. He has been chosen to teach men that the best of life is to be found in purposeful action regardless of inconsistencies, contradictions, and imperfections; that the ego should be guided peripherally not centrally; that introspection is the stepping-stone to mental involution. In reality he is but one of many who are proclaiming those tidings in Italy.

The distinction between what he would like to be and what he thinks he is, is not so marked as in more timid and less articulate souls. Sub-

stantially, it is this same calling of prophecy which is his aim. As for the man he is, time and his own accomplishments alone will show. Now, at the zenith of his creative power, he is still a man of promise, a carrier pigeon freighted with an important message who, instead of delivering it, exhausts himself beating his wings in a luminous void.

In Giovanni Papini these four aspects stand out very distinctly. Let us take them up in inverse order, since what others think of a man is soon stated and what he really is, is a vague goal to be approached only distantly, even at the end of this paper. Reginald Turner says:

Papini is by far the most interesting and most important living writer of Italy. "L'Uomo Finito" has become a classic in Italy; it is written in the most distinguished Italian; it can be read again and again with increasing profit and interest...its Italian is impeccable and clear.

J. S. Barnes calls him the most notable personality on the stage of Italian letters today, and G. Prezzolini writes: "His mind is so vast, so human, that it will win its way into the intellectual patrimony of Europe." I cannot go all the way with these adherents of Papini. I have talked with scores of cultured Italians about his writings and I have heard it said "he has acquired an enviable mastery of the Italian language", but I have never once heard praise of his "impeccable

and clear Italian"; nor do I hold with Mr. Barnes that he is unquestionably the most notable personality save D'Annunzio on the stage of Italian letters today. We would scarcely call Mr. Shaw the most notable personality on the stage of English letters today. Surely it would be an injustice to Mr. Kipling, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Conrad. It might be unjust to Mr. Swinnerton.

Papini is an interesting literary figure particularly as a sign of the times. During the past generation there has been in Italy a profound revolt against what may be called satisfaction with and reverence for past performances and against slavish subscription to French, German, and Russian realism. It is to a group of writers who call themselves Futurists and who see in the designation praise rather than opprobrium that this salutary, beneficial, and praiseworthy movement is due. Papini has publicly read himself out of the party, but apostasy of one kind or another is almost as necessary to him as food and most people still regard him as a Futurist; though he refuses to subscribe to the clause in the constitution of the literary Futurists of Italy bearing on love, published by their monarch Marinetti in that classic of Futuristic literature "Zang Tumb Tumb" and in "Democrazia Futurista".

It is now twenty years since there appeared unheralded in Florence a literary journal called the "Leonardo", whose purpose in the main seemed to be to overthrow certain philosophic and socialistic doctrines, Positivism, and Tolstoian ethics. The particularly noteworthy articles were signed Gian Falco. It soon became known that the writer was one Giovanni Papini, a contentious, self-confident youth of peculiarly inquisitive turn of mind, and of sensitiveness bordering

on the pathological, an omnivorous reader, an aggressive debater. He was hailed by a group of youthful literary enthusiasts as a man of promise.

In the twenty years that have elapsed since then he has written more than a score of books, short stories, essays, criticisms, poetry, polemics, some of which, such as the "L'Uomo Finito" (The Played-out Man), "Venti Quattro Cervelli" (Twenty-four Minds), and "Cento Pagine di Poesia" (One hundred Pages of Poetry) have been widely read in Italy and have known several editions. Save for a few short stories he has not appeared in English, though there seems to be propaganda, directed by himself and by friends in his publishing house in Florence, to make him known to foreigners. Like other Italian propaganda it has not been very successful and this is to be regretted.

Papini is like Arnold Bennett in that they both know the reading public are personally interested in authors. From the beginning he and his friends have capitalized his poverty of pulchritude and his pulchritudinous poverty. Giuseppe Prezzo-
lini, in a book entitled "Discorso su Giovanni Papini", has devoted several pages to his person which he writes "is like those pears, coarse to the touch but sweet to the palate"; yet I am moved to say that the eye long habituated to resting lovingly upon somatic beauty does not blink nor is it pained when it rests upon Giovanni Papini.

In one of his latest books—it is never safe to say which is really his latest unless you stand outside the door of the bindery of "La Voce"—in one of his latest books entitled "Testimonials", the third series of "Twenty-four Minds", he reverts to

this and says that his person is "so repugnant that Mirabeau, world-famed for his ugliness, was compared with him an Apollo."

He does not get the same exquisite pleasure from deriding his qualities of soul, but as the face is the mirror of the soul no one is astonished to learn that "this same Papini is the gangster of literature, the tough of journalism, the Barabbas of art, the dwarf of philosophy, the straddler of politics, and the Apache of culture and learning." Nevertheless no prudent, sensitive man should permit himself to say this or anything approximating it in Papini's hearing; for not only has he a card index of substantives that convey derogation, but he has perhaps the fullest arsenal of adjectives in Italy and has habituated himself to the use of them, both with and without provocation.

I have been told by his schoolmates and by those whom he later essayed to teach, that as a youth he was inquisitive about the nature of things and objects susceptible to physical and chemical explanation. His writings indicate that his real seduction was conditioned by philosophic questions. Early in life he displayed a symptom which is common to many psychopaths: an uncontrollable desire to read philosophical writers beyond their comprehension. In the twenty years that he has been publishing books he has constantly returned to this practice as shown by his "Twilight of the Philosophers", "The Other Half", and "Pragmatism".

His first articles in the "Leonardo", which now make up the volume known as "Il Tragico Quotidiano e il Pilota Cieco" (The Tragedy of Every Day and the Blind Pilot), are sketches and fantasies of a personal kind—some of them fanciful and charming, some

with a touch of inspired extravagance that recalls Baudelaire and Poe, and faintly echoes Oscar Wilde's "Bells and Pomegranates", Dostoyevsky's "Poor People", and Leonid Andreyev's "Little Angel". Some of the stories have a weird touch. Others are founded in obsession that form the ancillæ of psychopathy. Take, for instance, the man with a feeling of unreality who did not really exist in flesh and blood but was only a figure in the dream of someone else, and who felt that he would be vivified if only he could find the sleeper and arouse him. This idea is not of infrequent occurrence in that strange disorder, dementia præcox. Take again the man who found his life dull and who covenanted with a novelist to do his bidding in exchange for being made an interesting character; and the two men who changed souls; and the talks with the devil reinterpreting scripture. All these awaken an echo in the reader's mind of having been heard before or else they bring the hope that they never will be heard again.

Although his early writings had an arresting quality, it was not until he undertook to edit some Italian classics published under the title of "Scrittori Nostri" (Our Writers) that they began to take on the features that have since become characteristic, and that have been described by his admirers as "rugged, vigorous, virile, rich, neologistic" and everything else the antithesis of pussy-foot. This feature, if feature it can be called, showed itself first in "L'Uomo Finito", a book which is admitted to be an autobiography. It introduces us to an ugly, sensitive, introspective, mentally prehensile child of shut-in personality who is not only egocentric at seven, but who loves and exalts himself and despises and disparages others.

This unlovable child with an insatiate appetite for information, found his way to a public library and determined to write an encyclopædia of all knowledge. His juvenile frenzy came its first cropper when he reached the letter "B" and he was submerged with the Bible and with God. The task was too big, he had to admit, but his ambition to complete some great and thorough piece of work was undaunted. He began a compendium of religion, then of literature, and at last of the romance languages.

These successive attempts at completeness are typical of Papini's far-reaching ambitions. "The Played-out Man" is a record of his plunge into one absorption after another. He discovered evil and planned not only individual suicide, but suicide of the people *en masse*. Next came the desire for love. His instincts were of a sort not to be satisfied by the conventional sweetness of "I Promessi Sposi", but from Poe, Walt Whitman, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Dostoyevsky, and Anatole France, he got a vicarious appeasement of the sentiment he craved. Then he encountered "dear Julian". "We never kissed each other and we never cried together," but he could not forgive Julian for allowing his friend to learn of his matrimony only through the "Corriere Della Sera".

The brief emotional episode past, Papini's life interest swung back to philosophy. He discovered Monism, and believed it like a religion. Then Kant became his ideal, then Berkeley, Mill, Plato, Locke, culminating in the glorified egotism of Max Stirner. After Stirner, philosophy has no more to say. Down with it all. It is necessary to liberate the world from the yoke of these mumblers, just as Papini has liberated himself. But how

to do it! Ah, yes. Found a journal that will purge the world of its sins, as the Great Revolution purged France of royalty.

Thus Papini's literary work had its beginning. It takes several tempestuous chapters of the autobiography to describe the launching of the "Leonardo" by himself and a few congenial souls. Nine numbers marked the limit of its really vigorous life, but it ran, with Papini as its chief source of material, for five years. Ultimately, with the dissipation of the author's youthful energy, this child of his bosom had to be interred. But Papini still goes to its grave.

The tumultuous introspective life of the author continued. He went through a period of self-pity and neurasthenia, then one of intense hero worship directed toward all radicals, including William James whom he had once seen washing his neck. Then came an immense desire for action, hindered, however, by the fact that the author could not decide whether to found a school of philosophy, become the prophet of a religion, or go into politics. His only inherent conviction concerns the stupidity of the world and his own calling to rise above it. This long, internal history ends with a period of sweeping depression, out of which the author at last emerges with the intense conviction that he is not, after all, played out, that there is still matter in him to give the world. He feels welling up within him a stream of arrogance and self-confidence that he is not to be damned. He has not yet delivered his message, people have not yet understood him:

They cannot grasp it, cannot bear to listen.
The thing I have to tell, unthought before,
Demands another language.

So he goes back to the market-place

of Florence, shouting: "I have not finished. I am not played out. You shall see." And it is at this stage that Papini's work now stands. We wait to see.

The "L'Uomo Finito" is Papini's G. P. No. 2. It is not fiction in the ordinary use of the term but in the sense that Mr. Wells's "The Undying Fire" is fiction. In a measure it is fiction like "The Way of All Flesh" of Samuel Butler. But in point of interest and workmanship it is far inferior to the former; and in purposefulness, character delineation, orientation, resurrection, and reform it is not to be compared with the latter.

Although it is the book by which Papini is best known, it is not his love-child. "The Twilight of the Philosophers" is. He is proud to call it his intellectual biography, but it would be much truer to call it an index of his emotional equation. "This is not a book of good faith. It is a book of passion, therefore of injustice; an unequal book, partisan, without scruples, violent, contradictory, unsolid, like all books of those who love and hate and are not ashamed of their love or their hatred." This is the introductory paragraph of the original preface.

In reality it is a cross between a philosophic treatise and a popular polemic, with the technical abstruseness of the one and the passion of the other, and its purpose is to show that all philosophy is vain and should make way for action. Although it indicates wide and attentive reading and a certain erudition, the only indication of constructive thought that it reveals is a rudimentary attempt to adjust the philosophic system of each man to the temperamental bias of the author. Others, Santayana for instance, have done this so much better that there is

scarcely justification for his pride. He could have carried his point quite as successfully by stating it as by laboring it through a whole volume devoted largely to railing both at the philosophers and at their philosophy.

From the point of view of the philosopher this book is "popular". From the standpoint of the people it is "philosophical". It is really a testimonial to the author's breathless state of emotional unrest. He is like a bird in a cage and he feels that he must beat down the barriers in order to accomplish freedom, but when they are fractured and he is apparently free there is no sense of liberation. He is in a far more secure prison than he was before, and to make matters worse he cannot now distinguish the barriers that obstacle his freedom. The wonder is not that a man of the temperament and intellectual endowment of Papini has this feeling, but that he can convince himself that anyone else should be interested in his discovery.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words, and the mistake is to consider words linked up as subject, predicate, and object, especially if the substantives are qualified by lurid adjectives, the equivalent of knowledge. He knows the "ars scrivendi" as Aspasia knew the "ars amandi"; Papini knows the value of symbolic, eye-arresting, suggestive titles. He realizes the importance of overstatement, and of exaggerated emphasis; he is cognizant of the insatiateness of the average human being for gossip and particularly gossip about the great; he recognizes that there is no more successful way of flattering the mediocre than by pointing out to him the shortcomings of the gods, for he thus identifies their possessions with his own and convinces himself that he

also is a god. Papini's sensitive soul whispers to him that the majority of people are thinking him brave, courageous, valorous, resolute, virtuous, and firm if he but adopt a certain pose, a certain manner, a certain swagger that will convey his grim determination to carry his mission to the world though it takes his last breath, the last glow of his mortal soul.

"They wished me to be a poet, here therefore is a little poetry", is the opening line of his book called "Cento Pagine di Poesia". And this though not in verse is characterized by such imaginative beauty, more in language however than in thought, that it is worthy to be called a poem. More than any other of his books it reveals the real Papini. Here he is less truculent, less Nietzschean, less self-conscious of understudying and attempting to act the part of Jove. He is more like the Papini that he is by nature and therefore more human, more kind and gentle,—would I could add modest,—more potent and convincing than in any of his other books. It is especially in the third part under the general title of "Precipitations" that the author gives the freest rein to his fantasy and is not always endeavoring to explain or tell the reason why, but abandons himself to the production of words which will present rhythmically the emotions that are springing up within him. It is difficult to believe that the same hand penned these poems and the open letter to Anatole France: "In these days Anatole France is in Rome, and perhaps returning he will stop in Florence, but I beg him fervently not to seek me out. I could not receive him". That quality of delusion of grandeur I have seen heretofore only in victims of a terrible disease.

Papini is never so transparent as he is in his "Stroncatura" and in his excursions into the realm of philosophy. His attack on Nietzsche is most illuminating. In fact Giovanni Papini is Friedrich Nietzsche viewed through an inverted telescope.

Nietzsche's volubility (indication of easy fatigue) makes him prefer the fragmentary and aphoristic style of expression; his incapacity to select from all that which he has thought and written leads him to publish a quantity of useless and repeated thought; his reluctance to synthesize, to construct, to organize, which gives to his books an air of oriental stuff, a mixture of old rags and of precious drapery, jumbled up without order, are the best arguments for imputing to him a deficiency of imperial mentality, a reflex of the general weakness of philosophy. But the most unexpected proof of this weakness consists in his incapacity to be truly and authentically original. The highest and most difficult forms of originality are certainly these two: to find new interpretation and solution of old problems, to pose new problems and to open streets absolutely unknown.

No one can examine closely the writings of Papini without recognizing that he has shown himself incapable of selecting from that which he has written and thought, and setting it forth as a statement of his philosophy or as an *apologia pro sua vita*. Constant republication of the same statements and the same ideas dressed up with different synonyms, is a charge that can be brought with justice. It can be substantiated not only by his books, but by "La Vraie Italie", an organ of intellectual liaison between Italy and other countries directed by Papini, which has been in existence now for a year, a considerable portion of which has been taken up with republication of the old writings of the director.

Even the most intemperate of his admirers would scarcely contend that he merits being called original judged by his own standards. At one time in his life Nietzsche was undoubtedly his idol, and I can think of the juve-

nile Papini No. 3 suggesting that he model himself after the Teutonic descendant of Pasiphae and the bull of Poseidon. Thus did he appease his morbid sensitiveness and soothe his pathological erethism by enveloping himself in an armor made up of rude and uncouth words, of sentiment and of disparagement; of raillery against piety, reverence, and faith; of contempt for tradition. In fact he seemed equipped with a special apparatus for pulling up roots founded in the tender emotions. He would pretend that he is superior to the ordinary mortal to whom love in its various display, sentiment in its manifold presentations, dependence upon others in its countless aspects are as essential for happiness as the breath of the nostrils is essential to life. In secret, however, he is not only dependent upon it, he is beholden to it.

When he assumes his most callous and indifferent air, when he is least cognizant of the sensitiveness of others, when in brief he is speaking of his fellow countrymen, D'Annunzio, Mazzoni, Bertacchi, Croce, and up until recently when he speaks of God or religion, he reminds me of that extraordinary and inexplicable type of individual whom we have had "in our midst" since time immemorial, but who had greater vogue in the time of Petronius than he has today.

Although the majority of these people are *au fond* proud of their endowment, the world at large looks upon it as a perversion and scoffs at them, and in primitive countries such as our own it kicks at them. Therefore they are quick to see the advantage of assuming an air of crass indifference, and with the swagger of the social corsair they are quick to express a brutal insensitiveness to the æsthetic and the hedonistic to which in reality they vi-

brate. They never deceive themselves. Papini knows his limitations and the greatest of them are that he is timid, lacking in imagination, in sense of humor and in originality, and is as dependent upon love as a baby is upon its bottle.

When writing about himself he hopes that the reader will identify him only with the characters whose thoughts and actions are flattering, but the real man is to be identified with some of the characters whom he desires his public to think fictitious. In one of his short stories he narrates a visit to the world-famed literary man. He describes his trip to the remote city that he may lay the modest wreath plaited from the pride of his mind and his heart at the feet of his idol. He finds the idol a commonplace, almost undifferentiated lump of clay with a more commonplace, slatternly wife, and even more hopelessly commonplace hostages to fortune. His reputation is dependent wholly upon the skill with which he manipulates card index and pigeonholes. Papini flees to escape contemplation of himself and the fragments of the sacred vessel.

Papini has been an omnivorous reader along certain lines; he has been a tireless writer and he is notorious for his neologistic logorrhœa but the possession which stands in closest relation to his literary reputation is his indexed collection of words, phrases, and sentences. This, plus knowing by heart the poetry of Carducci, and his envy of Benedetto Croce for having obtained the reputation of being one of the most fertile philosophic minds of his age, and his advocacy of the gospel of strenuousness, is the framework upon which he has ensheathed his house of letters.

No study of the man or of his work can neglect one aspect of his career—

his constant change of position. He knocks with breathless anxiety at the door of some new world and no sooner does he secure entrance and see the pleasant valley of Hinnom, than he feels the lure of black Gehenna and is seized with an uncontrollable desire to explore it. When he returns he hastens to the public forum and announces his discoveries, preferring to tell of the gewgaws which he discovered rather than to expatiate on the few jewels which he has gathered.

His last production augurs well for him because it indicates that finally he will bathe in the pool of the five porches at Jerusalem, the world war having troubled its water instead of an angel. November 30, 1919, he published in the most widely circulated and influential newspaper of Central Italy, the "Resto del Carlino", an article entitled "Amore e Morte" (Love and Death), which sets forth that he has had that experience which the Christian calls "seeing a great light, knowing a spiritual reincarnation", and which those whom Papini has been supposed to represent call a pitiable defalcation, a spiritual bankruptcy.

On February 21, 1913, he proclaimed in the Costanza Theatre of Rome, that "in order to reach his power man must throw off religious faith, not only Christianity or Catholicism but all mystic, spiritualistic, theosophic faiths and beliefs". Now he has discovered Jesus. In his literary ruminations he has come upon the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, which set forth the purpose and teachings of our Lord and which have convinced countless living and dead of His divinity. We must forswear egocentrism; we must stop making obeisance to materialism; we must cease striving for success, comfort, or

power. Such efforts led to the massacre of yesterday, to the agony of today, and are conditioning our eternal perdition. Salvation is within ourselves; the Kingdom of Heaven is within our hearts; he who seeks it without is a blind man led by a blind guide. The road over which we must travel is bordered on either side by seductive pastures from which gush life-giving springs and which are covered with luxurious trees of soul-satisfying color that protect from the blazing sun or the congealing wind. And on either side are pathways so softly cushioned that even the most tender feet may tread them without fear of wound or blister. The sign-posts to this road are the four little volumes written two thousand years ago.

No one unfamiliar with that strange disorder of the mind called the manic depressive psychosis can fully understand Papini. There is no one more sane and businesslike than the leader of the Futurist movement, yet the reactions of his supersensitive nature have some similarity with this mental condition present, in embryo, in many people. In that mysterious malady there is a period of emotional, physical, and intellectual activity that surmounts every obstacle, that brushes aside every barrier, that leaps over every hurdle. During its dominancy the victim respects neither law nor convention, the goal is his only object. He doesn't always know where he is going and he isn't concerned with it: he is concerned only with going. When the spectator sees the road over which he has traveled on his winged horse, he finds it littered with the debris that Pegasus has trampled upon and crushed.

This period of hyperactivity is invariably followed by a time of depres-

sion, of inadequacy, of emotional barrenness, of intellectual sterility, of physical impotency, of spiritual frigidity. The sun from which the body and soul has had its warmth and its glow falls below the horizon of the unfortunate's existence, and he senses the terrors of the dark and the beginning rigidity of congelation. Then when hope and warmth have all but gone and only life, mere life without color or emotion, remains,—and the necessity of living forever in a world perpetually enshrouded in darkness with no differentiation in the debris remaining after the tornado,—then the sun gradually peeps up, illuminates, warms, revives, fructifies the earth, and the sufferer becomes normal: normal save in the moments or hours of fear when he contemplates having again to brave the hurricane or to drown in the deluge. But once the wind begins to blow with a velocity that bespeaks the readvent of the tornado, he throws off inhibition and goes out in the open, holds up the torch that shall light the whole world, and with his megaphone from the top of Helicon shouts, "This way to the revolution."

In a very relative sense, this is the mode of Papini. He is fascinated by the beauty and perfections of an individual or of a school, and he will enroll himself a member. But before he gets thoroughly initiated he gets word of another individual or another school which must be investigated. In the intoxication he defames and often slays his previous mistress. Thus his whole life has been given to the task of discovering a new philosophy, a new poetry, a new romance, a new prophecy, and their makers. In the ecstasy of discovery he cannot resist smashing the idol of yesterday that his pedestal may be free for the

more worthy one of today, and he cannot inhibit the impulse to rush off to the composing rooms of "La Voce" to register his emotions in print.

In his desire to be famous he reminds one of those individuals who would be liked by everyone, and who will do anything save cease making the effort. Pretending that he loves to have people hate him, he does not, but he would rather have hate and disparagement than indifference or neglect. He desires power—that unattainable he will be satisfied with notoriety. He does not agree with a fellow-poet that,—

On stepping-stones we reach to higher dreams
And ever high and higher must we climb
Casting aside our burdens as we go
Till we have reached the mountain-tops sublime
Where purged from care and dross the free
winds blow.

Were he a genius and at the same time had the industry that he has displayed, he would be the equal of H. G. Wells, possibly the peer of Bernard Shaw, but he is neither. He is simply a clever, industrious, versatile, sensitive, emotional man of forty, whose mental juvenility tends to cling to him. He has so long habituated himself to overestimation, and his admiring friends have been so injudicious in praising his productions for qualities which they do not possess and neglecting praiseworthy qualities which they do possess, that he is like an object under a magnifying glass out of focus.

But as Papini himself says, he has not finished. He is still comparatively a young man and the world awaits his accomplishment. If the function he has chosen is that of agitation rather than construction, of preparation rather than of building, he cannot be totally condemned for that. His environment is in a condition where

much destruction is necessary before anything real can be evolved. And as the apostle of this destruction Papini must be accepted. He stands as a

prophet, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way' ", and the generations will show whether it is indeed a highway he has opened.

HUMOROUS AND SERIOUS BOOKS ON MUSIC

BY HENRY T. FINCK

HUMOROUS books on musical topics are scarce. While a considerable number of musical critics have a sense of fun and the gift of wit, these qualities usually appear only in their newspaper comments. William James Henderson, for instance, has been for years a *bon mot* incarnate in his daily remarks on musical doings, but his books are as serious as sermons.

Among England's critics none is better informed or a greater literary artist than Ernest Newman, but no one would have guessed from his books on Gluck, Wagner, Hugo Wolf, Elgar, and Strauss that there was also in him a rich vein of humor. The readers of his short articles in newspapers and magazines got the benefit of this; and now the best of them have been collected and published in a volume called "A Musical Motley". It was surely unnecessary for the author to apologize for including these "gay" articles in a volume made up largely of papers that are "excessively grave". But Mr. Newman is never dull, even when he is grave. It was the dull concerts and operas he had to hear that made him turn to humor for relief. In these hours of suffering, he declares, a critic "must either go mad and deal

death all round him or see himself and his sad profession humorously".

Among the humorous articles in this book there are several that Artemus Ward or Mark Twain would have been glad to have written. Perhaps the most amusing of them is entitled "Composers and Obituary Notices", in which the author berates musicians for putting journalists to a good deal of inconvenience by their inconsiderate way of dying just before the paper goes to press. In most of the forty-four articles in this book the serious is mingled with the jocose. The sketch (pages 22-33) of the possibilities of the future, when one violin can be made to do the work of fifty, is grotesque; and yet it is brimful of suggestions for musicians and also, in particular, for the makers of good machine music, before which the handmade music will have to go down as the arrow had to go down before the gun, and the wooden ship before the ironclad.

The popular violinist, Jascha Heifetz, cordially agrees with Mr. Newman that enough is better than a feast. "I really cannot imagine anything more terrible than always to hear, think and make music," he remarked to Frederick H. Martens, who

interviewed him for a chapter in his book on "Violin Mastery". Fritz Kreisler told Mr. Martens he found practising of secondary importance to the necessity of keeping himself mentally and physically fresh and in the right mood for his work. Ysaye, the Belgian, in his talk with Mr. Martens, emphasized the patriotic note, complaining that writers on violin schools too often confuse the Belgian and French. "Many of the great violin names, in fact,—Vieuxtemps, Leonard, Marsick, Remi, Parent, de Broux, Musin, Thomson,—are all Belgian."

Interesting and important are Ysaye's remarks on the need of a new instruction book for violinists—a book including technical formulas for the new harmonies discovered by Debussy and others. "There is as yet no violin method which gives a fingering for the whole-tone scales. Perhaps we will have to wait until Kreisler or I will have written one which makes plain the new flowering of technical beauty and æsthetic development which it brings the violin." Maybe some publisher could persuade Ysaye and Kreisler to give the world such a book. It certainly would go like Salvation Army doughnuts in the trenches.

Italy used to be a great land for violinists, beginning with Corelli and Tartini and culminating in Paganini. Today we know of only one distinguished solo violinist active in that country: Arrigo Serato, who has also toured America. But for most persons music in Italy means opera and opera singers. For centuries students from all parts of the world have been going to "God's own conservatory" to study *bel canto*—the art of singing beautifully—and Milan has been for generations a factory for the wholesale production of opera companies—for export as well as domestic use. We are

forcibly reminded of this on reading the chapters on Italy in Clara Kathleen Rogers's "Memories of a Musical Career". Time was when Mrs. Rogers, under her stage name (Clara Doria), was among the most popular opera singers in this country as well as abroad. She was a daughter of John Barnett, called "the father of English opera", and before going to Italy to improve her voice she went to Leipzig for a general musical education. At the famous conservatory in that city she associated with several young Englishmen who subsequently became celebrated; among them Arthur Sullivan, who seems to have been a great lady-killer at that time. Concerning him and others who were or became famous, Mrs. Rogers has so many amusing anecdotes that her memoirs may be included among the humorous books on music. Pedantry was rampant in the Conservatory; the letter of music was held infinitely more important than the spirit; Liszt and Wagner were abhorred, Chopin belittled. To Clara herself (she was only thirteen at that time) and her father, "Tannhäuser" suggested the epithet "caterwauling". When she left the Conservatory to study with Hans von Bülow, son-in-law of Liszt and friend of Wagner, he tartly informed her that the first thing for her to do was to unlearn most of the academic things its professors had taught.

When Miss Barnett went to Italy, with her mother and sister, they tried at first to keep their German fresh in mind by speaking it; but very soon they learned that that, as well as unknowingly wearing Austrian colors, was a dangerous thing; they were taken for spies, and only by a miracle escaped a lynching. Adventures like these, and gossip about life in the cities of Italy in which Miss Barnett

sang, make her book of general interest. Music students will be attracted by her detailed accounts of what opera singers in Italy must expect. Her colleagues resented the presence of her mother; one basso frankly told her, "How I pity you people who do not indulge in lovers!"

Henry Edward Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera", though it has some pages on Max Maretzek, in whose company "Clara Doria" sang here in 1872-3, does not go into sufficient detail to mention her doings in America. That volume (a much better title for which would have been "History of Opera in New York") is concerned chiefly with operatic events in the metropolis in the years 1880 to 1908. "More Chapters of Opera", recently published, continues the record up to 1918. Far from being a mere dry chronology and technical criticism, it is a mirror of musical life in New York, with plenty of gossip and even scandal. Much has been said about New York being, like the European cities, music-mad since the end of the war; but this is really not a new turn of affairs; the chapter discussing the rivalry between the Manhattan and Metropolitan opera houses has these among its headings: "An Opera-mad City" and "Over two Millions of Dollars spent on the Entertainment in ten Months". Mr. Krehbiel's is the only book in which one can find a complete account of the epoch-making way in which Oscar Hammerstein—to whom it is now proposed to erect a monument—put fresh life into the operatic repertory; particularly by featuring French masterworks that had been neglected at the Metropolitan, particularly those of Massenet.

"Massenet is one of the most brilliant diamonds in our musical crown. No musician has enjoyed so much

favor with the public save Auber... They were alike in their facility, their amazing fertility, genius, gracefulness, and success." This is the verdict of France's most scholarly composer, Camille Saint-Saëns. The autobiography of France's most scholarly composer, now appearing in an English version, must surely interest American opera-goers. American critics whose opinions were largely "made in Germany" have been in the habit of belittling Massenet; but there is more depth to his music than they think. Whipped cream is no less nourishing because it is whipped. Massenet was one of the most original of Frenchmen; he imitated no one, but many imitated him. The list of men who studied under him at the Conservatoire includes Bruneau, Rabaud, Charpentier, Savard, Hahn, Vidal, Florent Schmitt, Enesco, Bemberg, Laparra, Ropertz, Leroux—all of them now famous. Many others he taught how to compose. One of the details in his own way of composing an opera was, he tells us, to learn the words by heart so that he could work at the score mentally, "away from home, in the streets, in society, at dinner, at the theatre, anywhere that I might find time."

Saint-Saëns's reference to Massenet as one of France's most brilliant musical diamonds occurs in his volume entitled "Ecole Buissonnière". Of this splendidly stimulating volume, also, an English translation is now offered under the title of "Musical Memories".

A Musical Motley. By Ernest Newman. John Lane Co.

Violin Mastery. By Frederick H. Martens. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Memories of a Musical Career. By Clara Kathleen Rogers (Clara Doria). Little, Brown and Co.

More Chapters of Opera (1908-1918). By Henry Edward Krehbiel. Henry Holt and Co.

My Recollections. By Jules Massenet. Small, Maynard and Co.

Musical Memories. By Camille Saint-Saëns. Small, Maynard and Co.

It should be in every library. It is virtually an autobiography, but the story of the author's life—he is France's "grand old man in music" (now in his eighty-sixth year)—is told briefly, so as to leave room for chapters on Rossini, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Viardot, Louis Gallet, Delsarte, Victor Hugo, which, however, are also more or less autobiographic, for these were among his friends. The English volume omits some of the chapters in the original French edition and changes the order of others, for no obvious

reason; but the translation is none the less to be cordially welcomed. It provides the first opportunity to those who do not read French to become acquainted with the literary side of France's most scholarly composer who at the same time is never for a moment dull, at least in his books. Nothing could be more thought-stimulating than the pages in this volume on Popular Science and Art, Anarchy in Music, The Organ, Musical Painters, and The Liszt Centenary at Heidelberg.

WALT WHITMAN: FICTION-WRITER AND POETS' FRIEND

BY JOHN BLACK

WALT WHITMAN as a friend of poets is a new light in which to treat of this great figure in American literature. We are so accustomed to the picture of Whitman as a genius, variously ridiculed, denounced, and deprecated by his contemporaries, that the suggestion of his holding any other position in American letters of the mid-nineteenth century will upset many long-established conceptions of his status during his own life.

Yet this is the new light in which he is revealed to one who has been fortunate enough to have access to the files of "The Brooklyn Eagle" of 1846 and 1847, during which period Whitman was editor of that paper. A perusal of the newspaper's files of the days of his editorship brands as fallacious many of the theories as to his relations with his fellow writers. In

those days, when Whitman was the employee of Isaac Van Anden, owner of "The Eagle", we find that the poet's duties consisted of writing an editorial or so a day on civic and political topics, and of filling two columns with such verse or prose as might come to his hand.

An announcement of the paper's partisanship to poetry was published at the head of the first of these two columns when Whitman first became editor of "The Eagle". Immediately following this announcement, the files show, the poet began to receive contributions from writers everywhere. Fiction, poetry, and essays came to him in the daily mail, from authors destined to become immortal. That the poet published much of what he received is evident; that he read it all, is probable; that he was often

enthusiastic over the merits of contributions by authors, then little known, is made clear by the ecstatic paragraphs of laudation which would often preface a poem or a story. Longfellow, we find, was a great favorite with Whitman, lyrics from the pen of the New Englander being frequently printed in the poet's paper. Lowell, Bryant, and Whittier were other contributors. Whitman was especially partial to Whittier, probably because of the social message in the latter's writings. In some instances, the poetry published by Whitman was taken by him from contemporary magazines. Much of it, however, was original. A comparison of the file dates with Nathaniel Hawthorne's bibliography discloses that his story, "The Shaker Bridal", saw print for the first time in "The Eagle". The date of its publication by Whitman was October 8, 1846, while a Hawthorne bibliographer states that the original appearance of the story was in the London "Metropolitan", in 1850. Other stories which appear to have been original contributions to "The Eagle" are Hawthorne's "Old Esther Dudley", ultimately published by Hawthorne in his "Twice Told Tales", and printed by Whitman in his columns, July 28, 1846; and Poe's "Tale of the Ragged Mountains", printed by Whitman October 9, 1846, which according to one bibliographer never saw magazine publication.

It is not difficult to discern Whitman's touch in many unsigned articles and editorials which appeared in the paper during the period of his editorship; and, assuming that these, which included numerous book reviews, were from his pen, a view of the poet's literary taste is presented which contradicts flatly the impression that he

was as antagonistic to the current school of poetry as the current school of poetry was to him. Longfellow, in one of the anonymous book reviews of 1846, the occasion being the publication of a volume of his poems, was hailed as "the greatest poet in the English language". Other favorable, though more temperate estimates of the New Englander are scattered through the issues of the paper for the year. Some are in the form of introductions to poems which Whitman printed in his columns; others are in the form of supplementary paragraphs to the editorial columns. As it is known that Whitman personally directed the two columns used for miscellaneous material, and as Longfellow was frequently represented in these columns, the anonymous compliment to his poetry mentioned above can safely be taken as the sentiment, if not the actual expression, of Whitman himself.

Some attention to the poet's newspaper career is paid by Leon Bazalgette, in his interpretative biography, "Walt Whitman, The Man and His Work", which has just been translated into English by Ellen Fitzgerald. M. Bazalgette's field, however, was too essentially general to permit of any searching analysis of Whitman's career. The Frenchman's biography, sympathetic and glowingly eloquent as it is, can scarcely rank as an authoritative chronicle of the poet's life. It possesses, however, such multiple values of its own that the absence of detail with respect to Whitman's early manhood can be excused. The book tells little of the poet's activities during the all-important impressionable years twenty to thirty. It is irritatingly uninformative as to what he read and what he wrote in this period. Other stages of his career are equally slighted. But M. Bazalgette gives us

something that we have long wished for: an estimate of Whitman's influence and rating in France. It is as sincere as it is brilliant.

The translator has taken the liberty of abridging M. Bazalgette's book. This is regrettable and not easily justified. The day has passed when any revelation of Whitman's personal life could affect our estimate of the poet. The book's outstanding value is that it is the first notable Whitman biography offered to the land which has felt the poet's influence to a degree perhaps greater than any country except America.

Whitman's days as Brooklyn editor were full of interest and incident. Apart from the relationship established between the poet and his fellow authors, the most important revelation of his term as editor of "The Eagle" lies in his own contributions to its columns. These are, generally speaking, divided into two classes: editorials and prose sketches. The editorials, while of purely current and local value, are significant as showing his style of prose writing while yet a

young man. They are crisp, forceful, and vivid with that imaginative quality that was later to immortalize him in his glorious chants. The stories are still more interesting. Most of them were signed "Walter Whitman", dissipating at once all doubt as to the identity of their author. The poet evidently used these stories as "fillers" for his columns: they appeared on an average of once every eight weeks. The stories are amazing as the revelation of a side of Whitman wholly unknown to his general readers. They may not be found to contribute greatly to his reputation: he took for his theme the conventional topics of the period, and treated of them in a conventional way. Through them all, however, like a thread of gold, is traced the current of his social protest. Into even the most commonplace of these, Whitman weaves a moral. They contribute much toward a fuller understanding of Whitman's literary development at a stage when the genius of the "Leaves of Grass" was yet in process of conception.

Walt Whitman, *The Man and His Work*. By Leon Bazalgette. Doubleday, Page and Co.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Are Our Novelists Fair to the Redheads?

NOT being one myself I feel that I am qualified as an impartial advocate for those who are. Years of fiction reading convinces me that novelists have been guilty of a great injustice to a very worthy class of citizens—the redheaded.

It is not that they have denied them beauty—when a novelist wishes to produce a heroine of devastating charm, in nine cases out of ten he endows her with red hair and in eight cases out of ten he adds to this green eyes,—but what a character he imposes upon this Galatea of his brain who is helpless to protest against the injustice of her creator! For instance, there is that arch-type of redheaded perversity,—Thackeray's sandyhaired, greeneyed Becky Sharp,—a malicious little sprite, unprincipled and incapable of affection. She has not even the merit of succeeding in her schemes, for she always overreaches herself.

Many other English novelists have this prejudice against combining red hair with a desirable character. Far be it from us to occupy space with a chronological record of redheads in English fiction, but we can all think of conspicuous examples. Dickens controverted one tradition by typifying treachery as a man, but conformed

to another by making him redheaded. It is impossible to think of Uriah Heep without making the red in his hair, eyes, and skin a symbol of the diabolical flames confined beneath the thin crust of his hypocrisy.

Novelists like to christen their redheads Glory—Glory in Hall Caine's "The Christian", is a robust, rollicking vampire. Exuberant in hair and personality, she so dominates the strong man who loves her that he is almost crazed by his passion for her as over against what he conceives to be his duty.

One of the most exasperating women we have met in fiction is the tawny-haired heroine of May Sinclair's "The Helpmate". She torments her child and husband, the former into an untimely grave, the latter to the verge of it.

The French are as bad as the English in their attitude on this subject—it was a Frenchman who said, "Redheaded women are either violent or false and usually they are both". Medusas in novels of the French Revolution are portrayed with flaming locks. Even so sensible a writer as Victor Cherbuliez (as a psychologist and a diplomat he ought to have known better), devotes a three-hundred-page novel to a redheaded renegade. The heroine in this book ("La Ferme du Choquart") is deceitful, vindictive, and scheming. Her towering pride borders on insanity and the author says

of her, "She lacked that grain of good sense which is the most valuable ingredient in the feminine temperament".

American novelists have also cherished the tradition of redheaded impiety. Howells approaches this type as nearly as his kindly style permits. In "The Rise of Silas Lapham" Irene is very beautiful with her azure eyes, trailing-arbutus skin and lovely red hair, but she is a menace to the happiness of her family.

From the field of American fiction, which fairly bristles with redheaded heroines of unlovely character, we cull a few more examples. Among the sublimated heroines of Henry James almost the only one whom critics have accused of innate vulgarity is redheaded Verena Tarrant in "The Bostonians". Edith Wharton is unable to resist associating red locks with a deplorable personality. One of the most disagreeable young American women in modern fiction is pictured in "The Custom of the Country". The novelist actually rubs it in with her persistent thrusting of Undine's redgold chevelure upon the reader's attention. The *éclat* of this heroine's youthful beauty is not worth the effort of any honest human being, so arid and cheap is her personality. Marion Crawford devotes his most powerful novel, "Casa Braccio", to the psychology of a redheaded woman,—and what a repellent character he gives her! She possesses a restive and destructive brain beneath a mane of redgold hair. She ruins the men who love her and dies herself of spleen and ennui.

But enough of these disagreeable figments of author's brains—Is it not time to cry halt to this tradition of redheaded vampires? Granted that red in the skin and hair indicates iron

in the blood, does not this iron beaten to a glow by life's vicissitudes generate energy and ambition, instead of baleful passion?

Haven't you known many a redhead of excellent moral fibre, and did you ever know one who was dull or worthless?

CATHERINE BEACH ELY

On Living With Lucinda

LUCINDA writes. At least so she replies to inquirers as to what she "does" in these pragmatic days when every unmarried woman in the thirties, such as Lucinda and I, "does" something. I do not wholly understand Lucinda's answer. "Writing" covers such a variety of—sins, I was about to say—of forms, that I should think that Lucinda would say that she does essays or plays or stories or poetry, just as I say that I am in insurance instead of in business. But writing is not business, as Lucinda implies reproachfully with her shadowy gray eyes when I fail to respond delicately and appreciatively to a new idea. I suppose that she can hardly say she is doing essays or poems or plays or stories when she is creating an entirely new form. The new form is not prose and not verse. Neither is it free verse—Lucinda shudders at this suggestion and says that free verse was born with death already at its throat. I hesitate to tell you about Lucinda's new form for fear you will smile, and I love Lucinda. When she has lived a little harder, she will write better. Just now she sits down at her desk and lets the Creative Wish tell her what to write. I don't think

he—or it—tells her very clearly, because her papers are crazily criss-crossed and I am always bringing her home new erasers from the office.

Lucinda belongs to a "group". The boys in my office speak of the gang or bunch to which they are attached, and I myself have been decoyed into clubs, but Lucinda has a share in nothing so commonplace. The "group" is a serious circle to which I may never refer frivolously without having her hiss "Philistine" at me—whatever that may mean. Obviously I am not a member of the group; I simply own the apartment in which Lucinda and I live together and in which the group gathers for talk, as they say, and for refreshments, as I know, from the number of sandwiches I make and they consume. Talking does make one hungry, and ye gods! how they do talk! They are all writers and talk about nothing but writing. They can spend a whole evening and halfway to dawn arguing about the faults of a single play or novel. It is inconceivable to me that one piece of literature can be so bad as they find it. I could not find a similar number of defects in a whole library. They get positively happy disagreeing over the deficiencies in a play. They are not content to damn a thing and let it die; they disagree as thoroughly as doctors at a consultation as to the reason for its extinction. The more successful a thing is, the more dreadful they find it. If I enjoy a book, I have learned never to tell them so. They used to smile cornerwise and avoid politely any discussion of the book while I was still in the room. Later I would catch murmurs of damnation.

They have a strange attitude toward success. Apparently to be successful is to be commonplace. Now in my business, the more people we insure,

the more successful we are, but the converse seems to be true of literature. The group has the notion that if an article is accepted, it cannot be good, and yet they are always trying to get things accepted. When the one man among them whom I considered to have normal intelligence, sold a series of stories to a popular weekly, he soon stopped coming to the apartment. Though the others called him the "money-changer" and sighed it was "such a pity" whenever his name was mentioned, it is my idea that he deserted, and not that they cast him out, as they claim. But then, I don't, as Lucinda says, "understand".

They read a great deal, their own work, of course. I do not attend these readings, since I know nothing about literature as it is made today and would, therefore, disturb the circle of sympathy. The apartment is so small, however, that I am forced to hear more or less of what is read. I must confess that I respect the judgment of the editors who reject what the group write. I think the readers themselves do too, for it is my private, never-to-be-murmured opinion that they read to be encouraged and not to be criticized. Of course, the theory of the group is that they shall constitute a perfect forum of honest criticism by which the author shall abide. From my observation the reader laps up the encouragement and discards all unfavorable comment as unintelligent.

Perhaps I am too severe on Lucinda's group; I may be a Philistine—whatever-that-may-mean; they may all be the neglected geniuses each secretly assures himself he is. I am influenced, I admit, by a thoroughly reasonable grudge I hold against the lot,—they use me for copy! I am to them the Average Human Being. I do not write or know anything about

writing. The Creative Wish never wished anything on me, as my office boy would put the point. Since I am entirely untalented, the group therefore regard me as a perfect specimen of the General Public. They pursue my reactions on any and all points with the zeal of a hunter for a fox. They lay mental traps, springing questions at me even as I come into the room bringing them long drinks—they talk so much they are always desperately thirsty. When I answer, they cross glances triumphantly. A week later, they read and I have to overhear articles in which my opinions, usually distorted beyond the recognition of anyone not familiar with the “creative process”, have become the attitude of a large section of the human race. It is hard for the world in general to be blamed for my opinions, but fortunately the world rarely has to know it is blameworthy, since the articles do not often appear in print.

For example, the group asked me recently what I thought of Bodge in his new play. I replied that I liked him; he amused me when I had brain-fag. Laughter, all doctors agree, is a better tonic than unnecessary tears and besides, the insurance business uncovers its own tragedies. Anyway, I *liked* him. The silence after my comment was so very quiet that I am sure I know the quality of the stillness while anarchists wait for the bomb they have planted to explode. Nobody spoke, but the atmosphere hissed with the unuttered “There!” Then Lucinda, who cannot help being a lady, remarked: “Lydia, this is delicious iced tea.”

Only last night, as a corollary to this incident, Beekman, who is fat, read a tirade on “The Extinction of the Theatre”, in which he deplored the attitude of the public which goes to

the theatre to be amused. I once saw—and was not amused by—a play of Beekman’s which the group put on at a little theatre for a choice circle of sympathizers. (Beekman, by the way, has not written a play since. He always has something in mind, but not on paper.) In Beekman’s play, a man, discovering that he has leprosy, kills himself, wife, and child, lest they should all be infected. When they are in the last throes, a doctor, hastily summoned, says the man hadn’t leprosy, after all. The group acclaimed the play as a masterpiece of realism. Needless to say, I did not enjoy the performance. “What chance”, said Beekman, hitting back at me in his “Extinction”, “has realism with a mob which turns down its thumbs on anything which does not tickle its risibles? When shall the true drama get a hearing? Lives there no longer a public not too soft to endure the torments of a fellow man upon the stage?” No, Mr. Beekman, the public of which I am your sample, does not any longer choose to pay its cash for the privilege of being merely tormented. If I must be harrowed, I want to get a sense of righteousness in the harrowing, some fundamental principle which I can store away as a bulwark for moral defense at later crises. When I said something of this sort, Mr. Beekman promptly rapped in his next paper the Puritan public which insists that a moral be served with every drama.

I have even appeared as the heroine of a very modern novel in which the leading woman is made to choose between domesticity with a husband and business. In earlier days, I have wept over marvelous voices sacrificed in the matrimonial mausoleum of the Home—not my phrasing but that of the popular serial—and have suffered with

actresses obliged to sacrifice careers to husbands who could not endure the thought of their earning a copper cent; but I have yet to learn the lure of business, though I have earned my living by it for eleven years. In this novel I was aflame with ambition. I believe I was made to sell stocks and bonds instead of insurance, but I was absorbed in buying and selling. I ate, drank, and slept with stocks and bonds in my mind. I dreamed always of—not gain, but financial glory. I had the lust for power over other people's bank accounts. And then a man came and asked me to wash his dishes and cook his dinners and be his wife. Of course I refused him—in the novel. My would-be husband's love turned to jealousy of his rival, my business; he became my enemy in a desperate war on the stock exchange. Twenty years later, we broke each other. I have always longed to steal the manuscript of the novel to read to my associates. Ada Millbank wrote it, Ada who has so little business acumen that she has been known to take her July rent on June 30 to buy a muff for the next winter. I have never been able to account for the overwhelming ambition with which Ada endowed me, since my chief interest in my occupation lies in the fact that it provides me with tea and toast and occasionally steak. Just before Ada evolved the story, I did refuse Dick Halliday, as I fear Lucinda may have hinted, but I did so for no other reason than that I did not care for him. He did not want me, either, as much as he did a wife and a home—it is the men who want the homes, regardless of the writers who write otherwise.

Even Lucinda uses me for literary purposes. She thinks I do not know because she disguises my thoughts and words in generalizations. For ex-

ample, she has made capital of my preference for vanilla ice-cream in chocolate ice-cream soda. In summer I am as devoted to ice-cream soda as a school girl or a man working off the tobacco habit. I remarked casually to Lucinda upon the fortunes squandered for ice-cream in a modern lifetime. Not long after Lucinda produced an article on "Modern Puritanism", in which she discussed relics of the Puritanical attitude in contemporary thought. My preference for vanilla ice-cream became an inheritance from Puritan ancestry. How? Lucinda argued that since human nature is a constant, fundamental characteristics simply reappear in new aspects. Puritanical principles exist today, she declared, reacting to new conditions. To the Puritan, modern extravagances for purely physical comforts would be appalling. "Take so simple a matter as ice-cream soda," said she; "I have a friend who salves her conscience for spending money on anything so fleshly as ice-cream soda by eating vanilla instead of chocolate ice-cream in a chocolate drink,—a less Epicurean mixture."

If Lucinda went always so far astray, I should not care, but the Creative Wish has a habit of telling her my inmost secrets, particularly after we have had a brisk walk in the winter air. Lucinda sees too clearly, understands too much at such times. I doubt if she realizes that it is my soul she is dissecting in the verses she produces. She thinks she is generalizing from her own experience, whereas she is making my self a symbol for the race. To her, even as to the group, I am at these moments the Average Human Being and not her oldest friend.

I like to be helpful, but the highest altruism could find no joy in serving as a Type.

LOUISE WHITEFIELD BRAY

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK COLLECTOR

BY GABRIEL WELLS

COLLECTING has come to hold an exalted position in the round of leisure activities. The distinct recognition of its merits is a most commendable feature in the movement of modern culture. There is no activity which approaches the occupation of collecting in the liberalizing influence which it exercises upon the mind of one engaged in it. Collecting stands midway between sport and trade. It is too serious for sport, and too playful for trade.

What is a collector? If a person acquires things without reference to their use, merely to satisfy his fancy, he is a collector. The objects thus acquired may be paintings, postage stamps, violins, pistols, snuff-boxes,—anything of human interest, with the appeal to one's fancy conformably diversified. But whatever the specific character of the appeal may be, it never proceeds—and therein lies the crux of the matter—from the thing as such; that is, from its primary attributes. Which naturally at once raises the question: "What then is it that stirs the fancy, what is it that stimulates the interest for collecting?" It is the "fringes" of things. Things have an entity which constitute their identity; and they have fringes which constitute their differentiae. It is these fringes which fasten themselves upon the fancy. Let it be watches.

One does not collect watches to be the better posted on the time. A single watch would fulfil the need. It is the peculiarities which the different makes of watches display which clinch the appeal.

A man becomes charmed with the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam". He afterward comes across another edition of it, and he acquires that as well. Later he discovers that there is still another edition, and this he also procures, and then another, and many more yet; until he has gathered together maybe a hundred different editions. Does he read them all? Plainly, no. What he does is to note their variations to the delight of his fancy. There are some sixty odd examples of Corot in Ex-Senator Clark's collection of paintings. Were they acquired for the purpose of adorning the walls of his living quarters? A famous American book collector at a recent auction in London, paid a tremendous price for a copy of "Venus and Adonis"—a sum of money large enough to buy a handsome residence on Riverside Drive. Was his anxiety to capture at any cost this tiny treasure of a book prompted by a desire to familiarize himself more thoroughly with Shakespeare's immortal poem?

No; it is, as I submit,—to collect is to bow to fancy.

The highest form of collecting is

book collecting, for the reason of its greatest degree of complexity. In other lines the appeal is largely emotional, while in the case of books—and by this I mean all literary products—the interest is chiefly intellectual. Not that this interest even in books takes its rise in the intellect. Nor indeed should it. In order that the collector should pass through the proper evolutionary stages, the interest is to start on the emotional plane. To qualify as a book collector one need not be of a studious turn of mind, or even possess an overfondness for reading. If anything, this is apt to spoil one. Great readers are no respecters of books. Darwin used to tear a few pages from a book to read on the train. Edward Fitzgerald had the habit of separating the part of a book he liked, while discarding the rest; so that he is said to have had few perfect books in his library.

The other day I was shown a letter written by a young New England business man, in which he writes: "Gee, but I'd like to get a fine set of Bret Harte's. How much would it cost, and is it obtainable? I was always stuck on that fellow, but I like Kipling the best of any fellow I ever read. He appeals to me. I'd love to read this afternoon again how Fuzzy Wuzzy broke the British Square. Can you send it to me elegantly bound?" This young man has the making of a collector. He has a genuine affection for books. He likes to fondle them and would not hurt their being on any consideration.

The start in collecting in most cases is simple. The impulse for it arises through an appreciative, intimate contact with the work of an author—a sort of spontaneous generation. The incipient steps might be as ingenuous as this: a man reads a book, and en-

joys it. Perhaps he reads it again. By and by he feels a desire to have this book in a more pretentious form. He goes to a bookshop and asks the salesman, as the case may be, "Have you Stevenson's 'Treasure Island'?" He is shown an ordinary copy with linen covers. "I have that," he says. "What I want is a more attractive edition, better paper, larger type, and in a more durable binding." He says it in a tone as if he felt a sort of gratitude for pleasures received. The salesman then shows him a copy of what he describes as a de luxe edition. When told the price he is at first rather startled at the disparity in value, but after it is explained to him that only a limited number of this edition have been printed, and the type distributed, and so on, he feels satisfied and buys the book.

In buying this book he has made a start toward collecting. He bought a book he has already read, but bought it for its appeal to his fancy. Next time the salesman sees him in the store, knowing the man's foible for Stevenson, he calls his attention to still another edition of "Treasure Island", or maybe to some other of Stevenson's books. After a while he makes him get interested in some first edition of this author, not necessarily in the original cloth it was issued; but just an ordinary copy with edges cut, newly bound. That does not matter. It is just as well that he should know nothing as yet about the finer points. Let him grope his way at first, and find out gradually for himself the intricacies of collecting. One who starts out with a full-blown consciousness of what he wants, and begins to be finicky right at the outset,—insisting that everything be in the original boards, uncut, with paper label, and even so many pages of ad-

vertisements at the end,—never will have a full share of the thrills of collecting; and what is more, his development will be mechanical, and his growth arrested. He will pay the penalty of the wide-awakeness of the precocious child. How, forsooth, is one to develop, if starting at the top?

To love perfection is laudable, assuredly. To strive for the best, is the very meaning of evolution; so who is there to find fault with such aspiration? To strive, yes; but not to outreach. Seldom any good comes of a premature desire. If one attains the object, the chances are one will not adequately appreciate it. But the more likely outcome is that one may never attain it, and this for the reason that, with one's as yet chaotic sense of values, one is apt to fail to grasp the opportunity even when it does present itself; or, worse still, by way of a backward evolution, one often ends by losing interest in the thing altogether. To wish for a thing and have its fulfilment unduly protracted is fatal. The interest simply exhausts itself for lack of sustenance—a case of devolution. "I shall wait until I get a copy such as I have set my mind on," he would protest, the novice who has had something put into his head. Wait, indeed. That was not the way Robert Hoe went about it, and none knew the right way better. Stickler for "points" as he was, he secured what was available for the time being, and then waited. Simultaneously with his diligent search for ever-fresh items, he was constantly on the lookout for finer copies of items already in his collection. In this manner, not only the collection as a whole was enlarging and developing continually, but each individual item went through a progressive development of its own. This mode of procedure multiplies the

pleasures, moreover; while diminishing the nervous strain of uncertainty. It is the natural, spontaneous method, and the safest.

It is interesting to note that the biggest collectors commenced in a naive, undefined, crude manner. That prince of collectors, the late J. Pierpont Morgan, as is known bought at first indiscriminately. He bought all sorts of subscription sets, ornate bindings, and what not. He went on acquiring in this way until, by degrees, he reached the stage of differentiation. With his inborn connoisseur's instinct he reached that stage in comparatively short order; and from it soon rose to the ultimate stage.

There are three stages in the evolution of a book collector. They are assimilation, differentiation, and integration. Some never get beyond the first, most get entangled in the ramifications of the second stage, and only the superior few ever ascend to the point of integration.

To be sure, nearly all great collectors had a primitive, nebulous start, acquiring things promiscuously without a directive central thought. Take the towering figure of Henry E. Huntington himself; or the Clarks, the two highly evolved collectors of California; or Herschell V. Jones, or John L. Clawson, or W. T. Wallace, all of whom commenced their collecting in a more or less wabbling fashion. They used to buy all kinds of "junk"—in the pet phrase of a class-inspired confrere—and buy with their usual gusto. And I have also in mind one of our most intelligent and fastidious collectors today. He would send to the binder hundreds of books and spend thousands of dollars to have them rebound, thereby incidentally lessening their value from the higher standpoint. Not that he is in the least re-

gretful—not he. Very likely, with his fine sense of humor, part of the expenditure he placed to the diversion account, anyway. Mentioning diversion, and having made some other remark a little above, it may not be amiss at this juncture to put in a charitable word for the much-reviled book agent. He has no doubt shown himself in unenviable lights more than once, and has killed many a tender plant by his forward methods; but, on the other hand, he has to his credit the sowing in unexpected spots of seeds which developed into robust growths. The matter with the book agent is that he has an insecure tenure.

Some of the full-fledged collectors may not possibly relish the idea of being reminded of their humble start, any more than many of us like to look squarely in the face the evolutionary theory of the origin of our being. But all of this is false pride. The lower down in the scale one starts, the more creditable is the ascent. Give me by all means a naive, unsophisticated man, but one inspired with enthusiasm. Let him have only a vague idea in his mind of something or other; and he will soon begin to develop, if placed in the right atmosphere.

A man loves books. Well, let him browse around among the shelves of a bookstore, and pick up this and that. Let his sole guide be his own untutored imagination. It is much better for him if he has no mentor to direct his steps at first. If he is under rigid care in the initial stages, he will miss much of the zest of the thing; nor will he progress very far. But, unguided, he will make blunders and spend money foolishly? Let him; so long as he has it to spend, and is not overcharged. He is entitled to his fancy—is he not? Besides, he needs

the experience, and the shopkeeper needs the business. This may seem cynical, but it is not. It is the expression of life's own logic. Since when are we expected to ridicule the vagaries of our childhood and criticize them in the light of our advanced knowledge? The crucial test of the wisdom of a given action is: "Is it food for development, or is it poison?"

A gentleman once asked my advice as to how he should start collecting. I told him to buy the things which appealed to him personally, those he felt would give him pleasure in possessing, not the things which other people have, and which he himself perhaps would not appreciate. In starting this way one will derive satisfaction right at the beginning, and secure a wide basis of assimilation from which one may gradually rise to a higher and higher stage of differentiation. Imitation and emulation have their functions, but they must not be allowed to stifle the assertion of one's own initiative. There is a highly instructive instance which bears out this point almost to perfection. At the instigation of a friend who is a seasoned collector, an industrial magnate, who never before bought a rare book, walked into a well-known bookstore in New York one day; and, in a single purchase, procured a stately lot of top-notch items, spending about \$50,000 in the process. That occurred nearly three years ago, and the man has not bought another book to add to his initial acquisition since, although he realizes, as he admitted to me himself, that he obtained good value for his money. Those acquainted with the facts of the case still keep wondering whether this spirited gentleman ever will recover from the effects of the over-dose he took on that occasion. He has ample means, and could easily

afford to humor even an exacting fancy, but money in itself can never take the place of a whole-hearted enthusiasm. It is obvious that a desire, to be enduring, must spring from the person himself.

When one has already made a beginning in one's own individual manner,—with the line of development as yet inarticulate, that is, before one commences to specialize,—and is looking around for guidance and invites suggestions, I like to recommend, on general principles, the original edition of Burns's Poems—a handy, compact volume. Even the average reader is more or less conversant with this outstanding English classic; and consequently, the interest is readily enlisted. It is a case of linking a new experience to the old, which is an important educational principle. I show him, as a rule, the Edinburgh Edition, published in 1787, pointing out the misprints which are the distinguishing marks of the first issue, such as the word *Roxburgh* spelled *Boxburgh* in the list of subscribers, and the word *skinking* spelled *stinking* in the "Ode to a Haggis". The reason why I single out this edition is on account of these amusing points, and the extreme lowness of price in comparison with the Kilmarnock Edition, which was issued only a year earlier. Another book I like to recommend is "Gulliver's Travels", the issue with separate pagination of each part. This also is not a high-priced book, the same book with portrait without inscription in the oval being worth ten times as much. Still another of the great books which I have found to have a fascination for the intelligent beginner is Milton's "Paradise Lost". There are no less than eight different issues of the first edition, all of which agree in every particular as to the body of the book

itself, differing chiefly in the variations of the title-page. These different issues are spoken of as the first edition with the first title, second title, etc., while the price between the issue with the first title, and that with the eighth, is in the ratio of about twenty to one. The disclosure of these points immediately arrests the attention and produces a receptive, inquiring mood.

The main thing always is that the curiosity should be aroused. I remember a young collector to whom I had shown a copy of the First Edition of "Robinson Crusoe", but one which is not generally considered the first issue, having the word *apply* in the preface spelled correctly, instead of as the first issue has it, *aplyly*. When I pointed out to him how much less the price of that copy was than the one with the word incorrectly spelled, he laughed and said: "Is that all? I think I will take this rather than pay so much more for the incorrect copy." Since then, however, he exchanged his copy for the first issue, and has gladly paid the difference, for now he has reached the stage of differentiation.

I spoke of enthusiasm as being the one essential in the collector. There are those who are filled with ecstasy in the presence of great items. I had a copy not long ago of the first complete edition of John Skelton's Poems in the original binding. I showed it to A. Edward Newton, whose book "The Amenities of Book Collecting" has done so much to stir up enthusiasm in this field. As soon as he saw it, he wanted it. Unfortunately, I was not in a position to let him have it, owing to a prior claim upon it by another collector. He submitted to the inevitable for the moment, but when he returned to Philadelphia, he at once wired me, "Shall not be happy without the Skelton." Is not that delicious?

Mr. Newton's friends, and their name is legion, will be pleased to know that he got the Skelton. Indeed, Mr. Newton is too intuitive a collector to wait upon the full maturing of his fancy, and thereby take the contingent risk of ever again meeting the prized item. The late Winston H. Hagen had a chance to buy the Van Antwerp copy of the first folio Shakespeare, and he let the opportunity slip by him, with the result that his important collection remained without a first folio he so greatly coveted. But, then, the fond hope was ever his.

And this brings us to the consideration of the most vital aspect of the question. Ordinarily to have a thing is more gratifying than to look for it. Not so when one enters the field of collecting. There the greater delight lies in the pursuit. The reason is that the collector while searching for an object is already in ideal contact with it. He knows the thing is there, and he feels quite certain he will find it; so he harbors an anticipatory sense of its ownership, with the edge of curiosity undulled by actual possession. Invariably, the sense of pursuit is what provides the keenest pleasure in the process of collecting. Here is a collector who undertakes to extra-illustrate the work of a favorite author. He will spare no time and labor to assemble the necessary material. He roams all over book-creation to find such a woodcut or a steelplate, or a colored view which he deems would best illumine a certain passage. While he is at work he goes through a succession of delights, which are heightened by the very difficulties he encounters. When the task is finished and the tension is relaxed, his interest in it presently begins to wane. Of course, this abatement of interest is only temporary, a reaction from the

zeal and energy he put in the work. Still, this goes to show that the element of pursuit is the predominating factor. I wonder, in passing, if the impulse for collecting is not but a modification of the hunting instinct imbedded in our nature. It has all the earmarks of it. Hunting is essentially pursuit with possession as the climax. That is precisely what collecting is. Often this element of pursuit becomes over-accentuated. Who has not met with the species of collector who would view an item again and again, play with it like a cat with a mouse, hesitant to arrive at a decision, and yet all the while wanting it; for fear, largely not self-realized, of losing, by gaining possession of the thing, the excitement and fun which he experiences in dallying with the present object of his fancy. In some isolated cases the sense of pursuit gets entirely detached, a mental attitude strikingly exemplified in the story told of an Englishman who sat by a lake in Belgium intently watching the behavior of his line. A native observing his actions ventured the remark that there were no fish in that lake. "No matter, my lad, I am not fishing for fish, I am fishing for pleasure."

This case, it goes without saying, represents an abnormal state of mind which must be combated. The objective element ought always to be held in balance with the subjective; else the desire dominates the person, and leads to all sorts of eccentricities. To proceed gradually on the wave of alternation between pursuit and possession, without undue pressure and yet with unslackening tension, is what insures a sane, well-balanced progress.

There are various types of collectors, resulting from the intermixture of three ingredients: temperament, intellectual bent, and pocket-book.

They may be divided into two large groups—the intensive, and the diffuse. An illustrious example of the intensive type is afforded by Henry C. Folger, the noted Shakespearian collector, while the majority of the collectors may be classed under the diffuse type. But there is still another type, the voluminous, which is a combination of the intensive and the diffuse, and of this type we have in Mr. Huntington a monumental embodiment.

The present widespread tendency to devote the margins of time to the pleasurable and informative task of collecting is a wholesome development.

It would be a good thing if people would grow to still better realize that collecting is a most effective instrument of intellectual enrichment and mental harmony; and by progressively enlarging the sphere of our activities, is conducive to a broad and serene outlook upon life. To collect the variegated products of human achievement and ingenuity is to get in touch with the forces of civilization, is to drink at the headsprings of history, geography, art, science, and literature. It enables a person to focalize the scattered rays of his cultural interests, to gather himself together, “to see life steadily and see it whole”.

CONVERSION

BY ELIZABETH HANLY

○ H I have felt a ship's deck
 Heave under me and so
 I know what gods and poets
 And sailormen must know:
 Why shiftless folk go seeking
 What thrifty folk despise;
 How broken men and cruel
 Have beauty in their eyes.

Since I have seen new planets
 Pricked in a deeper blue,
 I know what Drake and Frobisher
 And old Magellan knew.
 And no smug folk in harbor
 Need ever question me
 Why men who hate her thraldom
 Go back again to sea.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

An Oriental dancer's autobiography—a social novel by the French war humorist Maurois—Duhamel's war "Conversations", emotional reactions of a humanitarian idealism—an interviewer's symposium of German professional men's ideas on their country's defeat, the treaty and its application.

SHEMAKHA, Baku, Teheran, Constantinople, in the momentous years just before the war—we should welcome a well-written book upon these cities of Caucasia, Persia and the near East, were it nothing but the impressions of a European traveler. But Armèn Ohanian's "La Danseuse de Shamakha" is something far more human. It is no account of things seen from the outside which any foreigner, wide-awake and industrious, might record. It is the story of the author's own childhood and young womanhood written by an Armenian Christian and from an Armenian point of view. Armèn Ohanian is an artist known abroad for her interpretation of Caucasian and Persian dances.

There was much affection and joy, mingled with austerity, in the life of her family, dwelling in one of the villages sheltered like eagle's nests in the mountains, with their rose-colored citadels, their churches and their svelt minarets "d'où le chant nostalgique des meuzzins saluait le Dieu dans le soleil et se mêlait au son grave des cloches pour glorifier le même Dieu à la même heure." But evil days came to them when, an earthquake having shattered the town of She-makha where they spent their winters, they were forced to remove to

Baku on the Caspian Sea. Here the children going to school were punished if a single Armenian word fell from their lips and the girls, the boys, their mother and their father each suffered in different ways, according to their characters, from the indignities put upon them by an oppressive Russian government. Finally, the father having died as the result of a massacre connived in by the Cossacks, the family was broken up and Armèn, our author, went to live in Persia. She adapted herself as best she could to the customs of Resht and finally spent some time sharing, although she was a Christian, the home life, occupations, and amusements of a prominent Moslem family in Teheran. It was from this town that she at length set out upon her career as a dancer—a career which took her first to Constantinople and then to Cairo, bringing her into touch with western Europe.

Armèn Ohanian styles herself "une simple vagabonde d'Asie qui aime et qui hait selon son coeur". She is also a woman of evident culture with a gift of simple, frank, and agreeable expression, a power to feel distinctions and a strongly marked eastern temperament. She was ready to admire western civilization; but on coming

to know it, she is by no means impressed; and her book echoes more than once not only a profound disappointment, but also the feeling that we might learn much from the East. "Je ne comprends vraiment pas d'où vient l'erreur commune à tous les Européens de croire l'Asiatique une esclave.... Je conseillerais à des suffragettes et à des féministes d'emprunter quelques préceptes de Mahomet concernant les droits des femmes. Perfectionnée par ces préceptes, la situation de l'Européenne, esclave de ses lois et de son époux, s'améliorerait pour beaucoup." She feels keenly under what handicap the dreamy Asiatic lives in the haunts of the European. "Moi aussi je n'ai pas échappé au sort cruel des lunatiques d'Asie en Occident et si je sais m'en débarrasser pour quelques rares instants, c'est à mes cymbales et à mon tambour que je le dois." The remark that there is but one law in the world, "manger son voisin ou être mangé par lui", calls forth from her the exclamation: "Que Dieu nous aide, nous autres, et qu'Il nous transforme de somnambules asiatiques en anthropophages civilisés!"

One of the most interesting features of this book is Armèn Ohanian's picture of the Armenian Christians, the primitive inflexibility of their religion, and the contrast between their austere lives and the lives of grace and ease of the Mohammedan Persians. It is only recently that their priests have understood that "nous seuls parmi tous les chrétiens du monde, ayant pris à la lettre les sublimes paroles du Christ, en restâmes les dupes, les dupes malheureuses des impossibles rêves. Et, ayant mis de côté leurs soutanes et leur crucifix" (through which, until now, these priests have exhorted the Armenians to nonresistance during the massa-

cres), "ils se mêlèrent aux insurgés." She makes a few rapid but telling remarks upon the concessions and compositions of the church of the West, for she has evidently suffered not a little from its insincerity. But she recognizes nevertheless the disasters resulting, in her opinion, from the attitude of her own people: had they been less literal in their Christianity, they would not now be so terribly decimated. Moreover Armèn Ohanian's own nature, encouraged no doubt by her stay in Persia, is somewhat in opposition to the attitude of her race; it was apparently the pressure of her life-loving temperament, with its desire for beauty, new sights and new sensations, and its delight in the mystic, the "irréal" (as she calls it) atmosphere which surrounds the dancer in the East, that made her set out upon her voyages, when forced to give up the easy life of Teheran.

The present book stops with Armèn Ohanian's departure from Egypt—not on her way to India and China where she longs to go, but to London whither she is forced by a contract signed in ignorance. I am told that she is at present in Madrid preparing a second volume describing her progress in western countries.

André Maurois is a public benefactor. To see his name on the cover of a new book reminds us that we owe to him, as we do to a few others such as Poulbot and Bairnsfather, one of the few moments of amusement that relieved the grimness of the war. It will be many months before we forget the delightful humor of his "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble", its well-told anecdotes, its feeling for character, and its understanding, so rare in the work of a Frenchman, of the vigor, courage and almost apologetic devo-

tion to high, traditional ideals that lie beneath the burly exterior of the Britisher.

Maurois's "Ni Ange ni Bête" is unlike its predecessor. Whereas the first is an unpretentious collection of detached episodes or sketches, this book is more ambitious. It consists of a connected narrative with at least a suggestion that the author has a moral to point. It describes the experiences and feelings of a political progressive during the agitated years of French history 1846-1852, the period of the republican revolution of 1848, the *coup d'état* and the return to absolutism under the emperorship of Napoléon le Petit. This democrat with socialist leanings is abandoned by his friends and driven from France by his enemies, the rewards for his too ingenious enthusiasm for reform being, in addition to his exile to England and a call on Lamartine, the possession of a trustworthy yet pretty wife and the opportunity to meditate upon the ideas of an easy-going philosopher who believes in the evident truth that "pour qu'une révolution soit utile, il faut qu'elle se borne à sanctionner une évolution déjà accomplie; et dans ce cas, elle n'a pas besoin de la violence."

This novel has many qualities. It is permeated with a graceful irony, and it treats with affectionate pity those who erroneously believe that human society may be made anew over night. I recognize and enjoy also the ease of Maurois's style. These qualities should and will, no doubt, appeal to many readers. But, speaking for myself, the book does not impress me. In spite of the grave thoughts upon the nature of man, prefixed to each of its three divisions, it is little more than a pleasantly written story in which the disappointments of humanitarian dreams are mitigated by the

comforts of requited affection. Only in the most superficial way, can it be considered an exposition of Pascal's great thought which has supplied Maurois with his title: "L'homme n'est ni ange ni bête, et le malheur veut que qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête."

In a former volume, as readers of THE BOOKMAN know, Duhamel plead for what was little short of re-education of the heart of modern society. He desired to substitute for our preoccupation with material and inanimate things an interest in, and a sympathy with, the feelings of our fellow men: in no other way, so he maintains, can the world recapture the happiness it has lost. That Duhamel has taken his own lesson seriously, that he practises what he preaches, there is no doubt; and it is this fact which lends charm and distinction to his most recent book, "Entretiens dans le Tumulte".

In certain ways this is the best work yet produced by Duhamel. At the outset of his literary career, he was earnestly seeking to give form and substance to an impulse which stirred within him. He had caught sight, with some indistinctness, of a new conception of what was most worth while in life, and he was trying to express this conception in a style equally novel. His writing at that time was strained, uncouth and even, at times, unintelligible to the average reader. This was particularly noticeable in the verse of "Les Compagnons", and was still discernible in certain parts of his prose "La Possession du Monde". "Les Entretiens" shows a decided advance. Duhamel is now more at home in the attitude of his choosing, and the question of form has settled itself, so true is it that "Ce

que l'on conçoit bien s'énonce clairement". His style was never so simple as in these "entretiens"; yet nowhere has he made us feel so strongly those subtleties of social intuition and human communings which are the distinctive feature of his inspiration.

With much skill, for instance, he brings out the mutual mistrust of two soldiers, both profoundly devoted to France yet so different in temperament that the tender, solicitous patriotism of the first is incomprehensible to the robust, unalarmed love of country of the second. Here he notes the peculiar contentment emanating from the presence of certain personalities: "Les choses vont ainsi avec Houtelette: quand il est là, on ne le remarque point, mais son absence est en général remarquée." There he describes the mournfulness, the sense of general oppression that sometimes comes upon a group of men and that seems inexplicable until finally traced to the sadness, quiet and unobtrusive though it may be, of one of their number. And still elsewhere he makes us share the loneliness of Cauchois: during the night and when dreaming in the daytime, Cauchois is conscious of his wife and child supporting him with their affection; but he misses, as the years of war drag on, "la grande pensée" of his countrymen living away from the trenches, "la grande pensée de là-bas qui nous enveloppait, dans les premiers temps, et qu'on nous retire, maintenant, comme un vêtement prêté." At times indeed, Duhamel's sense of emotional atmosphere transcends the individual, and then we have a striking description of what might be called the soul of an anonymous gathering.

Such passages as these represent what is perhaps the most lasting and what is certainly the most individual

merit of "Les Entretiens": they suggest that we are reading an author who is calling our attention to human truths of real value, which have hitherto escaped our consideration. But it is not these passages which will attract most attention at the present moment. They will be overshadowed by others expressing the likes and dislikes, the hopes and the fears of one who, having lived close to the realities of the war, speaks the mind of hundreds or thousands of the younger men whose opinions will soon count in the direction of the world's affairs. Duhamel detests the war, and he is alternately either put out of patience or saddened by everyone and everything which may tend to make its recurrence possible by obscuring its lessons. Written immediately before the armistice and in the months that followed its declaration, these "conversations" are mainly concerned with the reactions of a broadly humanitarian idealism, exasperated by the egoism and quibbling of politicians, delighted by the plain speaking and brotherly affection of Wilson (whose utterances Duhamel comes near comparing to those of Christ), and hoping against hope that there will be no return to the "morale usée", the "vieilles religions compromises" and the "institutions sociales et politiques condamnées" of 1914.

Certain of the "entretiens" are marred by impetuous irresponsibility of tone and expression; and others repeat arguments and ideas that have been more effectively and more thoroughly put forward by other writers. A few, however, have a real and pathetic appeal. Such for instance is that entitled "La Légende", in which the writer and a friend mark with dismay the futility of any attempt to pass on to men of future generations a

knowledge of the hideous experiences undergone by the men of the present: scarcely was the armistice declared when, on the very eleventh of November, "l'humanité tout entière contemplant le passé monstrueux et s'apprêtait à en faire des souvenirs", with all the mendacious adornment which memory inevitably bestows. Such, too, is another "entretien" which recalls the words with which Duhamel brought to a close "La Possession du Monde". It is a plea for an attempt on the part of the nations, and especially of France, to try a policy of magnanimous and cordial disinterestedness—a plea in which, as a reply to the disillusioned arguments of an objector, he exclaims: "Ne discutez point; ouvrez vos livres et dites-moi si jamais, au long de soixante siècles d'histoire, les hommes voués à la direction des peuples ont eu l'originale grandeur de leur faire accomplir une seule de ces actions majestueuses et désintéressées qui ont fait, parfois, la gloire d'individus isolés".

Maurice Berger's "La Nouvelle Allemagne" is a timely book, consisting of a set of interviews obtained since the signing of the armistice from prominent Germans of every profession—diplomats, politicians, journalists, manufacturers, scientists, financiers, artists, and writers. It shows the ideas of these men upon realizing that Germany had been defeated in the war, their hopes concerning the peace terms, and the suggestions they wished to spread abroad in their efforts to make these terms and their application as favorable as possible. The interviewer has taken care to get,

as far as conditions would permit, reliable data upon the state of public opinion in Germany. That this state is not ideal from the Allied point of view, may be seen from the following extracts of Berger's conclusions: "For this nation of seventy million people the truth is simple enough: Germany was carrying on a defensive war. She had become too powerful and too rich: the envy of England and the rancor of France had schemed to ruin her". The Germans, generally, still believe in all the fanciful stories by which they were originally duped: French aviators dropping bombs on Nuremberg on the first of August, 1914, French doctors poisoning the wells of Metz, French officers preparing the passage of French troops through Luxemburg. "Today, it is true, some Germans are beginning to doubt the most patent falsehoods of earlier days and to uphold the theory of preventive war: the Allies had, according to this theory, forged around Germany a deadly ring which it was time, if ever, to break through.... The government of the German Republic is continuing to circulate the falsehoods of the former government of the Empire. The great mass of the population continues to be deceived by these falsehoods". And the result of all this is a tragic misunderstanding: "L'Entente agit comme un justicier vis-à-vis d'un criminel et ce criminel se croit un innocent puni par un coupable."

La Danseuse de Shamakha. By Armén Ohanian. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

Ni Ange ni Bête. By André Maurois. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

Entretiens dans le Tumulte. By Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France.

La Nouvelle Allemagne. By Maurice Berger. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

ABOUT ESSAYS, AND THREE

BY MARY TERRILL

THE essay is coming back again.

About every twenty years that slogan gets at the top of the editorial page of a literary publication. How far this comeback is engineered by the Readers' Trust in the publishing houses, whether they are pushed into it by the psychic tugs of their clientele, or whether it is purely a mechanical and periodic return of an immortal art-form, space (and brains) lacks us to go into.

But the essay is really coming back. Who was it started the ball a-rolling again? Not Maeterlinck, Havelock Ellis, or James Huneker. They have never quitted the essay. With them brevity has not only been the soul of wit but the dugs of thought. Is anything outside of fiction and politics worth more than ten thousand words? To be brief is Latin; to be prolix is German. We haven't enough time for lives handy to read your point of view in ten thousand words. There are too many points of view nowadays. The facets of the brain multiply beyond our counting numerals. All life aspires to condensed expression. Say it quickly, and say it well. The pigeonholes in our brains are full to bulging. There's a fellow waiting behind you who will have his say. And a line in back of him that stretches around the corner of our consciousness.

Maybe it was Carl Van Vechten, or

John Cowper Powys, or Arnold Bennett, or Robert Cortes Holliday that resurrected the delightful art of literary rambling; or Chesterton, or Mencken. The point is moot.

Great essayists are as rare as great personalities. The mono-rail mind seldom expresses itself in an essay. It is essentially the form of the many-sided man. It is the natural matrix of the sensitive, the *raffiné*, the thousand-mirrored chronicler. His unity of vision and reaction lies in his form. His viewpoint may be just the ribbon around the bouquet. He is generally a decadent, a dilettante. He is a reporter of nuances. He is a sampler of all spiritual jam-pots. He is a perpetual traveler without a Baedeker or a Cook's safe-conduct. He may be a ponderous old gossip like Samuel Johnson, a surgeon of tendencies like Arthur Symonds, or a bed-prowling cat like Sainte-Beuve; but they are all alike in this—they are the antennæ of literature. This was even true of old Sam Johnson; his antennæ were spikes and nails, but they were often highly magnetized with wit and epigram. Hippopotamus, his hide was thick but telepathic.

No essay should ever be finished. The perfect essay ought to repeat life, which is a fragment of something else. It ought to suggest another essay. It should have no bottom to stand on. It

should be a cocktail, but never a meal. Oscar Wilde said the great pleasure that a cigarette gave him came from the manner in which it left him unsatisfied. A great essay is a cigarette—an unsatisfactory promise. It is the ash-tray of our emotions and visions. The two finest essays in the language, to my way of thinking, are Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide and the introduction to the Declaration of Independence (unexpurgated).

Here are three books of essays, by Carl Van Vechten, Conrad Aiken, and Sherlock Bronson Gass. Three essayists utterly different—Mr. Gass, in fact, not being an essayist at all, but a psychological novelist. His book is called "A Lover of the Chair". An excellent title for such a philosophic and humorous rambler through life and books and art as Mr. Gass. A chair is the real Seven-Leagued Boot. It is the first and last Time-Machine of thinkers and dreamers. Mr. Gass sits in a very easy chair upholstered in light blue with ivory casters.

His style is easy, Pateresque. He has many windows in his room, but is never bothered by a telephone. His central character has a Marius-the-Epicurean proclivity for Plato-like discussions and fencings on all the questions of the day and some that are quasi-eternal. When he ventures from his chair in his room it is to take one in an obscure restaurant or in a college. He is a poet; hence his musings and spiritual adventures have a glossy atmospheric haze about them. He has the gentle, well-behaved irony of "The New Republic" school. Like all healthy mossbacks, he is a liberal. His revolts against the æsthetic and political formulas of the time seem icily regular enough. He wants to be sure he isn't wrong, which is always fatal. His reactions are never violent enough

to cause a readjustment of his spine in his easy chair.

This Socratic Marius is worried a great deal over Beauty, Soul, Emotion, and Reason. He interviews many Testaments to get at their essence. After hearing a lecture on Christianity and evolution, it is recorded by Mr. Gass that his poet "crept back to his room and meditated". That might be, appropriately, the end of every one of the essays in the book. Quite the gentlemanly thing to do. In fact, "A Lover of the Chair" is a gentleman's book by a gentleman. It is a fine instance of what the essay should not be.

"In the Garret", by Carl Van Vechten, is the essay set to the music of dish-rattling in a table d'hôte restaurant. Mr. Van Vechten, one of the most readable and breeziest essayists of the day, refuses to sit in any chair. When he writes he runs. If he does sit for a moment, it is on the bar in some old tavern or on top of a trolley-car at Forty-seventh and Broadway. Therefore he writes. He eats and gallivants; therefore he lives.

He is a connoisseur of the vivid and the odd, of the flashing and the grotesque. His essays are the Midnight Frolics of a joyous, pagan soul. He is what Bohemia ought to be—Burgundy, charlotte russe and cymbalum. He has a magnificent way of being unimportant. His touch is light and artistic. His culture is Hunekeresque. His scholarship is musicianly, sometimes jazzy. "In the Garret" is a full meal—from soup to "nuts".

There are varieties on any old theme—Oscar Hammerstein, Philip Thicknesse (an admirable and life-size Van Vechten of the eighteenth century), Mimi Aguglia, Holy Jumpers, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Gluck, Salome, and Darktown. "La Tigresse", a "New York Night's Entertainment",

contains a tribute to our city that ought to be read by every Kansan. Mr. Van Vechten loves New York from the soles of its subway to the crown of its Woolworth Tower. He loves it above all other cities because it is unique. It is the whirling dervish of the planet. Impenitent, materialistic, cacophonous, Babelian old New York, ratifying no amendments whatsoever and going to the dogs like a radiant Jezebel! Baudelaire gave Victor Hugo a new thrill of horror; New York has given the world a new and magical diabolism. We are the Holy Jumpers of civilization. "Nothing in New York is incongruous because everything is," says Mr. Van Vechten. If London is Handel, New York is the Beethoven of discords. Mr. Van Vechten himself ought to compose the great American opera, "Tout Gotham". And bring Gabriele D'Annunzio here to do the singing words.

Conrad Aiken's "Scepticisms" is academic. It concerns poets—Edgar Lee Masters, John Gould Fletcher, Lola Ridge, D. H. Lawrence, William Stanley Braithwaite, Alan Seeger, Ezra Pound, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Maxwell Bodenheim, Amy Lowell, John Cowper Powys, Louis Untermeyer and others concerned in interpreting Americans through the *Musæ* of poetry. We notice, by the way, in looking through our classical dictionary, that there is no Muse of vers libre. Will Mr. Aiken attend to this matter? Those of us who are building the Parnassus of the West must find a muse that will apotheosize Walt Whitman, who was America incarnate and the first vers librist of the western hemisphere whose name is universal.

In saying that "Scepticisms" is academic, I mean nothing derogatory. There have been great academicians.

It is possible for a man to go through college without blanketing his fires—if he have any. Real genius may survive the professorial Gradgrinds and still have where to lay its head. But it is noticeable that most collegiates run to "criticism". They lack enthusiasm. They never let themselves go. They break rules with a profound and measured "Ahem!" or an *apologia pro vita sua*, or in the case of Mr. Aiken an *apologia pro specie sua*. They part their thoughts precisely in the middle and use a mustache brush on the subjects they are dealing with. Their critical estimates are the product of their intellectual emotions. Their emotions are discredited—or discreditable, it would seem, in their own view. They shove their brainstorms into their carefully prepared cyclone cellars. They are, to me, like a man engaged, Sisyphus-like, in rolling a collar-button to the top of the dome of their intelligence for the express purpose of watching it fall back into the River of Tendency. They are Justice with a pair of scales—and blinded, of course.

But Mr. Aiken, in his *apologia*, is honest. After berating the stone-throwing of Amy Lowell, Louis Untermeyer, and Ezra Pound, he says he is going to throw some stones himself. He is going to boost Aiken. He confesses that "my sympathies are, perhaps, just a trifle broader and more generous than the average". Of course, of course. It's all a game, dear reader. There is really no fight going on; no professional jealousy among our twenty-one Great American Poets. Every knock is a boost. Each one of them individually having nothing to say—with a few exceptions. They believe if they all talk at once an editor will listen—at a dollar a line. Well, here is Mr. Aiken's hat

in the ring to the tune of thirty essays. The fact that the hat is, from the standpoint of style, pre-Addisonian and the ring is the Poetry Society—oh, any old poetry society, I mean—doesn't make any difference. It makes good sedative reading after you have got tired of Mencken, Cabell, Powys and some few others of the real brains of America—in the matter of the essay, I mean.

For instance, I believe Maxwell Bodenheim is a great poet. Well, why not say so, Mr. Aiken, if you think so—and say it in adjectives? Instead, we get something like this:

"Now, Bodie boy, there are great things in you unexpressed. I'm going

to explain to my public why you are not always up to par. I'm going to Freud out your split infinitives and Jung out your possibilities. You are at odds with yourself. You are, see, a symbolist. Now, do you think that's a good thing for you? Think it over, Bodie boy—the Poetry Society is looking at you! Now, why don't you write like me, and, further—" And so on and so on à la Tupper.

There are few of our essayists who have not found the stable of Pegasus as yet.

A Lover of the Chair. By Sherlock Bronson Gass. Marshall Jones Co.
In the Garret. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf.
Scepticisms. By Conrad Aiken. Alfred A. Knopf.

A NEW POET OF NATURE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

IT was my good fortune, during a recent journey to the Mississippi valley (July-September, 1919), to discover a new poet—one of those rare spirits who find their inspiration in nature and speak, if I may use the phrase, from the soul outward. This man of undoubted genius lives humbly and most simply in a crude shanty boat in the Second Slough, about four miles above the town of Riverbank, Iowa. His name is Henry J. Plitt. I had rowed around the lower end of the island on which I was cottaging and discovered his shanty boat by accident, and in the course of a short conversation I mentioned that I was a writer for the magazines, etc. After some hesitation he asked me if I

would look at some poems he had written and tell him what I thought of them.

Mr. Plitt, whom I may call a hitherto undiscovered genius, is a man of over seventy and has, all his life, lived on or near the majestic Father of Waters and, practically, in the lap of nature. He is a shy man, as those in close communion with nature are likely to be, and at the time I saw him first was shy a pair of socks, shoes, a haircut, and any kind of smoking tobacco I was willing to give him.

His best poem, and most spiritedly imaginative, is too long to give here, being almost epic in quality and length. The title he has given it should, I think, be changed when the

poem is published in book form. He himself suggested that he was not quite satisfied with the title, which at present is "Them Dam Snaiks". It tells of a certain horde, or cohort, of pink snakes with green spots that invaded his shanty boat one summer, shortly after Iowa passed her first Prohibition Law, and Mr. Plitt, as he says, "went onto a three weeks' spree with this here lemon extract, but you couldn't git me to touch the stuff now with a ten-foot pole."

There are parts of the poem, "Them Dam Snaiks", that remind one strikingly of portions of Edgar Allan Poe's more imaginative work or the weird concepts of Coleridge, or however you spell him, in "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan", as when Mr. Plitt says:

I've seen snaiks afore, and plenty,
And I ain't scairt of nineteen or twenty,
But when you go to take a drink out of the
pail
And there's five or six hundred of these here
Pink and green snaiks into it
It makes me turn pale.

And again:

This here snaik riz up onto its hind laigs
And says, "Fried aigs! Fried aigs!"
In a most insulting kind of voyce
That didn't make me for to rejolce;
And no matter what the other snaiks was
doing that day
"Fried aigs! Fried aigs!" was all this here
one would say,
And seeing as I hadn't no fried aigs to serve
That "Fried aigs! Fried aigs!" got on my
nerves.

"Them Dam Snaiks" is a human document of the utmost value, as well as a remarkable poem, and nowhere have I seen the anguish of a human soul in distress so tellingly and lengthily portrayed, unless, indeed, by Dante. In a far gentler and more idyllic mood is the short poem, "Oh, Plant Me a Garden". Here Mr. Plitt voices a sentiment that will echo in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of men—

and the few women—infatuated by piscatorial sport. I give the poem in full, as it is short, and its beauty would be marred by any curtailment:

O plant me a garden somewheres near
To where my shanty boat is ankered here.
O plant me a garden, but don't make no mis-
talk,
I don't want no flour garden like what wim-
menfolks make.
Plant me a garden of fishing wurms—
Big long fat ones what wiggels and squirms.
Plant me a garden so that when my spade
Turns up a shovelfull of dirt it'll look like
I'd dug up all the fishworms that was ever
made.
Sometimes in dry wether I've dog and dog
for mitey neer a day
And hardly dog up one dang wurm, and that
don't pay.
So plant me a garden of fishing wurms
Big, long, fat ones what wiggels and squirms.

While the temptation to give all, or parts of all, of the poems written by Henry J. Plitt is great, I must not take the bloom off his work by quoting too much before the publication of the book I am assured he will soon have printed. I cannot refrain, however, from giving one more taste of his work. In this he, at times, glides from the more severe and restrained rhymed forms, affected by Tennyson, Longfellow, and the elder poets, into the newer verse form, unrhymed, preferred by so many of our notable younger riders of Pegasus. This final offering I give, also, in full. It is:

OAD TO A STINGING NETTUL

O stinging nettul I've got a noshun you are
about the meanest kind
Of horticulture, or whatever it is, anybody
could ever find;
And the wust of it is there's about forty-nine
akers and a half of
You towards the innards of the island, grow-
ing up to a man's waist or above.
You don't have no froot or no blossom to
menshun much,
But just sting a feller on the hands or laigs
or wherever you tutch,
And the wust of you is you don't look like no
stinger
But like a common old weed—
And then you go and sting like a yellow-
jacket.

Yoor a snalk in the gras, by garsh, and I
Don't cair who heers me say it.

You've stang my hands and fais
And also my laigs and nees
Right throo my pants, which aint thik,
And throo my B. V. Dees
Or would if I wear anny, but I don't,
Never having got them luxyourious habbits.

The only decent thing about you is you are
brittel

And a feller can go along and nock you over
with a stick.

So the morrel is the world is full of darn
meen human stinging nettuls

And all us honest law-abiding sitizens would
be stang to deth

Only thair so brittel that a feller can nock
them over easy

As he goes along tending to his own bizness
And not interfeering with annybuddy
Because it's hard enuf to git along nowadays
With the hl cost of living and everything
And I don't wonder sum of us gits a little
soar

Once in a wile.

So mister stinging nettul, all I got to say
Is you better keep out of my way
Because you ain't no frend of mine
And I'm reddy to nock you over anny time.

THE ARMENIAN CLASSICS

A Literature of Minstrel-Monks

BY W. D. P. BLISS

THERE have been monks in every country and minstrels in most; but rarely, if ever, has there been such a combination of the two; rarely, if ever, have there been such minstrel-monks as in ancient Armenia. Speaking generally, one may almost say that the Armenian classics are the product of monks who sang like minstrels and of minstrels who sing like monks. It gives to Armenian literature a unique and fascinating interest. Its higher reaches in poetry, and not seldom even in prose, have the power, the stateliness, the sustained music of a Gregorian chant—sad, sometimes, almost as a funeral dirge, yet often also with the lilt, the tenderness, the grace of a South-land song. One is never merry when he reads Armenian verse; yet when one has begun it, he never stops.

Byron surely felt its charm when, studying Armenian at the Mectharist

Convent at St. Lazar, Venice, he became so interested in it that he took part in the publication of an Armenian-English dictionary and grammar, and wrote that Armenian "is a rich language and would amply repay anyone the trouble of learning it". It requires trouble, it is true, and some going below the surface. Outwardly, Armenian is, to say the least, not a mellifluous language—it is full of gutturals, its charm is inward. It is the sweet kernel of a rough shell. It comes to us a minnesinger, disguised in cowl and gown. As a matter of fact, most Armenian mediæval literature was written in the cloister and cell, and has the tone of ghostly visions and midnight vigils. But all this is on the surface. At its heart is the beat of a living human interest and not seldom even the devotion of a lover.

Yet the rough sound of the language and its monastic external characteristics have misled many. Few in our busy western world have followed Byron's advice and taken the trouble to learn Armenian. Armenia has seemed very far away—an ancient country, little connected with our modern life. Even the erudite author of the article on Armenian literature in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,—the Oxford scholar, Dr. Conybeare,—declares that Armenian literature is "purely monkish" and without epic or romantic interest. One comes to wonder if Dr. Conybeare can have read Armenian romances—they are very numerous—or knows of the Armenian epics. It would almost seem that his very erudition,—he is the author of "The Ancient Armenian Texts of Aristotle"—, his long lists of Armenian chroniclers, have made him overlook much in both ancient and modern Armenian which is anything but monkish, sometimes epic and almost continually romantic.

We believe that a short account of Armenian literature will show this interest and sustain this position.

But let us preface our account, by the statement that today much knowledge of Armenian lyric and romantic literature can be had without learning Armenian. In 1916 there was published in London in aid of the Lord Mayor's Armenian fund, a sumptuous volume in English—"Armenian Legends and Poems" (translations) compiled by Zabelle G. Boyajian, and containing also an illuminating chapter on "Armenia, Its Epics, Folk-songs and Mediæval Poetry", written by the Armenian litterateur, Aram Raffi, son of the novelist. The volume has also most artistic and interesting illustrations.

Right at the beginning, however, of

one's Armenian studies he finds a genuine surprise. Armenian literature is not oriental. And this is so because of the fact, surprising to most, that in truth the Armenian himself by racial descent is not oriental, but a European in an oriental home. Modern scholars, from careful researches and inscriptions somewhat recently deciphered in Cappadocia and at Van, are for the most part agreed that those whom we call Armenians did not originally inhabit the country we call Armenia, but that they came there, perhaps in the seventh century B.C., not from Asia, but from Europe. The Armenian is a European for a slight period of twenty-six hundred years misplaced in Asia. You will find his analogue, therefore, not in Arabia, India, China or Turkistan, but perhaps beside the Danube or by some European mountain range, since some scholars trace his forbears to the Balkan peninsula, while others find them of the ancient Alpine stock of Europe.

This view does not deny that before the Armenians came to Armenia, there were peoples around Mt. Ararat, of, perhaps, Assyrian, Semitic or even earlier Hittite stock; possibly of races older still. With these the Armenian newcomers undoubtedly more or less intermarried, acquiring, beyond question, some Semitic or Iranian characteristics. Nor can twenty-six centuries of environment in Asia have failed to leave their impress upon habits and customs. Yet it is marvelous how little Asiatic is the Armenian. Asia is the world-mother of religions and of hordes—the birthland of men's dreams of heaven, broken by wild nightmares of Mongols and Tartars shedding blood. In Armenian literature you will find no Al Koran, no Zend Avesta, nor epics singing of a Tamur Leng or a Zenghis Khan. Ar-

menia belongs to Europe, whence have sprung the arts of peace and of busy, active life.

One passing indication of its European kinship is that Armenian is written from left to right, not like Oriental languages, from right to left. It has also a separate symbol for each vowel—not, as in so many Semitic or other eastern languages, leaving the vowel sound to be supplied.

The Armenian's first interest, however, is action. Hence, you will find in Armenian literature perhaps more activities than great products. The first book printed in any oriental language was an Armenian Ephemeris printed in Venice in 1512 by one Hagob. The first newspaper in the Near East was an Armenian journal, printed in Madras, India, in 1794. The modern Armenian alphabet is not a growth from the old, but was invented characteristically by St. Mesrob in 404 A.D.; it ushered in the first golden age of Armenian literature. St. Sahak, the Armenian Catholicos, or Primate, at this time, translated the Bible into Armenian, a work sometimes called the queen of translations. He was a great patron of learning, and formed a school of translators whom he sent to Edessa, Cæsarea in Cappadocia, Constantinople, Athens, Antioch, Alexandria, even Rome, to procure codices and translate them. It is said that nearly every book of importance written in Greek or Syriac, with some in Latin, was translated at this time into Armenian. To these translations the world owes some writings the originals of which have disappeared; among them being Homilies by John Chrysostom, with works by Philo, Eusebius and others. And these translations were read. National schools at this time were started all over Armenia. Education was so general that

we read of Armenian ladies in the eighth century composing songs and poems—another indication of the non-oriental character of Armenia.

In more recent times, too, Armenia has shown even more remarkable literary activities. Since, under Turkish rule, Armenians could with difficulty publish at home, Armenian printing-presses were established at Venice in 1565, Lemberg 1616, Leghorn 1640, Amsterdam 1660 (transferred to Marseilles 1672), Constantinople 1672, and about the same time at Milan, Paris, Padua, Leipzig, and Vienna. In our own day Armenian literary centres have developed at Constantinople, Moscow, Tiflis, and Paris, with well-known Armenian writers both in London and New York.

It is probably this love of action that has made Armenian literature so especially strong in histories and chronicles. No less than fifty Armenian chroniclers wrote in the ancient Armenian, known as "Grabar", before the fifth century. What other century has such a record? Yet it is just the long list of such writers which has given rise, undoubtedly, to the idea that Armenian literature is purely monkish. But one discovers that these Armenian historians, though most of them were monks or Vartabeds (priests), were by no means mere chroniclers. Their main themes are the vicissitudes, the sorrows, and the brave deeds of Armenian history. It is true that these histories are by no means always critically reliable; indeed, from the standpoint of sober industry, many of them may be said to be too romantic. Most of them are in verse and not a few of them truly poetic. Moses of Chorene in the fifth century,—the Moses who led Armenian writers into the Holy Land of Christian literature,—

was anything but a dry-as-dust. The first volume of his history and part of the second are almost wholly made up of summaries and quotations from the epics and legends of pre-Christian Armenia. Raffi calls his history "a marvelous panorama, which, as it unfolds, fills us with fresh wonder and admiration." He says the story of Tirdates is narrated in such a way as to draw tears from every reader and—to use an Armenian expression—make him feel "as if the hairs of his head have turned into thorns".

Eglishé (Elias), a contemporary of Moses of Chorene's, was considered a poet, rather than a historian, and his histories were read in Armenia next widely to the Bible. Saint Gregory of Narek of the tenth century (Grigor Narekatzi) wrote elegies, odes, panegyrics and homilies, but above all, prayers. His "Narek" is a mingling of prose and verse, composed of poetical prayers, and represents almost the only Armenian mysticism. The Catholicos, Nerses of Shnorkali, who wrote in the twelfth century, Raffi calls the Fenelon of Armenia. He also wrote his histories in verse. He is the author of many beautiful prayers, while some of his "Sharakans" (hymns) are still sung in Armenian churches.

For Armenian epics and legends we have to turn to pre-Christian days. In Armenia as in some other lands Christianity, while a great civilizer and illuminator (Was not the first great Armenian saint called Gregory, the Illuminator?), acted also to no little extent as an extinguisher of this world joyousness and life. Armenia was the first Christian country, the first state as a state to declare for Christianity. It took its religion very seriously and for long centuries knew little else. Losing national independence, its

church became to a large extent the nation, and the bond which through centuries of sufferings has marvelously preserved and united the Armenian people.

But it did not lend itself to epic and romance. A modern Armenian, writing from Paris, calls Christianity "that eternal scourge of humanity which made all our older literature the privileged possession of decadent and sickly souls." Pre-Christian Armenia was romantic enough. The earliest Armenian legends and myths connect themselves naturally with their heathen divinities: the Armenian Aramagd, the architect of the universe; Anahit, the Armenian Diana, the Golden Mother, the pure and spotless Goddess; Astghik, the Armenian Venus, the Goddess of beauty, the personification, like the Sidonian Astarte, of the moon. There were spirits, some of them evil, like Alk, a very harmful devil; there are nymphs—some called Parik (dancers), and some Hushka Parik, "dancers to a melody in the minor key". Around these and other mythical beings gathered innumerable legends.

Armenian epics are based on the national history, though the earliest ones have immortals in the background. As in the Hebrew writings, "there were giants in those days". One early Armenian epic tells of Haik, the famous archer, who becomes the hero of Armenia. From him Armenians derived the name by which they call themselves, "Hai"; and their country, not Armenia, but "Hayastan". In the epics, the son of Haik is Armenag, a common Armenian name to-day, and a name from which some believe comes the name Armenia. The grandson of Armenag was Amasa, whence Masis, the Armenian name for Mt. Ararat.

One Armenian epic concerns a king, Ara, the Beautiful, romantically loved by Semiramis. She sent messengers to invite him to Nineveh, promising him half her kingdom if he would become her husband; and on his declining this, on the seemingly sufficient ground that he had a wife already, she sent an army to bring him by force. Even when he died, and the army brought his corpse, the Queen endeavored to have it restored to life by magic. Other Armenian epics tell of Tigranes the Great—in his day the mightiest monarch in Asia. Another sings the love story of King Artashes II:

It rained showers of gold when Artashes became bridegroom,
It rained pearls when Saternik became a bride.

Of Armenian dances none have come down to us, though we learn from Greek and Latin writers that King Artavazd I, son of Tigranes the Great, wrote tragedies, while Plutarch tells us of theatres and actors in Armenia. An Armenian Christian writer of the fifth century writes a polemic against them.

Armenian literature, however, excels in the short poem. "Armenian Poems and Legends", above referred to, gives many examples of these in charming translations. There were lullabies, charm-verses, nuptial-songs, funeral dirges—the latter sung by professional mourners, "mothers of lamentations".

These songs in many cases continued in use during the Christian period, because, as an Armenian historian tells us, though the Church frowned on the songs, "the people languished for them". In the later centuries ashoughs (minstrels) became especially popular and romantic. They sang at all Armenian weddings and festivities, on bridges and in the

squares, and wandering from courtyard to courtyard. One of the most notable of these was Sayat Nova, born in 1712. He was a court-favorite, and in his own words, "sat in the palaces among the beauties and sang to them". Several Armenian archbishops or metropolitans are among the Armenian singers of passion and love. One of these was Mkrtich Naghash, Archbishop of Diaebekir, who sings of the loves of the Rose and the Nightingale—the theme also of another archbishop, Gregoris of Aghtamar. Hevhanis Tulkourantzi, Catholicos of Sis, is called a poet of flowers, beauty, and love. But he could also sing of death.

Like an eagle flying far,
Forth on wide-spread wings thou farest;
All the strong ones of the earth
In thy wing-tips rolled thou bearest.

In modern times, there has been a veritable renaissance of Armenian literature. The amount of writing done can be seen in the fact that there are more than three hundred Armenian newspapers in the world. This writing is certainly not all literature, but an unusual amount of it is. Russian Armenian writers have been the more scholarly; others have turned more to the French Romantic school. Armenian novelists are mainly of this type, such as: Abovian, whose tales are of rural life; Shirvanzade, who pictures town life; and Raffi, whose tales concern national episodes. Aharonian, however, although telling of misery and sadness, is considered by many Armenians the most popular of their modern writers. Poets and singers of verse are still more numerous. Raphael Patkanian (1830-1892) is generally considered the leading national poet, but the singers of lyrics are almost innumerable. Prominent among these are Bedros Tourian, "the nightingale

of Scutari", Hovhanness Hovhannessian, Avedis Isahakian, Hovhanness Thoumanian, and Alexander Dzadoorian. Much of their verse is in the minor key, born of the centuries of Armenia's unequalled sufferings, continually making one feel that these modern minstrels sing like monks.

One special feature of Armenian

poetry, natural enough under the circumstances, is the poem of exile. We can quote only a stanza by Hovhanness Costaniantz:

There comes no news from far away;
Our brave ones rest not from the fray.
'Tis long that sleep my eyes doth flee,
Our foemen press unceasingly.
'Tis long for sleep I vainly pray;
There comes no news from far away.

STORIES OF LIVES AND OF LIFE

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THE way that genius has with a man we all know. Strickland, the hero of "The Moon and Sixpence", is but one in a long line of creatures half-god and half-satyr who have trampled the pages of fiction with the prints of their Pan-hoofs. It matters not whether artist, musician, or author, the tradition is set. Perverse in their vision, they spy out beauty in the commonplace and the trivial, and fail to perceive the beauty in human relationships. They recreate the one with the divine frenzy of inspiration and demolish the other with the ruthlessness of a savage who destroys what he cannot understand. They have, moreover, the shrewdness of their insanity. They demand from us a license that frees them from any conformity with our codes. And though we protest that they might, at least in return, convince us that they can produce one masterpiece that is worth the havoc they work,—that if not God there must be a generative power in the whirlwind,—they go their way leaving us with the feeling

that their genius has been made excuse for their actions, not as a rule that their actions have been the result of any extraordinary gift.

It is thus a matter of almost comic perplexity that this same bewildering force that sweeps man outside the law should send woman, at least in literature, in eager quest of all the ordinances that the law protects. Other women are restive, but not the woman of genius. She alone has remained Victorian, a Griselda Grantly in her desires. Her gift she regards as irrelevant. Either she accepts its visitation unwillingly, with contempt in her heart, or with a cynicism that lets her perceive its practical use. The irresponsible force that sets man kicking his heels, she bends to her will. Under her agency it becomes a common drudge which procures for her the things she may barter for her desires; for chintz drawing-rooms and large nurseries and not too intelligent husbands, for all that goes to make an establishment snug. In her case we are left wondering how such a simple

practical nature, so temperate a sanity could ever be fired to the creation of any great work.

Of such women, though possessed of unusual charm, is Madala Grey, the heroine of Clemence Dale's "Legend", a subtle and exquisite piece of work. Not once does Madala herself appear in the pages. Her radiance is gained by a kind of indirect lighting, a reverse inference from the comments concerning her as they fall on the mind of a girl. The story is artfully contrived. It opens after the death of the heroine. Her "Life" is being fed to the public which has no understanding of reticence, no real appreciation of the impersonal quality of her work, but a liking for gossip-shop art. The lion-hunters who missed their quarry during life are busy snuffing out the remains. Interpretation is, I believe, their deadly word for it. Interpretation in this case takes the form of biography by a woman, Anita Searle, who has intimate knowledge and no comprehension, who is incapable of comprehension by reason of the shriveling bitterness at her heart. Nor does she wish to understand. Her aim is not to give a biography which shall keep the memory warm, but one that by her sheer cleverness in distorting the facts shall redound to her own glory.

Gradually we are taken back to the evening when the legend took shape—the evening of Madala's richest human experience, the birth of her son and her death. In the drawing-room of Anita Searle are gathered a collection of people of flashy cleverness and sterile emotion, who show where cleverness leads when envy acts as a guide. And in the shallow consciousness of each of these people is Madala, paying the price for her wicked sacrifice of her genius with the penalty of her

life. Into this scene of expectancy bursts Kent, a man who had really loved her,—whose inspiration, indeed, she had been,—with the news of her death: "Dead at twenty-six". "‘In child-birth’, finished Anita, and her voice made it an unclean and shameful end."

Then slowly Anita feels her way to her legend with soft feline paws. There is no protection now for the woman who had given of her confidences so gladly. This is the moment for which with an uncanny prescience Anita has been lying in wait. It is her own chance for fame and she is not caught napping. Hers is the gift not of creation, but of destruction; the critical mind that demolishes. At once we know what the biography will contain; veiled suggestions concerning the early and unknown life of the author,—for the public has always the keenest zest for the missing years,—suggestions that will make clear the warm understanding of bitter human struggles and failures that is shown in Madala's work. And her marriage, so perplexing to these people by its very simplicity, will be interpreted as a way out from the realized waning of genius, or an exit from some evilly suggested affair. The simplest facts will be patterned and shaped. Nowhere will appear the real Madala who held these people together—not as they thought by her genius, but her affection. Nowhere the Madala who could chase like a child after cowslips; who was impatient of talk and of subtleties when she had the blue sky above her; who had preserved despite her awareness a kinship with fresh fields and clean earth. And without her there is no explanation of the marriage that cost her her life, or of her choice as a husband—a man of no subtle perceptions but with an under-

standing that told him how little Madala accounted her fame when weighed against more human desires.

The book has its faults. Clemence Dane, as in her earlier novel, writes with an almost personal vindictiveness against one of her sex. In her dissection she is as merciless as Anita herself. Her pen drops venom and as the result Anita becomes too cruel in her mental indecencies and just fails to convince. She is made, moreover, so entirely a creature of intellect that it is impossible to believe in her love for Kent—given surprisingly at the end as an additional turn of the screw, and transforming the writing of the biography into a fiendish kind of revenge. Better, I think, to have left it the greed of a small mind for fame; a shoddy mind incapable of refusing to make use of the sanctities of intimate knowledge when their desecration led to desire. But with the exception of Anita and of her grandmother, who cackles like a parrot which has been taught a Greek chorus, the characters are very real. The coterie itself—Jasper who could Swinburnize even in the moment of tragedy, the blonde lady who resents Madala's death as an intrusion upon her flirtation—we could find any evening at the Brevoort, talking to convince themselves of their cleverness, bandying not thoughts but words. Not even before in the "Regiment of Women" has Miss Dane found a subject so suited to her satirical powers. The book thus attains its goal (moreover it is an achievement in the matter of technical skill): for fashioned out of the carping criticisms and innuendos of jealous minds, Madala Grey takes shape before us,—a genius of course, but so much more,—a woman of wholesome and unconscious beauty, of generosity

and simple bigness of heart who rejoices not in her brains but in life.

A different type is the novelist of "Happy House", a far less distinguished piece of work, and a strangely grey almost dingy novel to come from the author of "Pam". But there is a whimsical humor in the selection of a woman who writes not of modern problems but the old-fashioned sob-stuff, "Queenie's Choice" and "One Maid's Word"; tales of the humble governess and the lord of the manor, of lawful ecstasies and love at first sight and joy that comes surging in on a tidal wave at the end. One has thought of such authors as leading the romantic careers of a Ouida or as hiding behind the skirts of the other sex like Bertha M. Clay. One such may be also, it seems, a little middle-aged woman, disillusioned and drab, turning over the sentimentalities of her girlhood as she might ransack an old trunk, but less to pore over the wistful beauties of memory than to shape them to practical use. Violet Walderbridge to be sure, is proud of her public; and it is her nearest approach to a personal tragedy when her popularity wanes. But her main care is inexhaustibly to provide. Not that her family are worth the "keeping" in their own literal and extravagant sense. Her husband is one of those perennial perky scalawags. Her children are a rackety selfish brood. They might well be young cow-birds of insatiate maw, did their father not account for their greed. But the mother's uncomplaining struggle to keep them going is after all the theme of the book. The plot itself might well have been composed by its heroine. There is the neglected and down-trodden little person, treated by the very people who use her with a complaisant contempt. There is her swift

and incongruous rise not to popularity but to real fame. There is in consequence the returning semblance of youth. And above all there is the glittering lord of the manor who loved her in youth, and is instinctively drawn to the daughter only to find and remain true to his lost love. To be sure the lost love will have none of him. Even though her husband has opened the way to freedom,—a way that any ordinary woman would have seized,—she regards him as an investment which she has paid for in heavy instalments until he has acquired the sentimental value of a costly mistake. Still the lord remains in the offing and the story closes, if not with a pinky dawn, at least with a twilight glow. A readable story and another illustration of the submissiveness of genius when in capable feminine hands.

Allegra, this time a young actress, is far from self-sacrificing. From the moment of her first graceful entrance she is shown as resentful of the intrusions of human intercourse save as they lead to the advancement of her desires. Her years of training in the Repertory Theatre of a provincial town have added only to the hard self-confidence of her youth, its absorption and naive conceit. The world does not exist save in relation to her ambition. The sky is not worth watching save for the rise of her star. Were she not so thoroughly likable, one would think of her only as a young woman decidedly on the make. Every one is pressed into her service. Paul, a young playwright, does a play for her and conceals his own authorship for the mere chance of getting her "on". Maythorne the popular novelist, who quite unbelievably for a person of his fatuity takes over Paul's work as the dramatization of his own book, lends her his backing and name. Even the

Great Dane, the most delightful character in the book, with the patient politeness of animals listens meekly to the outpourings of her egotistical mind. Only young Danny shows her a lack of consideration by drawing Paul to his side at an inopportune moment, and thus delays the real end. But with Allegra it is merely a question of time. She already shows signs of weakening, and should she appear again in a third novel, it will be by the hearth-side, with the world well lost.

How far one may go when unsteadied by genius is made obvious by the heroine of "Sheila Intervenes", who pursues her irresponsible way like a child making patterns with life. And not only is there something child-like in her conception of what her fantastic pattern should be, but in her swift gusts of anger when her pieces won't fit, in the illogicality of her persistence, and in her stuffy determination neither to put up her puzzle nor to be helped. And a nice muddle she makes of it, more than one would think could be caused by ten impertinent fingers and one fertile brain. In the final debacle every one is at odds and Sheila herself in apparently hopeless disgrace. Her impertinence in interfering with destiny makes the whole plot though there is Mr. McKenna's usual political background, this time to lend body to a slight theme. But despite this slightness of plot, the story carries its own sentimental interest and is continually a matter of touch and go. Moreover the characters are delightful—particularly Sheila, blithe and self-willed; her grandfather, the amused and helpless protector of youth; and Denys Playfair, a feckless young Irishman. Among them there is much good conversation,—Sheila's a little rattle-

pated at times, but conversation alive with humor and whimsicality. The book has none of the ponderous quality of "Midas and Son"; and if it lacks the serious purport of the first "Sonia" has its own spontaneous charm.

As a sharp contrast to these books which concern themselves entirely with the development of personalities, there are a number of others where the interest lies less in the leading figures than in their relation to life. Of these the most significant is "The Judgment of Peace" by Andreas Latzko, an Austrian officer and the author of "Men in War". A comparison at once suggests itself with the works of Barbusse. But the horrors in the former in most cases were physical, the nervous reaction to a nightmare of visualized suffering. Here they are due to the anguish of spirit that war in all its stupid brutalities can inflict on the civilized mind. And not merely the war. Though the book aims at universality in its application, the irreparable injury done to the sensitive personal dignity is, though the author seems unaware of it, the result of the special system which he portrays. Stupidities there must be in every army—boot-licking, authority wrongly placed. But in no other army, one feels, could there be the sheer terror of rank, the cringing servility to the man just above, which robs these men of initiative and all personal pride. It is the inability of the leading character to submit that sends him shattering to his doom.

Also there is given, again unconsciously, the difference in psychological effect of the motive leading a people to war, whether that propulsion be the lust for conquest or a call to defense. For though in the end there be weariness and a recoil from war-

fare in every nation, only the consciousness of an unworthy cause could produce such a sense of the futility of the sacrifice and such indifference to the final defeat. But otherwise the book is the arraignment of an enlightened age, not of any one people—particularly of the scientists, the economists and the socialists, all the intellectual forces who not only uttered no protest but found in war an exhilaration despite its wreckage of skill, of treasure, of life. It is in contrast to their greater guilt that Latzko shows in the hearts of the combatants the loathing for their daily task—a loathing that got no further than a stolid resignation among the uneducated, and a feeling of helplessness among the enlightened who knew themselves to be in the grip of relentless mechanical force. Stokers all of them, the power of mutiny in their hands, but doomed by their sheepishness unprotestingly to go down with the ship.

The book has little narrative interest. It is rather a succession of vivid and terrible scenes broken up by discussions which hinder the action but which contribute to the indictment against an order leading directly to war. It is cast in story form, moreover, to make more poignant the plea against national hatreds and competition by showing the effect of the business of slaughter upon different types. There is the schoolmaster wrenched from the domesticity and trivial cares for which he is fitted and tossed to the shambles; the poet whose sensitive mind broods on human sufferings until he goes mad; the pianist, ready to make glad sacrifice of his life, but incapable of surrendering his self. Having endured the horrors himself, Latzko has little patience with those who prefer to

think of war in terms of medals and of citations, and adorn it with a false glamour. Never does he belittle personal bravery, but against the few war ennobles, he places with a deep compassion the many whom it reduces to the level of beasts and the others who by reason or some inner fineness and incorruptibility, it mentally destroys. Were it not for the devout prayer for human brotherhood which is made throughout the book, it would, not merely by its grimness and gloom, but by its lightning flashes of revelation, leave the night more black.

Never, in contrast, was irony so playful, so kindly an instrument as in Birmingham's "Up, the Rebels!" Even those of us the most sympathetic are likely to think of Ireland's policy as one of exasperation. But when England is represented by an Irish official, it is a game at which two can play. For Sir Ulick is like a Gulliver—aware of the manœuvres directed against his apparently somnolent body, and tolerating the pin-pricks because conscious that any moment he may pick up the combatants in a large but not ungentle hand. His final action is not so disturbing as his indifference. It is when he treats the rebels as a parcel of children that he most offends. His daughter Mona, a melodramatic young woman longing for persecution, he infuriates by allowing to go her own gait, even to the extent of leading political meetings and harboring Sinn Feiners in his own house. Eibhlin, her companion in arms, but Ellen his stenographer in office hours, he maddens for the very freedom with which he exposes all his political secrets and his knowledge of her own plans. "A number of boys and girls—chiefly girls—want a day out and a little excitement," Ellen meekly takes down this flippant version of the in-

tended revolt.—"Let them have it," Sir Ulick writes to the Chief Secretary, "and they will go home in the evening tired and in excellent tempers". And undoubtedly Sir Ulick is right in his estimate of the Cailini na h'Eirinn, whose members were pledged to speak Irish, and that failing them French—a resource open, however, to only one member. But unfortunately he is between the devil and the deep sea. The devil he knows how to deal with for he is at heart still a boy and has pranks of his own. But the deep sea of British stupidity is more difficult to control. He has, to be sure, methods of stilling it, and on hand a number of oily mixtures ready for use. But there are moments when the troubled waters are unduly stirred by officialdom and the press. And at such moments Sir Ulick longs for the trenches, for simple out and out warfare of advance and retreat.

A good deal of shrewd comedy is apt to escape through delight in the characters whom it involves: Sir Ulick with his quizzical patience and humor; his sister, who is no respecter of persons and has a destructive way with red tape; Tom, who for the life of him can not see what a nice girl like Mona is up to, or why in dealing with the Sinn Feiners, his uncle does not try "strafing" back. And best of all old Mailla, the hostler, who even in drunkenness preserves his acuteness and common sense. But there are scenes which also remain in the mind.

Legend. By Clemence Dane. The Macmillan Co.

Happy House. By the Baroness von Hutten. George H. Doran Company.

Allegra. By L. Allen Harker. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sheila Intervenes. By Stephen McKenna. George H. Doran Company.

The Judgment of Peace. By Andreas Latzko. Boni and Liveright.

Up, the Rebels! By G. A. Birmingham. George H. Doran Company.

The Last of The Grenvilles. By Bennet Copplestone. E. P. Dutton Co.

Among these is the mass meeting where Mona clad as a Celtic queen seeks to inflame the populace by an emotional appeal. Lifting aloft a half-naked child, she cries, "This is Ireland", only to have the rambunctious youngster retort, "Leave go of me now, or I'll spit in your face." Very like Ireland, more like it than she had intended or than she perceived.

Side-splitting, too, is the scene where Mona as proof of democracy forces young Peter Mailla to sup with her alone. Her effort is to put him at his ease. But Mailla, a Puritan at heart, is less embarrassed than he is dismayed at the peril in which he has placed his immortal soul. He has a feeling that temptations often take the shape of beautiful girls who smoke cigarettes. Moreover beside him hangs a picture of Watts's "Love and Life"; and Peter, a well-brought-up young man, is not accustomed to seeing either love or life without clothes. Only his conviction that sin and vice should be enjoyable and his acute consciousness of his misery, keep him from making a bolt. These are but two of many good scenes which provoke one to audible chuckles.

What Mr. Copplestone conveys in "The Last of the Grenvilles" is the traditions of a sea-loving people which have made it "a decent and dauntless race". They are expressed in the char-

acters of two people, father and son, who run true to type and are of the breed that found sea-faring a matter of high adventure and heroic resolve, a breed with a record unbroken for five hundred years. To be sure at the time the book opens these two are out of the service. Commander Grenville has resigned in disgust at a navy swaddled in politics, and has persuaded himself that his son is doing far better in Lloyd's. But neither can do away with what is their imperishable birthright, a staunchness and fearlessness born of the sea. The father still keeps up with the navy. Each boat he knows by sight, each he looks on with affection, and he regards it as a personal tragedy when a mishap occurs to the least. Inconsistently, too, with his attempt to damp down the naval fire in Dickie's blood, he still keeps his yacht and keeps it as trim and ship-shape as any cruiser and with the laws of the service punctiliously preserved. There is little chance that Dickie will stick to his desk with the outbreak of war. When then the great struggle comes, the two go forth to meet it—joyously since there is no longer need of pretense, and with peace in their hearts. The book ends with their adventures aboard an auxiliary cruiser, their final tussle with a German destroyer, and the gallant old sea-dog's last fight.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AS A MAN OF LETTERS

BY JAMES J. DALY

THERE is a large and important public which will welcome the English version of M. Thureau-Dangin's "*Histoire de la Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre*". This audience will be thankful that the translation reads like an original work of uncommon brilliance. The word *Catholic* in the title is employed in a comprehensive sense to include that spirit—introduced into England by Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—which created a tendency to form a more just appreciation of pre-Reformation history and ideas than the heated atmosphere of religious controversy and persecution had hitherto been disposed to permit. We have therefore in these two volumes a connected narrative of three distinct, yet closely related, movements: namely, the Oxford Movement; the wakening of Roman Catholic life in England consequent upon the Emancipation Act and the advent of distinguished converts into the Catholic Church in England; and the Ritualistic Movement in the Anglican Church, a movement which emerged gradually out of the Oxford Movement and is still active.

The author of the French work enjoys a high reputation as an historian: he succeeded Gaston Brissier as permanent secretary of the French Academy in 1908. In his introduction to these two volumes he deems it nec-

essary to apologize for undertaking to write the history of an ecclesiastical movement in England, when he is neither an Englishman nor an ecclesiastic. One is inclined to accept his apology as a recommendation. His performance illustrates admirably that a limited remoteness, in time or space or manners, has obvious advantages in viewing the march of historic events and in giving them orderly arrangement and proper proportions. And has not Matthew Arnold pointed out that in works of intelligence, as distinguished from works of genius, no writer is the worse for being a Frenchman or an Academician?

I would select as the principal feature of this work, giving it importance, the immense assistance it affords toward a comprehensive understanding of a great national and somewhat intricate agitation, and toward the allotment of a due measure of importance to the various actors and episodes in it. We have had, in English, histories of the Oxford Movement, of the Roman Catholic revival, of Ritualism; besides innumerable memoirs and biographies, from those of Hurrell Froude and Hope-Scott down to those of Mackonochie and Dolling, many of them classic models of literary biography. But there was need of a summing up of this vast and imperfectly connected literature;

there was need of a detached and intelligent attempt to reduce and enlarge and adjust the claims upon our attention of particular engagements and personages according to a scale of values which only a general survey from outside can determine. In this respect M. Thureau-Dangin's work will supply background and illumination for a large class of inspiring books about the leaders of English religious thought in the nineteenth century.

The outstanding phenomenon in this widened horizon is the prominence of John Henry Newman. As the coign of vantage rises, and the sweep of vision moves in larger circles, figures in the landscape contract their outlines. This is true of most of those who surrounded Newman either as auxiliaries or opponents. But it is not true of him. Towering above his contemporaries during life, he seems to add cubits to his stature as the mists of mortality and distance roll across the fields where he strode among the giants. "Whatever influence I have had", he used to say, "has been found, not sought after." Yet he dominated his times; and he dominates this history. All eyes turn in his direction. Everyone waits breathless for his next word, his next step. The consciousness of his presence and his power is never more alive than when he buries himself in congenial silence and retirement. The influence which he never sought remains with curious persistence some thirty years after his death, and nearly half a century after his best work was done.

The secret of his permanence as a great spiritual force lies, of course, to a large extent in his literary power. M. Thureau-Dangin merely touches on this side of Newman's excellence. "Nothing would have been more re-

pugnant to him", says the historian, "than to be regarded as a literary man." Yet what ecclesiastical writer—Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Whately, Pusey, Manning—has achieved anything like the literary standing of Newman? He has been hailed in respectable quarters as our greatest prose writer. Matthew Arnold awards this preeminence to Edmund Burke. And it is worth while stopping to note the interesting fact that neither Burke nor Newman was wont to write with any conscious literary purpose. But from Arnold, who recommended to his countrymen Newman's "urbanity" of style and referred to him as "a miracle of intellectual delicacy", down to the present, Newman's superiority in English prose has grown in security although many of his fellow Victorians find it difficult to stand up under the blows of irreverent modern critics. Cambridge is not Newman's university and it was never in sympathy with his religious ideals; still its Professor of English Literature, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, urges his class to take Newman for a model, as we may read in his book "On the Art of Writing". Speaking of the "Idea of a University" he says:

And here let me say that of all the books written in these hundred years there is perhaps none you can more profitably thumb and ponder over than that volume of his...the book is so wise—so eminently wise—as to deserve being bound by the young student of literature for a frontlet on his brow and a talisman on his writing wrist.

This must be a phenomenon without parallel in our literary history, that an ecclesiastical writer, confining himself for the most part to religious topics, should win so high a reputation in purely literary precincts. It is not enough to say by way of explanation that Newman was a man of very extraordinary moral, spiritual, and intellectual endowments, who stirs the

popular imagination by conveying through a limpid style glimpses of a singularly lofty character in constant communion with eternity. Even Lytton Strachey's corrosive and malevolent irony does not find it easy to reach Newman. But literature seldom takes enthusiastically to anything merely because it is spiritual. It seeks for the human element. This truth will prepare us to accept the startling, but shrewd, criticism of Lionel Johnson: "Newman was, emphatically, a man of social habit, and his books are more full than Thackeray's of worldly knowledge. And all this wealth of

matter and thought is conveyed in a style of singular charm, and of most strange and haunting beauty." I have no doubt that M. Thureau-Dangin's two portly volumes will prove as interesting and instructive to students of literature as they are to students of religion, if for no other reason than that they furnish the stage and setting for the intensely dramatic career of a great, if not a supreme, artist in English prose.

The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century. By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Revised and Re-edited from a Translation by the late Wilfrid Wilberforce. Two volumes. E. P. Dutton and Co.

POETRY, VERSE, AND WORSE

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

FRESH from a reading of the "Collected Poems" of Thomas Hardy—that rare gift which came to me the other day in two stout volumes from across the sea—I turn, confessedly with no small misgiving, to contemplate the two dozen and two "poetry-books" upon the quality of which the intelligent editor of this influential organ of critical opinion awaits in an agony of suspense my fixed, frozen, and final verdict. I am prepared of course to admit that I might have approached this task fortified by a less austere poetic prophylactic: the lithe and limber "Patines of Passion", let us say, or perhaps the robustious "Runes of a Red-haired Man",—"those rich and ruddy chanties which stir and strengthen every man with hair on his chest, and which have made

their author notorious in four continents."... But leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes. Let us turn our thoughts elsewhere.

For example, to the first four books on our list, which are anthologies. The plain truth about anthologies is that hardly more than three indubitably first-rate ones succeed in getting into print every quarter of a century or so; usually the other three thousand, with about ten exceptions, are unspeakably bad. "The Golden Treasury" is not without its faults but it remains unchallengeably the best general anthology of English poetry that we possess. "The Oxford Book of English Verse" enshrines most of the great, and many delightful, poems; but as an arrangement of English airs it is simply not to be compared with

the earlier collection, reflecting as that collection does the flawless taste of Tennyson no less than the sound critical instinct of Palgrave; and the selection of recent poems in the Oxford Book might have been much better done. At the head of a lengthy cavalcade of Elizabethan song-gatherings rides "Q's" "The Golden Pomp", "a procession of English lyrics from Surrey to Shirley". Nor must one forget Alice Meynell's "The Flower of the Mind"—though her waywardness excluded the immortally pellucid elegy by Gray.

None of the four anthologies in my bundle dare enter even remotely into comparison with any of these, either for beauty of construction and content, or harmony of note and sentiment. In one of them the industrious and selecting William Stanley Braithwaite has brought together many fine and a few unforgettable contemporary "British" lyrics; and in another he has assembled an interesting group of poems from the American magazines of last year. For the former book he deserves our thanks. It has Masefield's "Biography", "August, 1914", and "Cargoes"; Belloc's "South Country"; Brooke's five splendid sonnets; Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle"—finest of all the "war poems"; de la Mare's "The Listeners". And these are only a few of the memorable things included. But we look in vain (such is our perversity) for anything by Yeats, or by Eugene Mason, whose sonnets, original and translated from the French of de Heredia, have recently, and without a particle of exaggeration, been acclaimed "among the loveliest examples of written art". And why is there nothing here by Arthur Shearly Cripps, the latest and by no means the least inspired of the "mystical" poets of the English Church?

Or by Tom Kettle, a modern master of satire in verse? Or by J. B. B. Nichols, a poet of fine insight and most delicate craftsmanship? Or by at least five other poets I refrain, magnanimously, from naming? And why—to change the ground of complaint—does the anthologist let this sort of pronouncement cut capers in his Preface: "The late petals of the Victorian flower began to droop under the reign of Edward VII. They dropped to the ground at the first touch of the frosty truth in the substance, and the converting concreteness in the expression of 'The Everlasting Mercy' and 'The Widow in the Bye Street'." (The frosty truth is that this is florid nonsense.)

The "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919" is a pleasant book. It is good to have some of Sara Teasdale's new work, and one must always welcome any poem from the pen of Edgar Lee Masters or of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Thanks too for Francis Hackett's glorious "Harry Hawker". (Is it to be "Single-Poem Hackett"?) Louis Untermeyer with his collection "Modern American Poetry" is very much our creditor. All the best recent things are here: Robinson's "The Master", Stephen Benét's "Portrait of a Boy", John Gould Fletcher's "Lincoln", Vachel Lindsay's "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight", and the editor's own moving Lincoln poem. Of the two dozen and two, "Modern American Poetry" is certainly one volume which I shall abstain from giving to the poor. "Yanks A. E. F. Verse" I shall also keep, if only for the sake of Joyce Kilmer's "Rouge-Bouquet". Fine fellows all those Yanks were,—but not invariably poets. Of the remaining nineteen volumes a summary classification may thus be adumbrated: poetry, six; verse, more or

less good, seven; rank doggerel, the remaining six. The good wine I propose to reserve to the end, in the pious belief that such a very modest and altogether minor intoxication as may result from the one-tenth of one, which is the highest ascertainable percentage of the intervening beverage, will not preclude intelligent and immediate perception of the rosy flush and kindling glow of the authentic liquor at the last.

Now for the doggerel. "Songs of Cheer" by Ellie Wemyss, which has made the long journey from Adelaide, Australia, consists of forty-eight pages of this sort of thing:

The Mary Rose was convoying some merchant
men at dawn
When sudden came the flash of guns, and
through the misty morn
She sped to fight a submarine, but found three
cruisers there—
What use one small destroyer? She can but
do and dare!

These deathless lines are taken from some verses entitled "We're Not Done Yet". Neither are we. To write much worse than this does not cost our poetess the slightest effort. "Life's Mission" begins: "Only a penny given to a little weeping child"; and "Israel's Race" starts out stentorianly, "Shame on him who oppresses Israel's race! Who dares insult, offend, or hurt God's own". Indeed Miss Wemyss is by no means rabidly anti-Semitic: in a later effusion the tale tells of "A Gallant Jew, an Anzac brave". The verses in Miss Lucile Enlow's "The Heart of a Girl", according to her publishers, "for the most part represent the moods of adolescence and as such will have the greatest appeal for those young girls who find themselves desperate for some mode of expressing their thronging thoughts and emotions". For frontispiece there is a portrait of the lady. Perhaps the

poem "Grandma" ("Grandma! saintly gentle soul") is as bad as any in the book. "Rapids and Still Water" by Rutgers Remsen Coles has one number beginning, "The sun has laid his prayer-rug in the West". "The Fields of Peace" by Emma Frances Lee Smith is not quite so ingeniously bad as—and therefore rather less exciting than—the last three. We can well understand the delicate perplexity of President Lynn Harold Hough in one of the "poems" in his "Flying Over London": "I wonder if some day I'll write a song." ("The facile genius of President Hough flashes in every line of these poems born of the world war." Yes, that is what it says on the paper wrapper!) "In Conclusion" is what Carlyle McIntyre calls his book; I hope he will keep his word.

Of immeasurably better quality, though hardly native to "the topmost height of Helicon inspired", are: E. J. Brady's "The House of the Winds", a collection of sturdy sea-songs; "A Whisper of Fire" by Agnes Ryan, which has some strangely poignant moments; "Camelot" by Benjamin Brooks, which is most attractively printed and produced, but a little disappointing in its contents. In "Songs of Adoration" by Gustav Davidson there sounds at times a strain of mournful and beautiful music. Most of the poems in Angela Morgan's "Hail, Man!" were worth reprinting, and "The Word" deserves a place in any representative anthology of contemporary verse.

With "Poems" by Cecil Roberts we decline upon a lower range. In spite of Mr. Masfield's friendly foreword, these labored verses move us not at all. The book is full of echoes and infelicitous imitations. At one moment we are irritatingly reminded of

Mrs. Meynell (in Mr. Roberts's poem beginning "She moves, the lady of my love, A vision of delight"); at another, of Richard Le Gallienne; yet again of Lamb ("They are gone the friends I had", with its refrain, "Friends of mine, of mine"); and again of Kipling, or of Sir Henry Newbolt or of Tennyson himself. The book, in short, is full of clichés of thought and phrase. Every now and then in Samuel Roth's "Europe, a Book for America", there is a hoarse eloquence that begins to be impressive; but the book is disfigured by such querulous and grotesque lines as these:

Would you like to know
How much of you is man
How much of you is monkey?

Ask your hands,—
They know.

There are two volumes of translations in this book-pile. In "More Translations from the Chinese" Mr. Waley supplies us with a sequel to his splendid "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems", by far the best book of the kind that there is. This time he is less prodigal of his good gifts and we get from him translations of only sixty-eight poems, fifty-five of which, however, have never before been Englished. They are all most interesting and many of them extraordinarily beautiful in their naive sweetness, simplicity, and directness. Here is Mr. Waley's translation of a Chinese poem written almost eleven hundred years ago:

Since I lay ill, how long has passed?
Almost a hundred heavy-hanging days.
The maids have learnt to gather my medicine-herbs;
The dog no longer barks when the doctor comes.
The jars in my cellar are plastered deep with mould;
My singer's carpets are half crumbled to dust.
How can I bear when the Earth renews her light,

To watch from a pillow the beauty of Spring unfold?

Another volume of translations is "Life Immovable", from the modern Greek of Kostas Palamas by Professor Aristides Phoutrides, a former instructor at Harvard. Kostas Palamas, secretary to the university of Athens, was one of the first writers of contemporary Greece to gain recognition outside his own country, and Professor Phoutrides has the courage to call him "a new world-poet". A bold claim to make, but, even in translation, these poems go no little distance toward justifying it—for one reader anyhow. There are some lines, "To a Maiden Who Died", which even in English are profoundly beautiful and which in the original must surely constitute a great poem indeed.

We arrive at last at the very best of the original poetry under review. In Mrs. Seiffert's "A Woman of Thirty"—which is most decidedly a book to read and to keep—there is no lack of authentic inspiration. In her "Nocturne", for instance:

It is enough
To feel your beauty
With the fingers
Of my heart,

Your beauty, like the starlight,
Filling night so gently, that it dreams
Unawakened.

I should feel your beauty against my face
Though I were blind.

Lovely, too, are "The Moonlight Sonata" and "The Silent Pool". In the collected edition of Robert Underwood Johnson's "Poems" which the Yale University Press have most attractively published there is much sweetness—which never descends to mere prettiness—much grace and a good deal of fine thought finely expressed in melodious verse. Mr. Johnson has long and deservedly enjoyed a special

place of distinction in modern American poetry of the conservative tradition. The author of "The Queen of China and Other Poems", Edward Shanks, is honored for his art in England where this book recently won the first Hawthornden prize of one hundred pounds for the most distinguished contribution to English letters published during the year by an author under forty. I have long had my eye upon him, and I do wish he would stop writing uninteresting "Literary Letters" for American journals, and instead give us more of these exquisite poems. Mr. Shanks is, in short, "the real thing",—a name to rank beside those of Hodgson, de la Mare, and John Freeman; a true poet of our day, with power to convey a magical vision in magical words. There is no page in his book without sincerity and beauty. That his gift for narrative in verse is greater than that of any of his contemporaries, save only John Masefield, "The Fireless Town" readily demonstrates; it is a grievance that I have not the space to quote this lovely poem in full. Here is a shorter sample of his performance:

IN ABSENCE

My lovely one, be near to me tonight
For now I need you most, since I have gone
Through the sparse woodland in the fading
light

Where in time past we two have walked alone,
Heard the loud nightjar spin his pleasant note
And seen the wild rose folded up for sleep
And whispered, though the soft word choked
my throat,

Your dear name out across the valley deep.
Be near to me, for now I need you most.
Tonight I saw an unsubstantial flame
Flickering along those shadowy paths, a ghost
That turned to me and answered to your name,
Mocking me with a wraith of far delight.
... My lovely one, be near to me tonight.

The title piece "The Queen of China" is a superb dramatic poem written out of a rich and fantastic imagination.

The "Complete Poems" of the late Francis Ledwidge, with introductions

by Lord Dunsany, is a book which many lovers of modern Irish poetry will rejoice to possess. The Irish earth and every common sight and sound and smell thereof are the burden of most of these charming songs and lyrics. In many of them there is evidence of a delicate and fragrant talent, but one refuses to speak, as the editor so confidently does, of Ledwidge's *genius*, for that is far too grand a word. "There are too many roses." It must be confessed that one grows weary of the cloying sweetness of these poetic meditations on blackbirds, February evenings, hills, Aprils, March twilights. The noble editor had

The Book of Modern British Verse. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Modern American Poetry. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

Yanks A. E. F. Verse. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Songs of Cheer. By Ellie Wemyss. Adelaide: Hassell Co.

The Heart of a Girl. By Lucile C. Enlow. The Stratford Co.

Rapids and Still Water. By Rutgers Remsen Coles. The Stratford Co.

The Fields of Peace. By Emma Frances Lee Smith. Richard G. Badger.

Flying Over London. By Lynn Harold Hough. Abingdon Press.

In Conclusion. By Carlyle C. McIntyre. Published at Sierra Madre, Calif.

The House of the Winds. By E. J. Brady. Dodd, Mead and Co.

A Whisper of Fire. By Agnes Ryan. Four Seas Co.

Camelot. By Benjamin Gilbert Brooks. Longmans, Green and Co.

Songs of Adoration. By Gustav Davidson. The Madrigal.

Hail, Man! By Angela Morgan. John Lane Co.

Poems. By Cecil Roberts. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Europe, a Book for America. By Samuel Roth. Boni and Liveright.

More Translations from the Chinese. By Arthur Waley. Alfred A. Knopf.

Kostas Palamas: Life Immovable. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Harvard University Press.

A Woman of Thirty. By Marjorie Allen Selfert. Alfred A. Knopf.

Collected Poems, 1881-1919. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Yale University Press.

The Queen of China. By Edward Shanks. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge. Brentano's.

The Cobbler in Willow Street. By George O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.

Poems. By Gladys Cromwell. The Macmillan Co.

Starved Rock. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Co.

done worthier service to his protégé had he published less than a third of what is here, and had he protested a great deal less in his prefaces. Ledwidge, like John Clare, will survive mainly in the anthologies.

The last three books I am to consider are by poets native to these American shores, and they unquestionably testify to the vigor, vitality, and authenticity of modern American poetry at its finest. The sureness and delicacy of perception of George O'Neil's art in "The Cobbler in Willow Street and Other Poems" is vouched for by Professor John Lowes, soundest and most wisely sympathetic of living American critics of poetry, and the young poet's first volume is engagingly introduced to the world by Zoe Akins. A slender volume it is, but all golden and as full of lovely freshness and delight as a breezy morning in springtime. To the "Poems" of Gladys Cromwell Padraic Colum has written an illuminating brief introduction claiming for some of them that they are "indubitably among the best lyrics written in our day". The perceptions in this poetry are feminine, as Mr. Colum remarks, yet "the balance dips towards thought rather than emotion. It is a poetry that comes out of impassioned thought." In the group here entitled "Later Poems"—the closing record of two very noble and fervid lives brought to a tragic end—there is nearly always a stark and shining strength in which a certain calm sweetness is not utterly without its part. "I have had courage to accuse", she sings:

I have had courage to accuse:
And a fine wit that could upbraid:
And a nice cunning that could bruise:
And a shrewd wisdom, unafraid
Of what weak mortals fear to lose.

I have had virtue to despise
The sophistry of pious fools;
I have had firmness to chastise,
And intellect to make me rules
To estimate and exorcise.

I have had knowledge to be true;
My faith could obstacles remove;
But now my frailty I endue.
I would have courage now to love,
And lay aside the strength I knew.

There is pain in the thought that a music so fine and fearless was stilled so soon.

Last of all there is "Starved Rock", Edgar Lee Masters's latest harvest. As heretofore, he sounds implacably the sombre monochords of irony and disillusionment, but there is a pulsing passion of sincerity and a noble wistfulness in this utterance which pierces to the very quick of life and lights up the dark places of its mystery. He is at his ripest and surest in such mordant and merciless analyses as "Lord Byron to Doctor Polidori", "The Barber of Sepo", "They'd Never Know Me Now", "Oh You Sabbatarians!" and that profound disquisition on Poe, "Washington Hospital". It is well for the country that possesses a poet true enough and brave enough to pour forth upon her littleness such a splendid flood of scorn as flows like burning lava in "Oh You Sabbatarians!" And the man who wrote "Sagamore Hill", that incomparable portrait of Theodore Roosevelt; who wrote "Chicago" and "I Shall Go Down Into This Land", manifests an intimate understanding of the American heart at its noblest, an august and prophetic vision of the American destiny, which compel our sincerest homage and our liveliest gratitude. Edgar Lee Masters is, I think, the greatest American poet since Walt Whitman.

And the cry to Hardy is not so very far after all.

A SHORT STORY ORGY

BY WALTER A. DYER

WITH a distinctly morning-after feeling in my head, and a taste as of mixed ingredients gone stale in my mouth, I am striving to regain sanity and equilibrium after an excess of short-story reading. For overindulgence in the short story is a dissipation which produces an inevitable reaction; it leaves the mind in a jerky state.

I shall never acquire the short-story habit as a form of permanent depravity, I am sure. This debauch has cured me of any tendency in that direction. The perfect short story is like champagne, scarcely to be taken in quantity as the sole article of diet. The natural place for the short story, I have concluded, is between two novels or volumes of greater weight.

But my immediate reactions are of no consequence. There stands before me a four-foot shelf of volumes of short fiction ranging all the way from a prose sketch by John Masefield, half visible in the spiritual moonlight, to a death-in-cold-waters tale by Rex Beach, as thoroughly physical in its tone as a crack on the shin. They acknowledge no kinship, these books; they bear no family resemblance, no resemblance of any kind, indeed, beyond the purely fortuitous circumstance of their all being clothed, so to say, in short trousers. How to say anything helpful about such a collec-

tion, how to characterize, to criticize, to estimate, to compare such books becomes a puzzle. And yet the very difficulty of it suggests that it may be worth while. For the task usually seems to have been avoided, and the American short story has to a large extent escaped intelligent criticism. This in the face of the generally conceded fact that the short story is an art form worthy of the most serious study, while the average American short story has often presented an object for satire worthy of the best efforts of our most ironic and bantering critics.

But the problem in hand calls loudly for some sort of common denominator, however tenuous, for something in the way of a general criterion that may safely be applied to short fiction without running the risk of becoming a mere formula. One discovers how vague is the common standard for short fiction, and in the search for something better one is led to reason and meditate somewhat thus:

In 1885 Professor Brander Matthews wrote as follows in his little treatise on "The Philosophy of the Short Story": "For fifty years the American short story has had a supremacy which any competent critic could not but acknowledge."

Twenty years later he wrote in his

introduction to "Ten Tales" by François Coppée:

Fiction is more consciously an art in France than anywhere else—perhaps because the French are now foremost in nearly all forms of artistic endeavor. In the short story especially, in the tale, in the *conte*, their supremacy is incontestable; and their skill is shown and their æsthetic instinct exemplified partly in the sense of form, in the constructive method, which underlies the best short stories, however trifling these may appear to be, and partly in the rigorous suppression of non-essentials, due in a measure, it may be, to the example of Mérimée.

Was it Professor Matthews's point of view that changed so radically in the twenty years, or did short-story supremacy pass in that period from the United States to France? I cannot say as to that. I only know that during that period many literary viewpoints underwent fundamental revision and that what were axioms in 1890 had often become outgrown notions by 1900.

Now we have the vogue of the Russian short story, and I have seen it positively stated more than once that Anton Chekhov is the greatest artist in the short story now extant in any country. Thus does fame flash her smile now here, now there, while we mortals make haste to readjust our standards.

What is the meaning of all this? What indeed constitutes greatness in the short story? Where are we to look for classic short stories? Do Americans write them? How is one to pick the wheat from the chaff in the mass of periodical fiction that confronts us? Is there any authoritative criterion to which we can fly for refuge?

It is my belief that infallible judgment is to be found neither in the high-brow professor of literature, nor in the American magazine editor, nor in the tired business man or the summer veranda reader. We must approach the subject with a little common sense,

scorning neither the artistry of literary style, the philosophy of the thinker, nor the universal interest of a plot story *per se*. As I see it, the greatest merit comes from a blending of form and manner and content, mingled with the heaven-born qualities of sincerity and good taste.

Now as to this comparison between European short stories and the home-grown product, I'll tell you what I think, if you want to know, and then we'll get on with our reviewing.

I think, after some two years of special reading along this line, that the French have got the rest of us badly beaten as writers of short stories, and that for literary charm and sheer human interest presented in classic form, we have still got to leave the laurels on the brows of de Maupassant, Daudet, Balzac, Coppée, and the others of that ilk.

I think the Russians are remarkable word painters of a pre-Raphaelite type, and steady-handed soul surgeons, and that the Russian, Scandinavian, and Czecho-Slovak tales are all right if you don't mind having your dramatic expectations left unsatisfied.

I think that we don't know half the British short-story literature, apart from Kipling, and that if we did we'd have to admit that they're beating us at our own game at the present time. (Did you know, for example, that H. G. Wells wrote at least two short stories that outrank as literary art anything he has ever done in novel form?)

Finally, I have been forced to the conclusion that, while some of the best short stories in the English language have unquestionably been written by Americans—and I could name a good many beside Poe, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and O. Henry—the American magazine-reading public is at present

being treated to about the poorest short fiction ever written.

Now Professor Matthews may not agree with me, and you may not agree with me, but I am not abashed. For two elements intervene to color honestly our judgment without either establishing or discrediting its authenticity. I mean differences in personal taste, and differences in understanding as to what a short story is or should be. These must both be taken into consideration by the tolerant critic, and so long as they exist, any such thing as an absolute and exact criterion appears to be impossible.

Still, it may be possible to establish some common, or at least neutral, ground in our conception of what a short story should be. I think I know what Professor Matthews's conception is—or was. Professor J. Berg Esenwein and the other how-to-write-a-short-story experts have been fairly explicit in stating their views, and I do not fully agree with any of them.

Dr. Esenwein says that "A short story is a brief, imaginative narrative, unfolding a single predominating incident and a single chief character; it contains a plot, the details of which are so compressed and the whole treatment so organized as to produce a single impression." He makes a distinction between the story and the tale, for "A tale is a simple narrative, usually short, having little or no plot, developing no essential change in the relation of the characters, and depending for its interest upon incidents rather than upon plot and the revelation of character."

Professor James Weber Linn is even more definite and concrete. He asserts that "the short story should be a turning point in the life of a single character."

It is unnecessary for me to point

out the *cul-de-sac* to which such formulas would inevitably lead, or to mention the obvious fact that nearly all such rules and regulations have been repeatedly broken in the world's greatest short stories. "It is a little dangerous", Barry Pain cautiously remarks, "to lay down rules and limits for artists." And someone else has noticed that "plot has never been the distinguishing feature between good literature and poor." The modern editor and correspondence-school teacher stress plot, action, and compactness; above these, it seems to me, should be placed the somewhat more imponderable characteristics of sympathy, color, style, and fancy.

I am inclined to agree rather with H. G. Wells, who wrote as follows in the preface to one of his volumes of short stories:

I refuse altogether to recognize any hard and fast type for the short story, any more than I admit any limitation upon the liberties of the small picture. The short story is a fiction that may be read in something under an hour, and so that it is moving and delightful, it does not matter whether it is as "trivial" as a Japanese print of insects seen closely between grass stems, or as spacious as the prospect of the plain of Italy from Monte Motterone. It does not matter whether it is human or inhuman, or whether it leaves you thinking deeply or radiantly but superficially pleased. Some things are more easily done as short stories than others and more abundantly done, but one of the many pleasures of short-story writing is to achieve the impossible.

At any rate, that is the present writer's conception of the art of the short story, as the jolly art of making something very bright and moving; it may be horrible or pathetic or funny or beautiful or profoundly illuminating, having only this essential, that it should take from fifteen to fifty minutes to read aloud. All the rest is just whatever invention and imagination and the mood can give—a vision of buttered slides on a busy day or of unprecedented worlds.

And yet it must be admitted as a fairly patent fact that most of us American readers, while we would be pleased to accept something far less rigid than the sort of plot commonly

constructed to fit the editorial formula, nevertheless do feel an instinctive desire to have something happen in a short story. "A sketch", says Professor Matthews, "may be still-life; in a short story something always happens." A vision of buttered slides on a busy day, whatever they may be, might serve admirably as a subject for free verse, but it is insufficient for a story, and Mr. Wells knew it when he wrote that, as his own stories plainly testify. Those buttered slides have got to perform or we feel that we have been in some way misled and defrauded. That is why I do not believe that most of the Russians will ever attain to wide-spread popularity with American readers.

Beyond that, I'll be as liberal as you please and accept a plot as vague and indeterminate as that of Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night" or some of the French *contes*, or as mathematically complete and rounded out as Poe's mystery tales or some of O. Henry's best. And I do not think we need to be bound by the time and place restrictions derived from Poe and embodied in the usual American formula. What most of our magazine short stories lack is not action or plot but a certain distinction of style and the sure handling of dramatic elements.

There is no good reason why the short story should not be one of the most exquisite forms of literary art, but it all too seldom is. So rare is that magic ability to create an atmosphere, to sustain a mood, and to communicate them through the medium of adequate expression in the form of a short story. Imagination, sentiment, the dramatic instinct, the deft portrayal of character, and above all sincerity—these, it seems to me, are the qualities of the great short story.

If that be the ultimate standard, let us keep it well in view, but let us not be so lofty in our conceptions as to be unfair to such short stories as do succeed in raising themselves above the level of the current mass, even though they may not achieve greatness. For such are many of the stories in the volumes I have been reading. Prejudiced perhaps by the low average of the magazines, I must admit that I approached these stories in a pessimistic frame of mind, and I was pleasantly disappointed. I am more hopeful of the American short story than I was before, and not a few of these books of short stories may be unreservedly recommended to jaded novel readers.

It used to be said that publishers found volumes of short stories unprofitable. Perhaps a change of attitude on the part of the reading public has taken place or perhaps the publishers have gained courage. At any rate, there are an unusual number of such volumes this year. I have twenty-seven of them, and I know of others, including O. Henry's posthumous "Waifs and Strays". Let us look them over.

The Russian translations first, and to begin with, Chekhov. He has been called the greatest Russian master of the short story, but that is largely a matter of taste and of definition. To my mind Gorky is a better story teller than Chekhov. The latter's tales lack the movement of Gorky's, though they are less bitterly unpleasant to the Anglo-Saxon mind in their attitude toward human life. Through them runs much of the same undercurrent of despair, of brute instinct, of religious fanaticism and the need for money which seems to characterize the existence of Russia's submerged classes. Chekhov is indubitably a

great realist and word painter, whose gift is to see life in its minutiae. His tales are less short stories than cross-sections of Russian life. Vivid and enthralling they are, but inconclusive. It is as though one stepped into a theatre at the beginning of Act II and left before the end of it.

The most noteworthy part of the present volume, which is called "The Bishop and Other Stories", is a narrative entitled "The Steppe" which takes up the last half of the book—the Kim-like journey of a Russian boy before whom is unfolded a panorama of Russian life—a series of loosely connected pictures seen with an almost uncanny completeness of vision. Read Chekhov for that, but not for plot.

Vladimir Korolenko, though new to me, is announced as one of the most popular writers of fiction in Russia. Korolenko, it seems to me, lacks the power to probe into the roots of life which distinguishes Chekhov and which is a vital characteristic of most Russian fiction. But he is somewhat more versatile than Chekhov, possesses a rather better developed story sense, and is gifted with a less lugubrious humor. In the original his style is said to possess remarkable grace. If we miss something of this it is probably our own fault, or perhaps partly that of the translator, but surely Korolenko is not as virile or as vivid as Gorky, and his work, in our eyes, does not compare in artistry with Tolstoi's. But, with Dostoyevsky and the rest, he is not to be overlooked by those who desire a catholic knowledge of Russian literature.

"Short Stories from the Balkans" contains thirteen selections from Czech, Rumanian, Serbian, Croatian, and Hungarian authors. They present rather too great a variety of mood and

type and subject to be easily characterized together. We find here the morbid melancholy of the Slav, the rather humorous sentiment of the Serb, the lighter touch of the Magyar. There are included two delightful bits by Koloman Mikszath, who stands with Maurice Jokai as representing the best in Magyar literature. Here one is refreshed by a lighter fancy, a more delicate humor than the Russians display—qualities shown to even better advantage, perhaps, in some of his longer works, of which a translation of "St. Peter's Umbrella" remains with me a pleasant memory after some twenty years. The charm of his style is almost French in its quality and instantly appealing to an American.

Nothing from France, I regret to say, appears in this assortment, but there are some worth-while things from England. Admiring readers of the novels of William J. Locke are glad that he has collected for publication a number of his best short stories. These "Far-Away Stories", more than any of the others in this season's output, may be confidently considered in the light of the most exacting standards. For Mr. Locke has proved himself to be one of the masters of the short story, displaying the ability to develop a consistent emotional mood and produce a dramatic effect within the shorter compass without creating the too common sense of unreality. The moving quality of "The Song of Life", the delicate sympathy of "Ladies in Lavender", the dramatic situation and successful dénouement of "An Old-World Episode", one of four ingenious "Studies in Blindness", record the touch of an artist's hand and produce that lasting impression which is one of the final tests of literary quality.

The old tradition that the British have no sense of humor dies hard, while the funniest things persistently continue to come from England. Fun tempered by good taste, too, and the divine gift of knowing when to stop. Here's Richard Dehan, for instance, turning out laughs and smiles with the greatest ease apparently and leaving the reader with a grateful sense of having achieved joy for a season. Some of the stories are in irresistible cockney, or Kentish, or some delicious brand of London slang dialect, but Mr. Dehan does not harp on one string as so many humorists do; he has overworked none of his characters or settings. His humor varies greatly in breadth; some of it is as dainty as an old lady's cap. There is "The Oldest Inhabitant", for example, a tale worthy of Sir James Barrie, in which a bored little girl tells a magnificent whopper and then, in expiation, walks to Nunbury Abbey and calls, all muddy-kneed, on the King himself! One makes haste to recommend the book to that friend whose appreciation of refined comedy is surely to be counted on.

The most notable of the books of American short stories is a posthumous collection of seven stories by Jack London, an author whose force and skill in the field of fiction are too well recognized to require special comment in this connection. These stories, which I feel sure will not disappoint Jack London fans, are all tales of the Hawaiian Islands, romantic, colorful, and stirring. Rich in story interest, character drawing, and graphic description, their peculiar dramatic quality is furnished by the close juxtaposition of pragmatic modernity and ancient mysticism in the life of the picturesque islands which

London, with evident enthusiasm, chose as his *mise en scène*.

Novelty of setting is a trick often resorted to by authors to cover a paucity of creative originality. For that and for the fact that all-fiction magazines of the cheaper type have featured some of Achmed Abdullah's stories (I do not know his Occidental name if he has one), this popular author must pay the inevitable penalty. But I am inclined to believe that he deserves a loftier fate. The Chinatown of New York, with its color and Asiatic mystery and sharp contrasts, supplies his scenic properties, and his chief characters are Chinamen, presumably true to life. But he has done more than turn a clever trick. A few of his stories possess a dramatic consistency, and display a practised skill in the handling of situations in which comedy and tragedy are blended, which raises them at least above the level of the surroundings in which they have sometimes found themselves.

E. K. Means's stories of Louisiana negroes, with their quaint dialect and emotional mysticism, are freshly and incontestably funny, and the provocation of laughter is an end in itself. They also form an historical record of a type of life that is rapidly passing. Mr. Means has won a place for himself among our leading humorists because his humor, like all true humor, is human and sympathetic, and not estranged from its kinsman, pathos.

There are other volumes before me which are doubtless equally worthy of special mention, but magazine space has but one dimension, and I will close with a sort of Confidential Guide to the rest of these books.

"Off Duty." A collection of reprinted stories chosen with excellent judgment by a naval camp librarian

for men readers, by a dozen well-known authors ranging from Oscar Wilde to Zane Grey. It includes Bret Harte's "The Outcasts of Poker Flat", Hamlin Garland's "The Outlaw", and one or two others of enduring quality.

"Lo, and Behold Ye!" Seventeen of Seumas MacManus's inimitable Irish genre tales, rich of brogue, quaint of wit, illumined by a facile fancy, redolent of the land of peat smoke and fairies, which best display their indubitable charm when read aloud by one possessing the gift of sympathetic mimicry.

"The Red Mark and Other Stories," by John Russell. Good yarns of the red-blooded, masculine sort, not lacking in originality of conception, most of them cast in a Conrad-like setting but executed in an un-Conrad-like manner, the work of an experienced hand in the art of vivid exposition.

"Open, Sesame!" Four readable, adventurous stories of novelette length, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, of which well-constructed, interest-holding plots are the outstanding feature.

"Deep Waters." A new volume by W. W. Jacobs in the author's familiar semi-nautical vein that may be counted on to induce abundant laughter on the part of readers who have not become too well acquainted with the Jacobs method.

"Square Peggy," by Josephine Daskam Bacon. Vastly clever and for the most part amusing tales of "flappers" and other feminine products of the present day, all of them entertaining, most of them strong in characterization, some of them absorbing in plot, and a few of them marred by an overtone of snobbishness which is just what the author did not intend.

"Taking the Count," by Charles E. Van Loan. Eleven breezy stories of the ringside by a sporting-fiction

writer whose recent death brought genuine sorrow to a million or more American males of healthy impulses.

"Ladies-in-Waiting." The enviably large following of Kate Douglas Wiggin will doubtless adore these five pretty, if not robust, stories of sentiment.

"The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France." A small volume containing a single story of the war by Henry van Dyke. A somewhat mystic tale of a disheartened and shell-shocked poilu who regained his manhood after a

The Bishop and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Co.

Birds of Heaven and Other Stories. By Vladimir Korolenko. Translated from the Russian by Clarence Augustus Manning. Duffield and Co.

Short Stories from the Balkans. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. Marshall Jones Co.

Far-Away Stories. By William J. Locke. John Lane Co.

A Sailor's Home and Other Stories. By Richard Dehan. George H. Doran Company.

On the Makaloa Mat. By Jack London. The Macmillan Co.

The Honourable Gentleman and Others. By Achmed Abdullah. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

More E. K. Means. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Off Duty. Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. The Century Co.

Lo, and Behold Ye! By Seumas MacManus. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Red Mark and Other Stories. By John Russell. Alfred A. Knopf.

"Open, Sesame!" By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. George H. Doran Company.

Deep Waters. By W. W. Jacobs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Square Peggy. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. D. Appleton and Co.

Taking the Count. By Charles E. Van Loan. George H. Doran Company.

Ladies-in-Waiting. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France. By Henry van Dyke. Harper and Bros.

Joy in the Morning. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons.

War Stories. Selected and edited by Roy J. Holmes and A. Starbuck. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Short Stories of the New America. Selected and edited by Mary A. Laselle. Henry Holt and Co.

At a Dollar a Year. By Robert L. Raymond. Marshall Jones Co.

A Tarpaulin Muster. By John Masefield. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Silver Age. By Temple Scott. Scott and Seltzer.

John Stuyvesant, Ancestor, and Other People. By Alvin Johnson. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

The First Piano in Camp. By Sam Davis. Harper and Bros.

The Little Chap. By Robert Gordon Anderson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

I Choose. By Gertrude Capen Whitney. The Four Seas Co.

vision of Jeanne d'Arc, told in a poetic vein by a master of English style.

"Joy in the Morning," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. War-time stories by one who has learned to tread the paths of sentiment without missteps and who is unfortunate only in having written other stories even better and more spontaneous than these.

"War Stories" and "Short Stories of the New America." Two collections of stories of unequal merit by different authors, of the sort which held the centre of the stage, two years ago, including three or four that are worthy of preservation.

"At a Dollar a Year," by Robert L. Raymond. Stories, humorous, romantic, and otherwise, of war workers in Washington, not badly done, but somehow failing to impart a sense of permanent significance.

"A Tarpaulin Muster." Brief deep-sea sketches of literary distinction by John Masefield, which display the gifts of a poet rather than those of a story-teller.

"The Silver Age." A neat volume by Temple Scott, in which are included several smooth-flowing if not vitally important essays and several graceful if not unforgettable stories.

"John Stuyvesant, Ancestor, and

Other People." Tales of the psycho-analytical type by Alvin Johnson, editor of "The New Republic", which will win the admiration of those who like that sort of thing.

"The First Piano in Camp." An attractive little volume by Sam Davis, containing a single short-comedy story of mining camp life in 1858, written in the Bret Harte manner.

"The Little Chap." A pretty little book containing a pretty little story by Robert Gordon Anderson that has been called a classic by some who like to take their childhood sentiment undiluted.

"I Choose," by Gertrude Capen Whitney. Rather a novelette than a short story, the vehicle for certain New Thought philosophies, which has apparently attracted enough readers to justify a third edition.

I hope I have succeeded in indicating which of these volumes to my mind deserve recommendation without being unkind to the others. Some of them are clear gold, a few are dross, while many are composed of an alloy of which I am not so certain. As Richard Dehan says in one of his stories, "Beauty is beauty an' make-up is make-up, though sometimes the two gets that mixed you can't 'ardly tell one from the other."

WISHES

BY BOSWORTH CROCKER

○ SWEET new moon! O wild spring weather!

O the long walks together in the sweet spring weather; we two a-Maying. I can hear you saying: "Get supper soon, hurry with the dishes. Tonight there's a new moon, let us make wishes; and we'll take a walk together... It's a long time till bedtime."

O sweet new moon! O wild spring weather!

You whistled a tune and I flung the shutters wide, flung the shutters open to let the little new moon come and peer inside. And my heart was glad and sang a little tune. It sang like a bird, sang in my sleep all night long, a mad little song.

O sweet new moon! O wild spring weather!

You wished adventure. All men do. I wished the old wish. Your wish came true. Spring is later. May is colder. The new moon is paler. All the world is older. Leave the shutters open. It's a long time till bedtime.

O sweet new moon! O wild spring weather!

Now the shutters stand wide and a weazened old moon, grotesque, blear-eyed, grins at me, comes leering inside, and like an old beldame seems to croon:

Once—there—was a—woman—

You...you...you...!

Looked across her shoulder—

You...you...you...!

Looked—at—me—when—I—was—new,

Made—a—wish—that—didn't—come—true...

Didn't—come—true!

You...you...you...!

Evil old moon!...

Now I never hurry to get supper soon. It's no use to worry about the new moon. There was a tune he used to whistle...

I forget the tune. . . .

O wild new moon! O sweet spring weather!

Close the shutters. It's a long time—a lifetime.

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PUBLICATION SINCE THE ARMISTICE

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

A BOOK has been printed which in England has led to the coining of a new word and to a political grouping that is making lines of party cleavage. When the debate came in Parliament in mid-February on the speech from the throne, Sir Donald McLean, as leader of the opposition, moved the resolution regretting that His Majesty's Ministers had not recognized the impracticability of the fulfilment by the Central Powers of many of the terms of the Peace Treaty, nor showed any adequate apprehension of the grave danger to England's economic position at home and abroad by the continuation of the delay in resolving on conditions in many parts of Europe and the Near East. Mr. Balfour retorted by calling the opponents of the Government "Keynesites". Mr. Balfour called attention to the rumor that the opposition was going officially to support the book which, written by the young economist who represented the British Treasury at the Peace Conference, had more profoundly affected public opinion in England than any other publication since the Armistice.

John Maynard Keynes, born in 1883, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and became Assistant Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge and editor of "The Economic Journal". He went to Paris with the Peace Commission as the chief representative of the British Treasury at the conference. He disagreed with the decisions of the conference, deeply deplored the economic features of the treaty, believed that the "Big Four" were completely blind to the economic structure of European society and to the danger involved in making a treaty that failed to recognize economic facts, and so he resigned his post.

He wrote a book entitled "The Economic Consequences of the Peace", and it has proved not only a literary sensation but a political factor of the first magnitude. It has created a great body of public opinion in England that has been converted to Keynes's view. The recent publication of the book in this country is making a profound impression here. From different points of view, Keynes's conclusions are controverted by friends of Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Wil-

son; but those who object even the most violently to Keynes's conclusions, admit the truth of much that he has written, and squirm in their displeasure over the biting sarcasm of his portrait-etchings.

The book compels attention. The reading of it can hardly be avoided by anyone deeply interested either in the economic chaos of Europe or in the nature of the Treaty of Peace. There may be those who feel that the personal characterizations are in doubtful taste and are limned with a cruel hand. There will be others who will believe that Keynes has seen only the economic side, the side very few of the people engaged in the conference saw at all, and has wholly neglected the political significance of the decisions. There will be many who will disagree with the remedies that Keynes proposes, but none of these critics can deny that the book is an example of most brilliant economic exposition.

If the men who made the treaty could have read and got into their very souls the analysis of the economic structure of Europe which is contained in the brief chapter of eighteen pages on "Europe Before The War", if they could have been made to comprehend the significance of the economic principles there set forth, the treaty would have been a different document from the one which is resulting in the chaos that is today involving all Central Europe, and would have been less likely to have resulted in consequences dangerous to the future of European civilization.

The makers of the treaty seemed blind to the economics of the European situation. Some were influenced by the desire for revenge and by quaking fear that contemplated a rehabilitated Germany; some were under the

disability of wild election promises, and lent themselves to the shaping of what Keynes calls a "Carthaginian Peace", because British politicians, in an excess of vote-getting oratory, had promised the reimbursement of the cost of the war through the German indemnity. A peace was concluded with eyes shut to economic facts, and now everyone concerned with it admits at least enough of Keynes's criticism to declare that none among the Allies expected the treaty to be carried out on the economic side to the letter, but that the whole theory involved changing the economic terms of the treaty by the Reparations Commission. The thing that has irritated the adherents of Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson more than anything else in the book is the description which this eye-witness gives of the progress of the Conference, and particularly the characterizations of the three leading figures. Only a word is devoted to Orlando, but the characterizations of the other three will long live as remarkable contemporaneous pictures of the great figures in the drafting of the treaty.

Clemenceau is pictured as silent and aloof, sitting enthroned on a brocaded chair, wearing grey suede gloves, and surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air. "He had one illusion: France; one disillusion: mankind", and the latter included his colleagues. His view of German psychology was that the German understands nothing but intimidation; that he is without honor, principle, or mercy. He did not believe in negotiating with him, but in dictating to him. In his mind there was no place for magnanimity or fair play; he believed that these would only shorten the period of Germany's recovery and again hurl at France her greater num-

bers, resources, and technical skill. And so the demand for a "Carthaginian Peace" was inevitable.

Lloyd George was ignorant of facts, but he had a swiftness of intellect, a quickness of apprehension, and an agility in debate that far out-distanced his associates.

Wilson came with his Fourteen Points and his dream of a League of Nations. Neither was worked out in any practical detail. In Paris, as we so many times saw happen in Washington during the war, Wilson felt that after the statement of a case had been made, couched in irreproachable English, the matter was finished so far as he was concerned. He is pictured as a man profoundly desirous of doing right, but with a mind that was slow and unresourceful, and "never ready with *any* alternatives". He was capable of digging his toes in and refusing to budge, but had no other mode of defense. His adroit associates, by assuming an appearance of conciliation, manœuvred him off his ground. Having absolutely no detailed plans for putting into practice either the Fourteen Points or the League of Nations, the advantage all lay with those who worked out the details. Keynes does not picture the President as Sir William Mitchell-Thompson did in the Parliamentary debate referred to, that he was "as a rabbit mesmerized by Lloyd George's basilisk eye", but he does draw a man of high purpose, with a Presbyterian temperament, with a mind that was slow and unadaptable, and no match at all for the Welshman's sensitive apprehension and capacity for ready readjustment.

This chapter on the Conference must be admitted as a brilliant characterization, although it will be read with satisfaction or displeasure according

to one's personal estimate of the characters that have been pictured.

The portion of the book which has been so unsettling to public opinion is that in which the economic features of the treaty are dissected, particularly the nature of the indemnity and the ability of Germany to pay. There is marshaled an array of figures such as is available only to those who were close in the councils of the Conference. Some of these have been challenged. To those who would rather see Germany crushed than recover to such a degree that the indemnity could be squeezed out, the views regarding the Treaty will not be acceptable. The impression the book leaves is one of clearly indicated impossibility in carrying out the economic features of the treaty, and the necessity for the early revision of the figures by the Reparations Commission. The vast danger to Europe lies, however, in the political difficulties of early action by the Reparations Commission, and in the danger that Central Europe is progressing toward social disintegration under the influence of deprivation extended to starvation. Keynes presents an extremely gloomy view of the outlook in that respect, but no more gloomy than the pictures drawn by Sir Donald McLean, Lord Robert Cecil, and Mr. Balfour in the recent Parliamentary debate. Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Balfour were now able to recognize with appalling distinctness the economic chaos embracing all Central Europe, but neither would do more than disagnose the case. There was no remedy proposed, and Mr. Balfour distinctly emphasized the inability of Great Britain to go further than she has gone. He made much of keeping British industries sound, at least, and of the fact that the burden in curing the economic ills of the old Central

Powers and the new nations was one immeasurably beyond Great Britain's present strength.

When we come to Keynes's remedies, they are, like most remedies, distasteful. To the French public and, to a much less degree, to the British public, the proposition that the total indemnity be reduced to ten billions, and that a further allowance of two and a half billions be made for the surrender of merchant ships, submarine cables, and war materials, as provided by the treaty, would be most distasteful. After making this definite statement of the amount of indemnity, the Reparations Commission should be dissolved, and Germany should be allowed to pay in such instalments as she would be able to do. He would make the Coal Commission, established by the Allies, an appendage of the League of Nations, and rearrange Germany's obligations as to coal deliveries. He would institute a free trade union, established under the auspices of the League of Nations, and embracing Germany, Poland, the new states formed from the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the mandated states. All tariff barriers between these several nations should be prohibited for ten years, after which adherence to this arrangement would be voluntary.

The proposal that will come as somewhat of a shock to us is a proposition in reference to interallied indebtedness. That aggregates twenty billions. The United States has lent one half of this sum, the United Kingdom has lent twice as much as she has borrowed, France has borrowed three times as much as she has lent, and the other Allies have borrowed only. Keynes recommends that all of this should be mutually forgiven, the major hardship thus falling on the

United States. If that is not done, he sees the war ended with a heavy network of indebtedness impeding the movements of all of the Allies. The amount is likely to exceed the total sum obtainable from the enemy, and "the war will have ended with the intolerable result of the Allies paying the indemnity to one another, instead of obtaining it from the enemy". This is a juggling with the word *indemnity*, but it presents a very real picture of the difficulty.

Keynes's constructive programme concludes with the proposition of an interallied loan to furnish food and raw materials. He thinks, and I believe he thinks correctly, that it will be very difficult for European production to get started again without a temporary measure of external assistance. He thinks much might be done with a fund of a billion dollars. Of course, we have loaned since the Armistice in the neighborhood of four billion dollars. Of this \$2,750,000,000 was advanced by our government, and there have been other advances by manufacturers, exporters, and speculators in exchange, which, together with the remittances from our aliens to their home people, made possible the settlement of four billions of dollars of trade balance in our favor last year.

That performance can not be duplicated this year, and, unless some coordinated effort is made to grant Europe further credits, we shall merely sit by and await the coming crisis in Europe's economic disease. That crisis is approaching and will reach its climax some time between now and the next harvest. If the inability to organize industry, the difficulty to get raw materials and food, prove so great that human nature rebels and political revolution ensues,

then another act of the drama of the Great War will follow. If the gloomy prediction for such an outlook prove unfounded, and Europe is able to struggle through till the next harvest, there will then be grounds of hope for ultimate economic recuperation.

Today we are balanced between the fear that Europe is progressing toward economic disintegration and the hope that economic pressure will not become so severe that political

revolution will follow. Much of the danger would have been averted, had there been more capacity in Paris to understand the economic facts that are the basis of Keynes's vision. In any event, a reading of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" will be of great help in understanding the present position and outlook of Europe.

The Economic Consequences of the Peace.
By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace
and Howe.

COMPENSATION

BY SARA TEASDALE

I should be glad of loneliness
And hours that go on broken wings,
A thirsty body, a tired heart
And the unchanging ache of things,
If I could make a single song
As lovely and as full of light,
As hushed and brief as a falling star
On a winter night.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

JAMES HUNEKER'S "BEDOUINS"

By Benjamin De Casseres

JAMES HUNEKER'S new book "Bedouins" begins with "Mary Garden" and ends with "The Vision Malefic". Is there a subtle connection between the two? That is a question of personal psychology. But the two apparently disparate subjects give one a peep at the range and depth of the artistic sensibility of Mr. Huneker. It is a sensibility that is a conglomerate of many pasts. It is exotic and decadent, electric and Olympian. It is, curiously, a great dawn-wind that sweeps from ruins. He has a marvelous power of suggesting, of stimulating, of suddenly burbanking widely separated notions and as suddenly dissociating them. As some one said about him, his brilliancy and versatility hide his profundity.

"Bedouins" is well-titled. For Mr. Huneker himself is a Bedouin, a nomad of the arts. He pitches his tent wherever he finds a gleam of the beautiful, the rare, the exotic, the abnormal. If he were permitted a double-deck span of man's allotted years—that is, if he could live to be one hundred and forty—there would probably be to his credit the first authentic encyclopædia of all earth-geniuses sifted through one of the most magical temperaments of the time. He would be the Plutarch of art, literature, and philosophy. But sufficient unto his life is the literary beauty thereof. No

library today is complete without his works.

"Bedouins" is divided into two parts. Part I contains seventeen chapters, five of which at least are devoted to Mary Garden. There is inordinate praise of this elfish being whom Mr. Huneker styles a "superwoman". "A condor, an eagle, a peacock, a nightingale, a panther, a society dame, a gallery of moving-pictures, a siren, an indomitable fighter, a human woman with a heart as big as a house, a lover of sports, an electric personality, and a canny Scotch lassie who can force from an operatic manager wails of anguish because of her close bargaining over a contract; in a word, a Superwoman." In this psychoanalysis of the superwoman it will be noticed that suffrage and birth-control are not mentioned. It is also much in evidence here that Mr. Huneker is as much enamored of the remarkable personality of Mary Garden as of her artistic powers. But the two, it may be, cannot be dissevered. "Her rhythms", Mr. Huneker says, "are individual; she stems from the Gallic theatre; she has studied Sarah Bernhardt and Yvette Guilbert..., but she pins her faith to the effortless art of Eleonora Duse." He analyzes, in magnificently glittering prose, her various rôles. He seems to award her the laurel in *Mélisande*. She has, however, added *Isolde* to her rôles. "Such an *Isolde*", says Mr. Huneker, "would be too bewildering to be true!" Personally, I consider the prose of Mr.

Huneker infinitely greater art than anything Mary Garden has ever done. If I were to write here as ecstatically, as enthusiastically, as unrestrainedly of Mr. Huneker as he has of Mary Garden, I would be considerably "edited".

"The passing of Octave Mirbeau" is journalistic, and does not seem, in my opinion, to give to that tremendous satirist his deserts. Mirbeau was more terrible than Swift. He was a more perfect and vitriolic hater than Nietzsche. Nowhere is there mention of that long interlude of *Le Père Pamphile* in "L'Abbé Jules", which is the most terrible satire on idealism ever written and which makes "Don Quixote" look like a "movie".

"Anarchs and Ecstasy". Here is a plea for ecstasy in art, a quality in criticism that Mr. Huneker himself possesses to the nth degree. "Swinburne had it from the first." Victor Hugo had it, Rodin had it, Tennyson and Browning had it only occasionally. Again in this essay is heard the Garden *motif*. "All this tumultuous imagery, this rhapsody Hunekeresque", he says, "is provided by a photograph of Mary Garden, whose enigmatic eyes collide with my gaze across the Time and Space of my writing desk."

He considers "Anatole France: the Last Phase", the humanitarian, socialistic Anatole, who is now a Lucifer with the cowl; there is a chapter on George Luks, Caruso, "Chopin and the Circus"—a curious bit of frisky humor; on Poe and Chopin—who with Flaubert are the Trinitarian fathers of Mr. Huneker's artistic Olympus; and "A Masque of Music", which is a remarkable prose allegory of Sound.

Part II of "Bedouins" is called "Idols and Ambergris". There are seven chapters, short stories in the

well-known manner of the author. Their themes are musical, the dominant ecstasy in Mr. Huneker's make-up. The supreme sin, according to one of the characters in "The Supreme Sin", the first story, is denial of the devil. The Nietzschean profundities gleam with merry irony through the lines of this tale. But Parsifal-Josephs are rare among us these days.

In all these tales it is hard to tell whether the author is laughing at us or not. Mr. Huneker laughs at us through many veils. His Isis uncovered often reveals a Charlie Chaplin—only that, and nothing more. The world is too old to be shocked by these meticulously literary blasphemies. Baudelaire and Guillaume Apollinaire went the limit. But Mr. Huneker moves the scenes dexterously. And he never acts without his prompt-books in his palm.

"Bedouins" is a book without a desert.

Bedouins. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A NOTABLE NOVEL OF BRAZIL

By Isaac Goldberg

AFTER having for some time been known in French and Spanish (and it is hard to believe that the multifariously enterprising Germans have not published a German version of a noted novel that so intimately concerns their destiny in Brazil), Graça Aranha's "Canaan" is introduced to the English-reading public. Belatedly, but none the less welcome, and none the less worthy of perusal by all who appreciate novels that are something more than abortive "action". In fact,

"Canaan" is apt to prove an interesting puzzle to the fond literary cataloguer. This is surely no novel in the conventional sense of the word, yet there is a well-defined tale that, if it be somewhat slow in getting under way, holds the attention to the strange, indecisive end. Just as truly there is a lyric sweep to much of the book that can hardly be dissociated from genuine poetry; and with as little doubt, there is an epic breath that blows through these pages.

Brazil is "Canaan", the promised land. Thither comes Milkau from the old world, imbued with a sort of Christian socialism that seeks the establishment of a Utopia in the virgin continent. Here, among others, he meets the Nietzschean Lentz, and the two form a queer partnership amid the solitude that inspires the one and crushes the other. Here, too, they encounter Mary, the abandoned mistress of one of the German colonists, whose sorry plight enlists Milkau's sympathy, and later his love. Yet this land that is pregnant with such promise is infested with all the vile old-world conditions against which Milkau has rebelled and of which he had hoped to find the new continent free. Scheming pettifoggers batten upon the industrious colonists; the German colonists themselves are capable of siding with Mary's seducer and driving her to despair and unmerited imprisonment upon the gruesome, and false, charge of having given her own child to the pigs that attended its sudden birth in the open fields. Milkau's love, like so many of the mirages that rise in this exotic landscape, turns to disillusionment and delirium. We leave him, at the end, together with Mary, a prey to oncoming death. The promised land, like all good things, lies not in the present, but in the future.

The real significance of the work lies in its treatment of Brazil's immigrant problem and the birth-pangs of the new order that grows from the fusion of old Europe with new America. The discussions that agitate Milkau and Lentz touch vital problems in the national development; Mary might almost be taken as a symbol of the harassed nation.

Ferrero, in his really pithy introduction, notes the beauty of the author's style and his description, the purity of the psychological analysis, the depths of the thoughts and reflections; among the book's faults he discovers a "certain disproportion between the different parts...and an ending which is too vague, indefinite and unexpected." He is right, too, in considering the literary qualities of the book of secondary importance. The truth would seem to be that Aranha's main purpose was, as it so often is in the case of Spanish and Portuguese American writers, to present landscapes and customs, dominant personalities that incarnate certain philosophical principles and attitudes. Yet there is a distinctly noble flavor to the work, and certainly a large humanity that marks it as something more than exclusively Brazilian in significance. Indeed, for the thinking American of the north, between Canada and the Rio Grande, the theme is of primary importance. Millions have sought their "Canaan" here and have been no more successful than Milkau. And for similar reasons.

The same words that struck Ferrero, at the end of the first chapter, where Milkau speaks of the transformation that immigration will ultimately accomplish, might with little change be applied to our own nation. And the labor and aspirations of the Milkaus, though in the case of the in-

dividual they may be frustrated, fertilize the soil whence the civilization of the future will spring.

Canaan. By Graça Aranha. Translated from the Portuguese by M. J. Lorente. Four Seas Co.

WALTER DE LA MARE ON RUPERT BROOKE

By Christopher Morley

IN Rupert Brooke that quickness to see and feel which is the gist of the poetic sense was happily geared with an equal velocity of expression. It was Wordsworth (was it not?) who said that the poet works under only one necessity—that of giving immediate pleasure. And certainly it was Shelley who said that poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. Brooke not only had one of the happiest and best minds of our time; he also, in the radiant display of his vivid senses and the candid sincerity and exactitude of their interpretation, gave the world more pleasure than any young poet of recent years. It is the brilliant quality of his passionate interest in life, his restless, exploring, examining intellect, that chiefly concerns Walter de la Mare in a lecture on Brooke first given before Rugby School a year ago, and now issued in booklet form.

The world grants its highest affection to those creators who most shrewdly express the painful inward vivacity of the human mind. Brooke was a happy and charming egotist. He found his own experience so highly entertaining and diverse that it occupied the bulk of his speculation. The speech of his own brain sounded

above all other voices, as it must in any true poet—just as a man may stand on Broadway and drown out all sound of traffic in his own ears by eating a piece of dry toast. When he went to America, to Tahiti, it was not so much to see those odd places, as to examine the reactions of his lively heart in strange surroundings. His kingdom of poetry was within him.

Mr. de la Mare's essay, which no lover of poetry will want to miss, advances an interesting theory. He suggests that poets are of two kinds: those who are similar to children in dreamy self-communion and absorption; and those who are similar to boys in their curious, restless, analytical interest in the world. Poets of the boyish or matter-of-fact imagination are intellectual, he says: they enjoy experience for itself. Poets of the childish or matter-of-fancy heart are visionary, mystical; they feed on dreams and enjoy experience as a symbol. He thinks that Brooke's imagination was distinctly of the boyish kind. His appetite for experience was insatiable—"that tearing hunger to do and do and do things. I want to walk 1000 miles, and write 1000 plays, and sing 1000 poems, and drink 1000 pots of beer, and kiss 1000 girls, and—oh, a million things!... The spring makes me almost ill with excitement. I go round corners on the roads shivering and nearly crying with suspense." How that reminds one of Stevenson's youthful letters! And incidentally, this was a lively quotation for Mr. de la Mare to spring on the boys at Rugby.

One is not quite certain that this classification of poetic imagination into the boyish and the childish is of complete dividing validity,—and indeed Mr. de la Mare makes no extravagant claim for it. It is specially

interesting, however, since it suggests that much of the fascination that Brooke's work and personality held for Mr. de la Mare is due to the contrast in these two men's imaginative gifts. Those many who admire the peculiar mysticism and subtlety of Mr. de la Mare's reaction to the terms of experience will not be surprised that this essay of his seems the most valuable comment that has been made on the poet of the "flaming brains" the most romantic and appealing figure of youth and song that has crossed the horizon of these riddled years.

Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination. By Walter de la Mare. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN MASTERS

By Thomas Walsh

THE critical study of modern South American authors has been for the most part resolved into a glorification of the poetry of Rubén Darío with an overflow of praise for José Santos Chocano, the exponent of Americanism in its most ardent form. This is both just and unjust; for while we will admit at once the preponderating merits of Darío, we must hesitate before allowing all the extraordinary laudation which his followers in America have been lavishing upon him.

The arch-offender in this particular, aside from the fantastic efforts of Vargas Vila, has been that elaborate personage Don Andrés González-Blanco, who in four hundred pages of a preposterous book entitled "Estudio Preliminar" (Madrid, 1910) hurls a Niagara flood of erudition upon

Rubén Darío, sousing him with Schopenhauer, Emerson, Mallarmé, and D'Annunzio, until the brain reels and the lights go out in a fog of ceaseless rhetoric.

More discreet—for they could not surpass the "Estudio Preliminar"—have been the younger critics of Buenos Aires and Cuba. Blanco Fombona and Max Henríquez Ureña have done excellent service in a sufficiently enthusiastic way with the bibliography and coordination of these critical riches. Tulio M. Cestero has stood almost alone in his endeavor to state the truth about Darío in his "Rubén Darío El Hombre y El Poeta" (Habana, 1916), where we find gleams of the true greatness of the poet struggling through the limitations and disorders of a rather poor humanity and defective personal character.

Dr. Goldberg, the author of the fine "Studies in Spanish-American Literature", has had the advantage of these criticisms, and the judgment to avoid their faults and omissions. His study of Darío's poetry is enthusiastic and appreciative; it is marked with the fairest critical spirit. This may also be declared of his entire treatment of the "Modernistas"—his delineation of their sources in the French Parnasian and Symbolist movements; his statement of their indebtedness to Byron, Longfellow and Poe; his discovery of the first stirrings of modernism in Gutierrez Nájera, Diaz Mirón, and Asunción Silva.

There are separate studies of Julian del Casal and González Martínez, and Dr. Goldberg remarks that "a fuller treatment of modernism should include such widely admired spirits as Leopoldo Lugones and Leopoldo Diaz (Argentina), Guillermo Valencia (Colombia), Ricardo Jaimes-Freyre (Bo-

livia), and Julio Herrera-Reissig (Uruguay)". In the future work which Dr. Goldberg announces, it is also to be hoped that he will include such other figures among the "Modernistas" as Poveda, Brull, and Cansio (Cuba), Antonio Gomez Restrepo (Colombia), and Bartolomé Galindez (Argentina).

Reading Darío, a northerner is seldom unaware that, for all "his fine white hands of a marquis", the poet is really a half-breed "of the blood of the Chorotega or Nagraandano Indians and the negroes". One is always in the presence of the glowing contrasts, the dramatic hues and contours that make up what the Spanish critics, with perhaps overmuch depreciation, denominate *criollismo*. For Rubén Darío was truly a primitive of colonial type, influenced by the traditions and superstitions of his native Nicaragua, and in all his wanderings and vagaries a sincere Catholic through the early training of his maternal aunt and the Jesuit missionaries of León. It is hard to bear with the modern critics and their pretended studies of paganism in Darío, when we remember that this quality in his work is but as the flash of light upon fish-scales as he swam between his religious tenets and his bad practice of them. In his form of Christianity there was complete room for the culture of the Renaissance, and he naturally availed himself of its beauty and power in all his work, from the most carnal to the most religious of his poems.

Dr. Goldberg continues his "Studies" with a consideration of José Enrique Rodó, the Uruguayan philosopher and litterateur who surpassed, says González-Blanco, "Valera in flexi-

bility, Perez-Galdos in elegance, Pardo Bazan in modernity, Valle-Inclan in erudition, Azorin in critical spirit; who could have imagined that beyond the sea there was to flourish at the very close of the nineteenth century the greatest prose writer of the Castilian language?"

There would be no need to linger over the discussion of his fine essay "Ariel"—in which the United States figures in a way as the Caliban—were it not to take occasion to point out how much more harmful to our international peacefulness is such heavy, misguided idealism than all the fantastic furies of our picturesque enemy, Blanco Fombona.

José Santos Chocano at least is our friend and admirer. We may be proud of him for other reasons. He is a great poet of the first order; he is inspired with a vast sense of beauty, freedom, and a truly American philosophy which are as banners set before the paths of the younger writers of all our Americas of the future. Rubén Darío recognized him, not as a rival, but as a true compeer, declaring that in him "Pegasus pastures in the meadows of the Incas". Chocano is Spanish and he is American; in both phases he is always a personal poet in contrast to the indirectness of much of Darío and the other Spanish modernists. From the patriotic scene in his "Cronica Alfonsina"—where two vessels meet in opposite course in mid-ocean, one bearing Jimena the lady of the Cid, the other, Dulcinea of Don Quixote, and interchange courtesies—to the exquisite lyric quality of "The Magnolia", we find haunting reminiscences of the classic muse of Heredia the Cuban, and the rugged power of our own Walt Whitman. There is to be added also the strong influence of Edgar Allan Poe, which

the Spanish critics have generally and quite unaccountably overlooked.

We can congratulate ourselves on the production in English during these recent years of some really distinguished books bearing upon Spanish and South American letters. Naturally the Spaniard has been very busy himself in the long delayed unveiling of his native glories. But such books as Dr. Coester's "Literary History of Spanish America" (New York, 1916), Dr. J. D. M. Ford's "Main Currents of Spanish Literature" (New York, 1919), Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "Oxford Book of Spanish Verse" (Oxford, 1913), "The Hispanic Anthology — Translations from the Spanish" (New York, 1920), and Dr. Isaac Goldberg's "Studies in Spanish-American Literature" mark an advance in international culture and personal relations with Spain and Spanish America such as bids us hope for a completer and more brilliant floriation of our mutual arts and letters.

It is useless to question whether North or South America has already made the greater contribution to literature; the partisans of either side will be sufficiently shocked when they are asked to face such a question with equal minds, without permitting love of the native land to blind them to the fact that it is still an open question. The republics of the south have their own literature, their novelists and poets; it is said they have few readers; but must we not also confess that literature properly so-called is the possession of very few among ourselves, in spite of much pretense and jargon-ing. Our hands across the southern seas, therefore, and a hearty greeting to Spanish-American literature.

Studies in Spanish-American Literature. By Isaac Goldberg. Brentano's.

COURAGEOUS CANDOR

By Oscar L. Joseph

WE must take men as we find them and make the best or the worst of the bargain. The Dean of St. Paul's, London, is noted for his extensive learning and fearless independence. Those who try to cross swords with him may feel like the cardinal who was instructed to tackle Lord Acton and thought better of it. He is by no means infallible but his conclusions must be reckoned with, even if we disagree with his processes. What, however, makes his writing so intolerable is his patronizing way and his spirit of hauteur, as he stands aloof and with the unction of superiority passes judgment on men and things in the dogmatic spirit which he censures in others. In his "Outspoken Essays" he shows a certain personal antipathy as he punctures traditions, criticizes accepted positions, jostles and upturns beliefs, gives rapier thrusts at prejudices and provincialisms, and offers scant respect to aristocrat and proletariat with a latent leaning toward the former.

He hesitates to recognize the virtues of democracy but hastens to point out its defects, while he passes indictment against it with an amazing cocksureness, very much after the fashion of Gilbert Chesterton in his rhapsodic and semihumorous "History of the United States". Had he known more he might have said less about us. We prefer the more balanced exposition of democracy by Bryce in "The American Commonwealth". The essays on patriotism, the birth-rate, and the future of the English race will certainly shock some readers and arouse animosity. But such plain-speaking should not be discouraged, even if it is un-

palatable, especially when we are furnished food for serious thought. What he writes about the Anglo-Saxon with reference to conditions in the United States deserves consideration.

Dean Inge is a spiritual idealist and he has no sympathy with secularized idealism and its illusions of progress. The modern issue is not whether Catholicism or Protestantism shall direct the world, but "whether Christianity can come to terms with the awakening self-consciousness of modern civilization". He holds that Christianity has introduced "a standard of new values", which cannot be estimated by "quantitative standards". It was the insistence on this latter test that produced the modern debacle, and Inge's estimate of it is quite to the point:

Human nature has not been changed by civilization. It has neither been levelled up nor levelled down to an average mediocrity. Beneath the dingy uniformity of international fashions in dress, man remains what he has always been—a splendid fighting animal, a self-sacrificing hero, and a blood-thirsty savage. Human nature is at once sublime and horrible, holy and satanic. Apart from the accumulation of knowledge and experience, which are external and precarious acquisitions, there is no proof that we have changed much since the first stone age.

Over against this sombre conclusion might be placed his conviction as to the Christian cure:

Whatever forms reconstruction may take, Christianity will have its part to play in making the new Europe. It will be able to point to the terrible vindication of its doctrines in the misery and ruin overtaking a world which has rejected its valuations and scorned its precepts. It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilization; it is civilization which has destroyed itself because it has honored Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from Him.

The failure of organized religion is repeatedly emphasized with characteristic insight and fearlessness in the papers on the position of the Church of England, the papal attitude toward modernism, Cardinal Newman, St.

Paul, and especially on institutionalism and mysticism. He is on sure ground when discussing these topics, as might be expected from the author of "The Philosophy of Plotinus". Whatever may be said about his interpretations, we must recognize in him a prophet of candor, who utters the burden of truth with sublime disregard to personal consequences.

Another volume to be noted in this connection is Professor Buckham's clear appraisal of some of the noteworthy contributions by American religious leaders of relatively recent date. "Progressive Religious Thought in America" will enable students to appreciate the tercentenary of the founding of Puritan New England. Those hardy pioneers builded better than they knew. There is a breath of the springtide in the writings of the men honored in this volume, yet what they accomplished was made possible because they applied the principles of freedom with a thoroughness that the men who first formulated them could hardly have done. Bushnell, Munger, Gordon, Tucker, Gladden, Smyth—these are memorable names in the history of American religious thought. It is worth noting that all these liberators of religion belong to the pulpit and not to the professorial chair. Buckham does well in pointing out the painful separation between literature and theology. "Much worthy theology had gone a-begging because clothed in the garments of heaviness instead of the robes of praise". The eminent succession of these seers has not yet terminated, and as long as this is so, the day of the pulpit has not set. At present it is suffering from a temporary eclipse, owing to the reactions from the war; but it will recover itself and its latter period will be more glorious than its former, if its occupants fear-

lessly face the light that comes from science, philosophy, psychology, economics and literature, all of which are the manifold expressions of life.

Outspoken Essays. By William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D. Longmans, Green and Co.
 Progressive Religious Thought in America. A Survey of the Enlarging Pilgrim Faith. By John Wright Buckham. Houghton Mifflin Co.

TRAVELS WITH ARTHUR SYMONS

By Henry James Forman

THE poet is the super-traveler in life. To say that he invokes the souls of cities is to suggest that he is "soulful" and at once to minimize such a book, say, as "Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands", by Arthur Symons. Mr. Symons, I need hardly say, is not "soulful" in the schoolgirl's diary sense. But true poet that he is, he visits a city or an island and the place is astonishingly revealed to him with a multitude of detail that the run of sightseers simply would not suspect. No tourist ever sees a place in the way the poet sees it. For one thing the poet is never in a hurry. He gazes on the scene, depicts it, and before you know it you not only see a beach, shingle and water, but the restless human heart in you is floating outward over a softly billowing, tranquil sea to that infinity where the soul is always at home.

In a few happy touches Mr. Symons brings before you the city of Seville so that you will never more forget it. "A significant quality of the Andalusians", he observes, "is the profound seriousness which they retain, even when they abandon themselves to the most violent emotions. It is the true sensuality, the only way of getting the utmost out of one's sensations, as

gaiety, or a facile voluptuousness, never can." The Sevillians themselves would be thrilled and delighted by Mr. Symons's interpretation of them, and that is the true test of descriptive writing. In a Spanish music hall, in the streets of Valencia or Toledo, in the poetry of Santa Teresa or St. John of the Cross,—in all of these, he reveals to you the land of Spain as few travelers will ever see it by themselves. The fireside traveler with Symons has an infinitely better chance than the average tourist with Baedeker.

He visits Montserrat, the monastery, the mediæval Castle of the Holy Grail, and the picture becomes rich with more than mere association—it is a monument to human devotion. True pilgrim that he is, the poet takes up his home there to taste in full this unusual morsel of life. He sings the "Salve" and the "Ave Maria", dwells in the whitewashed cell and "for once", he says, "I was perfectly happy, and with that element of strangeness in my happiness without which I cannot conceive happiness".

In London he has wandered about with an amateur tramp, who has seen humanity "where it has least temptation to be anything but itself", not out of any affectation, but because of his absorbing interest in humanity; because,—

To live and die under a roof
 Drives the brood of thoughts aloof;
 To walk by night under the sky
 Lets the birds of thought fly.

There are some twenty-six pieces in the book and every one of them is a poem. They are not the sort of "travel" to be found in the popular guide-books, but those who choose to read them will visit portions of the world in the company of one of its choicest spirits, of one who knows how

to write about that which when seen touches, perhaps—but usually escapes—most of us.

Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands. By Arthur Symonds. Brentano's.

HENRY JAMES, PAINTER

By Louise B. Sykes

HERE are four short stories that redeem again, for a moment, the term. Anyone may be glad, in much recent litter and rubbish, to come upon this earliest work of Henry James. But for your real lover the collection is much more than just "something, at last, worth while to read". For him it is what the source of the Nile was to the explorer, or what the early photograph of the little boy in the velvet suit is to his fond mother. To have it is to hold the documentary assurance that his author's greatest qualities are all inherent, that nothing that he gave the world later was affectation or pose, that even the mannerisms that he developed were the over-emphasis of his intention, his determination to the nth degree to make his meaning plain. These stories have every resemblance to the mature work of their author, the same features, the same expression, and, allowing for some slight awkwardness of youth, the same pose. Here is the first segment of the sweeping curve that Henry James completed before he died. With this record the sequence should have been easy to foretell. In this slight collection the really distinctive qualities of the artist are all evident.

Of all the writers of fiction that ever wrote, not only in English but in any modern tongue that speaks to us,

Henry James is the painter par excellence, the artist who reduces life's chaotic material to the vision, to the picture. If he hears and smells and feels things, it is only secondarily and absent-mindedly, only the better to see them withal. He seems sometimes, almost consciously, to have subordinated the other senses, absorbed as he is in seeing. He is the painter, not the nature lover. He has no "bank whereon the wild thyme grows", no "Woods of Westermain". One might almost say that the cock never crows for Henry James, or, if he does, he *sees* him crow. He is surprisingly indifferent to sounds, as sounds, and the other appeals to the senses; to all that paraphernalia of the sensuist, who hypnotizes his subject by steeping him in his decoctions—a very witches' brew of whatever is sense-stirring and emotional. In his best work Henry James just paints and paints. Moving back to the artist's safe distance from his subject, and reaching out his long brush, he blocks out his canvas, gives form and color with rapid, certain strokes. He tells his tales with landscape and houses and furniture, with clothes and movements, with gestures and facial expression. He does not smother his story in them, he tells his story *with* them. What relief for the fagged imagination, over-worked in following the labored details that other authors must use to build up a scene!

It is the nature of the ordinary person, and especially of the scholar, unfortunately, to be able to be only one thing at a time. If philosophers could only be kings, and being kings remain philosophers! If historians could be epic poets too! And scientists, essayists! But no. What they give us is a vast mass of chronicle, commentary, thesis. Now, it is the good fortune

of the artist to be two persons in one, sometimes three. That is what gives him form and dimension. And so, in Henry James, the painter in him bred with the psychologist, equally in him, and together they mothered and fathered the long line of his creations. Sometimes one character seems more active in his work than the other, but at his best he "tells his picture in" with alternate brush-strokes of color and psychology. He paints with a running commentary of psychological interpretation, which in the later novels takes the form of vast, almost trackless parentheses. The painter sees, but he never fails to invest his vision with meaning. The psychologist analyzes down to the fundamental and primal, but he never forgets to clothe, and place, and set his characters moving.

These examples of Henry James's early work reveal also the tastes and interests that dominated him throughout. It is amusing to observe how already the old world has laid hands upon this devotee of arts and subtleties. Some one in his stories has always just come from, or is about to set out for Europe. And notice—it is already the American effects that are "*criarde*", the European that are iridescent. It is with the "fine shades and nice feelings" of overrefined society that our author is mainly concerned, rather than with the primæval struggle of plain man; with the cross-currents and under-currents of life, rather than with the main stream. His are not historical or political novels with mighty backgrounds, processional foregrounds, or great, threatening, enveloping action. He does not propound or treat human problems, except with such curious individual cross-lighting as renders them useless for general solution. If he develops

his subject adequately in its isolation, he apparently does not deem it necessary to place it in the immense complex of life. His characters live unto themselves and unto one another.

And living remotely, they live uniquely. There is a steady refusal to allow the obvious to happen. If it does happen, it must not be for obvious reasons. Or, if it does happen *and* for obvious reasons, then it must be to one, whom the gods, wishing to destroy, first make blind. To such nothing is obvious. The stories are saturated with irony. With all the professed frankness of the characters, they never move in the clear light of day. The event is in the lap of the gods, whence it must be dragged into the shameless light. If the story ultimately does reach its final situation by elimination of the obvious,—and Henry James never paints "another stupid sunset",—it is assuredly not to impose the trick of a gross surprise, but to exhibit the perverse irony and double-facedness of life, the irony of the flatly obvious confronting the persistently blind.

A Landscape Painter. By Henry James. Scott and Seltzer.

THE NEW ENGLAND CULT

By Walter A. Dyer

SOME one has said that there are more Lithuanians in the United States today than bona fide New Englanders of Colonial stock. That is probably hyperbole; at any rate it is beside the point. For those of us who were born within musket-shot of Faneuil Hall and whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower or some other seventeenth-century excursion boat do

not reckon our importance in numbers. We are the salt of the earth. We know it, if the rest of the benighted world does not. The dome of the State House in Boston is still the hub of the universe, and the Sacred Cod is the symbol of the only American aristocracy worth consideration.

We are proudly, arrogantly provincial. We know not "the Loop", but we expect Chicagoans to reverence "the Common". We speak of "the Cape", and resent it when New Yorkers speak of "the City". We have a tradition that the Revolution was fought and won at Lexington and Bunker Hill and that Samuel Adams was the Father of his Country. As for literature, nothing has happened since the dissolution of the Saturday Club.

There are indications a-plenty that we sometimes bore our fellow citizens of the vast, crude hinterland, but, speaking seriously, I doubt whether we greatly antagonize them. I suspect that they look upon us with kindly, tolerant eyes, seeing New England somewhat in the aspect of a dear, stubborn, gray old lady, relic of an outworn age, full of old-fashioned notions, but to be gently humored until she passes quietly away.

But the old lady, like Charles II, is an unconscionable time a-dying. She displays an amazing vitality. And, when all is said and done, she has some interesting old keepsakes in her reticule.

It cannot be said of us New Englanders that we hide our light under a bushel. We are not inarticulate; we still have a passion for the printed page. And it is a poor season in the book publishing business that does not see new volumes setting forth in some fresh form the ancient charm of our native land. Furthermore, as a refu-

tation of all insolent arguments with their undercurrent of envious ridicule, these books appear to be widely read by the barbarians themselves.

Without apology, therefore, but rather with a sense of having acquired further merit, we present to what we hope will prove an appreciative public the latest grist of New England lore.

I do not happen to know whether Helen W. Henderson is a thoroughbred New Englander or not. With true New England caution we are inclined to suspect the pedigree of one whose previous volumes have been entitled "A Loiterer in New York" and "The Art Treasures of Washington". Why wander so far from home? Still, she writes like a New Englander. If she has the high sign and the password she will be readily admitted to the cult.

In "A Loiterer in New England" Miss Henderson has done all any New Englander could ask, for she has glorified the past and upheld the superiority of the Yankee. She has told us a lot of things about our native land that we did not know before, with the result that she has added not a little to the complacent sense of satisfaction that we feel in having been born where we were born and not in some obscure elsewhere.

The title of her book is a bit misleading in two ways. In the first place she has left New Haven and Portsmouth, Bennington and Deerfield quite untouched. But we will not quarrel with her there; perhaps there's another volume coming. What she has done has been to treat Cape Cod, Plymouth, Salem, and Boston so thoroughly from the point of view of the cult that little remains to be said.

In the second place, Miss Henderson is assuredly no loiterer. She is a delver, an excavator. Loiterers get

their history from railroad guide-books, not from original sources. Miss Henderson is too modest. The scroll of history she has unrolled with a practised hand and has rewritten it with a rare gift for selection and interpretation, a sense of proportion and significance, not lacking the saving grace of humor. She has told the story of the early settlers, of the Pilgrims, of the Salem sea captains and the rest in a manner that I fancy will hold the attention of readers, who would quickly side-step John Fiske.

Not only history. With quite as sure a tread she leads us among the sand dunes of the Cape and we find local geology fascinating. In Salem we find our eyes opened to unrealized or half-realized beauties of architecture,—architecture, to be sure, associated with romantic history and tradition,—while in Boston Miss Henderson becomes frankly an art critic.

Domestic architecture, indeed, invariably crops out in most New England writings, for we are inordinately proud of our old houses. And in Salem, that Mecca of the Yankee antiquarian, we find the very best of it. Salem ship-owners amassed wealth, and they spent it on houses. In Salem lived and worked that remarkable wood carver and architect, Samuel McIntire, the greatest American exponent of the Palladian and English Georgian tradition. And in Boston there was Charles Bulfinch, whose trail Miss Henderson entertainingly follows.

Of McIntire Miss Henderson tells us something, but for fuller knowledge one may turn back to "The Wood Carver of Salem", a book produced in 1916 by two New England collaborators, Frank Cousins and Phil M. Riley. From these same two we now have another handsome volume, in a limited

edition, entitled "The Colonial Architecture of Salem". This book could not have been written without a good deal of McIntire in it, but it covers a much wider field. The chapter headings will serve best to indicate this—The Gable and Peaked-Roof House; The Lean-To House; The Gambrel-Roof House; The Square Three-Story Wood House; The Square Three-Story Brick House; Doorways and Porches; Windows and Window Frames; Interior Wood Finish; Halls and Stairways; Mantels and Chimney Places; Public Buildings; Salem Architecture of To-Day. The first five chapters trace a definite development in Salem architecture by periods in a more thorough manner than has before been attempted. The last chapter deals with modern houses designed and built with rare good taste along historic lines since the disastrous Salem fire of 1914. It is not a chatty book like Miss Henderson's; it is rather a serious, analytical, descriptive, and semi-technical study. The volume is illustrated with nearly 250 photographs by Mr. Cousins, a few of which one discovers in the "Loiterer" also. Miss Henderson's book, I neglected to say, is beautifully illustrated, largely with reproduced etchings.

Speaking of architectural loiterings in New England tempts me to mention a book already noticed in these pages, on "Old New England Doorways". It belongs in the same family.

It really doesn't matter what the New Englander goes out to seek, whether it be history, architecture, or natural scenery. He returns with the conviction that it will scarcely be necessary for him to stray beyond the Hudson River in search of treasures of any sort. Mrs. Alice Van Leer Carrick's quest (I think I am correct in the Mrs.) has been for antiques, a

quest which, though not confined to New England, had its beginning here when Dr. Irving Whitall Lyon of Hartford started that collection of old furniture which later found a resting-place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. And the modern collection still turns a fatuously hopeful eye on the now pretty thoroughly exploited garrets of New England.

Mrs. Carrick calls her book "Collector's Luck", and its sub-title is "A Repository of Pleasant and Profitable Discourses Descriptive of the Household Furniture and Ornaments of Olden Time". Sallying forth from her New England home, Webster Cottage, Hanover, New Hampshire (attention is called to the significance of "Webster Cottage" and Dartmouth associations), Mrs. Carrick followed the lure of her hobby, with another amiable addict, to New England farmhouses, country auctions, and city shops. Her book, though full of interesting and valuable information for collectors, is less an analytical study than a pleasantly readable record of the loiterings of these twain, shot through with that youthful enthusiasm which every ardent collector knows. For the benefit of fellow an-

tiquers I will simply state that she has traveled such highways and byways of collecting as stenciled furniture, pressed glassware, hand-woven coverlets, lustre ware, lamps and candlesticks, old valentines and silhouettes, old white counterpanes, and ancient dolls and their furniture. The volume is illustrated, of course, with photographs.

So much for this season's New England books. Next season there will be others; you can't keep us silent. For most absurdly and vocally do we love our native land, we New Englanders. We love her old traditions and her old furniture; we love her historic cities, her pleasant farming country, her colleges; we love her white houses and her White Mountains; we love her woods and templed hills and eke her stern and rock-bound coast (which, as Miss Henderson points out, was not stern and rock-bound at all, but a sandy waste with one lone glacial boulder against which the Mayflower's shallop poked her Calvinistic nose).

A Loiterer in New England. By Helen W. Henderson. George H. Doran Company.

The Colonial Architecture of Salem. By Frank Cousins and Phil M. Riley. Little, Brown and Co.

Collector's Luck. By Alice Van Leer Carrick. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in February in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

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|--|------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. The Lamp in the Desert | <i>Ethel M. Dell</i> | PUTNAM |
| 2. Red and Black | <i>Grace S. Richmond</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 3. The Strong Hours | <i>Maud Diver</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 4. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 5. The Great Impersonation | <i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i> | LITTLE, BROWN |
| 6. Sisters | <i>Kathleen Norris</i> | DOUBLEDAY |

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

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|--|------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. The Lamp in the Desert | <i>Ethel M. Dell</i> | PUTNAM |
| 2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent | <i>Harold Bell Wright</i> | BOOK SUPPLY |
| 3. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 4. Red and Black | <i>Grace S. Richmond</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 5. A Man for the Ages | <i>Irving Bacheller</i> | BOBBS-MERRILL |
| 6. The Young Visitors | <i>Daisy Ashford</i> | DORAN |

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

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|--|------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent | <i>Harold Bell Wright</i> | BOOK SUPPLY |
| 2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 3. The Lamp in the Desert | <i>Ethel M. Dell</i> | PUTNAM |
| 4. A Man for the Ages | <i>Irving Bacheller</i> | BOBBS-MERRILL |
| 5. The Young Visitors | <i>Daisy Ashford</i> | DORAN |
| 6. Linda Condon | <i>Joseph Hergesheimer</i> | KNOFF |

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

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|--|------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. The Lamp in the Desert | <i>Ethel M. Dell</i> | PUTNAM |
| 2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent | <i>Harold Bell Wright</i> | BOOK SUPPLY |
| 3. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 4. The Great Desire | <i>Alexander Black</i> | HARPER |
| 5. The Moon and Sixpence | <i>W. Somerset Maugham</i> | DORAN |
| 6. The River's End | <i>James Oliver Curwood</i> | COSMOPOLITAN |

WESTERN STATES

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|--|------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent | <i>Harold Bell Wright</i> | BOOK SUPPLY |
| 2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 3. The Young Visitors | <i>Daisy Ashford</i> | DORAN |
| 4. The House of Baltazar | <i>William J. Locke</i> | LANE |
| 5. The River's End | <i>James Oliver Curwood</i> | COSMOPOLITAN |
| 6. The Moon and Sixpence | <i>W. Somerset Maugham</i> | DORAN |

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

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|--|------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent | <i>Harold Bell Wright</i> | BOOK SUPPLY |
| 2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 3. The Lamp in the Desert | <i>Ethel M. Dell</i> | PUTNAM |
| 4. The Young Visitors | <i>Daisy Ashford</i> | DORAN |
| 5. Red and Black | <i>Grace S. Richmond</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. The River's End | <i>James Oliver Curwood</i> | COSMOPOLITAN |

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
2. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
3. Theodore Roosevelt	<i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	HOUGHTON
4. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
5. A Labrador Doctor	<i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i>	HOUGHTON
6. Belgium	<i>Brand Whitlock</i>	APPLETON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
3. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
4. "Marse Henry"	<i>Henry Watterson</i>	DORAN
5. The Life of John Marshall	<i>Albert J. Beveridge</i>	HOUGHTON
6. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. An American Idyll	<i>Cornelia S. Parker</i>	ATLANTIC
2. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
3. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
5. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
6. Belgium	<i>Brand Whitlock</i>	APPLETON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
3. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
4. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
5. Abraham Lincoln	<i>John Drinkwater</i>	HOUGHTON
6. A Labrador Doctor	<i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i>	HOUGHTON

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
3. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
4. Contact with the Other World	<i>James H. Hyslop</i>	CENTURY
5. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
6. Abraham Lincoln	<i>John Drinkwater</i>	HOUGHTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
3. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
4. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
5. Abraham Lincoln	<i>John Drinkwater</i>	HOUGHTON
6. Belgium	<i>Brand Whitlock</i>	APPLETON

THE GOSSIP SHOP

IT was at the celebrated Mr. Keen's Chop House. The hour was two, afternoon. The celebrated Thomas L. Masson pushed back his empty coffee cup, leaned back in his chair, lit a large, fat, black cigar. He said, "I will talk on literary narcissuses". The celebrated Gossip Shop pushed back his empty coffee cup, leaned back in his chair, and lit a large, fat, black cigar. Mr. Masson half closed his eyes. (Occasionally he would open one eye wide.) He spoke, choosing his words carefully, as follows:

"The conceit of authors has never been tabulated. When it flowers to a perfect thing, the reasons ought to be given so that others may get the benefit. When it isn't what it should be, there is always a good chance of deriving a negative benefit out of its analysis. New York literary conceit differs from Indianapolis literary conceit as much as whiskey from bevo. The New York variety is the real thing. The Indianapolis variety is a little too agile. It hasn't accumulated weariness enough. It gets up too early in the morning. Boston literary conceit differs from either of these as the night the day. It has gone over carefully all the literary conceits there are, and extracted from each its peculiar excellence. The blend is Boston literary conceit, plus Boston. Its high merits are peculiarly its own. These fine distinctions are quite subtle, but when one has made a study of them, the high lights all come out. I know of no intellectual pleasure greater

than studying and observing the conceits of literary people, and the delight of being able to make one's way along amid so many nuances of conceit—this, like virtue, is its own reward. For example a successful New York author at a dinner table always pauses after making some bright remark, and awaits the homage and applause that follows. He knows that his clever sayings are good money because he has passed them many times before. Boston does not do this. Boston listens much better than New York. The value of listening—just the measure in which you appear to be listening at a given time—is understood by nobody as by Boston. A Boston author will listen to what you timidly have to say, while his look expresses a sort of benign affability. Then, after a discreet pause he will say 'Ah'. It takes years to learn how to say 'Ah' the way that Boston says it.

"Of course, when one gets away from Boston and New York, and certain sections of Philadelphia, there is much more freedom in literary conceit. There is the joyousness of the Middle West and the sensuous conceit of the South. A Texas author who has written a successful first book comes cavorting along to New York like a young calf let loose in a city park. A primitive conceit that, but delightful in a way, in spite of a certain coarseness. When this author has taken up his residence in New York, has had his name mentioned in

a group of authors written up for the benefit of 'The Atlantic', then he begins to take on atmosphere. He may wobble a trifle at first, but his admiration for himself soon becomes stabilized.

"That there is a kind of subconscious union of conceited authors is not generally understood. These gentlemen stand by one another with fine skill and finesse. A mutual admiration society that does nothing else but mutually admire, never gets anywhere. But in the case of our union, one author never loses an opportunity to praise up another in type. Thus literary people who have never done anything in particular, and do not even belong to the Society of Arts and Letters, have a reputation much beyond their means.

"Lady authors—if it can be said that there are any more lady anything—naturally differ in their conceit from men. I have known certain Boston lady authors to become more modest after they had published successfully. Boston ladies who have become educated regard the writing of books as a minor accomplishment. Silence, as I have indicated, is, or can be made, a great power. In the hands of a Boston lady authoress, it is carried beyond the genius of a mere Boston man author.

"Almost all lady authoresses wear their confidence in their own superiority much as other more materialistic ladies wear clothes. Literary makeups are not uncommon, especially on the Pacific coast.

"Conceit in everyone is highly desirable, if not ridden too hard. Every profession has its own particular variety. Indeed, the insularity of any profession makes its own form of conceit. I know a plumber, who deals only in gold and silver plate, who is

insufferable among his peers. But the plumber, like the clergyman, is restricted in his capacity to spread his conceit. In both cases the audience is too limited. Literary people have no such difficulty. At any time a Kansas author may be taken up by London. Even a Philadelphia author may become known in New York.

"The measure of literary conceit reaches its highest mark at a public dinner given to an author. In no other way can the author have such an opportunity to deprecate himself—which is often the most advanced form of conceit."

The Gossip Shop notes with pleasure that a new edition of "The House of Cobwebs", by George Gissing, has just been brought out in London. We hope this reprint heralds a Gissing "revival". We note with much interest, too, that the new volume has an introduction by the excellent Thomas Seccombe. Mr. Seccombe it was who wrote the fine pages on Gissing in "The Dictionary of National Biography". At least we think he did—the Gossip Shop never looks up anything, but just writes straight on right out of its head. "A Man of Kent" in "The British Weekly" tells us that the book is beautifully printed and sells over there at four and six. He continues:

Attracted by the clear type, and my old love for Gissing, I immediately set to reading it once more. Alas! I fell into a dangerous mood—the most dangerous mood of all for a critic of contemporary literature. I found myself thinking that all the people who knew what writing might be were dead, and assuredly I should not know where to look for a superior to George Gissing. He comes slowly indeed into his own. He is sneered at occasionally by people who cannot understand the true proportion of things. But "The House of Cobwebs" means at least an hour of pure joy to anyone who desires it. Mr. Seccombe's Introduction is exceedingly readable and valu-

able and in nearly all points I agree with him. Why such a man as Glissing spent his life in such junched and pitiful surroundings we partly understand. There is no depression in "The House of Carbide", and there is not a story that does not deserve to be treasured. The most pleasing is "Miss Rodney's Leisure", an exhilarating sketch of the new and very capable woman.

We would add our great esteem for the more sombre novels. "New Grub Street" is a fine book, and "Demos", we hold, is a very powerful novel indeed.

Christopher Morley recently received a letter which began so:

"You may be interested in the following: I sent a copy of 'Mince Pie' to an invalid friend in northern New York. Her attendant writes: 'I read two chapters from it to Miss M— and found it drew her thoughts off from herself and ended in putting her to sleep. If her mind continues to clear up as it has done during the past twenty-four hours, I think she will derive more pleasure from the essays.'"

This reminds the Gossip Shop of Burton Rascoe, literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune", and Henry Blackman Sell, until recently literary editor of the Chicago "Daily News". These gentlemen doubtless will agree that the book referred to would put anybody to sleep, but, we fear, they could not understand how it could clear up the mind of anyone. They have, these gentlemen, compiled a list of positively the three worst books. These books are: "Peeps at People", "Mince Pie", and "Broome Street Straws". But, apparently, neither Mr. Rascoe nor Mr. Sell can decide which of the three is quite the worst book in the world.

Gilbert Canaan, the English novelist, who has been for several months trav-

eling and lecturing in all parts of the United States, left New York a few weeks ago for France, Italy, and the Far East.

A friend of the Gossip Shop writes us from Paris:

Greenwich Village has invaded the Latin Quarter in the form of a typical Bohemian bookshop where you get all the books that one doesn't find on the rue de Rivoli and the avenue de l'Opéra. Guido Bruno rubs elbows of paper with Lord Dunsany—in *chaise*—and they both are neighbors of Conrad Aiken and "The Spoon River"! Quite a number of the younger French writers are discovering America by means of this shop, and one is liable to meet such figures as Duhamel, Jules Romains, and Pierre de Lanux browsing through the latest consignment from the States.

"The London Mercury" runs a very interesting department of "Bibliographical Notes and News". In this feature, in a recent number of this admirable magazine, mention is made of the book lately published in London, John Murray's memoir of his father, John Murray the Third—"the inventor of what was in his day an entirely new literary form, the Guide Book; Murray's first guide was issued in 1836." The note continues: "Three years later Karl Baedeker published a *Handbüchlein* of the same districts. Baedeker, like Shakespeare, disdained to invent his own plots. Murray's eighteen European guides were the 'Plutarch' and 'Holinshed' of the German's stupendous creations."

A section of this feature of "The Mercury" is devoted to "Items From the Booksellers' Catalogues". From this source we glean a couple of facts entertaining to put into juxtaposition. A "beautifully written" letter in the hand of Benvenuto Cellini has been listed at one hundred and five pounds. And "a manuscript by a young contemporary can command as big a price

as ten guineas". This is the sum asked for the autograph manuscript of Robert Nichols's "The Faun's Holiday", published in his volume "Arduours and Endurances".

The Gossip Shop has been reading another circular. The last one we read, you know, was that one about "a special book for women" called "The Art of Pleasing Men", which, it was said, was "highly endorsed by ministers of the Gospel". Well, we've been at it again. (This circular-reading habit is a terrible thing—it never lets you go.) This time the whole circular is devoted to a poem, and a very moving poem it is. This poem is called "The Lusitania Speaks, and Says Let the Kaiser Be Punished!" The author is Charles H. L. Johnston. The circular implies that Mr. Johnston is known to a wide circle as "Uncle Chas." We had at first thought of reprinting only a few stanzas of this poem, the best ones. But it is a curious poem—there are no best stanzas in it. To get it right you've got to have it all. Here is the poem:

Keel-hauled I held the quay, new-painted drab
and gray,

All the world heard my Siren, as it hooted,
Stoked up with bunkers full, choked up with
well-caulked hull,

I smiled upon my form, as whistles tooted.

I knew my might and power, I was the mer-
maid's dower,

Every sailor loved me, for I was undaunted,
They knew I sped and cut, they knew my
churning rut,

That I left behind in inky fathoms haunted.

Two Bells! The sound came near, and out the
call came: CLEAR!

CLEAR UP THE GANGWAY! for we're bound for
BELLE FRANCE,

How the poor mortals hugged me! My! I felt
as if they'd drugged me,

Drugged and wine'd me in the sway of cap-
tivating swell dance.

Out then I churned and sped; out upon the
ocean's bed,

While the little tuglets drove and towed me,

Then to Newfoundland's banks, I rushed with
oil-filled tanks,
While the great billows roughed and bowed
me.

Past the Gloucester fishing fleet, where cod and
haddock greet

Men of sinew—facing death and danger.

On through the fog-banks dim; past the wild
whimpering

Of seals and gulls; of KAU—old Neptune's
Ranger.

On, on, I churned and sped; on—on—with
white-capped head,

Nearer and nearer came the banks of Ire-
land,

Then I was made to slow, just where the sea-
mews blow,

Blow and strike with spuming grip the jut-
ting fire-land.

SOFT! SOFT! The Captain cried, as past the
rocks we shied,

SOFT! SOFT! beware the U boat's cunning,

CREEP! CREEP! with stealthy course; CREEP!
CREEP! your giant force,

Must be curbed, but still be slowly running.

HA! What was that I saw, as from the wind-
swept maw,

Up poked the tell-tale top of German
KULTUR,

A shiver swept along my keel, a shaking that
all could feel,

As from the depths emerged the steel-clad
vulture.

STOP!—I could not if I would. My propeller
spun, as blood

Spurts and flows through veins of human
mortals,

I could not breech the blow, that was coming
swift, not slow,

Aimed at my side and glowing port-holes.

CRASH! GRIND! It hit me fair, as if some
polar bear

Had clawed and pawed me with his talons,

I careened to starboard then, I shook, as fran-
tic men

Ran to the boats—the sea ran in by gallons.

DOWN! DOWN! I plunged and spumed; DOWN!
DOWN! I, too, was doomed,

Doomed by the mailed fist of far-off Potsdam,

Oh, the awful shrieks of pain that rose upon
the main,

As the billows gray were filled with oil and
flotsam.

To their death went babes and men, to their
death within my pen,

I could not stop the craven beak that hurt
us,

Down with me—with my tilt; down with me
Vanderbilt.

Down to the depths the FRA ELBERTUS.

Down where the lobsters crawl, down where
the hungry trawl,

Dragged by the lugger, skims and settles,
Down with me actors, singers; down with me
wailing clingers,

What could I do with such frail womanish
petals?

And, from my cavern of woe, where the fierce
undertow

Tide-rips and sways my sides I thunder;

"THANK GOD, THE KING OF HATE HAS LOST HIS
KULTURED STATE,

THANK GOD, AND MAKE HIM NOW DISGORGE
HIS PLUNDER!"

With the aim of aiding young women writers and artists to win recognition in their work, a New York chapter of the League of American Pen Women has been organized. It invites the membership of women fiction writers, journalists, editors, publishers, dramatic and scenario writers, advertising experts "and other professional women". Plans for a membership drive are being directed by Mrs. Ruth Mason Rice, president of the New York Branch.

Walter A. Dyer, who, by the way, is at work on a story of the life and times of Paul Revere and pre-Revolutionary Boston, sends the following to the Gossip Shop:

I want to tell you something about Henry James Forman, because it is conceivable that his new novel, "Fire of Youth", may shortly be attracting a good deal of attention. Gertrude Atherton got hold of advance sheets of it and said it should be one of the successful books of the season. Forman, who has had a varied and educating journalistic and editorial career in New York, including positions as associate editor of "The North American Review" and, for five years, managing editor of "Collier's", is now working on his own. With the war there came for him a sort of propaganda-intelligence job that sent him around the earth from Peking to Switzerland.

"After the Armistice", he says, "when the job of America seemed done and well done, many of us on the other side, in the reaction from the strain, seemed to feel a wonderful vague kind of tenderness for our home land, such as, perhaps, we had never experienced before. Our people seemed so fine and simple and candid, and in the turmoil of intrigue be-

fore and during the peace conference, our distant America looked to us like a land of archangels."

The plot and atmosphere of "Fire of Youth" were conceived in London during a period of homesickness and the book is intended to voice the longing of those thousands of Americans for the last of war and home.

"I wanted," he says, "to express something of the inarticulate love for America that was yearning in the hearts of some two million of us who were marooned in Europe."

Whether the sentiment is authentic, whether it will strike a responsive chord in these United States during a period of reaction, remains to be seen. The experiment cannot fail to be of interest, at least. Mr. Forman is the author of several books. He has also made a venture in dramatic writing. A play entitled "Prisoner of the World" was produced in Boston last summer and is now on the road.

A Bible written by hand was lately exhibited in connection with a Bible crusade in England. This huge volume, five feet, two inches in height, and three feet, six inches in width, was compiled of verses hand-written by 12,000 contributors. The King and Queen were among the contributors.

Grant M. Overton, who put the literary supplement of the New York "Sun" on the map, whose latest book "Mermaid" was published not long ago, and who has contributed a number of papers to THE BOOKMAN, asks us: "Why is it that they speak invariably of the backwoods as a 'mountain fastness' when anyone who has been in one knows it's a 'mountain slowness'?"

Gabriel Wells, who contributes to this number of THE BOOKMAN the article called "The Evolution of a Book Collector", has been for a number of years a dealer in rare books in

New York known to collectors throughout the country.

Cecil Roberts, one of the younger English poets recently lecturing in this country, remarked shortly before he sailed for home early in March that he had never met another English poet until he arrived in New York. His publishers tell us that the full name of this young Englishman is Edric Cecil Wellesley Mornington Dalrymple Roberts.

Benjamin De Casseres writes in to suggest that there should be in THE BOOKMAN an "Ecstasy Department" as well as a Complaint Department. The editor in the other room has just opened another box of fifty Virginia plain in order the better to think this over.

From a recent number of "Punch":
 "THE DRINKWATER TRAGEDY.—
 This comes from dry America, but it is not the wail of a 'wet';—merely the heading of an article on the drama 'Abraham Lincoln'."

James C. Grey who wrote the article in the March BOOKMAN on Lord Fisher's volumes, "Memories and Records", is an Englishman long resident in this country. He was foreign news editor of the New York "Evening Sun" during the war, and he handled the literature and history departments of "The New International Encyclopædia" during the preparation of those volumes.

A thing which may be of interest to many readers of the recently published novel "The Moon and Sixpence" who have not read that very remarkable earlier novel of W. Somerset

Maugham's, "Of Human Bondage", published in the United States in 1915, is that at the time of the writing of the earlier book Mr. Maugham had much in mind the figure Paul Gauguin whose career and character he made the basis of the leading figure, Charles Strickland, in "The Moon and Sixpence". On page 212 of "Of Human Bondage" occurs this:

In Brittany he had come across a painter whom nobody else had heard of, a queer fellow who had been a stockbroker and had taken up painting at middle-age, and he was greatly influenced by his work. He was turning his back on the Impressionists and working out for himself painfully an individual way not only of painting but of seeing. Philip felt in him something strangely original.

And on page 256 of the same book we find the following conversation:

"D'you remember my telling you about that chap I met in Brittany? I saw him the other day here. He's just off to Tahiti. He was broke to the world. He was a *brasseur d'affaires*, a stockbroker I suppose you call it in English; and he had a wife and family, and he was earning a large income. He chucked it all to become a painter. He just went off and settled down in Brittany and began to paint. He hadn't got any money and did the next best thing to starving."

"And what about his wife and family?" asked Philip.

"Oh, he dropped them. He left them to starve on their own account."

"It sounds a pretty low-down thing to do."

"Oh, my dear fellow, if you want to be a gentleman you must give up being an artist. They've got nothing to do with one another. You hear of men painting pot-bollers to keep an aged mother—well, it shows they're excellent sons, but it's no excuse for bad work. They're only tradesmen. An artist would let his mother go to the workhouse. There's a writer I know over here who told me that his wife died in childbirth. He was in love with her and he was mad with grief, but as he sat at the bedside watching her die he found himself making mental notes of how she looked and what she said and the things he was feeling. Gentlemanly, wasn't it?"

"But is your friend a good painter?" asked Philip.

"No, not yet, he paints just like Pissarro. He hasn't found himself, but he's got a sense of colour and a sense of decoration. But that isn't the question. It's the feeling, and that he's got. He's behaved like a perfect cad to

his wife and children, he's always behaving like a perfect cad; the way he treats the people who've helped him—and sometimes he's been saved from starvation merely by the kindness of his friends—is simply beastly. He just happens to be a great artist."

Philip pondered over the man who was willing to sacrifice everything, comfort, home, money, love, honour, duty, for the sake of getting on to canvas with paint the emotion which the world gave him. It was magnificent, and yet his courage failed him.

"Going out of my office one day I met in the doorway a French friend, his face full of eagerness.

'You tell me vat is a polar-bear?'

'A polar-bear! Why he's a big bear that lives up in the polar regions.'

'And vat does he do, ze polar-bear?'

'Not much of anything I guess—sits on the ice and eats fish.'

'He sit on ze ice and eat fish?'

'Yes, why not?'

'Vy not? Because I have just been asked to be a polar-bear at a funeral, and if I have to sit on ze ice and eat fish, I vill not go!'

From "A Golden Age of Authors", by William W. Ellsworth.

Donn Byrne has been notified by the Committee on O. Henry Memorial Award for 1919, of the Society of Arts and Sciences, that his story entitled "Bargain Price" has been selected as one of those to be published in a volume from which the prize story is to be selected. Mr. Byrne's first novel "The Strangers' Banquet" was recently published. Although a popular magazine writer, Mr. Byrne refused to sell "The Strangers' Banquet" for serialization, and is now at work on a new novel.

Harry Hansen, author of "The Adventures of the Fourteen Points", has been chosen literary editor of the Chicago "Daily News". Mr. Hansen has for several years served the "News"

as cable editor. He was in Paris during the Peace Conference representing the "News" and a number of other American daily newspapers.

From Lagos, Nigeria, a native gentleman (evidently a bookseller), reports the English magazine "M. A. B." (Mainly About Books), sends to a London publisher the following literary curiosity:

To the Gentleman.

Dear Sir,—With my most respectfully to write you this letter of demand your catalogue of books because I am needed of order from you when you shall allow me to do so with pleasure and I require you to satisfy me by your kindly good favourably and I Hope you shall not fail to let me get your quickly rejoinder from you by returned of mail to our coast. Kindly I require you to let me know any kind of books you get for in your bookshop or any Talismans for get knowledge or for charms or for learning and Eloquence or book of Stop-forgetting or mind memory or as six or seven book of moses or key of Solomon the king. Sometimes you may direct me to another bookseller in London I shall be very glad. Dear Sir Hope to hear from you as Early. Always faithfully yours.

The first two volumes in the handsomely printed uniform edition of the works of Henry van Dyke to appear are "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck". In a foreword to this, the "Avalon Edition" of his books, which appears in the volume "Little Rivers", Dr. van Dyke says:

This edition is named after the old house where I live,—when not on a journey, or gone a-fishing, or following up some piece of work that calls me far away.

It is a pleasant camp, this Avalon, with big, friendly trees around it, and an ancient garden behind it, and memories of the American Revolution built into its walls, and the gray towers of Princeton University just beyond the treetops.

Far have I traveled from these walls, yet always on the same quest, and never forgetting "the rock whence I was hewn". Now I come back to gather up the things that have been written in my voyages of body and of spirit.

The realities of faith are unshaken; the visions of hope undimmed; the shrines of love undefiled. And while I sit here assembling

these pages,—an adventurous conservative,—I look forward to further journeys and to coming back to the same home.

A writer in a recent number of "The English Journal" (which is not published in England but at the University of Chicago Press, and which is the official organ of the National Council of Teachers of English) has an interesting article called "'Stunts' in Language". From this article we quote the following:

When we first read of "suffragettes", disciples of Mrs. Pankhurst, editorial writers pronounced the name as impossible as the species which it named. No one anticipated the degree to which, with the outbreak of the war, the suffix *-ette* was to run its course. It has brought us, among others, the:

farmerette	sheriffette
yeomanette	chauffrette
huskerette	Tammanette
officerette	slackerette

One even encounters a "white elephantette", a "hoboette", a "kaiserette" (of the kitchen); while one speaker, describing a stage scene, referred to "sorceresses and devilettes". Alongside this popular feminine suffix has arisen another, the origin of which is less clear. We now hear occasionally of "actorines" (usually in moving pictures), of "doctorines", of "knitterines", and of "batherines, who strive for war-conservation in their apparel". Recently a newspaper paragraph referred to "farmerette-soldierines". What is this new feminine affix? Probably it arises from the ending found in names like Arline, Josephine, Christine. Since it is jocular, it may have been helped to currency by that once popular term of approbation, "peacherine", which in turn owed something to that select variety of the peach, the "nectarine". The ending *-ine*, viewed as distinctively feminine, was perhaps extended to other words.

Those who have letters from the late S. Weir Mitchell, author of "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker" and other books, can do a gracious and kindly act which Dr. Mitchell would appreciate, by sending the letters or copies of them to The Century Company, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or to Mr. Talcott Williams, 423 West 117th Street, New York City. Mr. Williams is at work on the authorized life of the emi-

nent physician and author, which will be published probably next autumn.

W. N. C. Carleton, formerly head of the Newberry Library of Chicago, has entered the field of bookselling in New York. Doubtless his experience will be watched with interest by many other librarians who are confronted by the high cost of living, and the severely consistent attitude of library trustees who are determined to save the money of the taxpayers of cities, no matter what becomes of library workers.

Advance rumors of the actual showing of the picture are confirmed in an unusually fine production for the screen from the novel of "Dangerous Days" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Mrs. Rinehart herself spent a month in Culver City going over the manuscript and the cast of the players.

Up to July 1, 1919, the number of titles of books about the war is estimated at from 60,000 to 70,000, with more coming every day. The number of periodical references indexed is placed at a million. A bibliography of the Great War, therefore, a task on which several libraries are working together, will be something more than a "handy volume for the pocket".

Professor Robert Matteson Johnston, who died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on January 28, after an illness aggravated by two years' service in France, was the Chief Historian of the American Expeditionary Forces and the author of "Arms and the Race", a brief sketch of United States military history. Professor Johnston was fifty-two years of age at his death. He was born in France, educated in France, England,

Germany, and the United States, and was a member of the English Bar. At various times he was a member of the faculties of Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, and Simmons Colleges, and at the time of his illness he occupied the Chair of Modern History at Harvard University. Two new books by Professor Johnston are about to appear. They are: "First Reflections on the Campaign of 1918", and "Twelve Months at General Headquarters".

A writer in a recent issue of "Modern Language Notes" asks: Why did Shelley choose the West Wind, and set it apart from and above all the rest in his great ode? "It is easy to understand," he says, "why wind in the abstract,—any strong, swift, masterful wind,—must have had an especial attraction for a poet of Shelley's temperament. He recognized that there was something in his own uncontrolled nature originally akin to a creature so 'tameless and swift and proud.'" And so on. But while this may explain Shelley's sense of kinship to the wind, his preference for the West Wind remains to be accounted for. Then, after several pages of argument, the writer sums up this:

To Shelley, then, the western wind had a definite character and office. Tameless, swift, proud, uncontrollable, even fierce—it was yet above all the spirit of power; the spirit that in sweeping away the old brought in the new, the wind that was both radical and conservative, both destroyer and preserver; that showed us death as but a transitional phase of life. May we not say that if Shelley had written an ode to any other wind, while it might have been equally good, it would, of necessity, have been utterly different. His words apply to this particular wind and to no other, for in this matter also,—

The east is east and the west is west,
And never the twain shall meet.

By the way, have we not caught this Shelley academician napping over his Kipling?

There have been 8,622 books published in the United Kingdom in 1919, reports "The Publishers' Circular" of London—an increase of 906 books over 1918. The London "Sphere" comments as follows:

The strange thing is that there is a decrease in the supply of poetry, drama, and history. But perhaps it is not strange. The soldiers at the front loved to read poetry, we are told. Back here in these islands, does the world seem too squalid for poetry? As for drama, it is everywhere—why ask for it in books? History also is in the making. We are waiting for the new countries to reshape themselves. The increase is in science, technology, sociology, and above all in fiction. Of the 8,000 books, 6,000 are new books. Only 2,000 new editions. One would like to emulate one of Max Beerbohm's characters and see the survivors a century hence. Then probably there will be no books at all—only cinema films. I am told you will shortly have a cinema in every house, and Shakspeare and the latest novel will be produced in pocket film form. The art of printing will disappear—photography will be all in all.

The names of G. K. Chesterton and Max Beerbohm on one book are enough to give any book a special interest. They have contributed introduction to a little book of nonsense verses entitled "Dressing Gowns and Glue" by L. DeG. Sievking with illustrations by John Nash, which, it is said, has been creating a sensation in London, and which will shortly be published here.

The news of the death of Leonid Andreyev, the Russian novelist, on the twelfth of September of last year has just come to us in this country. Andreyev, at the age of forty-eight, had many novels to his credit, and he is well known in his own country as a short-story writer as well. One of his best short stories, "Silence", is contained in "Modern Russian Classics", one of the volumes of the International Pocket Library, which is now being published.

Rupert Hughes's novel "What Will People Say?" is to be translated into Scandinavian, for issuance by a firm of Danish publishers. Because of his enthusiasm for Major Hughes's work, Johan V. Jensen, the Danish author, asked to be permitted to do the translation, and he is now working on it.

"Ben Hur", which seems to have a fresh spurt of popularity every year, is continuing its career on the American stage. Originally presented on the stage at the Broadway Theatre in 1899, "Ben Hur" recently opened again at the Forrest Theatre in Philadelphia. Several years ago the publishers of the book arranged for a single edition of a million copies of the Lew Wallace novel, and it was promptly absorbed.

With the growing popularity in America of the books of Frank Swinnerton, particularly since the publication of "Nocturne", there has been much curiosity as to the life and habits of this English author. So the publishers of his books have compiled a booklet to satisfy the public's demands for information about Mr. Swinnerton, which they will be glad to supply while the edition lasts. This is the second in an interesting series of booklets about authors, the first of the series being about Hugh Walpole, with an appreciation by Joseph Hergeheimer. Other of these little volumes are to follow.

The Swinnerton booklet contains "personal sketches" by Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Grant Overton, together with notes and comments on the novels of Frank Swinnerton. There is a frontispiece portrait from a drawing by R. J. Swan. From Arnold Bennett's account we learn that "Mr. Swinnerton is in the business of

publishing, being one of the principal personages in the ancient and well-tried firm of Chatto and Windus, the English publishers of Swinburne and Mark Twain. He reads manuscripts, including his own—and including mine. He refuses manuscripts, though he did accept one of mine. He tells authors what they ought to do and ought not to do. He is marvelously and terribly particular and fussy about the format of the books issued by his firm. And misprints—especially when he has read the proofs himself—give him neuralgia and even worse afflictions. Indeed he is the ideal publisher for an author.

"Nevertheless, publishing is only a side-line of his. He still writes for himself in the evenings and at week-ends—the office never sees him on Saturdays. Among the chief literary events of nineteen seventeen was 'Nocturne', which he wrote in the evenings and at week-ends. It is a short book, but the time in which he wrote it was even shorter. He had scarcely begun it when it was finished."

Another descriptive essay in the booklet gives for the first time in print a very informing sketch of Mr. Swinnerton's early life, with the little known fact that the author's story is one of "success wrung from poverty, serious ill health, and unpropitious circumstances. He owes much to the interest of the friends whom his quiet, rather baffling personality never failed to win for him; but more he owes to his own ordered will which would always concentrate on the good ahead, no matter how distressing the details of material existence might be."

Interesting thing: a number of poems (not available for THE BOOKMAN) written "To W. H. Hudson" have recently come to this magazine.

THE BOOKMAN



May, 1920

THE LESSON OF THE MASTER

James Gibbons Huneker

LYSANDER SAWS WOOD

Francis Lynde

THE LITERATURE OF A MODERN JAPANESE GIRL

Hanano Inagaki Sugimoto

A SPRING REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Annie Carroll Moore

WOMEN OF MARK AND THEIR EDUCATION

R. le Clerc Phillips

*The City of Enchantment, by William McFee—Admiral Scott and the British
Navy, by C. C. Gill—Looking Ahead with the Publishers, by S. M. R. The
Book World of Stockholm, by Frederic Whyte—Amelia E. Barr
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THE CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

IT is a mystery to me", I heard the Surgeon remark in his refined, querulous voice, "how many men follow the sea all their lives, go all over the world, behold cities and men, and come home with minds to all intents and purposes an absolute blank."

"Apropos of what?" I asked. I had been sitting at the other end of the long ward-room table, and missed the immediate application of this remark. The stewards were setting coffee on the table and several men rose to catch the eight o'clock liberty launch. I moved up.

"Well," said the Surgeon, lighting a cheroot, "it is apropos of nearly every sailor I've met since I joined the navy, and also of the occasional few that came my way in practice ashore as well. But I was speaking of Barrett, the Second Watchkeeper. Jolly good fellow, as you know, and has knocked about a bit. But when I asked him today at tea if he'd ever been in New Orleans, he said yes, often, and it was a rotten place. You see, I had been reading a story which referred to the

city. Now Barrett's comment was typical I admit, but it was neither illuminating nor adequate."

"It doesn't follow", I observed, "that his mind is a blank nevertheless. You misunderstand our mentality if you imagine you will get much local color out of any of us. I don't suppose, if you interviewed a hundred men who had been there or any other place, that you would get any other answer."

"I can tell you why," interjected suddenly a man seated beside the Surgeon. I recognized him as the engineer-commander of a special-service ship lying near us at the canal buoys. He was a man of middle age, and his neatly-trimmed grey beard and downward drooping moustache gave him an air of settled maturity and established character. He was one of those men, I had already commented to myself, who embody a generic type rather than an individual character. He might have been anything, save for the distinguishing gold lace on his sleeve—navigator, paymaster, or a competent warrant-instructor of the

old school. The Surgeon, who was his host on this occasion, looked at him inquiringly.

"I can tell you why," repeated the engineer-commander, taking out a cigarette case. "The fact is", he went on after accepting a match, "young men, when they go to sea, are romantic, but not incurably so. I have rarely found anyone", he mused, smiling, "who was incurably romantic! One can't be, at sea. It is no sense of grievance which leads me to imagine most of us as having had the romance crushed out of us. A young man's progress through life in our profession, so far from resembling the old-fashioned educational grand tour through Europe, is much more like the movement of a piece of raw material through a factory. He is tortured and tested and twisted, subjected to all sorts of racking strains to find out if he will stand up under the stresses of life, and finally emerges as an article good for one specific purpose and nothing else.

"All our social, professional, and economic forces tend to that consummation. We are not 'educated' at all, in the sense that other professions, the medical for instance, are educated; and the consequence is we lack the habits of agreeable self-expression. The bright romantic young fellow, just out of school, becomes in a few years a taciturn and efficient officer, who sends home monosyllabic letters from Cairo or Bagdad or Yokohama, and dreams of keeping chickens in Buckinghamshire. But don't imagine his reticence is proof that he is a fellow of no sentiment. Each of us cherishes some romantic memory of foreign parts—a girl, a city, a boarding-house, a ship, or even a ship-mate—a memory that tinges the fading past with iridescent glamour and of

which we cannot be persuaded to talk.

"I have had experiences of that nature in days gone by. Like some of you, I was at sea in tramps, and collected the usual bundle of romantic memories. What I was going to say was, that I knew New Orleans. I knew it in what was to me an entirely novel way. It was the first foreign place I ever lived in ashore. I shall never forget the impression it made on me.

"I had never been even in the United States. There had been a bad slump in freights that year. I had just got my chief-engineer's license, and the expense of living at home had eaten well into my savings. When I got to Liverpool again to get a job, I found myself along with a good many others. I was like a hackney carriage. I had a license and I had to crawl round and round for somebody to hire me. Sounds strange nowadays when they are sending piano-tuners and lawyers' clerks and schoolteachers to sea and calling them sailors. I used to call in once a day at a little office where a sort of benevolent association had its headquarters. Most of us were always falling behind in our subscriptions and the secretary would have nothing to do with us. He was a big man with a bushy black beard, and I never found him doing anything else except playing billiards. They had a billiard-table in the back room, and he and two or three old chiefs of big Liverpool boats used to monopolize it. It happened by some chance that my subscription had been paid up at this time, so he had to give me some attention. One day when I strolled in he waved to me with his cue and I sat down until he had finished his stroke. He then said he knew of a billet which would be the very thing for me. There was a twin-screw passenger boat

going out to Boston to be taken over. She was going under the Cuban flag, he told me. He had had a letter from a friend in Belfast who was going chief of her for the trip. I could go Fourth, and they would pay my passage home.

"Well it didn't sound very attractive, but I decided at once. I would go. My journey to Belfast took up a good deal of the money I had left; in fact I broke my last five-pound note when I bought my ticket. I did not regret that. The fact was, I was afflicted with a sudden desire to visit America. I had been to all sorts of places like South Africa and Australia and India, but they had not satisfied me. I don't say I would have dismissed them all as 'rotten' places, but they had made no appeal. I had never really seen them, you understand. The United States, at that particular juncture in my life, did make some sort of subtle appeal to me. I had heard of men who had made their fortunes out there. I might tumble into something like that. I had read—oh, the usual things boys read in England. In the Sunday School at home they had had 'From Log Cabin to White House'. Mind you, it wasn't material success I was thinking about so much as the satisfaction of a queer craving I didn't half understand. You see I was brought up as most of us were then, in an atmosphere of failure. There was always about one man in four out of work. The poor-houses were always well-stocked with sturdy paupers for whom the industrial system had no use. We used to go about getting a job as though it was a criminal offense. We never dreamed of quitting. There were always fifty others waiting to snatch it from us. Without knowing just why, I had a restless craving to get away from all that. I

wanted to live in some place where one could breathe, where the supply of labor was not so tremendously in excess of the demand. So I said I would go. I went over to Belfast and joined that ship. It was November, and we took her out, flying light, into winter North Atlantic.

"It was a terrible business. She was new, and her trials, because of the bad weather, had been of the sketchiest description. The skipper had secured the contract to take her over for a lump sum, he to find crew, food and stores. He had not been particularly generous in any of these. There were just we four engineers and two mates. We had our meals in the passenger saloon, an immense place that glittered with mirrors and enamel and gilding, but with only one table adrift on an uncarpeted floor. It was curious to watch the steward emerge from the distant pantry and start on the voyage toward us bearing a tureen of soup. As the ship rolled he would slide away to starboard over the smooth surface of the teak planking, holding the tureen horizontal as though he were carrying out some important scientific experiment. Then, just before he could bring up against the paneling, she would roll to port and back he would come with knees bent and a weather eye for a grip of the nearest chair. When she rolled her rails right under, he would have to set the thing on the floor and kneel down with his arms round it, while we held on to the racks and waited. They rigged him a lifeline later on, but everything breakable was broken. One day there was a terrible crash upstairs, and the skipper and mate jumped from their seats and ran away up the grand staircase. The piano had been carried away in the music room and had dashed into a book-case end on. We had to get the

crew in to lash it fast with ropes.

"The engine-room was full of leaking steam and water-pipes. Every bearing ran hot, and the stern glands had been so badly packed that the water was squirting through in torrents. And she was twin-screw with no oilers carried. I used to spend the four solid hours of my watch cruising round, hanging on to hand-rails, emptying oil-feeders upon her smoking joints. I had field-days every day down in the bilges, cleaning shavings and waste and workmen's caps out of the suctions. She rolled, pitched, bucked, and shivered. She did everything except turn over. Twice the starboard engine broke down and we had to turn round and go with the weather until we could get it running again. I used to call her the ship who lost herself. She was all wrong. She had pumps no man could keep right, tucked away in corners no human being above the size of a Central African pigmy could work in. We had no tools and no tackle. And nobody cared. The one idea of everybody on board was to get her into Boston, grab our wages and passage money, and run away as hard as we could go. I must say it was rather demoralizing for a young chap with his name to make. Of course the job itself was demoralizing. I pitied the chaps who were going to serve in her under the Cuban flag. I carried away no romantic memories: only a bad scald on my chest, where a steam joint had blown out and shot boiling water into my open singlet.

"And Boston made no particular impression either. I was paid off, given a railroad ticket to New York, and told to apply at a certain office for a passage home. We were shoved aboard a train which was red-hot one moment and ice-cold a moment after.

We were all in a bunch at one end of the car and scarcely moved the whole time. The skipper, who had gone through the day before, met us at the Grand Central and took us down town. I remember lights, a great noise of traffic, cries to get out of the road, and a cross-fire of questions about baggage. It was late afternoon. We roared down town in a warm subway. I was struck by the ceiling fans in the cars, and the stern preoccupation of a woman who sat next to me reading a book. When we emerged on Broadway the wind was driving the snow horizontally against our faces, and we became white exactly as though someone had sprayed us with whitewash through a nozzle.

"We fought our way down into a side-street and up an elevator into an office. I stood on the edge of the little crowd trying to get some sort of system into my impressions. I became aware of words of disapproval. 'No! that won't do!' 'No; I was promised a passage!' 'You know perfectly well, Captain', and 'What is it? A skin game?' I discovered the Captain and a man in a carefully-pressed broadcloth suit arguing with the mate and the chief. I gathered they wanted some of us to waive our right to a passage home and sign on some other ship. The Chief would have nothing to do with it, and the Second and Third expressed their refusal in violent language. You couldn't blame them, for they were married. They were all married, I believe. I was the only single adventurer among them. They looked at me. I must have made some inquiry for I heard the words 'New Orleans. Hundred dollars a month. Free ticket.'

"Well, I had no idea where New Orleans was at that time. As far as I can recall I imagined it was some-

where in South America. That didn't matter. I wasn't married and I had no relish for going back to Liverpool and beginning the same weary old chase for a job. I didn't have jobs thrown at me in those days. I astonished them all by saying I'd go. The Second said I must be crazy. The man in the broadcloth suit beckoned me up and asked for my papers. They seemed to satisfy him, and he telephoned to another office about my ticket. A small boy appeared to take me over there and I followed him out. I never saw any of the others again. The small boy led me along Broadway and into a big office where I received a ticket for New Orleans. Then I had to go back to the station and get my baggage. The whole business went on in a sort of exciting and foggy dazzle. Nothing remains clear in my mind now except that nobody regarded me as in the slightest degree of any importance. Even the small boy, chewing for all he was worth, cast me off as soon as he had steered me and my baggage to another station, and left me to wait for the train.

"I don't know even now how I managed to make the mistake. I dare say such a thing would be impossible nowadays. Anyhow I discovered the next morning I was on the wrong train. I believe we were bound for Chicago. I was rushing across a continent in the wrong direction. I had never done much railroad traveling anywhere—a few miles into Liverpool, and a night journey from Cardiff to Newcastle was about the extent of it. I was bewildered. The conductor told me to go on, now I'd started, and take the Chicago route. I suppose I must have done that. I sat in a sort of trance, hour after hour, watching the train plough through immense tracts of territory of which I did not know

even the names, through great cities that flashed and jangled before me, over rivers and through mountain passes. I had to get out and scamper over to other trains. I went hungry because I didn't know there was anything to eat on board. My razors were in my baggage and that was gone South by some other route. I had nothing with me except my papers and a box of cigarettes. I was in a day-car and my fellow travelers were constantly changing. At last I fell into conversation with a man about my own age. He it was who told me I could get a berth in the sleeping car if I wanted one. He took me out on the observation car at the end. He was a reporter, he said. Showed me some wonderful references from editors in California for whom he had worked. He had a mileage ticket, and was going from town to town looking for work. He said the Mississippi valley was 'deader'n mud! No enterprise'. I have often wondered what he thought of me, a tongue-tied and reserved young Britisher wandering about the United States.

"It came to an end at last—some time on the third evening it must have been. The climate had been getting milder, and it struck me that we must be approaching the equator. I began to wonder what was in store for me. I felt as though I had passed through a sort of tumultuous and bewildering purgatory. I found myself in an atmosphere so alien that I had no notion of where or how to catch on. I wandered about a great barn of a station trying to find somebody to attend to me. English fashion, I wanted to find my baggage. Nobody knew anything. Nobody cared. A big negro on the box of a cab flourished his whip. In desperation I got in, just in front of someone else. 'Whar you

goin', sah?" he exclaimed dramatically. "Take me to a hotel!" I replied. He made his whip crack like a pistol-shot, and we rattled off into the darkness.

"Of course I felt better next day. I had an address which the man in New York had given me. I remember the name—Carondelet Street. I remember it because it was the first intimation of the enchantment which New Orleans has always exercised over me. There was a fantastic touch about it which to me was delightful. I remember the magic of that first walk through the city across Royal Street, up Bourbon, across Canal and so into Carondelet. There was something bizarre even about the office I visited, too. I believe it had been originally built as the headquarters of some lottery, and it was full of elaborate carving and marble sconces and glittering mirrors and candelabra. They wanted to know where I had got to. They had expected me the day before. One would have imagined from their impatience that I had kept a ship waiting, or something equally terrible. Now that I had come, they discovered they might not want me after all. I waited for something definite. After some telephoning, a man with a square sheet of pasteboard tied over his forehead, to act as an eye-shade, told me to go down to Louisa Street and see the chief of a ship refitting down there.

"I got on a trolley car and rumbled down interminable streets of wooden shacks, coming out abruptly in front of a high bank over which I could see the funnel and masts of a steamer. The Chief was a benevolent old German who had spent twenty years in the States. He patted me on the back and made me sit down on his settee while he filled a great meerschaum pipe. He had had a great deal of

trouble, he told me. I wasn't surprised when I learned the facts. He had had a Swedish First Assistant, a very fine man he affirmed, very fine man indeed: good machinist and engineer, but he could not manage the Chinks. It was a pretty cosmopolitan crowd on that ship, I may tell you. They had Chinese firemen, Norwegian sailors, and officers of all nations. The Swedish First Assistant was now replaced by a Dutchman. I inquired what had become of the Swede, and the old gentleman informed me that the Chinks had done for him. He had gone ashore one night and had not come back. A day or two later, his body had been found in the river. 'But dey haf not found his head,' the old chap told me, looking extremely gloomy.

"It was a startling beginning. I had been shipmates with men who had lost their heads, but not with that disastrous finality. It appeared that I was to go Second Assistant if I shaped well. Mr. Blum was very anxious for me to shape well. 'You haf been with Chinks?' he asked. I had. More than that, I was able to say I liked them. 'That's right', he assented heartily; 'if you like them, they are all O. K.' And then, in answer to a query of mine, he gave me an address in Lafayette Square, where I could get lodgings. 'They will do you well there,' he assured me.

"I went away to explore. I felt I was having adventures. This was better than walking about Liverpool in the rain trying to get a job. Here I was succeeding to a billet which had become vacant owing to a tyrannical Swede getting himself decapitated in a highly mysterious fashion. Mind you, there were other hypotheses which would account for the Swede's tragic demise. I came to the conclu-

sion later that he probably fell off a ferry boat returning from Algiers over the other side of the river and got caught in the paddles. But at the time the Chink theory was popular. I didn't care. One doesn't, you know, when one is young and without ties.

"And I explored. That old steamer which I had been sent to join was as queer as her crew. She had been built in Scotland twenty years before and had sailed under half-a-dozen flags. She had been bought by her present owners to keep her out of the hands of competitors, and she only ran when one of the others was laid up for overhaul. She was always breaking down herself. Sometimes I was weeks in New Orleans with her. Old Blum would wave his meerschaum and wag his head sagely. 'Say nutting', he would remark, when any comment was thrown out about our indolent behavior.

"He had a great friend who would come down to see him, a Russian named Isaac. I suppose he had another name but I never knew it. He was a ridiculously diminutive creature with a stubby moustache and round, colored spectacles. He had escaped from Siberia, they told me, and after many wanderings had settled in New Orleans. He had a brother who was still in prison at Omsk, and he had some means of sending things to him. Some day he was going to get him away. But the curious thing about Isaac was his reputation for probity. When we were paid at the end of the month, we would hand our rolls to him and tell him to put them in the bank. He had a greasy note book in which he put down the totals among a lot of orders for soap and matches and overalls. He dealt in everything. You could buy diamond rings and shoelaces, shirts and watches, from him.

Where he kept his stock, if he had any, was a mystery. He flitted about, smiling and rubbing his hands, presenting a perfect picture of rascally evasion. And everybody trusted him. I never heard, but I have not the slightest doubt he eventually rescued his brother from Siberia. He had friends in San Francisco, Nagasaki, and Vladivostok. A queer character.

"I used to go off on tours through the old quarters of the city by myself. I saw some astonishing things. There was an old gentleman at our boarding house, for instance, who excited my curiosity. I used to follow him up St. Charles Street after dinner. He always came to a halt at Canal Street before crossing, and would swing round sharply as though he suspected someone spying upon him. He never took any notice of me, however. Then he would skip across and down Royal Street, turning into the Cosmopolitan. I used to go there myself, for a good many Englishmen patronized it. It was known among us as the Monkey-wrench for some reason. This old chap would sit in a corner with a tall glass of Pilsner before him and read 'L'Abeille', that funny little French paper that used to say hard things about Lincoln during the Civil War. His grey hair was brushed straight up off his forehead, and he had a trim grey moustache and a Napoleon tuft on his chin. About ten o'clock I would see him coming out and marching down Royal Street.

"One night I followed him, and saw him go into one of the old curio shops that abound down there. Well, one evening I had been wandering about near the Cathedral and was coming up Royal Street toward the Cosmopolitan. It was in darkness, for the shops down there were shut, but there was a brilliant glare of light in front of the

restaurant. It was like watching a brightly-lit stage from the darkness of the auditorium. People were passing in crowds, and a trolley car was making a great noise grinding its way down the street. I saw the old gentleman come out and pause, setting his big soft hat firmly on his head. And then, to my astonishment, a young man stepped swiftly out of the swing doors and struck the old gentleman with a dagger on the shoulder. He fell at once and the young man began to walk away. The old gentleman rose on his elbow, drew out a revolver and fired, twice. It was like a rehearsal of a melodrama. The young man fell against a passer-by. And then the inevitable crowd flew up from all sides and the narrow street was blocked with people.

"I kept on the outside. I had no desire to be drawn into the affair, whatever it was. A reporter in the next room to mine told me it was a feud, and considered it the most ordinary thing in the world. The newspapers treated it in the same way. It was this matter-of-fact acceptance of what were to me astounding adventures that induced that curious impression of being in an enchanted city. I would be strolling along taking my evening walk in the dusk when I would catch sight of feminine forms on a balcony, with mantillas and fans, and I would hear the light tinkle of a guitar. Passers-by had a disconcerting habit of flitting into long dim corridors. I saw aged and dried-up people behind the counters of stores which never seemed to have any customers.

"I passed curio shops which appeared to be the abodes of ghosts. I shall never forget my adventure in the shop into which the old gentleman had been accustomed to vanish. I needed a shelf of some sort for my room, and

I had a sudden notion of investigating this place. The window was full of the bric-a-brac which silts slowly down to the city from the old plantations; silver ware, crucifixes, bibelots, and candlesticks. It was away down past the Cathedral and the fireflies were flitting among the trees. I opened the door. A candle on a scone was the sole illumination of the little shop, which was full of grandfather clocks. There must have been a dozen of them there, tall, white-faced spectres, and all going. I stood in astonishment. It was as if I had intruded upon a private meeting of the fathers of time. I had an impression that one of them, turned slightly toward his neighbor, was about to make a weighty remark. He cleared his throat with a hoarse rasp and struck seven! And all the others, with the most musical lack of harmony, joined in and struck seven as well.

"I was so preoccupied with this preposterous congregation that I had failed to notice the entrance of a tall thin person who was regarding me with austere disapproval. I wondered if she was going to strike seven as well. But she didn't. She wished to know what I wanted, and when I told her, she said she hadn't got it, and disappeared among the tall clocks. I went out into the summer evening wondering what tales those venerable timepieces were whispering among themselves—tales of this strange old city of enchantment, along whose streets flitted the ghosts of a dead past, fleeing before the roar of the trolley car and the foot of the questing stranger.

"For that is the dominating impression of one who dwells for a time in the city—an impression of intruding among mysteries of which one has no right to the key. You read Cable

and become aware of other ghosts with which he has peopled the fantastic vistas of the French Quarter and the reaches of that enigmatic waterway up which sail the great ships with their cargoes of coffee and tropic fruit. You begin to wonder whether you are the only real live human being doing business in that part of the world.

"I found a few, of course, as time went on. It so happened I came across one, a Scotchman too, who gave me that phrase—a city of enchantment. He kept a second-hand book-store along a little stone-flagged alley off St. Charles Street, an alley where there couldn't possibly be any business. I suppose he had some sort of mail-order trade with distant libraries, but he always seemed to part with a volume with intense reluctance. I had a lot of time on my hands, and was fond of reading; and he struck a bargain with me to bring the books back and he would make no charge for them. Some of his books he wouldn't sell at all. I got into the habit of dropping in during the evening for a talk. It became quite a club. There was an elderly Yankee from Connecticut, a lawyer who had been moving gently about the Union for years and had come to a gentle anchorage in the Crescent City. His ostensible occupations were chewing tobacco and commenting upon the fluctuating chalk-marks on the board at the Cotton Exchange. I gathered he had made a small fortune by promoting a company for manufacturing a patent anti-septic sawdust for use in slaughterhouses. There was a fat Irishman who spent a good deal of time writing and printing ferocious pamphlets dealing with Home Rule and Holy Ireland. There was I, a lonely young Englishman becalmed in a foreign port. And

there was a sharp-nosed little man who enveloped himself in mystery and took a malicious pleasure in evading identification.

"It was one evening when the twilight—which was half an hour earlier in that narrow flagged passage than in the open street—was falling, and filling the old shop with strange shadows, that I heard our host's voice saying: 'Yes, this is a city of enchantment. It catches the imagination. As we drift about the world we grow weary of the futility of human life, but we are urged on to fresh voyages and travels. Always we see a better prospect ahead. We are deceived, it is not so. We sigh for our native villages and dream of golden futures. So it goes on, until by chance we come to this strange city of enchantment, built upon the drowsy marshes of a great river, and—we stop! We go no further. We become incurious about the future and we look back upon the past without regret. Is it not so? We are all like that. A city of enchanted transients. Lotus-eaters of the Mississippi. Hobos of elevated sentiments who lack the elementary effort to move on!'

"Of course, he was joking, but there was a certain acrid sediment of truth in the stream of his eloquence. It gave me a key to the mystery which seemed to brood over the city during the long months of humid heat. It directed my attention to the bizarre contrast between this sombre melancholy and the sharp crackling modern business-life that roared up Canal Street and burst into a thunderous clangor in the vast warehouses on the levee, where the cotton and sugar and coffee and fruit came and went, and the river spread its ooze among the piles below. And it evoked a potent curiosity in the man himself and the

folks who had come to a stop, as he put it, around him.

"The sharp-nosed little man remarked to me as we went away one evening, that our friend B—— was 'well posted'. That was the unsophisticated verdict of one who, as I say, took a malicious pleasure in shrouding himself in mystery. He compensated us for this by exhibiting a startling familiarity with the private lives of everybody else we had ever heard of, from the President of the Republic to the old Chief of my ship. It was his pleasure to appear suddenly before us as we sat in the back of that old bookstore. He would disappear in the same enigmatic fashion. He would recount to us dark and fascinating stories of the people who passed the window as we sat within. He would wait by the door until some stranger had gone, and then with a muttered excuse, slink out and be seen no more.

"He told us what he called the facts of the feud of which I had seen the dramatic dénouement in Royal Street. The young chap was a Hungarian, son of a count who had sent him a remittance on receipt of a letter every month from the old gentleman, a Creole connection. The letter was to certify that the son was in America. For some reason the old gentleman, who owned enormous property but had no money, had declined to sign the certificate. The young man had calmly forged it. There had been a quarrel. So our mysterious sharp-nosed little friend told us. He knew

why the house in Melisande Street had been closed, and conveyed the information in a thrilling whisper behind a curved palm. He hinted at desperate doings going on almost at our elbows in the dark corners of the old city; Chinamen tracked to their death by minions of secret societies in Mongolia, Italian peanut vendors who were in the pay of Neapolitan high-binders, Englishmen shadowed by Mexican assassins. We would sit in the heavy dusk in our shirt-sleeves, the occasional glare of a match illuminating our listening faces, while he revealed to us the secrets by which we were surrounded.

"Did we believe him? I did. I was young, and it was as though he fulfilled for me the veiled promise of the old city to tell me its story and envelop me in the glamour of its enchantment. I would like to believe him still, but I cannot. He is too improbable for me now. Sometimes I wonder whether he ever existed, whether he did not evolve out of the heavy exhalations of that swampy delta where so many mysteries lie buried in the dark mud below the tall grasses, a sort of sharp-nosed transient Puck, intriguing our souls with tales out of a dime-novel, and tickling our imaginations with a bogus artistry. I would like to believe him still; but as the years pass I have an uneasy suspicion that he too had fallen a victim to the spirit of the place, and was evoking, for our delectation, his own pinchbeck conception of a city of enchantment."

LYSANDER SAWS WOOD

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

IN the beginning Lysander was a railroad man. There are volumes written upon the young man's choice of a vocation, and much sympathy wasted upon the square peg fumbling to fit itself into the round hole; nevertheless the fact remains that the average young man, arrived at the working age, takes what is offered in the way of a calling and is duly thankful. Lysander, confessedly average, became first a railroad mechanic, then, with the help of some specializing study, a draftsman; later, a traffic clerk—all these with small thought, so he says, for the shape of the various holes; and but for certain constraining circumstances he might have so continued to the end.

In a sense the circumstances were inevitable. Application brought promotion, and in due course Lysander earned the distinction of a roll-top desk in a private office from which he dictated to a stenographer and signed his name, neatly sandwiched between the "Yours truly" and a string of official initials, thus making authoritative the business correspondence of a railroad department.

So far, so good; but the next step was crab-wise, if not, indeed, definitely backward. Railroad managements of Lysander's time were not immortal; and when they died, a hecatomb of lesser officials was likely to

be offered upon the newly-made grave of the great ones. In a cataclysm of this sort—the third which had overtaken him in his railroad career—Lysander lost his toehold upon the ladder of promotion. Luckier than most, he contrived to keep his name on the payroll, but only in a subsidiary position in a field where he had but lately commanded.

Naturally, the net result was a huge discontent. The new field headquarters were in New Orleans, and though he had a fair business acquaintance in the Middle and Farther West, in the South Lysander found himself a stranger in a strange land. Stationed a thousand miles from his nearest home rail-end, and in territory only theoretically tributary to his own line, he saw his finish in the near prospect, needing only an object-lesson for its demonstration.

The object-lesson came one warm April day when the Louisiana roses were in bloom and the aromatic fragrance of the Gulf Coast spring was in the air. Lysander had just lost his minute fragment of a chance of securing a thousand dollars' worth of business for his company, and the bright sunshine had a distinctly blue tint when he set out from the hotel to walk off his disappointment. The aimless walk took him out St. Charles Street, and so to the small circular

park centred by the monument to General Lee. The shade of the great granite shaft was inviting, and Lysander entered the park and went to sit on the pedestal of the monument.

It was no more than noon, and the hotel luncheon would not be served until one o'clock. Lysander lighted his pipe, and with his back against the cool granite looked the situation firmly in the face. The tilting of the ladder of promotion is always disconcerting; never more so than when the ladder stands in the railroad area. Lysander had a dismal conviction that he was down and out. Once in a blue moon the railroad department head who has been forced a step to the rear is able to fight his way back to the firing line; but Lysander promptly discounted his own remote chance. What then? He only wished that some one would be good enough to tell him.

The seat on the monument commanded a foreshortened vista of St. Charles Street. There was nothing intellectually inspiring in the view, but out of it, in some mysterious manner, Lysander evolved the saving Idea. That night, in the poorly lighted writing-room of a Baton Rouge hotel, he laboriously inked out his first attempt at a solution of his problem. The result was a story, crude enough to make its creator blush when he read it, amateurish, inadequate, with little plot and still less sequence, but still a story.

In a world of piquant and more or less prying curiosity the question oftener asked of the writing craftsman is, "How did you break in?" Lysander, still insisting that he typifies the average, modestly asserts that he broke in by main strength and awkwardness. There were two points in his favor: he was not yet too old to learn; and the railroad field commis-

sion yielded bread and meat, and much train-riding leisure. The last-named advantage was of incalculable value, since it afforded opportunity for reading, observation, and study.

Lysander bought text-books in language, and alternated the rules of syntax—long since buried for him in a deep grave of "business" English—with much reading in a pocket edition of Shakespeare. There is no school of applied mechanics for the literary tyro—at least, there was not in Lysander's time; and the other school—that of cut and fit and try again—has long semesters.

For something better than three years after that climaxing April noon-tide at the foot of the great Virginian's monument, Lysander patiently quartered the ex-Confederacy in search of business for his railroad; this without prejudice to an earnest pursuit, in leisure moments, of the elementary principles of story building. At the close of this preparatory period his superiors realized—what Lysander had known from the very beginning—that the Southern field was not worth cultivating, and the territory was abandoned. Lysander closed his business office, told Mrs. Lysander that it was now literature or nothing, and took the long running jump into the new arena.

Out of the patient drudgery of the experimental writing period the beginning author is likely to come with an entirely new set of convictions touching his chosen calling. The first of these is that writing for publication, as at present practised, is not an art; it is rather a trade, to be learned by any ingenious person with a moderate education, a rudimentary imagination, and a good store of persistence. In his calmer moments he may still be willing to admit the existence

of literature as an art; may still cherish the belief that genius is a gift of the gods. But the world in which he finds himself is rather narrowly a craftsman's world, in which ingenuity and a certain cleverness of invention are the prime factors of success.

Another conviction which bulks large for the journeyman writer casts itself in the form of a protest against existing conditions as they apply to the learner. University literary courses and schools of journalism offer something, but at best they can only teach the use of the tools of the trade. The diplomaed beginner, entering the field "upon his own", finds himself at the mercy of a cut-and-try system prodigally destructive and wasteful of time and effort. In this system there is little categorizing of demand and no well-defined standard of requirements.

A third conviction is still more disquieting to the beginning author. It is based upon the painfully acquired and reluctantly accepted conclusion that the market for his product is distressingly capricious. At one moment it will accept indifferent work and apparently deem it good; at another it will reject the good and call it worthless. For this inconsistency the beginning craftsman is inclined to blame the editor; to charge the literary purveyor with arrogance in giving the reading public, not what it wants, but what he thinks it ought to have.

Possibly some periodical editors do this. The names of at least a few who do it conscientiously and with some degree of ostentation will suggest themselves to every writer of experience. But in the end the responsibility for what is printed must rest upon the public which buys and reads rather than upon the editor who buys and sells. Moralizing upon this, Lysander does not grow cynical. Quite

to the contrary, he points to the growth, during his own experience, of the public demand for better stories, contrasting the standards of even the least literary of the periodicals of the present day with those of a few decades in the past, and crediting the advance to a consistent effort on the part of the publishers and their editors to create the more intelligent demand.

In a field of wider significance Lysander confesses that he suffered loss. Like others of his generation he had been nurtured upon Scott, Cooper, Dickens, Thackeray—the early and middle Victorians—and taught to revere them. From the newer point of view the reverence was no longer possible. Lysander sought to figure these members of the elder group writing for the modern market: it was beyond the stretch of the most loyal imagination. Would the masterpiece of the best of them, put forth today as the work of an unknown writer, find a publisher brave enough to print it? Possibly; but Lysander sorrowfully doubts it.

Journeyman convictions of quite another sort concerned themselves with what Mr. Howells once printed about "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business". Planting himself firmly upon the postulate that anything that was good enough to be printed was good enough to be paid for, Lysander, as a literary apprentice, took what wages were offered, though oftentimes the honorarium was perilously near the line which distinguishes between the wage and the tip. But as a journeyman craftsman he found the reward sufficient. If it were not the country-house-and-motor-car income of the great ones, neither was it the starvation crust he had been warned to expect. The first three years' investment of leisure hours netted him

his working library: after that, he did better, though ten years and more had elapsed before the writing income equaled the salary attachment of the roll-top desk in the railroad office.

In this field of economics Lysander soon learned that his sheet anchor was the magazine story; fiction for the periodicals. For this kind of work he found a fairly constant demand, in spite of the fact that the market always seemed to be turgidly flooded and the competition correspondingly sharp. Other discoveries followed in due course. Shutting his eyes resolutely to the editor's requirements, and merely striving to do the best there was in him without trying to whittle to any one's model, he often found his manuscripts frayed and worn by many goings to and fro before he could place them. On the other hand, he found that if he tried to whittle to some particular editorial model, he reduced his chance of selling; restricted it practically to the one periodical he was trying to fit.

Against this condition Lysander protested—and still protests. "It is a limitation which makes for conventionality and generalization in a field where originality is, or is supposed to be, at a premium," is his phrasing of the protest. "Manifestly, the prudent course for the literary worker is to grade his output for the average demand; and as a man of business that is precisely what he does in most instances—to the cheapening of his product."

Entering the crowded market of the short story only as he was constrained to, Lysander found more liberal buyers—and fewer sellers—in the magazine "serial" corner. Here he discovered that it was possible to make some sort of prearrangement for a given piece of work, to agree before-

hand upon terms, and to secure for himself some modicum of freedom in a choice of subjects and in the treatment of them.

It is a trade saying that everybody writes short stories, but the "serial" or "novelette" asks for a somewhat higher, or at least a different, grade of workmanship. There must be a decently consistent plot, some little attempt at character-drawing, a background large enough to hold the picture, and an accelerated movement in the action. These requirements imply sustained effort through some fifty or sixty thousand words of composition, and many short-story writers confess that they are not equal to the extended stress of the serial.

Before Lysander had fully forgotten how to ticket intending tourists or to make up special train schedules, he came in contact with the literary broker; the middleman who comes between the literary worker and the editorial market for his product. In shop-talk he carefully evades this subject. Perhaps his experience with the go-between has not been joyous. Possibly it has been like that of another workman at the literary bench who confidingly sent a sheaf of stories to an agent, only to have them all returned after many weeks with a long list of the offices of rejection, and an invitation to try again with something else. The workman did try again, though not precisely in the way the broker meant. He peddled the stories out one by one from his own shop and sold them; some of them to magazines already in the broker's list of declinations.

On one occasion when Lysander did not pointedly change the subject he ventured the assertion that the broker was not yet a vitally necessary factor in the literary trade. The personal ap-

peal, so needful in other selling lines, is less necessary in a market where the buyer must decide upon the workable quality of the goods apart from the representations of any paid solicitor. Lysander admits that he has been in New York but once since he "began author", and laments that of all the editors and publishers who have used his product he has had the pleasure of meeting only three or four. Yet he asserts that he has not found distance or unacquaintance insuperable obstacles; and his stock shelf remains comfortably empty.

Lysander had written many short stories, and a few long ones, before he ventured into the book-pit. For reasons other than a lack of fitness in the story itself, one of the "serials" was rejected by the magazine editor who had invited it; and it was Mrs. Lysander who suggested that it be cut to pocket-edition length and tried with the book publishers. The cutting was done; a publisher was found; and in due season the clipping bureaus began to send circulars setting forth the excellences of their service. Lysander did not buy the clippings, but he did buy a good many copies of the book when it appeared—copies to be ingeniously autographed and sent to judicious friends who would know a really good thing when they should see it.

Some months later the first royalty check drifted in; whereupon Lysander was thankful that he had been proudly joyous while the joying was good. The first six months' sales—which cover a period of perhaps twice the remunerative life of the average modern novel—yielded exactly \$93.15; which was rather less than Lysander was contriving at the time to earn with an ordinary five-thousand-word short story.

Of course, there were other books to follow. Every writer who can frame a book plot—and now and then one who can not—gets between covers as often as his self-respect, or the good-nature of his publishers, will permit. But the experienced workman will confess, if he is pushed to it, that he regards the book venture purely in the light of a "gamble". With a fair magazine audience to help, and with the imprint of a good publishing house to insure the introductory sale, the booksmith may usually count upon a skilled mechanic's wage for the time spent in hammering out his three or four hundred pages of book copy; but not much more than that.

Why, then, does he venture? Chiefly for the reason that—all questions of genius aside, and all question of economy as well—the Lysanders now and again befool themselves with the notion that they have something to tell which is really worth the telling; something that is worthy of a more permanent setting than that afforded by the ephemera of the magazine columns. Doubtless this is, in most cases, a tragic hallucination, but it persists, as the flood of bound volumes tumbling annually from the presses sufficiently attests.

Lysander is, or was at last accounts, still following the Idea that loomed first for him out of the April heat haze in St. Charles Street, New Orleans, while he had his back to the cool granite of the Lee monument, and was despising himself cordially for having made a blameless failure in railroading. His first book was speedily married to a second, and the two have raised a family of a goodly shelfful. Some of the volumes have yielded the magazine price of a good serial; others have not. But if he continues to be like the rest of us he will go on

gambling in the book-pit when he can spare the time and the money.

Twenty-odd times, he asserts, his annual desk calendar has been renewed since he became an entered apprentice to the writing craft. With considerable industry, faithful diligence, and few or no vacations, he has contrived to feed and clothe a family of six, to own a modest home in the outskirts of an inland city, and to educate his children; all "by the grace

of God and the good-nature of the magazine editors", to use his own phrase.

I have told Lysander's story because I believe it to be the average story of the average writing artisan of today; the story, not of the few who starve, or of the still smaller few who place their motor-car orders a year in advance, but of the men and women who line the benches in the literary workshop of the present time.

THE UNFURLED FACE

BY ALFRED M. BRACE

BARGAINS in "curious and classic" books are more rare now than before the war in the rusty iron boxes that line the stone embankments under the plane-trees on the left bank of the Seine. But a Sunday afternoon's literary ramble along the *quais* still has its surprises and rewards as I found the other day when I uncovered the "Traité des Causes Physiques et Morales du Rire relativement à l'Art de l'exciter (1768)". Madame Roques, the *bouquiniste* with the tufted mole on her cheek, recognized my Americanized French and made me pay seven sous more than her marked price; but at that the "Traité" was worth it. For one doesn't find every day a serious discussion by learned French Academicians of the laugh and its seat in our physical and moral anatomy and, as the author points out, "the laugh, whatever one may think, is not a matter of small importance but a *mouvement singulier* worthy of the

most serious researches and attention".

The fall of an apple revealed to Sir Isaac Newton the hidden meaning of the revolving spheres, and it was no greater thing than a laugh at nothing in the garden of M. Titon du Tillet that led to the quest for the meaning of the mysterious and universal titillation which shakes the human frame and causes upheavals of the diaphragm and violent convulsions of the face.

According to the author of the "Traité" a company of French literary and philosophical folk including Destouches, Fontenelle, and Montesquieu, were gathered one day in their friend's garden indulging in mental gymnastics. Of a sudden irrelevantly and irreverently one of the famous company opened his mouth, closed his eyes and laughed "*sans aucun sujet apparent*". The grave discourse was interrupted and the astonished atten-

tion of all turned upon the unfortunate man. At his inability to explain why he had laughed or why anyone ever laughed, the three French Academicians took a turn around the garden and came back to their friends prepared to enlighten them.

In this modern age of quick lunches and speedometers the discussion that follows moves to its conclusions somewhat leisurely. For Destouches, Fontenelle, and Montesquieu let no ancient and classical laugh escape them as they pursued their grave argument "supported by numbers of respectable authorities". There was a spirited debate on the laugh of the Golden Age, the Sardinian laugh, Democritus, the laughter par excellence, and the laugh of Venus when a busy but wicked bee stung her only son. Destouches, though pointing out that laughing has killed many, believed that the laugh has its secret source in reasoned joy. Animals can not reason; they do not laugh; therefore the laugh must be reasoned. Thus runs his logic. Fontenelle thought the laugh was the offspring of folly; and Montesquieu, that it was caused by the tickling of the *amour-propre*.

"Since sight is in the eye", argues Fontenelle, "since taste is in the palate and touch in the epidermis, it must follow that the laugh has its place also somewhere in the human frame. That place is the diaphragm which is attached to the heart and which is, when tickled, easily seized with a convulsion more or less violent. The diaphragm is connected with the heart by muscles much larger and shorter than those of animals, a difference which is alone sufficient to explain man's exclusive proprietorship of the laugh. It follows that man laughs because he stands and walks upright on two feet, for it is this posture that arranges

man's internal parts in different positions from those in which one finds them in a quadruped."

"It is to be noted", continues Fontenelle, "that some birds imitate the laugh up to a certain point. But independently of other reasons which deprive birds of the complete privilege of laughing, it must be remembered that a bird's feathers make it almost inaccessible to tickling, and that its beak is not at all suitable to imitate the arrangement of the features of our face when the laugh distorts it."

The French Academicians pass from birds and quadrupeds to the Italian astrologer, the Abbé Danascen, who in 1662 wrote a brochure in which he distinguished the temperaments of men by the way they laughed. The *hi, hi, hi*, marked the melancholy man; the *he, he, he* the bilious man; the *ha, ha, ha* the phlegmatic man, and the *ho, ho, ho*, the full-blooded man. In conclusion, as all good philosophers and Academicians should, they left a valuable classification of the laugh:

- 1) the laugh unrestrained or the laugh of the open, unfurled (*déployée*) face.
- 2) the laugh bridled which does not pass the lips.
- 3) the laugh gracious or the smile.
- 4) the laugh dignified or the protecting laugh.
- 5) the laugh foolish or simple which must be distinguished from the candid laugh.
- 6) the laugh conceited and vain.
- 7) the laugh disdainful.
- 8) the laugh frank and sincere or expanding laugh.
- 9) the laugh simulated or hypocritical which is also called the artful or knowing laugh.
- 10) the laugh mechanical or automatic caused by tickling the diaphragm.

- 11) the laugh harsh caused by spite, vengeance, and indignation. This laugh is mixed with a certain pleasure.
- 12) the laugh inextinguishable or the laugh which can not be stopped and which excites in the sides, throat and all parts of the body a convulsion of which we lose the mastery.

I left off reading the philosophers' classification of the various laugh species to go to the cinema in my Paris neighborhood where rip-roaring, wild-

west films from Los Angeles cheer the lonesome American and impress the French with the virility of our race. As luck would have it America's greatest hero in France was on the program. As Charlie Chaplin, wielding a croquet mallet from the branch of a tree, laid out his pursuers one by one cold on the ground, a laugh started in the audience which grew to a roar. I felt a great satisfaction. For I immediately recognized it as the laugh unrestrained of the open, unfurled face.

ADMIRAL SCOTT AND THE BRITISH NAVY

BY C. C. GILL

Commander, United States Navy

AS time elapses and the big things of the war are seen in better perspective, we find on every hand a growing appreciation of the achievements of the British Navy. During hostilities secrecy had to be observed for reasons of strategy. Terse admiralty reports gave, at best, a hazy idea of what the navies were doing. Now, however, the lid has been raised; though many secrets were swallowed up by the sea along with the ships that went down, still there is a wealth of romance and adventure to be told, and those who seek it will give enthusiastic welcome to "Fifty Years in the Royal Navy" by Admiral Sir Percy Scott.

Scott's book shows us the British Navy in the making. He himself took

a leading part; and his truly fascinating reminiscences carry us from the old navy of sailing ships and smooth bores through an unprecedented period of development to the modern navy of mighty dreadnoughts, speedy destroyers and stealthy submarines. The author retired in 1913 but was recalled to active war duty in 1914; so that the final chapters include this veteran's observations on the navy in action as seen from the angle of the Admiralty offices in London.

Admiral Scott needs no introduction. His brilliant career is well known on both sides of the Atlantic; to the American Navy he is distinguished as the officer whose ship always headed the list in gunnery, and as the man who tipped Sims off as to how to do it.

It should be added that the development of gunnery in the two services has proceeded along quite different lines.

There are two sides to Scott's book: one gives us an intimate glimpse of the British Navy, its officers and men afloat and ashore, at work and at play, in the routine of peace and in the business of war; the other is a scientific side, non-technical and clear, explaining the advance in guns, ships, and organization. With force and feeling the author reveals, as he sees them, faults of British naval administration with their consequences. In his preface he states: "This book has been written in vain if it does not carry conviction that our naval administration is based upon wrong principles." With this frank avowal of purpose he proceeds to deliver a series of broadsides which will surely cause certain British officials to ponder their methods of administration.

Considering first the less professional side of the book, we find a breezy narrative of personal experience such as might be expected from a naval officer who has always been a man of action. At the age of eleven and one-half years the author was gazetted a naval cadet in H. M. Navy, and along with sixty-four other little boys—among whom was a youngster destined to become Field Marshall Viscount French—he joined the old three-decker training ship "Britannia" of which he writes:

We each had a sea chest and we slept in hammocks. The decks were well saturated with salt water every morning, summer and winter, and the authorities considered that this hardened the cadets. Possibly it did; at any rate it weeded out those who were not strong.

Shortly after I joined, it was rumoured that the damp and evil-smelling old ship was not a suitable home for boys of between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and that she was

to be done away with. The Commissioners of the Admiralty considered the question, and successive Boards discussed it, but as the matter was important they did not act hastily—their deliberation, in fact, extended over about thirty years. Finally, in 1898, work was begun on a college on shore in place of the "Britannia", and the old ship of many memories was doomed.

On leaving the "Britannia" Scott joined "H. M. S. Bristol", a 50-gun frigate outward bound for Bombay via the Cape of Good Hope. On board this sailing ship of 2,364 tons, manned by a crew of 750, we are told "mast-head for the midshipmen and the cat for the men was the commander's motto."

Midshipman Scott's first active war duty consisted in suppressing slave trade in the Indian Ocean. A Zanzibar slave market in full swing is described.

After a four-year cruise he returned to England and shortly afterward Lieutenant Scott saw service in the Ashantee war. His memoirs contain interesting accounts of campaigning on the rivers and ashore in Africa, chiefly against pirates. For instance, he takes us up a creek of the Congo in a boat protected from ambush rifle fire by a top of armor plating through which no fresh air could get in or foul air out. Of this he says:

The total of seventy occupants inside, including thirty black men, worked out at about ten cubic feet per man—a condition which is I understand, according to the laws of hygiene, impossible for a human being to live in. We managed to live, but it was not pleasant, and I was always glad when the morning came. We should have liked to bathe, but as a crocodile rose to everything that was thrown overboard, bathing was not permissible. The hippopotami during the night were a source of annoyance; they breathe so noisily through their wide-opened mouths. But though they came very near the boats they did no harm.

Also throughout these pages are revealed the qualities in Scott's makeup which contributed so much to his success. Quick to detect and censure a

fault, he was generous with recognition and praise of merit both in superiors and subordinates. He was democratic, and knew and understood officers and men. By economizing time, he made drill periods more useful while affording more opportunity for recreation. A keen lover of sport himself, he realized its importance in building up a good healthy morale; and one of the points he makes is that the natural and fostered quality of sportsmanship is a big factor in causing Englishmen to succeed where Germans fail both as colonizers and as fighters.

The Admiral's reminiscences include a cruise around the world, an Egyptian campaign, the Boer War of the Transvaal, the Boxer Rebellion, duty in home waters, visits to Germany and North European ports, and a cruise in command of a special service squadron. This cruiser squadron went first to South Africa to represent the mother country during a special assembly for the discussion of a closer union, and thence to South America to bear a message of amity and good will to Uruguay, Brazil, and Argentina.

Besides being a keen gunnery man and expert scientist, Scott was the best sort of company and popular wherever he went. That he had a good sense of humor is shown in many passages. To mention one: on returning from an Egyptian campaign he was selected to command a detachment of men who were to be received by Queen Victoria for a personal presentation of medals. At the last moment an alteration was made in the etiquette prescribed for the occasion. Of this the Admiral relates:

I explained this alteration to a boatswain's mate, and he conveyed it to the men in the following terms, and in a voice which must have

made itself heard throughout the hotel: "Now, do you 'ear there, the etiquette is altered; when you come opposite Her Majesty, you don't go down on the knee; you stand up, take your 'at off, hold your 'and out, and her Majesty puts your medal in the palm. When you get it, don't go examining it to see if it has got the proper name on it, walk on: if it's not the right one, it will be put square afterwards. It's like getting a pair of boots from the ship's steward; if you get the wrong pair, it's rectified afterwards, you don't argue about it at the time."

Turning now to the gunnery side of the book—this is a subject on which Scott writes as an authority. As a lieutenant he made a reputation in mounting and handling naval guns in action ashore in Egypt. Some years afterward the heavy ordnance, landed from the ship he commanded in South Africa, took an essential part in the war of the Transvaal. A little later on, Captain Scott's naval guns again did good work—this time during the Boxer Rebellion in China. Finally in the World War he was called upon to provide long-range guns to operate with the British Army in Europe.

From early service right through his duties as an Admiral, Scott worked faithfully for improvement in gunnery, signaling, and administration. His success aroused jealousy, but neither this nor the attack of conservatism could discourage his efforts to make the British Navy an effective fighting machine. For progress in peace and success in war, Great Britain owes much to his inventive genius and energy.

In 1905 Captain Scott was appointed Inspector of Target Practice, and at the same time Captain John Jellicoe was made Director of Ordnance. These two had much the same views on gunnery questions and Scott records:

During our time in office we not only managed to introduce many reforms in naval gunnery, but tried hard to introduce "director fir-

ing". Unfortunately the Director of Naval Ordnance was not a member of the Board of Admiralty, and consequently carried no weight as regards naval gunnery, and this very necessary method of firing was not generally adopted until seven years afterwards, when war proved that the guns in our ships were of no use without it—a fact which throws a very heavy responsibility upon the Board of Admiralty, which boycotted its introduction in former years.

In 1907 Jellicoe was ordered to command the Atlantic Squadron; Scott was assigned the Second Cruiser Squadron of the Channel Fleet where he did not get along very well with the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Charles Beresford. Gunnery continued to be Scott's chief study:

My attention was devoted to fitting my flagship, "H. M. S. Good Hope", with "director firing", so that if she had to fight a German there would be a chance of her remaining on the top, instead of going to the bottom.... This operation was difficult, as I could get no assistance from the Admiralty, and was forced to beg, borrow, or steal all the necessary material.... I succeeded so well that the "Good Hope" became, like the "Scylla" and "Terrible" in other years, top ship of the navy.... But when I left the squadron on Feb. 15, 1909, the routine I had instituted, and the "director firing" I had installed, were put on the scrap-heap, and the old method reinstalled.... That is one way we had in the navy—a determination to fight against any change, however desirable.

Scott was a sworn foe of the conservatism in the British Navy which was due in some degree to their extreme system of specialization. The following passages present an argument for the supporters of this system to answer:

On November 1, 1914, my old ship the "Good Hope", in company with the "Monmouth", "Glasgow", and "Otranto", engaged the German cruisers "Scharnhorst", "Gneisnau", "Leipzig", and "Dresden", in the Pacific. After a short action the "Good Hope" and "Monmouth" were both sunk by the Germans' superior shooting. These ships were caught in bad weather, and as neither of them was fitted with any efficient system of firing their guns in such weather, they were, as predicted in my letter to the Admiralty of December 10, 1911, annihilated without doing any appreciable damage to the enemy.

These two ships were sacrificed because the Admiralty would not fit them with efficient means of firing their guns in a sea-way. Had the system with which I had fitted the "Good Hope" been completed and retained in her, I dare say she might have seen further service and saved the gallant Cradock and his men on this occasion.

The chapters telling of Scott's somewhat mixed war service in connection with naval gunnery, and the defense of London are not the least interesting of the book. In November, 1914, he paid an official inspection visit to the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys where he had a long interview with the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Jellicoe. As a result of this visit he writes:

I had a conference with the First Lord (Mr. Winston Churchill) and the First Sea Lord (Lord Fisher), and pointed out to them the serious state of affairs, and how badly we should fare if the German Fleet came out. They realized the position and approved of practically all the ships being fitted with director firing; and further, they agreed that I could arrange it without being held up by the ordinary Admiralty red tape. Consequently the fitting of the ships went on rapidly, and had the "push" been maintained, our whole fleet would have been equipped by the end of 1915.

In May, 1915, unfortunately for the nation, Lord Fisher left the Admiralty and all the "push" ceased. I no longer had any influence; the authorities went back to their apathetic way of doing things; time, even in warfare, was not considered of any importance by them.

In connection with this indictment of the Admiralty for mismanagement, the below quoted observations are significant:

At the Battle of Jutland, fought on May 31, 1916, the Commander-in-Chief had only six ships of his fleet completely fitted with director firing—that is, main as well as secondary armament; he had several ships with their primary armament not fitted; he had not a single cruiser in the fleet fitted for director firing; he had no Zeppelins as eyes for his fleet; his guns were out-ranged by those of the Germans. He had to use projectiles inferior to those used by the Germans; and in firing at night he was utterly outclassed by the enemy.

One would have thought that, although their Lordships paid no attention to my warning in 1911, the moment war was known to be in-

evitable they would have bestirred themselves and ordered all the material necessary to put the fleet in a state of gunnery efficiency.

And before I leave this subject of the unpreparedness of the Grand Fleet in some respects for war, I must revert to the criticism of Lord Jellicoe for not pursuing the German Navy after the battle of Jutland and fighting them on the night of May 31-June 1. Lord Jellicoe had a very good reason for not doing so. The British Fleet was not properly equipped for fighting an action at night. The German Fleet was. Consequently, to fight them at night would have only been to court disaster. Lord Jellicoe's business was to preserve the Grand Fleet, the main defense of the Empire, as well as of the Allied cause—not to risk its existence. I have been asked why the Grand Fleet was not so well prepared to fight a night action as the German Navy. My answer is, "Ask the Admiralty".

In pointing out the astounding lethargy and even hostility with which he and his associates had to contend, Scott again and again scores the pre-war ascendancy of what he calls "housemaiding" over drill and marksmanship. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" and is indispensable to good gunnery, but the latter cannot be sacrificed:

Training naval officers and men as housemaids is not good for war; brains are re-

quired. But, however faulty our training in peace may have been, it did not affect the character of the British naval officer and seaman. Whether in a ship, submarine, balloon, aeroplane, motorcar, tank, or as a soldier, the men who bore an anchor on their caps, and others who wore a sou'wester, fought with bravery not surpassed by any men in the world. Of the many thousand who went to the bottom of the ocean, a large number might be alive now if in peace-time our legislators had attended to the war preparedness of ships instead of chiefly to the housemaiding of them. I once heard a statement that "the blunders of our politicians and legislators are paid for with the blood of our sailors and soldiers". How terribly the war has demonstrated the truth of this statement!

The author's sensational views on submarines are well known. Of these it may be remarked that in their entirety they are by no means concurred in by the consensus of naval opinion. In the realm of gunnery, however, which was more particularly Scott's own, his wisdom has been proved by war experience. The lesson for the future is clear, and many will share in the Admiral's hope that his book may not have been written in vain.

Fifty Years in the Royal Navy. By Admiral Sir Percy Scott. George H. Doran Company.

HOW LYRICS ARE BORN

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A LITTLE flock of singing words
Across the sky from nowhere flew,
Like homing summer yellow-birds
All caroling of you.

THE BOOK WORLD OF STOCKHOLM

Jack London and Others

BY FREDERIC WHYTE

Home-grown fiction not in the lead—twenty British and American best sellers—the Jack London-Glyn-Barclay anomaly—Swedish publishers' faith in Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett—McKenna a favorite—sympathy for "The New Revelation"—a new Dickens edition—Lagerlöf and von Heidenstam serious interests.

STOCKHOLM, February 1, 1920.

IT is hardly too much to say that Jack London is Sweden's most popular novelist. Only of quite recent years have the Swedes taken to writing novels to any great extent for themselves—no longer "as single spies", that is to say, like Selma Lagerlöf and her dozen or so less famous predecessors and contemporaries, but, like our British and American craftsmen, "in battalions". The Christmas season of 1919-1920 produced a bigger crop of the home-grown article than ever before without bringing to the front any remarkable new talent. Here and there a Swedish novel has gone rapidly into an eighth or ninth or tenth edition, thanks very largely to the effective cover-designs in which some of the Stockholm publishers excel, but very few indeed have won any kind of recognition from the critics who count. Our novelists still lead the way, Jack London still very conspicuously at their head.

I have amused myself compiling a list of the twenty British and American writers of fiction most popular in

Sweden at the present moment. Absolute accuracy is out of the question, but I have compared notes with a leading Stockholm publisher and a very capable young bookseller, so the list may be taken as at all events an approximation to the truth. Here it is:

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Jack London | 11. Stephen McKenna |
| 2. Florence Barclay | 12. H. G. Wells |
| 3. Elinor Glyn | 13. Arnold Bennett |
| 4. Ethel Dell | 14. Conan Doyle |
| 5. Berta Ruck | 15. Marie Corelli |
| 6. Gene Stratton-Porter | 16. Hall Caine |
| 7. Eleanor H. Porter | 17. Bernard Shaw |
| 8. W. J. Locke | 18. Rudyard Kipling |
| 9. Cosmo Hamilton | 19. Jerome K. Jerome |
| 10. John Galsworthy | 20. Victor Bridges |

If one were to inquire exhaustively into the matter, one might have to modify the order in which these twenty novelists are placed and one might have to omit a few names, replacing them by others; but the above is near enough.

It is an amusingly incongruous collection, is it not? The first three, in particular, offer a quaint medley, but the most curious thing about these is that they all make their strongest appeal here to the same class—the not

very highly educated girl of from twenty to twenty-five. And what is more, it is the *same* girl—it is not the several varieties of her. The very first whom I questioned told me that her three favorite novelists were Jack London, Mrs. Barclay, and Elinor Glyn. If Mrs. Glyn ever allows herself to smile superciliously at Mrs. Barclay's novels or if Mrs. Barclay sometimes lacks Christian charity in her judgments of Mrs. Glyn, let us hope it may tend to modify their mutual feelings to reflect that in thousands of young female hearts throughout Sweden their books reign harmoniously side by side, and in such good company as Jack London's!

There was an element of chance about Mrs. Barclay's vogue here. The first Swedish publisher who was offered the translation rights of "The Rosary" would not take them. His literary adviser, a very clever critic, declared emphatically that the work could not possibly have any sale in Sweden. "Our women are much too modern," he declared; "Mrs. Barclay is altogether too behind-the-times for them." Most people in the Swedish book world at that period—eight years ago—would probably have been inclined to agree with him, but events have proved him to have been entirely wrong. Someone more responsive made acquaintance with "The Rosary" and drew another publisher's attention to it, and since then all Mrs. Barclay's books have been translated; while only a few months ago her London publisher was given an order from Sweden for no fewer than a thousand copies of selected volumes from the new English edition recently produced. It is a noteworthy thing, by the way, that when British or American authors sell in Swedish, there is always a proportionately brisk demand

for their work in the original.

Jack London's preeminence in Sweden over all other novelists, male or female,—more than thirty of his books have been translated,—would make an interesting study for anyone sufficiently well versed in his writings. It is to be attributed in part, of course, to the inherent freshness and vigor of his style which have won him admirers everywhere; in part to the open-air atmosphere of his books and to his love for and knowledge of animals and wild life generally—these things undoubtedly count for a good deal with the Swedes; in part, perhaps, to efficient translating and to clever publishing.

Of Numbers 6 and 7 on my list I must confess to knowing nothing whatever, but with Numbers 8-13 I am on fairly familiar ground. W. J. Locke's extreme popularity is well deserved and easily understood. Urbane, humorous, entertaining, thoroughly *au fait* with the very attractive aspects of French life which he is fondest of depicting, he was bound to please the more intelligent Swedish novel readers. What puzzles me, however, is that Anthony Hope, with whom Mr. Locke has so much in common, but who to my mind has far higher gifts and far wider range, is comparatively little known here. For this I can't help thinking that luck is largely accountable. It is evident that the Swedish publishers recognized that Anthony Hope was a writer worth experimenting with, for more than fifteen of his novels in Swedish form are included in the catalogue of the Royal Library of Stockholm. But many of them were done in condensed versions and doubtless with all their merits lost, whereas the Swedish editions of Locke are for the most part very good.

And the blithe and witty Cosmo Hamilton—what of him? Well, "Scandal", as one would expect, has been a best seller. And it is by right of this that he stands so high in the list, for the only other book of his as yet done in Swedish is "The Princess of New York", issued quite recently. "Who Cares?", "The Door that has no Key", "The Miracle of Love", and "Adam's Clay" will follow soon in quick succession, and their publisher, Lars Hökerberg, is very confident of their success. "Who Cares?", he thinks, will do even better than "Scandal".

Of the next four novelists it is not easy to say which is really the most popular; but Mr. Galsworthy is certainly the one most generally admired and discussed in literary circles, and of late his writings have sold better (so I hear on good authority) than those of either Mr. Wells or Mr. Bennett. Somehow or other, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" has not had a large audience in its Swedish version though one meets a good many people who agree that it is a wonderful book. Mr. Wells's other novels have so far not made a real mark here. His present publishers, however, the Svenska Andelsförlag (who also publish for Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett), believe in him thoroughly and propose to issue all his more important volumes in due course. Mr. Bennett is best known by "The Pretty Lady". In him, also, the Andelsförlag believe firmly, and with good reason, and the Swedes can hardly fail to appreciate other aspects of his great talent than those shown in this particular book. Stephen McKenna so far is known only by his "Sonia" and "Sonia Married", but these two volumes have at once placed him in the first rank of popular favorites.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, of course, is chiefly famous for his "Sherlock Holmes"; otherwise he has not been very much read until last year when "The New Revelation" introduced him to quite a different class of people. Sir Arthur can count upon a sympathetic hearing from a wide circle in Sweden for the "message" which he feels he is called to deliver to mankind and to which—so he declared a few months ago—he intends to devote all his best energies throughout the rest of his life. Marie Corelli was more of a favorite with Swedish readers some years ago than she is now, and the same may be said of Hall Caine. Bernard Shaw, more popular on the Swedish stage than any English dramatist except Shakespeare, does not sell much in book form, though several of his novels have been translated and "Cashel Byron's Profession" has just started as a feuilleton in the leading conservative daily paper, the "Svenska Dagblad".

We have now come nearly to the end of our list. Kipling's "Kim" was welcomed by discriminating critics as a veritable masterpiece and continues to be read and talked about, as well as a few of his other books. Jerome K. Jerome, once very popular, was beginning to be forgotten when the Andelsförlag recently issued his pleasant but not very remarkable "They and I". Victor Bridges, one of the most recent successes in England, both as a storyteller and as a humorist, is finding very appreciative readers here, also in increasing numbers.

Besides these twenty, a number of other names call for mention, and as I have already suggested, some of them ought perhaps by rights to be substituted for some of the above. That dashing and ingenious romance of secret service, "Greenmantle", has won

a prominent place for John Buchan. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is winning an audience for herself. Rider Haggard is read but not very widely; Barry Pain is known by his "Eliza"; Robert Hichens, George Birmingham, and De Vere Stacpoole are making headway. Among Americans, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Charles G. D. Roberts are among the most conspicuous.

It will be noted that, with the exception of Jack London, I have spoken only of living writers. Among the recently dead few are better known in Sweden than Oscar Wilde, whose works are now being issued by the big firm of Bonnier in a uniform edition. His plays also retain their popularity, more especially "An Ideal Husband". A large number of Robert Louis Stevenson's books have been translated, but I fear unworthily and in cheap, condensed editions. Sir Walter Scott is forgotten, Thackeray is little more than a strange name. Dickens, however, still flourishes and an entirely new version of "Pickwick" by Dr. August Brunius, one of Sweden's best

English scholars, is to be produced for next Christmas with all the original illustrations. The first Swedish version was quite good in its way, Dr. Brunius tells me, but the translator did not know London and there were no dictionaries of slang in those days to interpret to him the colloquialism of Sam Weller and his like, so there were a number of almost unavoidable mistakes. Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Miss Braddon, Clark Russell—all these and many others of their period still are read by the middle-aged here. Bret Harte and Mark Twain also have their faithful devotees.

To conclude with a generalization: it may, I think, be said that on the whole the Swedes look to British and American fiction chiefly for distraction and entertainment. Even in the case of Mr. Galsworthy they are more interested in the vivid pictures he gives of English life than in his reformer's zeal and humanitarian ideals. For edification and emotion they turn rather to the best of their own imaginative writers, in particular to Selma Lagerlöf and Verner von Heidenstam.

AMELIA E. BARR—SOME REMINISCENCES

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THERE are writers more interesting, fuller of life's savor, than any book they ever wrote. The best of them is personal. You may read their stories with distinct pleasure, but to know them is an experience. It was to this group that Amelia E. Barr belonged. She had a delightful mind that retained a folk flavor, and her talk was apt to be of elemental things, of love and death and God. The passing day was always a part of eternity to her, and the eternal quality was the more real.

Her books had the strong charm of sincerity, and they were fresh, youthful and sweet to the last, and she died at close upon ninety years of age. Mrs. Barr did not write complex stories, she was not given to analysis; but she did have the power to create character—the character of plain, forthright folk living in a world of usual things. And she had a true love of nature. She told me one day that though her life in Texas was singularly happy, and though she loved the climate and the land, she always missed the sound of running water.

"At home I always lived within hearing and sight of some little beck. And there isn't a sweeter sound in all this world than the music of living water."

She was always a country woman. Cities did not appeal to her, though

she spent many months of many years in New York. When she had enough money laid by to build a home of her own, she went up the Hudson to Cornwall, and lived in a pretty cottage there, with roses in her garden. There was singing water nearby, too.

Many an hour I would spend with her there, listening to her wise speech, for wise she was. She had a great and luminous trust in God, and an immense friendship for Him. He was always real and impending in her life. "I'll not be caring to read many more of these books," she remarked one day, laying aside some novel of the moment as I came in. "These modern men and women have never the name of God in the whole length of their story, and if they're as far from Him as that, it's little true value they have."

Yet she was always reading, and she was interested in the world of to-day as keenly as though she were beginning her stay in it rather than ending the long visit. I use these terms because it was so that she regarded her life here. Whatever came to her in life she considered to be a distinct part of God's plan, and in relation to the whole of her existence, of which the portion lived on this earth was but infinitesimal. It was singularly exhilarating to come into contact with this large and simple

faith. It was no thing of proofs, no subject for quibbles; it was a conviction as solid and sound as a belief in the warmth of the sun.

Her books all reflect this faith, and march to a measure whose rhythm is longer than this world's. But to meet it in all its strength you had either to know her well, or to read the self-revelation of her autobiography, "All the Days of my Life", a beautiful book that has any number of so-called human documents utterly distanced. It is better than any of her fiction, and should be a book that those who love the depiction of human character will not let die. The story of her life was tragic and courageous. At a time when women found it harder to make a living than now, she was left suddenly without her husband, without her sons—all having died in Texas, within a brief space of time, of yellow fever—and with very little means. She came to New York and supported herself and her three daughters by writing, from then on to the time when her girls grew up. She was a methodical worker, and to the very last sat herself down at her desk and turned off a given amount during the day. Two novels a year, with poems and short stories for good measure—that was her stint.

Her mornings were given to this labor, a labor she loved. She would get up about five in the summer days, and be at her desk by six, and so work till noon. And then she was done.

Mixed with her faith in God and the life of the other world, was a streak of mysticism, a respect for signs and omens. She believed in palmistry, and had some of that fey quality in her nature that one finds in the north of England and in Scotland.

Her daughters shared this feeling, this attribute, and it was always thrill-

ing to have one of them tell your fortune by reading the palm. It was this mingling of the soundest common sense with the mystic that made Mrs. Barr so unusual and so interesting. She would discuss feminism in one breath, with shrewd and homely comment on the small vanities and subterfuges of women, with kindly note of their idealism and generosity. "Women are odd folk," she'd say. "The same young girl who will surprise you with a brave stand for what she believes to be right, when you've thought all along that she was only a bit of pretty fluff, may do the unkindest act in the world simply because she's wearing a hat she doesn't like." Then she would swing to the intuitive, speak from the folk quality in her; and you would feel that this woman was the inheritor of strange powers, that angels whispered their secrets to her, and that her spirit went on far voyagings, to bring back treasure without which the world would be poor indeed.

Recently a small volume of the collected poems written through many years by Mrs. Barr has been brought out, and these verses witness gently to her spirit. They are the songs of everyday people, as the title of the little book conveys, "Songs in the Common Chord". Simple lines and simple subjects conveying homely truths, and full of a childlike thankfulness for simple joys. There are stanzas to an apple tree that are as good as a bite of the fair fruit; there are lines to autumn that hold something of the feeling of the peaceful fields and finished tasks of that season:

I sing the Autumn Time,
A misty dawn, an amber noon,
A purple eve, a harvest moon,
A perfect day, in Autumn Time.

The pensive days of Autumn Time,
The sleepy peace o'er hill and dell,
The falling leaves, the birds' farewell,
The dropping nuts of Autumn Time.

.....

Life's happy hopeful Autumn Time,
For years to it can only bring
The change of Heaven's Eternal Spring—
Heaven's Spring, for Earth's ripe Autumn
Time.

The book holds many a song to Harvest, to the work of the year finished and beautiful, and thanks therefor; to the farmer and his work, the cutting of wheat, the plowing of brown fields, the garnering of ripe fruit. The earth is a good place, in this book, and honest work well done is a joy. It is an index to the emotions and the thoughts of the plain folk all over the world to know that these songs have been popular almost wherever the English tongue is spoken. Mrs. Barr relates that she has had copies of verses by her sent in from far places, from India and Australia and from Canadian ranches. Women have sung them at their work, men have clipped them from a corner of their daily paper and sent them to a friend. The good green and gold earth, the fruit tree with its autumn gifts, the little lane where Mary waits, the trust in God, the bird that sings, and sings not notes alone, but a hint of coming happiness for waiting hearts: it is such matters as these which Mrs. Barr puts into easy and swinging rhyme, and it is these that are welcomed by the plain folk whom she loved, and to whom she always claimed to belong. She bids them,—

Pray at the Eastern gate
For all the day can ask,
Pray at the Western gate
Holding thy finished task.
It waxeth late—so late
The night falls cold and gray,
But through life's Western gate
Dawns life's eternal day.

And what she says strikes with their own convictions.

There is a great mass of people whose minds may be described as jazz minds. They do not care for anything really true and great in art or literature. They want cheap sentiment, vulgar humor, noisy reactions. The simplicity of the world is not guessed at by them. They have nothing of the peasant left in them, and they have not yet reached to anything of culture or insight or the appreciation of pure beauty. These people are really the common people. They herd most in cities, and they support the vast amount of what is worthless, trivial, and passing in magazines, books, plays and what not.

It is not those who care for or who know Mrs. Barr. Her common folk are not of this guild. Her plain people are the sound and sane population of the world, who believe in good and sweet things, who hold something of the child in their hearts, who give good work to the world and find joy in doing it. To them faith is part of life, and life is constantly related to this faith. Mrs. Barr was their spokesman, and it is for this that her books have a real value, an interpretive quality. There is in a sense something primitive about her work, as there was in her. Primitive in the matter of belonging close to essentials.

There was an amazing refreshment of spirit to be had from an hour with Mrs. Barr. It was like an hour spent in a wood or by a stream, after days in crowded streets. This quality in her she was never able quite to get into her books. Something of herself escaped her pen. Yet there are hints and promises of it in all she wrote, here a page and there another that have the true folk gesture.

She is dead. Her work is done and, beside the work doing today, it is old-fashioned and self-effacing work. But her books will be cherished in many homes all over the world for many years, her stanzas will be memorized because they are "in the common

chord". And to those who were her friends Mrs. Barr will remain a vital part of recollection. To know her well was to know her always. You could no more forget her than you could forget bread or honey or the smell of hay.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

IN all the world of serious affairs there are no more interesting books today than the *apologia* of the Prussian leaders, Tirpitz and Ludendorff and Falkenhayn—and we are promised Hindenburg. They have been read by multitudes in Germany, they will be—they are being—read by multitudes elsewhere: not only for the details of the war but for their revelations of the spirit which produced it, and for the sentiments evoked in the minds of its instigators as the great conflict went on. They are a record of the Prussian mind in action, and they are profoundly interesting, not merely as history but as psychology. And they are even more than this. They are, it is true, retrospective, but they are, to some minds, provocative, and prophetic. For it is inconceivable that the spirit which these men represent will take defeat as final. They will risk another throw.

The three which have already appeared in the United States are curiously alike in some respects and curiously different in others. Tirpitz—who is the liveliest—begins his story

with his entry into the navy in 1865, and devotes his first volume to an account of the birth and development of the German navy, an account which even the non-naval reader will find of extraordinary interest. The first half of his second volume he devotes to the war proper. Then he embarks on what many will find the most entertaining part of the book, the publication of his war-letters. It is a long confession of pessimism. From the opening words, "A whole world is mobilizing against us", to the end, "Frederick the Great and Bismarck must turn in their graves", there is scarcely a single cheerful note. And the burden of his song is naturally England, and still England—England the "cause of all evil", the "real enemy". England who keeps her fleet "in being", who will not come out and fight and yet who controls the sea, makes Heligoland virtually negligible, blockades the Fatherland, and so causes such discontent that the "carrion vulture" of popular revolt may burst forth at any time—does, in fact, burst forth in "needless and senseless" revo-

lution before he finishes. "One almost loses his faith in goodness", he observes; and unless the "liebe Herr Gott" intervenes, all is likely to be lost.

The worst is the retreat from the Marne, when "our troops must run vigorously, poor fellows". And in a sense the Marne is the motive of them all—for they avoid it so carefully! "On the evening of the 14th of September, 1914", so Falkenhayn begins, he was made Chief of Staff, "by extraordinary procedure", in order not to "disquiet any further the population at home", or "give enemy propaganda further ostensible proof of the completeness of the victory obtained on the Marne"—and then no more of the Marne! Naturally, perhaps, for that is not his story, but von Moltke's. To it Ludendorff gives a scant two lines and a half: "The order to retreat from the Marne was issued, whether on good grounds or not I have never been able to ascertain". There, it is evident, Prussia's great hope broke; thereafter it was a struggle against the inevitable. For not all the successes against the Russians, the Roumanians, and the Serbs, which Ludendorff relates in much detail; not all the desperate efforts to achieve a decision on the western front—help the declining cause of those who hoped to win by one great blow. Nor can we omit to note two things. The one is his elaborate account of the one period, apparently the only time in his life, when he saw actual service under fire—his brief and inconspicuous experience in the "heroic" attack on Belgium. The other is how scared they were. Heavens! how scared they were!—when this great blow so carefully prepared by that Count von Schlieffen who was their teacher and their strategist, failed of its purpose.

It was as if the "liebe Herr Gott" himself had declared against them.

Nor was the struggle carried on by a united company nor by unanimous consent. Nothing in these volumes is more surprising than the opinions so freely expressed of the Great War Lord—unless it is those relating to one another—by these great commanders. It is to be expected that the leaders of a lost cause will fall out among themselves, and endeavor to transfer the blame for the disaster to other shoulders. It is still more to be anticipated that military men will differ among themselves, quarrel with the civil authorities, find fault with their allies, and denounce the lack of support which they find on every hand. But we were hardly prepared for two things which these volumes reveal. The one is the whole-hearted contempt for the late Emperor; the other the serious differences between Falkenhayn and Hindenburg. The unpreparedness of Turkey, the selfishness of Bulgaria, the weakness of Austria, the dislike of Bethmann-Hollweg—these are natural enough. But to find Lloyd George and Clemenceau glorified at the expense of the All-Highest, this is too much! And, finally, what may be said of the Prussian mind as here revealed; of the "exploitation of conquered territories so far as the laws of war permitted", so thorough, so methodical, so beneficial—and so ruthless! What may be said of what is here called, strangely enough, "the long and painful tale of the submarine", of the "bullying note" of President Wilson, which "raised him to a height such as a president had seldom occupied before", of "General Headquarters which, like everyone else, had not thought it possible that these enormous numbers of American troops could be brought to Europe",

and had, accordingly, "sent a million men to the East for economic purposes" and so lost the war! Such are the tales they tell. And who will not want to read these tales? For from them we may not only be able as time goes on to untangle the mystery of the war; we may be able to explain the greater mystery of the peace, and its great epilogue in German politics which has just now begun.

Like the rest of the world I have read and I am reading these books with increasing interest as they appear; nor is it a slight task, for these are mighty men of the pen as well as of the sword, and their words are weighty and numerous. And as I read I dreamed—though it was not all a dream, and in that dream it seemed that there was a great hall—though it was not perhaps as great as it appeared to those that dwelt in it; and that hall held a mighty multitude—though it was not perhaps as mighty as it thought. And high above that multitude sat great men in council; and though those men may not have been as great as they seemed to those below, they were acclaimed as gods and heroes of the olden time, those great dark ages ere the white Christ came. The mightiest of them was Hindenburg, who was likened to Thor with his hammer; and next to him sat Loki Ludendorff; and next him Tirpitz, the great snake who would drink up the sea. With them were Falkenhayn, and Zeppelin the master of the air; and there was Balder the Beautiful, Bethmann-Hollweg, whom Loki and his fellows caused to be slain; and many more beside. And in their midst sat one who should have been Odin, the father of the gods; but whose bright sword and shining armor and winged words proclaimed

him Siegfried, the god's plaything. So they sat, those mighty champions, and held deep speech of dark significance.

At last they spoke; and the crowd hung upon their words—though those words seem now less wonderful than they sounded then—and the great multitude acclaimed them with a mighty shout. For they spoke like the ancient gods and heroes, whose likeness they bore to their followers, who listened and obeyed. They spoke of war and plunder, of craft and cunning and a sudden blow; of wide conquest and new multitudes of thralls; of gold and gems, wide lands and rich stores of metals and of mines; of wealth and power to be had by force; of places in the sun, and conquest of the sea; of empires to be won by a great stroke against men who relied on oaths and pledges and a common faith. Thus in the great old days had their forefathers done; thus had the plans been laid by those who could not fail; thus would it fall out once more. And so the gods and heroes plotted against the world, little suspecting and still less prepared; and thus their worshipers applauded them and made haste secretly to carry out their plans—only some few, on whom the great crowd fell, and thrust them out or threw them into chains.

For they were filled with the fancies of sagas and of myths. They dreamed of the Rhine-hoard and the glory of Siegfried. They recalled the promise of the Nibelungenlied, of "heroes rich in glory, and of adventures bold, of feasts and joyous living". They revived the memories of their earlier triumphs, of short and successful war, and rich spoil, and a great name in the world. And so they armed themselves, and so they sallied forth from their great hall, a mighty company, equipped at every point, with shining

shields and swords, and smoke and flame, and lightning from the clouds—new and most terrible weapons of offense. Their war-vultures darkened the sky, their scaly serpents swam beneath the sea, and there were on every hand all the engines of war with which their wise men, at the bidding of the Great Ones, had secretly contrived to make resistance vain.

Thus they burst forth suddenly and with no warning, nor heeded the words of those who would have stayed them; but cried that they were but defending their great hall from its enemies. Thus they fell on their victims and beat down the weakest of them ruthlessly. Those who were left in the great hall, workers and women and old men and children, sang the old war-songs, elsewhere forgotten; and boasted the prowess of the warriors; and devised new poems of hate against those whom they wronged, and most of all against those who came to the aid of them. They built huge idols fashioned in the form of the heroes, and worshiped them in the old manner of a darker time; and they rejoiced in the plunder which poured into the hall, and mocked their prisoners, and drew thousands of thralls to prepare more war material, and still more and more, to use against the fellows of those thralls who fought against enslavement of their lands, their wives and daughters, and their sons.

And they demanded that the world should recognize their mastery, and that soon, or be destroyed; and for a moment it seemed they might prevail. But those outside the hall refused, and fought and died through many bitter months; and months drew on to years, and still they would not yield; till one by one the nations of the earth gathered against the people of the

hall who found but few allies and weak, so that in the course of time the masses of mankind stood close arrayed against them; all but one nation which fell before the subtle words of those who wrought secretly in behalf of the hall-dwellers. But there were still enough, and presently the people of the hall felt fear come on them suddenly. Their strength decayed; and, as their courage sank, their boasting turned to shrill complaints. The great snake found that he could not drink up the sea; the vultures of the air lost mastery of that element; for the sea-eagles and the eagles of the air slew the sea-serpents till their fellows feared to fight, and the vultures were driven from the clouds. And in their turn the peoples of the earth devised new engines of war, huge monsters which crawled across the devastated land, breathing fire and breaking down the strong and cunning defenses which the hall-dwellers built to hold their conquests and protect themselves.

So, finally, the entrances to the hall were blocked, and food and war material began to fail, and with them the hearts of those who dwelt within; and so they cried for peace. Against their heroes other and greater heroes rose; against their hordes there stood a world in arms; against the gods the giants raised their hands, and the old saints beside them; till presently, Saint George, Saint Jeanne and Saint Michael knocked at the very doors of the great hall. And its inhabitants, like their champions outside, lost hold on fortune, lost courage, and lost all; and suddenly gave way. Their leaders bowed to the superiority of their antagonists. Siegfried exchanged his shining armor for the mean habit of a woodcutter, his bright sword for a saw; and sought refuge in the little

house next door. The Great Ones put off their warlike gear, and were revealed as men, and no gods at all. The crowd threw down the idols it had raised, chose leaders of its own, and some of its members fell to strife among themselves. There was a great rebellion of the thralls, the while the serpents of the sea were given up, the plunder sought out and restored, and the whole world, sick with turmoil and slaughter, and weary of conflict, sought new bases of life. And some of the hall-dwellers strove toward a greater life, now that their eyes were opened, and in that met the good wishes of their recent enemies; and some still thought to revive the bad old days, and in that met small encouragement. So the world stands, and no man knows the end.

For it is evident that the Prussians misread the German epics and the sagas—their king most of all. It was the old smith Regin who forged Siegfried's great sword, even as Bismarck made Germany what it was; and Siegfried slew Regin on the strength of what the little birds told him of the smith's contemplated treachery—even as the Emperor dismissed the Chancellor. The Rhine Treasure was the hero's prize—and his undoing. It was the Burgundians who triumphed in the epic, finally; it was the giants who conquered the gods in the saga. And had the Prussians read the story of the Nibelungen through, they would have found, with all the glittering promise of the opening lines, the story

ends in hopeless tragedy: "in sorrow now was ended the king's high holiday". Nor did Siegfried with all his marvelous powers, manage to rise again—nor did the gods survive.

Yet in one thing these modern heroes and divinities have an advantage over their prototypes. In the ancient myths, after great deeds on earth, the heroes spent an eternity in Valhalla, where, surrounded by their old servants and followers, they told and retold the tales of their earthly exploits, fought the old fights, listened to their praises from their faithful bards, and took part in heroic drinking-bouts as the mead-cup went round. But the new heroes do not need to die. In the Valhalla of the publishers they have all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of those older days. They no longer sit in the seats of the mighty, their worshipers have diminished, their word is no longer law. But if cup-bearers are lacking,—and we have no reason to believe they are,—if there is now no sound of harps and voices of the bards, the faithful amanuensis, the diligent professor, the devoted secretary stand, with ready pen and ink, to serve this feast of reason and this flow of memory; publishers pay great sums to reproduce these great stories; and the public reads! What more can even heroes want—save victory!

My Memoirs. By Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. 2 volumes. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Ludendorff's Own Story. By Erich von Ludendorff. 2 volumes. Harper and Brothers.

The German General Staff and Its Decisions. 1914-1916. By General von Falkenhayn. Dodd, Mead and Co.

THE LITERATURE OF A MODERN JAPANESE GIRL

BY HANANO INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

ALTHOUGH the brown thatched roofs of Yedo have changed into six-story concrete buildings of present Tokyo—although my grandmother says with a sigh: "How different the world is now! How barbaric it is growing with European influence!"—nevertheless the one thing that has not changed is convention, the despot of the Japanese; for during every minute from birth to death, convention is our overlord and master. We bow, eat, talk, walk, laugh, and even sleep in accordance with certain fixed rules of etiquette. With our dressing it is the same. There is only one shape of kimono worn by Japanese women. It is made in four different sizes, and regardless of stature, when a girl reaches a certain age, she dons the next size. Like this kimono of four sizes the literature she reads is divided into four periods: the period of fairy tales, of primary school, of high school, and of progressive reading before and after graduation.

Well do I remember those nights when as a little girl I used to plead:

"One more—just one more, Baya!" and by the dim moonlight melting through the paper doors, I could see the kindly wrinkled face of my Baya.

"Little Mistress, this is the third time you have asked this!" she would say. "Baya will not tell you a new story, but close now those eyes, and I

shall repeat your favorite, Momotaro."

But how could I shut my eyes when, on the white shoji, the shadows of quivering bamboo leaves formed pictures of the story she told. There was Momotaro—the boy born from a peach, who, with his followers, a dog, a monkey, and a pheasant, went forth to conquer fierce red and green demons and finally forced them to bow down and weep in repentance. But alas! too often the close of the familiar tale would be lost and I would drift away to dreamland fancying I heard the rumbling of fairy cart wheels bearing away the rich trophies of the victorious Peach Boy. But in all probability it was the sound of the wooden doors which Baya always pulled across the shoji after I went to sleep.

So it was every night. There were other times when sitting by Baya while her glistening needle sped rapidly in and out of a piece of sewing, or peering down into the burning charcoal picturing the story as it advanced, I would listen to tales about the greedy man who was punished with humiliation, and the honest man who was rewarded with bolts of silks and branches of coral; or of the naughty badger who ate the woodcutter's wife, and of the kind rabbit who avenged the wrong; or of the old bamboo cutter whose greedy wife so cruelly treated the little sparrow; or of

Urashima, the Rip Van Winkle of Japan. These fanciful tales, which nourish the imagination of the Japanese child just as "Cinderella" and "Red Riding Hood" do that of the American child, were my first introduction to literature, not presented by a literary professor but by a humble country nurse. My recollections were always happy concerning these tales, for not for a moment did I ever doubt the truth of my Baya's words:

"Little Miss, it is always thus. The bad are punished—the good rewarded."

Thus my fairy-tale period drew to an end, leaving with me an absolute faith that some unknown power never failed to right the wrong.

Up to the end of my first year in primary school, fairy tales were still my best companions. My first volume of literature was of red leather with the plump Peach Boy and his three animal attendants emblazoned in vivid reds and blues. Its proper place was on my black lacquer desk, but I often held it tight even while I romped in play, and at night I placed it by my pillow, fearing that it might disappear. I always told Baya that I loved it next to her, but alas! the time came when dust accumulated upon the precious red cover; for when the cherry blossoms had once more unfolded their petals in the school yard, I stepped into my second year and considered myself too old for fairy tales. And so, though there was yet a spark of smothered loyalty deep down in my heart for my companion, I put it away in a dark closet with my broken toys and reached my hand upward toward the next round in the long ladder of learning.

It was during the next stage that the real spirit of Japan was inculcated in my small brain—the spirit

which later became the foundation of the unique characteristics which are essential to all daughters of Japan. These traits were undying loyalty to my Emperor, to my country, to my parents—the three qualities so greatly respected by Japanese people. These ideals were deeply planted in my mind through historical literature. Monday and Friday mornings in school were somewhat different, it seemed to me, from other mornings. At eight o'clock the bell rang out sharply as usual, but there seemed to be a solemnity lurking in the air, as the roomful of students, all standing, listened for the shuffling footsteps of our ethics teacher as he came down the hall. When he stepped upon the platform, we all bowed deeply before seating ourselves. This form was gone through with all classes, but the ethics hour was full of dignity. We stood a little in awe of this class. Somehow it seemed sacred to us.

Through the study of ethics I became a great hero-worshiper. All the books which I read during those days were of warriors who had fought and died for their overlords. Often while turning the pages of history, I would drift back into long ago centuries and picture myself on a white horse arrayed in gold and red armor, plunging forward to sacrifice my life for that of my Lord. Upon awakening, I never ceased to regret the fact that I was a girl instead of a boy. But my regrets were forgotten when one day, my eyes caught this saying in my ethics book: "Loyalty to parents is the beginning of a patriot." Then it was that I began to read eagerly of the men and women who had become famous on account of loyalty to their parents. Among many other tales was one of a boy who threw himself into a waterfall, believing that by his sacrifice his feeble father would

be given health. I was greatly impressed, and if at that time my mother had been taken ill, I doubt if I would be writing this day. There was another story of a girl who sold her hair in order to give medicine to her sick mother. This seemed to me quite an easy way to prove gratitude to parents, and that evening I went to my grandmother's room and with a deep bow said:

"Honorable grandmother, would it not be a most splendid deed if I should cut my hair and sell it? With the money I can buy Honorable Mother some sweetmeats."

I remember my grandmother's astonishment as she dropped her silver pipe into the ashes of the firebox and exclaimed:

"Foolish child! Do you not know the old saying: 'To touch even one hair is desecrating the body given by your parents, and is showing the greatest disrespect to them'?"

Indeed that proverb I had heard often enough but alas! how contradictory this world seemed. But to question my grandmother,—much more to argue with her,—never entered my mind. So I merely bowed and went away, a sadly puzzled little girl. On the way to my room, I stopped on the garden porch. Several grey doves were about to light on a pine tree, and I watched them intently for I had heard that "even a dove shows respect to its parents by perching on the third limb beneath". I saw the birds alighting on different branches, and so believed the proverb to be correct.

Another memorable event, during this time, was my first introduction to famous figures of the western world. In ethics during my six years in primary school I had learned a great deal about the lives of George Washington,

Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Florence Nightingale and many other prominent characters in western history. I admired them all, but my sympathy lay deepest with little Washington and his hatchet, for well I remembered how, with my shiny new scissors, I had snipped the ends of my long purple sleeves. Florence Nightingale, however, had the most practical influence over me, for during a certain period our backyard was filled with the whining and whimpering of lean stray dogs which I insisted on doctoring. But finally came a day when my mother's patience gave way, and I had a great problem to solve between obedience to my mother and kindness to dumb animals.

Like most Japanese girls I first came in contact with western literature through translations of American life which I read in high school. The first I read were "Little Lord Fauntleroy", called "The Little Peer", and "Sara Crewe", translated as "The Little Peeress". I could hardly spare time for school studies so enthusiastic was I as, laughing and crying, I pored over these books. The writings were so vivid, so real, so far away from convention and proverbs, and most of all—so human! Later on I read translations of "Monte Cristo", "Jean Valjean", "Little Women", and "Alice in Wonderland". I enjoyed these books because they were vivid and real. But in books as in food one desires a variety, and so it was that I also found charm in reading Japanese stories—both classic and modern. Most of the classics which we read in high school depicted the court life of old Japan. "Pillow Sketches", by Sei Shonagon, and "Tales of Lord Genji", a novel by Murasaki Shikibu, were two of the most popular. Both of these were written by court ladies of the Heian

period, over a thousand years ago. Of course these writings, being very old, were picturesque, quaint, and most fascinating. But they kept me busy running to my grandmother to ask for the meaning of words that were too old-fashioned to be found even in a dictionary. For recreation I read a great many historical novels, which gave me an insight into the life of old Japan. The convention which governs Japan is based on tradition, and without comprehension of Japanese traditions one cannot be a genuine Japanese.

Then there were modern novels which might correspond to those of Mrs. Humphry Ward or Mary Roberts Rinehart, which dealt with the people and situations of today. One which was particularly beautiful and minute in art was by Koyo Sanjin. It was called "The Demon of Gold" and was one of the most popular of novels. It was recognized as a pioneer of its kind in the field of fiction and will probably be handed down as a classic. All these were interesting and yet unsatisfactory in many ways for, as a rule, Japanese novels deal with pathetic and painful situations. Invariably the heroine is subjected to heart-rending situations, and invariably she patiently submits to fate. She is always the one to suffer, for resignation, it seems, is a unique characteristic of the Oriental. The popular writings—those which invariably find their way into the hearts of all Japanese—are mostly tragedies. In western literature, even in the most tragic of tragedies, there is an occasional ray of sunshine to brighten the sorrow, but in Japan the novels are under an everlasting gloom. My old-fashioned grandmother, however, encouraged these books, as they so beautifully pictured the self-denial and self-sacrificing spirit of woman. She would nod

her head thoughtfully as she sipped her tea and say in her soft voice:

"A woman must be beautiful in hardship like the plum in the snow—and submissive like the slender bamboo which bends before the wind!"

Once I dared venture to say:

"But Honorable Grandmother, why must women bear everything and never protest?"

My grandmother looked over her spectacles very sternly.

"What would your ancestors say to such an unwomanly speech?" she finally said. "Sorrow and burden are the glory of womanhood."

I silently submitted to my grandmother's ideals until, a few years later, a new type of fiction burst forth under the heading of "home novels" which dealt with the domestic problems of the day. One of the most famous authors of these writings was Kenjiro Tokutomi. His first novel called "The Nightingale" was a simple narration dealing with divorce, but it created such a sensation that within one year all classes,—titled people, teachers, workmen and even children of the kindergartens,—knew the tale from beginning to end. Its popularity and its influence was something like that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin". It told the story from the woman's standpoint—not from a highly emotional point of view, but leading the reader gently and mildly to a position which gave a clear perception of the utterly inexcusable conditions of divorce in Japan. Besides this book, the author wrote "The Mistletoe", "The Black Tide", "Black Eyes and Brown Eyes" and others of the same character.

I was greatly impressed with these writings of Tokutomi. First, because I, for the first time, noticed that eastern literature was being influenced by western ideals. Second, I realized

that the patient, unquestioning resignation in which Japanese women take such pride is unnatural and unjust. And so, trembling on the boundary of a belief in the individual right of woman, I stepped into my fourth period of literature.

This I began by reading translations of such books as Tolstoi's "Resurrection", Dumas's "The Lady of the Camellias", and Ibsen's "A Doll's House". Westerners might gasp to think of the reaction this would cause in a Japanese girl whose thoughts were quivering between the old and the new. But no. For just as the love scenes are removed from western moving-pictures, the translations were strictly censored. All problems were handled with such beautiful delicacy that when later on I read the originals I was greatly shocked. Admirably presented though they were, these translations invariably lacked one thing. That was, a correct interpretation of the women characters. In all cases they were depicted from an external point of view, and so the impression given of thoughts and motives was rarely true. This was the fault of the translator, for however high intellect and great power of expression he might possess, his standard of womanhood was vastly different from that of an Occidental, and he unconsciously interpreted his own conception. In every translation of "The Lady of the Camellias", the first thought of the translator is the resignation of Camille to her fate; then the dutiful sacrifice for her lover. Japanese men fail to comprehend the noble motive of her sacrifice, and when the heart of the story is left out, what is there but a beautiful empty casing?

These translations were all read widely, but the most popular of all

was that of "Resurrection". All Japan was one cry of enthusiasm. The novel was adapted for the stage; it was shown in moving-pictures; music was composed and dedicated to it. Often in the stillness of night, I have heard whistled strains of "Resurrection" mingling with the clack! clack! of wooden clogs on the hard ground as the stray steps of some unknown person passed by. These books I read with enthusiasm. But freedom of action and speech on the part of women characters shocked me; the manner in which they calmly took their place side by side with men seemed boisterous and unwomanly; but after rereading the books I frequently realized that their attitude was a matter of principle and circumstances. These characters had very little influence over me. All foreign life in literature was like an unfamiliar gown,—curious and interesting, but lacking in the practical virtue of everyday garments,—and only a dim impression was left in my mind of western women. The fiction which had the deepest effect on me was of a type dealing with problems with which I was familiar. When I say *I*—I mean the average of perhaps five girls out of every ten. The other five were girls who went directly from grammar school to assist in solving domestic problems at home. Japanese, who claim 98 per cent literacy among children of primary school age, are studious as a race. In spare times, at night, or on holidays, crowds gather at the numerous book stores which rent out books. And going to a library does not mean the passing of an hour, as it frequently does in America, but a leisurely excursion, for lunches are usually carried and the library provides a tray with a small pot of tea and an earthen cup for two cents.

In these libraries, as in those of America, a great part of the reading is fiction. Serious reading, as well, is furnished, and women's magazines are many. Both the magazines and the novels are influenced more or less by de Maupassant, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Balzac and other foreign writers. Indeed, not only fiction, but all Japanese literature of today is influenced by Occidental ideals.

To the girl whose mind was already filled with advanced ideas, this new type of literature encouraged all that is meant by the word *aggressive*, which she interpreted as *progressive*. She was called "new woman". She wore large tortoise-shell glasses; she trod heavily upon the matting; she slammed doors and boisterously debated with men on a footing of equality; she lectured to her grandparents on the vice of superstitions. In one word she was a terror to others, but to herself a model for the woman of future Japan. Such was the new woman who did not realize that all sane freedom is bound by strict social laws which punish too much freedom of action. But the life of the new woman was apparently short lived. She was too radical, and she paid dearly. Today she has quieted down and is each day nearing a sensible medium. But like the aeroplane of the war—like every new experiment—the New Woman was a sacrifice for those who are to follow. She was an example to her other sisters, for "only after seeing others can we see ourselves".

On the other hand, modern literature to the very old-fashioned and retiring girl was a blessing. The new ideas threw a new light upon her life. Up to this time, she had been cared for like a beautiful piece of art, but had rarely been given the credit of

having an independent brain. Her position had never troubled her. She accepted it as a matter of course. But with western thoughts pouring so thickly about her, how could she avoid thinking? Through magazines and books she constantly came in contact with characters of her own age and temperament, who though in a mild but decisive manner held their own. She could not but be influenced to timidly harbor in her mind a determination to think—and to act—with somewhat of independence.

Thus our literature, though far from perfect, has been the guide which has gradually been leading woman to the position which awaits her. While the restless grumbling of economic, social, and domestic problems is threatening Japan, how can she sit on silken cushions idly watching the beauty of her garden? She must follow the urgent call of heart and brain; for the feudal days, when man and woman each had their separate paths of duty, have passed. The tide of progress has risen, and man and woman together must meet new domestic conditions. Whether or not the woman of coming Japan will emerge from her over-restrained environment into a more natural and sensible medium will depend, not entirely of course but to a great extent, on the literature the girls will read. For in the case of the Japanese girl, reading is not mere recreation but a real necessity. It has more influence over her in many ways than even her parents have, as it is the main means by which she becomes familiar with the doings of the outside world. She does not have the opportunity of talking freely with men or older women, nor does she go out and observe for herself, as does the western girl. She lives in a sheltered home, where her

thoughts are moulded by reading. Picturesque Japan with its curving bridges, its flowers, and its peacefulness is slipping away. Out of its quiet the Japanese girl has stepped into a life where she must think and plan, and in trying to adapt herself to the new conditions, her puzzled hand reaches out as its surest guide—to good literature.

MERELY STATEMENT

BY AMY LOWELL

YOU sent me a sprig of mignonette,
Cool-colored, quiet, and it was wet
With green sea-spray, and the salt and the sweet
Mingled to a fragrance weary and discreet
As a harp played softly in a great room at sunset.

You said: "My sober mignonette
Will brighten your room and you will not forget."

But I have pressed your flower and laid it away
In a letter, tied with a ribbon knot.

I have not forgot.

But there is a passion-flower in my vase

Standing above a close-cleared space

In the midst of a jumble of papers and books.

The passion-flower holds my eyes,

And the light-under-light of its blue and purple dyes

Is a hot surprise.

How then can I keep my looks

From the passion-flower leaning sharply over the books?

When one has seen

The difficult magnificence of a queen

On one's table,

Is one able

To observe any color in a mignonette?

I will not think of sunset, I crave the dawn,

With its rose-red light on the wings of a swan,

And a queen pacing slowly through the Parthenon,

Her dress a stare of purple between pillars of stone.

CURRENT TASTE IN FICTION: A QUARTERLY SURVEY

BY JOHN WALCOTT

I SOMETIMES find myself groping for a new word. I want a word with a meaning that we don't get out of "fiction" or "novel" or even "story" in its common use. I want a word that will mean beyond doubt the real story, the "honest-to-God" story, the story with feet and bowels. The story that is born, not made; that springs from a true creative impulse instead of being scamped up out of the tag-ends of other peoples' work, or vamped up out of the shoddy "whole cloth" any verbal mechanic has in his locker. I don't care what *kind* of story it is, I don't care whether it has a recognizable plot, or merely jogs along between two stations. I don't care whether it makes my spine curl or my eyes water or my brow lift with the pride of comprehension. I don't care whether it reminds me of Jane Austen or Jack London or Defoe or Henry James or (as is conceivable) nobody at all. But I do care, with all the health that is in me, whether it is a real story, or a feeble bluff at one, or a deliberate imitation of one.

This, let me repeat with all permissible passion, is what any decent critic or true booklover is really excited about, whether he knows it or not. What his soul asks him is not whether the book he has taken up and spent good time on is the kind of book he likes best, or the kind of book he would

like to write, or the kind of book that is best for the beloved public; but whether it's an honest job and therefore worth the trouble of any honest and at least rudimentarily intelligent reader. After all, it is for this fellow that the books, even the novels, are supposed to be written. No storyteller calls out from his booth: "Look you, my cheerful idiots, come hither, and I will spin you the kind of yarn you deserve!" He gives quite the other kind of hail, thanking his auditors in advance for their well-known discrimination and—taste.

Taste! what crimes are committed. . . . It is all very well for us to have shaken off the old connotations of the word, the finicking exactions of its use as a vehicle for purely æsthetic judgments. We don't want back the "man of taste" of Queen Anne's day or the æsthete of the Yellow Nineties. But we don't need to flatter ourselves on the prospect of replacing him altogether with the man in the street, unless the man in the street can be educated to the point of insisting on his money's worth out of literature, among other things. He is fussy enough about an honest article in most "lines". He wants something that is soap or medicine, instead of looking or smelling like it, or even wearing a similar label. Now of course a novel isn't in the same case.

A chemist can take your soap and your medicine and prove to you what is the matter with them. He can show you that all you get from your Purona is the slight momentary kick of its alcoholic content. You may keep on indulging in the kick, but at least you will know what you are about. But the critic can't perform any such office for the book public—not because he isn't capable of it, but because the public, speaking of the majority, won't be shown. In an up-to-date and triumphant democracy your critic has no generally acknowledged status. Not, at least, when we speak in millions. There may be a few thousands who don't mind hearing what he has to say if he keeps pretty strictly to matters of information and impression, and doesn't try to "put anything over" on them in the way of expert advice. Perhaps the situation might be put a little more optimistically. But not much. It simply can't be denied that when we give any such meaning to the word *taste* as it had in eighteenth-century England or now has in distracted Europe, it can be supposed to concern a tiny fraction of our hundred millions.

Is this remark obviously the complaint of a professional book-taster and critic? List then to the testimony of a real story-teller. Mrs. Wharton's "French Ways and Their Meaning" is a little book, written in wartime, which tries to interpret French civilization to the too-casual American observer. These papers constitute not an apology but, you might say in the current slang—"a propaganda". Mrs. Wharton sees in French civilization an institution not only vastly older than ours, but vastly superior in various respects—notably in intellectual honesty and in taste.

I suppose it must have been some Frenchman who perpetrated the Philistine crack about *chacun à son goût*. But it must have been almost exclusively outside France that the phrase struck an answering chord. Certainly it represents the characteristic Anglo-American attitude rather than the characteristic French attitude. And French taste, as Mrs. Wharton believes and causes us to believe, is a national possession: "It is not art, but it is the atmosphere in which art lives, and outside of which it cannot live. It is the regulating principle of all art, of the art of dress and manners, and of living in general, as well as of sculpture or music." And this vital sense of beauty, of the fitting thing, of "form", in one aspect or another, is very closely bound up with the other national attribute she emphasizes—intellectual honesty. In this connection Mrs. Wharton says some devastating and indisputable things about our vaunted educational system and its results. The French, we are reminded, are not seized in masses by the state and hand-fed with grummets of information into a conceit of learning. Says our outspoken citizeness:

There are more people who can read in the United States, but what do they read? The whole point, as far as any real standard goes, is there. If the ability to read carries the average man no higher than the gossip of his neighbors, if he asks nothing more nourishing out of books and the theatre than he gets hanging about the store, the bar, and the street-corner, then culture is bound to be dragged down to him instead of his being lifted up by culture.

Alas, the word *culture*, as I think Mrs. Wharton notes elsewhere, is itself a term of mockery to our grammar-schooled, Sunday-supplemented citizens. And so is *taste*, if you are understood to mean anything by it. In these quarterly articles on current taste I have pretty steadily refrained

from meaning anything by it—anything actionable or uncomfortably high-browed, and have mainly confined myself to notes on the kind or kinds of fiction most in demand, at latest accounts. This is a matter of interest, in itself: but especially to me, after all, as it relates to the more important matter: the condition of the public taste in the higher meaning—the public sense of beauty in—and fitness in—life and in art. What do we public-schooled, Sunday-supplemented citizens need more than that? And how are we going to get it if we don't even suspect that it exists?

I notice that the latest novel of Harold Bell Wright stands proudly at the head of THE BOOKMAN'S recent lists of books in demand at libraries the country over. I may be wrong, but I have the impression that this is a gesture of some note on the part of THE BOOKMAN. Hitherto there seems to have been something like a gentleman's agreement (or shall we say a conspiracy of silence?) among our assessors and tabulators of fiction, as regards the work of this writer. I should say it was based on the feeling that, from the critical or even the common-sense point of view, there were two kinds of novels in the market, just as there were two kinds of motor-cars. There were real novels and Wrights, as there were real automobiles and Fords. The idea was that Mr. Wright reached an altogether separate market or constituency, which could properly be left out of the reckoning by critics if not by statisticians. I don't remember that his name used to appear in the old BOOKMAN list of best sellers; though there has always been a Wright book at or near the top of the market, I suppose, for a good many years. Yet here he

now appears, leading the field in the public libraries of the country, handed out to the people by the official custodians of the printed word, and eagerly called for by the public-schooled patrons of canned music, get-a-move-on drama, and carnegied print.

I don't mean to bring up the picture of this writer as creeping by night into the stronghold of letters, while its rightful guardians moon-gazed or winked the other eye. The authorities have long seen him coming, and have briefly and vigorously expressed their opinion of him from time to time. There is nothing miraculous about him to criticism. All the mawkishness of popular religion, all the claptrap of the movie, all the rot and slither of commercial "heart interest", and something of the taint of sex curiosity are in these books; and millions do them reverence. It must have been about five years ago that Owen Wister made mincemeat of them (another real author and not merely a peevish professional critic). But though he on that occasion destroyed Mr. Wright and his works utterly, to the pleasure of a few, neither Mr. Wright nor his works nor his readers would appear to have known anything about it!

The simple truth is that Mr. Wright and his works are precisely what a huge part of "the people" want. They express the perfect negation of taste, yet (and this is what any lover of decency resents) they pretend to appeal to taste. Somehow, with their tawdry magic, they cheat their half-baked millions into thinking they are getting something real, something that possesses elements of fitness and worth.... Since writing this sentence I have turned to Mr. Wister's old "Atlantic" article, "Quack Novels and Democracy", and find that his

chief grievance is the same as mine: "The Quack-novel is (mostly) harmful; not always because it is poisonous (though this occurs), but because it pretends to be literature and is taken for literature by the millions who swallow it year after year as their chief mental nourishment, and whose brains it saps and dilutes." Mr. Wister in that article seems to have taken a jaundiced view of all things American. He says we prefer quackery. The reason he gives is interesting in connection with Mrs. Wharton's comment. He says the reason we prefer shams is because we have been trained to intellectual dishonesty, fed on words and pretenses in our social and political as well as our literary life.

I hope Owen Wister thinks a little better of us by now. Certainly if he has followed the trend of American publishing during the past two or three years, he must have been a good deal cheered by the increase in sound American fiction which has found a good hearing. Mr. Wright still marches on; and it is not altogether true that his following is a separate following. You will find his readers in strange places, among people who mention Shakespeare and Henry James with approval but secretly prefer the mountebankery and the fakery of Messrs. Chaplin and Wright. There are always gaps in the fence that officially parts the sheep from the goats, and those who keep on their own side during the daytime do not always stay there of their bosom's choice.

How much of what we commonly call taste is really fad or follow-my-leader? Where does the "have you read the latest So-and-So" begin and end? What is the head and tail of popularity in the making? Whereby hangs the tale of bloated editions and

clamoring customers for the author who yesterday was a drug in the market? What secret or chance of adroit pushing has caused this book to "catch on" or speeded up that one long after its first publication? What local tendency or susceptibility may have prevailed to carry a story through a whole segment of the country while it is ignored or idly hearkened to elsewhere? Here, for example, are the North Central States reported as calling for Bojer's "The Great Hunger", while the South Central States cling fatuously to "The Tin Soldier",—surely a notable contrast of the real and the sham, the legitimate and the quack article, in fiction. Who knows what slight incident may start the ball of fashion rolling, gathering bulk as it grows; a certain author has to be "done", a certain book "taken" for the sake of one's standing at the woman's club or (let us say for the sake of civility) in the smoking-car. Even climate, according to a recent contributor to THE BOOKMAN, has a good deal to do with the kind of thing people instinctively turn toward. That contributor instanced the gladsome Californian's turning toward gladsome fiction. He mentioned Pollyanna: how would he (and stalwart Californians) account, I wonder, for the fact that "Pollyanna" is reported to be extraordinarily popular in Japan? An instance of the cunning of the Oriental who loses no opportunity to "get next" to his neighbor's peculiarities?

One might roughly generalize that in the West and the outdoor countries and places, there is a ready market for the literature of primitive sentimentalism, while among the city-dwellers and the civilization-bound, red blood and active adventure have on the whole the preference. But it is always dangerous to lay much

weight on this kind of generalization. What one needs as foundation for any judgment of the state of public taste is a preliminary classification of the public. If the booksellers and the libraries could tell us not merely what kinds of novel are most called for, but what kinds of client or customer call for them, we might have one step taken toward an estimate. And if we could then work out the formula, determining the balancing point between the proper weight of the intelligent minority who choose and in the main find the best, and the unintelligent majority who suppose what they like is the best, we should be a step farther. Then indeed we might begin to talk about "taste" with a fair chance of meaning something besides the bulk of the librarians' calls or of the booksellers' receipts.

But the confusing fact rears its head even here, that constituencies cannot always be railed off from each other with any certainty. The wisest men relish a little nonsense now and then, and many fairly wise ones even relish a little banality. Perhaps the main trouble with us as a nation is not so much that we are too ready to patronize the second-rate or the banal in literature or the drama, as that we don't know that it is second-rate. Mrs. Wharton makes an interesting distinction in this connection, between the American movie-going public which finds its ideal of drama in the movies, and the French movie-going public which does not for a moment deceive itself as to the inferior nature of its indulgence, and looks for higher enjoyment to the *Comédie Française*. Taste in America as in England is still confined to that company "fit though few" which is the best that modern civilization can offer, outside of France, in contrast with the culture

of old Athens. Old Boston had something of it a generation ago; but her glory is departed. Her sacred Symphony Orchestra is tottering, and her theatres are given over frankly to the spectacles of Broadway. There is a literary Boston of today, as well as a literary New York,—little oases in a vast desert of vulgarity or mediocrity.

Of the country at large one hopeful thing may be safely said. However proportional numbers may record the triumph of the vulgar or the banal in fiction, in absolute numbers there is a rapidly increasing audience for fiction of good quality, of all kinds. As for the kinds just now most in demand. For the sake of getting on, we may dismiss sentimental romance and red-blooded adventure, with the mention of their continued and perhaps increasing popularity. The other staple varieties of novel also are holding their own about as usual. In one field, that of "psychic" mystery, there has been steady advance this year. That is in part a war effect, and will probably be in evidence for some time.

But the most striking after-the-war phenomenon in the field of fiction, is the continually expanding list of translations from foreign sources—Italian, Spanish, French, Scandinavian, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Balkan—books whose ready acceptance at the hands of a fair part of the American reading public proves our rapidly growing sense of the kinship of races and nations. Thus indirectly, at least, the war already has acted as a powerful agent toward an international understanding, which might be a good thing to nibble at a bit before we try to swallow the whole hog of universal brotherhood. Here again the tendency to follow the leader and to move in droves has thus far been unfortunate. I suppose ten Americans have

read "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" to one who has read any other of the many foreign translations which have been put forth within the past year. Yet Blasco Ibáñez is far from being the only pebble on the beach even of current Spanish letters. However, there is evidently a growing constituency of readers who are disposed to reach out for themselves and try their own choosing from these not so strange foreign dishes. One

thing has been revealed to us with surprising clearness: that the work of many of these "foreigners", especially the Spaniards and the Scandinavians, is vastly more our own sort, in humor and in common sense and all that they connote, than the work of those Russians and even those Frenchmen among whom, before the war, we found our only and sufficiently dubious doors of escape from Anglo-American fiction.

A REVEALING BIOGRAPHY

BY OSCAR L. JOSEPH

HE is a bold man who would add another volume on the life and work of the Apostle Paul to the vast library on this subject. And yet as we consider the extensive researches and discoveries of scholars which have thrown unexpected light on the history of the first century, we see how an author who reckons with these findings should be able to present the career of the greatest pioneer of universal Christianity in a way that compels attention. Such an interpretation is all the more necessary, in view of the present confusion as to the essential truth of Christianity and of uncertainty as to what constitutes real leadership.

The Apostle Paul was the central and outstanding figure of the first century. During succeeding centuries the charm of his character, the spell of his influence, and the effects of his work have steadily increased in significance and worth. We think of him

as a prophet of religion, as a missionary of the Christian Gospel, as a pastor of the Church. He was distinguished by unique originality, daring independence, exuberant faith, courageous initiative, extraordinary vigor, unlimited enthusiasm, exquisite courtesy, unusual common sense, and exceptional success in achievement. These are exactly the qualifications demanded of our leaders in every walk of life, as we are recovering from the welter and desolation of the war, and are about to enter a new day, whose coming is delayed by the incompetence of those who are supposed to usher in its dawn.

For these reasons and for many more, we welcome this volume on St. Paul by Professor David Smith. This author is well known by his volume on "The Days of His Flesh", which at one stride took the foremost place among the many lives of Jesus Christ and holds the field without a peer.

The fact that his latest book is already in its twelfth edition in England, since November of last year, is a remarkable testimony to its value, especially when it is remembered that its price is twenty-one shillings. The book is written by an acknowledged scholar, whose scholarship is of that ripe sort that never intrudes itself and does not get lost in unbalanced attention to petty details or non-essential side issues. His point of view is well expressed in the preface:

Controversy is a foolish and futile employment; and I have endeavored to portray St. Paul simply as I have perceived him during long years of loving and delightful study of the sacred memorials of his life and labor, mentioning the views of others only as they served to illustrate and confirm my own. And I would fain hope that I have written nothing discourteous, nothing hurtful. This were indeed a grievous offence in the story of one who, amid much provocation, continually bore himself as the very pattern of a Christian gentleman.

The lay mind, unfamiliar with the technicalities of learning, will find this volume as readable and refreshing as will the professional mind, versed in questions of theology and history. Dr. Smith has moreover produced a work of genuine literature. He has a lucid style, a finely poised imagination, deep historical insight, a rich understanding of religious values, and a full grasp of the profoundest scholarship. He has thus written a volume that unquestionably takes rank with the great biographies of recent times. There is not a dull page. Those who are interested in the records of heroism, sacrifice, and accomplishment will make a great mistake if they overlook or neglect this surpassing recital of the story of one of the most remarkable and versatile among the makers of history.

The ancient world lives again in these vivid pages. Its problems and difficulties, the menace of underhand

opposition, the emptiness of religious faith are set forth as in a spacious background. Into this lurid atmosphere of a discordant world there entered the Gospel of a new life. What a picturesque panorama passes before our vision as we follow the activities of the Apostle, who "addressed himself, with a devotion which never flagged, to the high enterprise of winning the Gentile world for the Faith of Christ". Incredible difficulties were bravely overcome, and St. Paul invariably wrested victory out of the jaws of defeat. On the defection in Galatia, Dr. Smith writes:

It is characteristic of impulsive natures that their generous impulses quickly flag; and so it was with the Galatians. They started bravely on the Christian race, but they soon tired; they were lavish in their generosity to the Apostle, when he first came among them, but their affection presently cooled and they turned against him; and recently they had evinced their disposition in a somewhat sordid fashion.

St. Paul encountered intense opposition from his own countrymen, who were constantly on his trail in a determined effort to checkmate his mission. His martyrdom was at last brought about by these inveterate enemies, who succeeded in turning the tables against him. But their temporary success was destined to react against them, for out of his tragic execution there came a renaissance of power which gave to Christianity an exhilaration that the checks and changes of time have not been able to destroy.

The story is that, when his head was struck off, it rebounded thrice, and each time it smote the ground, a living fountain gushed forth possessing a healing virtue, whence the name *Aquæ Salvæ*, "the Healing Waters". And there is a heart of truth in the beautiful legend. Like the superscription on the Cross in Hebrew and Greek and Latin, the Three Fountains aptly symbolise the Apostle's Gospel of world-wide salvation.

One of the most attractive parts of this volume is the translation of the

epistles into modern English. The text is accompanied by a running exposition which takes note of the thought and purpose of these rich writings, and sets them in their historical context in a way that the average mind can understand. On the other hand, the scholar will find a great deal of suggestion from the extensive footnotes, which discuss the deeper questions of Biblical learning on subjects that are not always familiar even to the general run of scholars. It is well that these matters are relegated to the notes and are not allowed to interfere with the text. The descriptions of the cities and conditions of the Roman Empire are both accurate and thorough. A deep understanding of the tumultuous currents of political, social, and religious life gives to this narrative the merit of exceptional worth. For instance, read the accounts of such places as Lystra, Troas, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, Rome, and you find yourself breathing the very life and atmosphere of those centres of a bygone day. Then turn to the sections on nautical matters and you feel as though an expert were giving his testimony. And so with all other related questions.

Here is an illustration of New Testament Greek clothed in virile English:

Let your love be unaffected. Abhor what is evil; cleave to what is good. In the matter of brotherly friendship have a friendly affection for each other; in the matter of honor give each other precedence; in earnestness be un-

slacking, in spirit fervent, the Lord's slaves; in your hope rejoice, in your distress endure, in your prayer persevere; have fellowship with the necessities of the saints; prosecute hospitality. Share one another's interests; harbor no lofty ambitions but embark on the stream of lowly duties.... Be not conquered by evil, but conquer evil with good. (*Romans, chapter XII, 9ff.*)

The discussion of the encyclical letter known as the epistle to the Romans can hardly be improved. Questions of doctrine are considered without logical technicalities or subtleties, and the unique message of the Christian redemption is set forth with a conclusiveness that gives to the Apostle's exposition of Christianity quite a modern accent.

There is no book on the Apostle Paul which gives so clear and full an account of his closing ministry and martyrdom as is found here. This period of his life is obscure, but Dr. Smith gathers material from unfamiliar sources and reconstructs the background and foreground with singular ability, in harmony with historical facts and in accord with the character of the man whose end was worthy of his militant career. We are indeed happy to have this literary portrait of one of the noblest men by an artist of vision and passion, who is withal possessed of a choice vocabulary, with a delicate sense of the fine shades of the meaning and use of words.

The Life and Letters of St. Paul. By the Rev. David Smith, M.A., D.D. George H. Doran Company.

POTPOURRI

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

HERE are six books, all classifiable from the book-vendor's standpoint under that blessed blanket-heading, "belles-lettres"; four of them need not long detain us. Ralph Bergengren's "The Perfect Gentleman" consists of ten short papers on such topics as To Bore or Not to Bore, As a Man Dresses, In the Chair (not the electric chair), and so forth. Pleasant enough, to be sure, but, to mention only Americans, one might name at least three essayists who do this sort of thing much more capably. From another press proceeds (if the verb be not altogether too sedate for such a lively brochure) MacGregor Jenkins's "Literature with a Large L", a sage yet merry little book which rightly has no bowels of mercy for "the strange folk who seem to spend an inordinate amount of time and energy in making up their minds whether or not a book stands the test of what they somewhat vaguely call 'technical analysis', quite unmindful of the vastly more important question as to whether the book gives inspiration and pleasure. Such a person seems to be in the same general class with the man who spends his entire life measuring the length of babies' noses." And he cites the truly awful case of a solemn friend of his who was worried by the fact that "The Wind in the Willows", as he said, "lacked

scale". Mr. Jenkins has the right idea. This tiny tome of his deserves a place on the book-shelf beside Arnold Bennett's vivacious treatise on the acquisition of literary taste. For the plain American man there are no better primers.

Making excellent use of the various and sundry memoirs, reminiscences, and letters dealing with the lives of his sitters, that experienced painter of souls, Gamaliel Bradford, presents us with eight "Portraits of American Women" from Abigail Adams to Emily Dickinson. A sound and workmanlike series of biographical interpretations of which that of Louisa M. Alcott is one of the most attractive. The future historian of American culture will find these portraits invaluable.

In "Books and Things" Philip Littell, of "The New Republic" editorial staff, has assembled a chosen thirty-six of his contributions to that alert and knowledgeable weekly. In one of the lighter of these papers he wittily educes the influence of G. K. C. upon the President's prose; in another he discourses with acumen on the Bondage of Shaw; and in later essays he says some first-rate things about Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and other eminent Victorians. It warms the cockles of one's heart to hear Max Beerbohm un-

equivocally called "an immortal writer" by a critic whose pages indicate that he knows what a classic is, and has read English books born a long time before 1890. For Max is as veritably of the true succession as Horace Walpole.

There remain two books which insist upon somewhat fuller notice: Arthur Waugh's "Tradition and Change", and Paul Elmer More's latest instalment of Shelbourne essays, "With the Wits"—both good specimens of the best work of what is sometimes loosely called "the conservative school" of criticism in England and America respectively. Mr. Waugh's fine group of "studies in contemporary literature"—for so his book is sub-entitled—includes essays on Lionel Johnson, Stephen Phillips, and James Elroy Flecker; two papers on Arthur Symonds as poet and critic; and shorter treatments of Galsworthy, Conrad, Butler, John Freeman, and others. Every writer he discusses has done significant creative work, and in all these three hundred pages there is hardly one without its special insight and acuteness. "Tradition and Change" is obviously the work of one who is no longer young. Not that time in its course has staled this critic's zest for the fine things in life and in books, nor that, so to speak, he has hardened in a mould; but a certain smoothness and mellow quality as of the middle years is discoverable throughout, and one may readily perceive that Mr. Waugh is a little wistfully conscious that a generation knowing not Joseph, has risen up to turn iconoclast on the gods of its predecessor's tradition. Not the least palmary value of these essays is that, with urbane insistence, they remind the reader of the necessity of a broad perspective to any sound view of lit-

erature, and attest eloquently to the existence of permanent standards of taste. "Through them all", writes the author, "there will probably be traced a single prevailing concept—the estimate of literature which Oxford was accustomed to instil into her sons as the very birthright of her citizenship: that all sound literary expression must maintain its loyalty to the high traditions of the past, and the very essences of its being are beauty of imagination and dignity of utterance."

Mr. Waugh therefore will not be lenient toward pretentiousness, ugliness, or incompetence. In his essay, "The New Poetry", he analyzes with great skill and sympathy some of the work of the chief "Georgian" poets, and while nothing escapes him that is memorable or beautiful in the performance of such singers as Gibson, Abercrombie, and Bottomley, he does not hesitate to make it quite clear that these men "continually distract the reader's attention from the author's meaning by thrusting into the foreground a sense of the unrestrained and even violent fashion in which that meaning is striving to get itself expressed". Abercrombie he justly praises for his "rich and clustered imagery", but notes wisely that the poet "appears to have hurled himself into the effort of creation before properly digesting his material, and to be content to accept as finished work what ought to have been recognized as the first rough notes or 'trial balance' of his composition." All this is keen, and admirably expressed; indeed "The New Poetry", besides being the most penetrating piece of criticism in the book, is also the best brief treatment of the Georgians that one remembers having seen. There is a well-rounded study of Stephen Phillips which made one reader decide that the issue of "The

Fortnightly Review" in which it originally appeared was well worth preserving. A re-perusal confirms the belief that as a judicious critical summary of that meteoric talent, this essay—with that of Arthur Symonds in "The Quarterly"—will always be indispensable to a thorough understanding of the author of "Marpessa" and "Nero". In one place, though, Mr. Waugh loses his critical head. Perhaps there is some truth in his enthusiastic declaration that "Paolo and Francesca" is "simply alive with beauty and with beautiful lines"; but when having quoted the well-known lines in the play wherein the protagonists indulge in such breathless exchanges as,—

FRANC. Thy armour glimmered in a gloom of green.

PAOLO. Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?

FRANC. Or did we set a sail in Carthage bay?

he goes on to asseverate that "no love lyric ever exceeded the intensity of the duologue, and the beauty of the language is as deep and languorous as the moonlit atmosphere it fills"—we gasp "astonied" and decide that Padraic Colum knew better when in a certain brief article on Phillips, he expressed with no uncertainty the conviction that "Paolo and Francesca might have learnt such sentences off a drawing-room calendar". Yet in all fairness this is the only flaw in a perfect appraisal. In an age not noticeably prolific in good literary criticism, a book like "Tradition and Change" is a landmark.

Very different from Arthur Waugh's critical work is that of Paul Elmer More. For one thing the Shelbourne essayist's range is much wider. When, in the general index appended to this volume, we scan the long list of subjects upon which for several years past he has been holding forth, we

cannot but marvel at Mr. More's omniscience, for omniscience, indeed, appears to be his fad: he has taken all the kingdoms of literature for his province. One sees him always against the sophisticated background of his exclusive shelves,—those exquisitely appointed shelves with everything in its sacred place and all the very latest monographs meetly arranged beside the latest editions. Mr. Waugh, on the contrary, is a much less professional person and is easily envisaged for what he is—a plain English "scholar and gentleman" content, doubtless, with his pocket Pickerings and swearing by the well-thumbed Conington and Munro of his New College days. Quite likely he wrote these essays and reviews under a tree in his Hampstead garden with scribbling-pad on knee and pipe in mouth, now and then making mental note of a reference to be verified upon his return to the bookroom in which his more or less ragged veterans are housed.

"With the Wits" contains ten essays dealing with the "wits" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Beginning with a study of Beaumont and Fletcher, Mr. More advances to treat successively of the writings of George Savile—First Marquis of Halifax, Aphra Behn, Swift, Pope, Lady Wortley Montagu, Bishop Berkeley (to the exceeding beauty of whose language in the "Dialogues Between Hy-las and Philonous" he pays tribute in a charming conceit: "[here] if ever anywhere since Plato taught in the Academy, the sybil of metaphysics and the muse of literature kissed"), Philip—Duke of Wharton, and the Letters of Gray. He concludes with an essay on the "wits" of the eighteenth century, a review of Holbrook Jackson's well-known work on the period.

The essays on Pope and Gray seem the best, as they are certainly the most interesting, of the collection. The greatness of the art that produced "The Rape of the Lock" is in need of constant reiteration in these days when so few follow the example of Austin Dobson in flinging "their cap for Polish and for Pope!" Mr. More well likens the finish of Pope's best verse to that last perfection of craftsmanship out of which was wrought the beauty of a Japanese sword-guard. Satire is of course not the highest reach of poetry, and Pope is undeniably at his greatest as satirist. Still, it is salutary to realize—as Mr. Mackail has lately reminded us in the 1919 Leslie Stephen lecture (probably the final word on Pope for this generation)—that it was not the Horace of the Odes but Horace the satirist, *Orazio satiro*, whom Dante ranked among the five great poets. Our critic is right also in stressing Gray's beautiful accessibility to all the seductions of English landscape, though Mr. More goes too far when he affirms that "not Wordsworth himself has expressed the beauty of the country about Skiddaw more lovingly than Gray has done in his Journal". Gray's scientific knowledge of nature was more thorough than Wordsworth's—though he lagged far behind Wordsworth in profound insight—and he could chronicle the changes of the seasons with as exquisite an exactitude as even White of Selborne.

It is unfortunately difficult to speak with restraint of the last essay in the book. Toward the young men of the Yellow Book period Mr. More adopts an irritatingly superior tone and—though they had their abundant failings—is at moments brutally unjust. It is hardly less than cheap playing to the dress-circle to write as he does of Dowson and Thompson "mingling their religion with the fumes of alcohol and opium". Rarely, too, we may hope, have words more foolish or more cruel than these been penned: "It may be unkind to say it, but one cannot study the lives of these men without feeling that the conversion of so many of them, including Aubrey Beardsley, to Catholicism, was only another manifestation of the same illusion of the decadent as that which speaks in his theories of art." Mr. More is, if course, not alone in his view of Catholicism as little more than a hospice for timid and febrile spirits, but what right has he to decry in so knowing a tone that passion of humility and sorrow out of which these errant ones sought the "Blessed Vision of Peace" in the dark lonely night of their wayfaring?

The Perfect Gentleman. By Ralph Bergengren. The Atlantic Monthly Press.
 Literature with a Large L. By MacGregor Jenkins. Houghton Mifflin Co.
 Portraits of American Women. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Co.
 Books and Things. By Philip Littell. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
 Tradition and Change. By Arthur Waugh. E. P. Dutton and Co.
 With the Wits. By Paul Elmer More. Houghton Mifflin Co.

RUSSIAN NEWS||BY WAY ,OF THE BOOK-SHELF

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE realist is coming into his own in the case of Russia. International relations have reached the point where facts are reasserting their supreme importance over illusions. For almost six years, propaganda with its sly devices and its pseudo-patriotic sanction has smothered the news by its plausible record of what someone wished the news might be, and a civilized world has known as little of the actual course of events as in the Dark Ages. The truth about the enemy in war and about our allies in the conflict has been hedged about no more than the motives of our own government, but the happy hunting ground of the propagandist has been the land of forgotten tsars. The truth about Russia in press and on platform has been subordinated to the ulterior aims of bitterly conflicting social doctrines.

Fate and time, however, work against the propagandist who may even be driven back to the facts to save his face. In this kind of a dilemma all but the most bigoted apologists in Russian illusion find themselves today, and they may seek refuge in such realists and news gatherers as Colonel Raymond Robins of the American Red Cross, and Lieutenant Etienne Antonelli, military attaché of the French Embassy in Petrograd—although they listened with bad grace to the earlier record of fact

of such men as Professor Edward Alsworth Ross and Arthur Ransome.

There is something ironic in our return to news by way of the bookshelf. It is as if the book in its casual character had waited for its more blatant journalistic cousin to complete a long and fiery and careless speech, and then had stepped quietly to the rostrum and with calm assurance had said, "It is my turn now."

There is something equally disconcerting in finding the most dispassionate and accurate news vendors of Bolshevism among its opponents. Perhaps, though, it is in the nature of the case to look for unbiased narration and analyses of facts from confident opponents rather than from the most temperate of defenders. At any rate, Colonel Robins and Lieutenant Antonelli do not disguise their opposition to the theory and the actuality of the proletarian dictatorship in Moscow.

Many Americans are already acquainted with the news contained in Colonel Robins's narrative, as set down by William Hard. Official repression and editorial misrepresentation have not succeeded in stifling his voice completely, but his story, already published in magazine form, is now available for the first time as a whole. It stands out in this consecutive form as the most vigorous, the most pic-

turesque, as well as the most truthful record in English of the birth of Bolshevism through the Soviet. The period covered by Robins's record, from the summer of 1917 until May, 1918, is unquestionably the most stirring and significant single epoch of the Russian Revolution, as far as the upheaval has developed to this time. It was then when motives were most loudly proclaimed, when personalities were revealed in passionate encounter, when whole masses of humanity were roused to action and decision in the intensity of a new world in the making. To this scene and this spectacle, Robins brought a mind mature and eager to understand, and a courage ready to accept events whether they developed as he wished them to do or not.

Robins labored against Bolshevism in Petrograd itself. He labored against Bolshevism, and is publicly recorded to have labored against it, all through the period while Russia was making its choice between Kerensky and Lenin. Robins has been consistently and continuously anti-Bolshevik, in America and in Russia; but he saw the failure of our diplomacy in Russia; and he had a chance to perceive the reason, the instructive reason.

He calls it the Indoor Mind.

The Indoor Mind goes to a country like Russia, where 7 per cent of the population had been masters of everything. It finds the 7 per cent swept out of mastery and the 93 per cent in full control, with twelve million rifles in their hands. But it gives itself to the 7 per cent. It gives itself to drawing-rooms, dinner-parties, tea-tables, palaces, boulevard restaurants. There it hears at last about a thing called a Soviet. But what does it hear?

It hears that the Soviet is a deliberately wicked and artificial thing. It hears that the Petrograd Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, and the Moscow Soviet, and the Irkutsk Soviet, and all the other Soviets springing up at almost every crossroad all over the fifteen hundred miles from Archangel to Odessa and all over the six thousand miles from Kieff to Vladivostok, are produced by the machinations of the agents of the Kaiser. They are a German intrigue. That is what the Indoor Mind hears, and it believes it.

And what turns out to be the fact? The fact, as proved by events subsequent, soon subsequent, turns out to be that these Soviets, instead of being a mere German intrigue, were a

tidal wave of irresistible popular emotion, as spontaneous, as Russian, as a folk-song on the Volga.

Never, says Robins, never in this age of emotions of peoples, in this age of movements of populations, will diplomacy be able to deal with foreign politics till it discards the Indoor for the Outdoor Mind.

With this outdoor mind, Raymond Robins watched Lenin seize the power for the proletariat and consolidate that power step by step; and he watched the process with keener understanding and from a surer vantage point than any other agent of official America. Mistakes of judgment he made in interpreting some of his observations, as almost all of us who were correspondents in Petrograd and Moscow at that time agreed. Such a mistake was his conclusion that Russia through the Bolsheviks could be induced to denounce the treaty of Brest-Litovsk if the United States would promise aid. What he did not see was that Russia neither would nor could continue the active struggle against Germany without a breathing space, and that no active struggle could be effective until the newly-conceived Red Army had been recruited and roused to action by such an apparent attack on the Revolution as the Allied Intervention.

What he did see and see clearly, though against his wish, was the submission of the vast majority of the Russian people to the Bolshevik will—passively or actively it mattered not as long as there was no formidable active resistance. What he did see was that if Lenin had taken German gold, he had taken it to use against German and all other imperial and capitalist power in his own good time. Understanding Bolshevism as a definitely conceived social philosophy, and with faith that by competition and comparison with his own philosophy it can not survive, he merely asks that

it be permitted to prove or disprove its claim to function effectively for humanity.

His transcriber paraphrases him:

If the Soviet Producers' Republic can out-compete the American system in the economic world, it deserves to win. If it gets outcompeted by us, it will be inexorably obliged to modify itself and remake itself on our model. In the competition of intercourse the American Republic, the American system, has the field in which by merit it can demonstrably and conclusively win and make the Soviet system demonstrably and conclusively lose.

"Bolshevik Russia", Lieutenant Antonelli's narrative, comes as a late but welcome defender of French logic. Somehow, it is not so strange that the wiles of propaganda absorbed our more emotional mentality. The gold brick probably has no counterpart in any another nation's slang. To the French, however, we have always looked for the dispassionate intellect in its most severe, uncompromising perfection. The loss of French savings in the repudiated Russian bonds, on top of the superhuman strain of the war, was too much for all but the most Spartan of Gallic minds.

But in Antonelli, French logic regains its poise. His record, covering almost the same period as that of Robins in point of experience, has a much broader historic background and a more carefully scientific sociological basis, a reflection of his occupation of the chair of political economy at the University of Poitiers before the war. He analyzes with his incisive French mentality the Russian character and finds in it a strong urge toward the "absolute" quality of mind, a love for abstractions in thinking, an intellectual curiosity. He finds, too, a lack of regard for the viewpoint of the individual which is incredible to the Occidental nations—a collective living and thinking which is oriental in nature and which ex-

plains many phases of the upheaval.

With the same native realism, he disposes of many of the misconceptions of the Revolution which propaganda has built up. He brushes away the legend of the patriotic nature of the first revolution. He asserts by direction and indirection the flexibility of Bolshevik tactics as a counter to the popular notion of their doctrinaire strictness. He shows again and again how Lenin gains his ends by "adopting a passive attitude, disintegrating the opposing force from within, but avoiding as much as possible open and direct conflict." He bears witness to the immunity of the church in Bolshevik Russia except where the church persists in its allegiance to the tsarist order. He makes clear the helplessness of the middle parties in the nature of the economic and social catastrophe which opened the door to the birth of Bolshevism. He explains the military tyranny of Lenin in the face of Bolshevism's passionate pacifism by showing how class struggle, no matter how violent, is conceived as the only sure path to an ultimately secure peace. He sees the overlapping of authority and the widespread inefficiency which have accompanied the Revolution as proofs to the Russian mind of their newfound freedom. Instead of chafing under the material conditions of life as so many other guests of the Revolution have done, he understands the underlying fact that life goes on long after the normally conceived minimum has been reached and passed. "It seemed as if each one had agreed to make just sufficient effort to prevent the whole from coming to a complete standstill." And again he writes, "It was a case of instinctive ordered incoherence."

In all careful and accurate news-

gathering, the spirit of history is innate. At least, here are the raw materials of history. It is interesting, therefore, to note the conclusions of so conscientious a recorder of the contemporary scene as Lieutenant Antonelli.

He says early in his narrative:

Perhaps, indeed, unbiased history will have to recognize that by their efforts to keep the masses at least in appearance in the path of a socialistic ideal, they (the Bolsheviks) were the only ones who could have prevented the complete miscarriage of democracy in Russia and the dissipation of the revolutionary movement into a series of ineffectual peasant uprisings.

And in summary:

But whatever the régime of the future may be, in its social and economic structure it will have to take account of the Bolshevik Revolution. It will not be able to reject it all, and either willingly or perforce, it will have to reap a part of the burdensome harvest of obligations sown by that revolution.

...What future? We know not. The times are troubled. No one is the master of events. We can only guess.

For my part, I do not believe that Bolshevism is a system that can survive. You can not build society against culture and intelligence.

The task of Bolshevism has been and remains purely negative. It has made impossible any such return to the past as the weariness of the worthy muzhik confidently expected to find waiting at the door of revolution.

The ground is now levelled. But the materials are not ready and the plan is barely sketched in confusion and in blood. But what of that! It is a recognized truth that the

West works in space, the East in time. The future works itself out in the present.

I believe that Bolshevik Russia, if it is not crushed by the "Holy Alliance" of my diplomat, will prepare for humanity the spectacle of a singular democracy, such as the world will not have known until then—a democracy which will not be made up of gradual conquests plucked by shreds from a plutocratic bourgeoisie, but which will build itself up out of the very stuff of the people, a democracy which will not descend from the powerful ones of the people, as in all present forms of society, but which will rise voluntarily and surely from the unorganized and uncultivated folk to an organizing intelligence.

And the experiment, perhaps, will not be without interest.

Both books in style and in intellectual treatment of material are true to the national character of the authors. Robins and Hard speak in the vivid, feverish, concrete staccato of America, Antonelli in the reserve and the calm of France. The latter's story, nevertheless, despite a few inaccuracies in dates and an unfortunate adherence to the French spelling of Russian proper names on the part of the translator, Charles A. Carroll, will appeal to many Americans who are irritated by the flash and the flare of our own journalism.

Raymond Robins' Own Story. By William Hard. Harper and Bros.

Bolshevik Russia. By Etienne Antonelli, translated from the French by Charles A. Carroll. Alfred A. Knopf.

A SPRING REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BY ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

Rosy plum-tree, think of me
When Spring comes down the world!
—HILDA CONKLING

LITTLE did we think when we were daring enough to propose a spring review of books for children that we should come upon anything so altogether charming and unusual as Hilda Conkling's "Poems by a Little Girl". Only the other day we had said of modern poetry that it had little to say of childhood or to children. Yet here is a book of poems instinct with the spirit of childhood and so childlike in much of its phrasing as to make a direct and permanent appeal to children and grown people. Moreover, the work is unmistakably that of a child whose nature is rarely understood by the mother to whom the little book is dedicated:

I have a dream for you, Mother,
Like a soft thick fringe to hide your eyes.
I have a surprise for you, Mother,
Shaped like a strange butterfly.
I have found a way of thinking
To make you happy;
I have made a song and a poem
All twisted into one.
If I sing, you listen;
If I think, you know.
I have a secret from everybody in the
world full of people
But I cannot always remember how it goes;
It is a song
For you, Mother,
With a curl of cloud and a feather of blue
And a mist
Blowing along the sky.
If I sing it some day, under my voice,
Will it make you happy?

Hilda Conkling lives in Emily Dickinson's country and one recognizes the flowers and grass, the birds and butterflies, the trees, the sky and something of the star shine. Hilda has just passed her ninth birthday and ever since she was a very little girl she has "told" her songs and verses to her mother, who wrote them down without Hilda's knowledge. Those who have had intimate and continuous knowledge of children in whom the poetic instinct and feeling for language were strong between the ages of four and six, will feel the universality of these earlier verses:

There's dozens full of dandelions
Down in the field.
Little gold plates,
Little gold dishes in the grass,
I cannot count them
But the fairies know every one.

Sparkle up, little tired flower
Leaning in the grass!
Did you find the rain of night
Too heavy to hold?

There is going to be the sound of bells
and murmuring.
This is the brook dance;
There is going to be sound of voices,
And the smallest will be the brook;
It is the song of water
You will hear.

Fairies and the Sandman appear
and reappear in earlier and later
verses. The play spirit of music, art,

and literature finds its way out-of-doors. There is a lovely dream of fairies on the mountain tops, reminiscent of Allingham's Fairies. "I went to sea in a glass-bottomed boat" is so perfect a description as to make one wonder whether it is composed from a dream or out of a real experience. Was ever geography made so fascinating?

GEOGRAPHY

I can tell balsam trees
By their grayish bluish silverish look of smoke.
Pine trees fringe out.
Hemlocks look like Christmas.
The spruce tree is feathered and rough
Like the legs of the red chickens in our poultry yard.
I can study my geography from chickens
Named for Plymouth Rock and Rhode Island,
And from trees out of Canada.
No; I shall leave the chickens out.
I shall make a new geography of my own.
I shall have a hillside of spruce and hemlock
Like a separate country,
And I shall mark a walk of spires on my map,
A secret road of balsam trees
With blue buds.
Trees that smell like a wind out of fairy-land
Where little people live
Who need no geography
But trees.

In her informing and appreciative introduction to "Poems by a Little Girl", Amy Lowell has paid warm tribute to "the stuff and essence of poetry that this book contains", to Hilda Conkling's power of observation and gift of imagination, and to the tact and understanding of her mother. She admits Hilda goes to school, but warns instructors to keep "hands off" and gives thanks that Hilda has never been "for hours at a time in contact with an elementary intelligence".

We read the introduction after we had read the poems because we wanted to know what we thought about the book and its author from quite a different standpoint. We have been haunted ever since by persistent memories in word or phrase of the children of an East Side public school in New York City, a school as rarely fortunate

in its principal whose love of beautiful English and good music has pervaded it for many years, as Hilda Conkling in her remarkable mother. These poems belong by every natural right to such children and to all children, but we would like to pass on the book without the portrait of Hilda Conkling which is to appear as a frontispiece and without other introduction than a simple foreword written by Hilda's mother. Such treatment, in our judgment, would go far toward answering some of the questions Miss Lowell has raised concerning authorship in childhood, and creating a more understanding conception of the difference between *teaching* and *educating* children in any environment.

Miss Lowell has well said that Hilda Conkling is "subconscious" rather than "self-conscious". We think the chances are good that she will remain so if the incentive to good work is held steadily behind the poetic endowment in her own experience and in that of her less gifted contemporaries, who will be the true appraisers of her work in years to come.

While we were still lingering so delightedly over "Poems by a Little Girl" as not to care who wrote them or why, we received proofs of an enlarged American edition of Marie L. Shedlock's "Eastern Stories and Legends", which is to be published in the late spring or early summer, and read with a new sense of its meaning the beautiful story of the Banyan Deer.

In rearranging and expanding this selection of stories from the Buddha Rebirths, Miss Shedlock has wisely freed the book from limitations, which in the earlier edition gave it too much the appearance of a text-book to look readable. In so doing she has preserved the classical rendering and the eastern point of view of one of the

foremost of Oriental scholars—Rhys Davids—who wrote the foreword to the collection and assisted her personally in getting the atmosphere of the stories.

The notes for teachers, which now appear at the back of the book, are charged with the same wisdom, clarity of expression, and recognition of the power of a dramatic rather than a didactic presentation, which characterize Miss Shedlock's treatment of storytelling in "The Art of the Storyteller"—a book that May Sinclair says should be on the desk of every writer of stories. It is, we consider, the best book on the subject of storytelling and contains a fine selection of stories from authoritative sources. Miss Shedlock first became known in America through her dramatic interpretation of the stories of Hans Christian Andersen, some twenty years ago. Since then, she has become more familiarly known in her own country, the United States, and Canada, as "The Fairy Godmother". She has recently returned to England after five years of storytelling in this country and in Canada; and the revision and enlargement of the "Eastern Stories and Legends" grew out of her experiences of telling "The Tree Spirit", "The True Spirit of a Festival Day", "The Earth is Falling In" and other stories from the collection, to audiences of children and grown people.

We know of no book we can so confidently recommend to persons who insist upon stories with an ethical significance. "These stories of the 'Buddha Rebirths'", says the editor, "are not for one age or one country, but for all time, and for the whole world. Their philosophy might be incorporated into the tenets of faith of a League of Nations without destroying any national forms of religious teaching." In its new and more at-

tractive form the book should appeal to a wide circle of readers, including boys and girls in their teens.

From England there has recently come as a gift from Ethel Sidgwick to the Children's Room of the New York Public Library, an "Ancient Mappe of Fairyland", newly discovered and set forth by Bernard Sleight.

This unique map is in color, measuring five feet or more in length by about twenty inches. Children and grown people are completely fascinated by it. "Isn't it great?" exclaimed a boy of twelve. "There's Rockabye Baby square on the treetop, The Three Blind Mice, Humpty Dumpty sitting on that long wall, and down here are King Arthur's Knights, the Sea King's Palace, Dreamland Harbour, and the Argonauts. There's the Rainbow Bridge, Hansel and Gretel—everything and everybody you ever read about in Mother Goose, Fairy Tales, or Mythology."

We are showing this map on a long table covered with glass. It might, of course, be shown on the wall, although not quite so effectively. A map of Fairyland should prove of great interest to schools as well as to libraries.

With an advance set of the beautiful color plates from Italian Primitives, illustrating Mrs. Richard Henry Dana's "The Story of Jesus", reviewed in the December BOOKMAN, comes assurance that this book, which is to be sold by subscription, will be available in April. The American edition of Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc", promised in January, has not yet appeared, and no date is now stated by its publishers.

Dorothy Canfield's "History of France for Young Folks" is again postponed. "Hero Stories of France" by Eva March Tappan is announced as a spring publication, and although we have not seen the text, we are con-

fident that Miss Tappan has made a contribution to our limited resources in the history of France.

Histories of the Pilgrims are making their way from the presses of more than one publisher, but we have not read any of them. We hope to find one of more lively interest to children than Roland Usher's of last year.

We may as well make open confession that from this point on we have read none of the books we mention or fail to mention, since we have had no opportunity to see them, even in galleys. De Wolfe Howe, on a recent visit, described very graphically "A Little Gateway to Science" by Edith M. Patch, who is, he says, "a trained entomologist endowed with a charming gift of writing for children." The twelve sketches of six-footed insects which make up this book are illustrated by Robert T. Sim. Mr. Howe has promised to send proofs of this book and of "Americans by Adoption", a volume of biographical sketches of eminent Americans by Joseph Husband. The latter book for "more mature readers, but still young, is designed especially for use in connection with the Americanization work now going on throughout the country."

James Willard Schultz has entered the field of Boy Scout stories with "In the Great Apache Forest". The book is announced as an Indian story, a Boy Scout story, a Forest Service story and a war story of today—all in one. We shall be interested to see how Mr. Schultz meets the demands of the situation. We are about to read Ellis Parker Butler's "Swatty; A Story of Two Real Boys" and Forrest Reid's "Pirates of the Spring", which are not classified as juveniles in the spring bulletin of their publishers, but are concerned with boy life. Wil-

liam Heyliger's "Don Strong American" is the third and final volume in the series to which it belongs.

Edmund L. Pearson has written a "Life of Roosevelt" to appear in "The True Stories of Great Americans Series".

Margaret Ashmun and Joslyn Gray have each written a new story for girls. We have no clue as to what these books are about. Thornton Burgess called one day on his way to the Philadelphia Book Fair and gave an interesting forecast of his book about animals, which is to appear as a companion volume to "The Burgess Bird Book". The illustrations are to be made by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, and the book promises to fill an everyday need not supplied to this generation by "Wood's Natural History". Mr. Burgess reminded us that as none of his animals ever come to a tragic end and his stories are written without effort or boredom on his part, we may expect them to flow on and on. "Bowler, the Hound" is the title of a volume announced for publication this spring.

"Why announce a spring review of children's books when children's books are published in the fall—too late very often for review before Christmas?" A critical reader of the circular announcing the new Juvenile Department of THE BOOKMAN asked this question last July. To which we then replied that we liked the sight and the sound and the idea of a spring review of children's books. Moreover, we had been pursued for years by constant and persistent inquiries for new books for children at Easter and just before the summer holidays. We had never seen such a spring review as we then pictured writing, but we thought it worth trying, at least once—just for the fun of the thing. "Are we down-hearted?" Not in the

least, although our telephone has responded like a Ouija board to "traditions of the trade". Why, we have asked, should we go on treating children's books like Christmas toys? Why shouldn't more of them be published in the spring and accorded more individual consideration as *books*, then, and at other seasons of the year? We are not in the least convinced by any of the reasons given for sustaining the present system. It holds too many limitations for authors, artists, readers, librarians, booksellers, and publishers who are interested in a larger distribution and a freer, more intelligent use of children's books in our own country and in other countries.

That the holiday trade will continue to hold its place as a big factor in the production of books for children in this country and in England, we have no doubt. That it should continue to dominate and restrict the field of writing, illustrating, and distribution of books, for children and young people in the twentieth century, is inconceivable in the face of new conditions and relationships with other countries and a larger understanding of our own needs and the power of books—real books—to interpret and satisfy them. The expression of our interest in foreign affairs and in economics and industrial problems has been too exclusively the concern of text-books, with all the limitations imposed upon the text-book from time immemorial. The bulk of publications for the use of children and young people in the late winter and early spring takes the form of text-books. The reason for this is obvious, but there is a larger interest at stake and we would urge its claim—the inculcation of a love of reading for its own sake by exposure to books at all times and seasons.

A few weeks ago we were asked by the American Ambassador to Brazil to select five or six hundred books to be used as the nucleus of a library in a school in Rio de Janeiro. The school was already supplied with text-books; the children attending it were of American and English parentage. *Real books* were wanted, with an emphasis on the pictorial in the best sense of the word. The books chosen must range in their appeal from a liberal supply of picture books for the little children, to such books as Captain Scott's "Last Expedition" and Hudson Stuck's "Ten Thousand Miles With a Dog Sled" for boys of fifteen.

Many of the books we wanted to recommend were out of print. For many countries and characters there is no illuminating literature in print for children and young people. Whenever we are asked to evaluate a selection of children's books to be sent out of the country, we realize afresh how little we have to offer in travel, history, and biography; how deadly dull many of these books are and how great is the need of the children of our own land for just such books as we are trying to find for children in South America, Norway, Sweden, France, or Belgium. These countries, and still more distant ones, are asking

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- Poems by a Little Girl. By Hilda Conkling. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
 Eastern Stories and Legends. By Marie L. Shedlock. E. P. Dutton and Co.
 The Art of the Storyteller. By Marie L. Shedlock. D. Appleton and Co.
 An Ancient Mappe of Fairyland. Designed by Bernard Sleigh. Sidgwick and Jackson.
 The Story of Jesus. By Mrs. Richard Henry Dana, Jr. Marshall Jones Co.
 Hero Stories of France. By Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.
 A Little Gateway to Science. By Edith M. Patch. The Atlantic Monthly Press.
 Americans by Adoption. By Joseph Husband. The Atlantic Monthly Press.
 In the Great Apache Forest. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Co.
 Don Strong American. By William Heyliger. D. Appleton and Co.
 Theodore Roosevelt. By Edmund L. Pearson. The Macmillan Co.
 Bowser, the Hound. By Thornton W. Burgess. Little, Brown and Co.

some very important questions when their educators and ambassadors take time to concern themselves with the selection of books for children. They ask for books to "enlarge the understanding, deepen the sympathies and with a strong appeal to the imagination of children". Such questions cannot be answered by holiday announce-

ments nor by primers of information. It is going to take a long time to answer them wisely and well. Hope lies in the multiplication of such responses as this which has just reached us from a well-known publishing house: "You may certainly count upon our interest and cooperation in bringing out books of value to children of all countries."

THE UNWRITTEN THINGS

BY PAUL SIMON

A FEW days ago I swept my garret clean. For the revelations that followed I was totally unprepared, for I had forgotten that once, in those days when I was indifferent whether or not my bread was buttered, I had essayed to mark my name in imperishable ink on the scroll of literature. There, in a neglected corner, covered over with many years' accumulation of dust, lay scattered bits of paper, in varied degrees of tatters and decay, scrawled over with the attempted beginnings of verses, synopses of plots, titles for essays, suggestions for dramas; a mass of newspaper clippings in which my youthful imagination had seen the suggestions for satires, novels, and epics of the first magnitude, but from which all meaning had now fled. Indeed, as one closely-scrawled sheet of paper testified, I had already begun to map my autobiography, so confident was I that the world would accept me at my own

glorified estimate. These tattered scraps of paper now presented themselves to me as unfulfilled promissory notes; promises which I had hoped to fulfil in rich and rare moments of intense literary fecundity but that had now to be ignored. Yet as I looked upon those unwritten poems and epics and dramas and novels and the autobiography, I seemed to be without regret for that dead past, or rather, for that future which never came, for these dreams against which need and the death of inspiration and faith had so successfully conspired. I began to wonder if these pretentious aspirations, as I now regard them, had stood in the way to an approximation of achievement, or whether they had impelled me to go even as far as I had already traversed. Nevertheless, the rebuke of the unfulfilled future was heavy upon me....

The sight of these bits of paper led me to reflections which soothed me,

though they did not flatter me, and in these reflections the seeming contradictory elements of my life appeared to be resolved into unity.

Life (ever since I had begun to live it on my own account) had been for me a continuous and unbroken search for hack-work, sometimes well paid, sometimes poorly paid. I was not a freelance for I could not count on enough literary assignments to carry me on. So that, strange as it may be, these assignments by contrast came to be a relief from the drudgery by which I earned my wage or salary. I noticed that editors were pleased with the promptitude and care with which I submitted my work, but few and very far between were those comments which noted my brilliance, or my penetration, or my literary charm, or my capacity for allusion—qualities on the possession of which I prided myself. I was, it appeared, a useful hack, to be depended upon and serving a purpose in these days of literary overproduction and consequently easier accessibility to the printed page. I was one of the horde of useful anonymities and the greater part of my task consisted in writing down (or up) to the level of the publications to which, as I liked to observe in company, I “contribute”. But even in these hack labors, I managed to put something of that part of me that I had reserved for those epics and poems and novels and dramas and that autobiography. I was not sorry. I was a craftsman and nothing more. I seemed to take a compensatory pride in the fact that I was a craftsman (even if a minor one); that I was, unlike some aspiring acquaintances of mine, well fed and well clothed. I recognize now, if I did not before, that I wrote out of desire, and later, out of need, rather than out of im-

pulse. The stream of my thought stopped flowing long ago, having been dried up in absorption in literary hack-work. So that, strange as it may seem, I am sometimes forced to quote from my past work. But, having got the reputation among my friends of being some sort of a writer and having achieved several flashes in the pan, I had to continue in the groove which I had so stupidly dug for myself, and I shall be forced to walk in it until the day of emancipation or until death, perhaps.

I know a poet for whom envy and pity contend within me. And sometimes I feel that my pity is assumed to save my face in the inevitable comparison to which I subject myself when a brighter literary star comes within my ken. I pity this poet (or appear to do so) because of his improvidence, his unwillingness or inability to compromise with life as well (or as shamefully) as I have. He has made himself a pathetic physical wreck and yet I envy him the possession of that strong moral purpose which sustains him. I envy him, I think, because he realizes, though not in the originally conceived splendor, the person that I had hoped to be. The beautiful thrill of achievement is denied to me. It is vouchsafed to him. For me there is no higher thrill now than the small satisfaction at observing the increase, by \$5 and \$10 and \$20 sums, of a rather meagre bank account....

I well remember the time when a friend, reproaching my poet-acquaintance for his neglect of himself, suggested that he work at some regular employment for some part of the day and then dream his dreams and write his poems. “I am an artist,” he answered, and his face took on the beauty of determination and the glow of a high intention. I remember that

I smiled in a kind of worldly disdain. That was proof certain (as I now look back upon the incident) that I was no longer the person who once wrote suggestions for poems and epics and novels and dramas with the serious intention of fulfilling those suggestions. And in this connection I remember the advice of a friend who, as if to reproach me for my *bourgeois* sense of satisfaction and to remind me of my literary sterility, suggested: "Go and live in a garret and maybe, then, you may be able to achieve a masterpiece."

Sometimes in reflecting upon the discrepancy between my feeble accomplishments and my hectic promises, and in an effort to defend myself against the accusations implicit in suggestions such as the foregoing, I try to find consolation in the assurance that, after all, criticism is not on a plane below creation but is simply an unrecognized department of crea-

tion. But I know, at the bottom of my heart, that the consolation is cheap and unsatisfying because, to me, at least, it is not true. But still, even as hope springs eternal in the human breast, I feel that not all of my past has died in me. I like to think of a passage in Stevenson because it offers a consolation I cannot give myself. It goes as follows:

It is said that a poet died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended rather that a (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it in which he dwells delighted.

And that golden chamber is my library, most precious among my possessions, in which I see my own dreams take form and color and in which they have achieved immortality even if at other hands.

THE LONDONER

Charles Garvice and A. H. Bullen—Popularity and Snobbery—English lecturers in America—Lewis Hind—Ernest Rhys—E. V. Lucas—a new biography of Hazlitt—Chekhov's Letters and Plays.

LONDON, March 1, 1920.

THE past month has seen the death of two literary men of very different kinds, both of whom, however, were of singular interest to the observer of the curious tribe. I refer to Charles Garvice and A. H. Bullen. Bullen was a scholar, who cared principally for old books and old authors, who knew about as much about the Elizabethans as it is possible for a man to know, and who read their works when most of us were worrying about writers of a more modern cast. His most famous performance was, of course, the discovery of Campion, whose lyrics he collected from all sorts of song-books and made into a respectable life-work for a representative Elizabethan poet. Bullen also delved further, as his several anthologies sufficiently indicate. That is, he went right outside the accepted writers of a great age, and brought to light the delicate masterpieces of others no less notable who had been neglected by those who keep to the high road of any period and specialize without any sensitiveness and without any enterprise. I have known only one man who was intimately acquainted with Bullen, but this man was one of the best living critics of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists, and to hear him speak of Bullen was a de-

light. He spoke as one speaks of a master in the field in which one is laboriously adventuring as an amateur. No testimony could be finer.

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Bullen resembled Mark Twain in personal appearance, and was a jolly man with a taste for his meals and for conversation upon the lavish scale. He was popular with men who never opened a book, but he was most popular with those who could relish his extraordinary fund of knowledge and anecdote. He was, in books, a "rich" man, who loved the ripe and the hearty fruits of the Elizabethan genius. He was not a Puritan, but was attracted to the age he made his own by its fulness and its rich color. At its best, the Elizabethan writing is like wine, and it was wine to Bullen. Nothing was dry to him, nothing tedious or trivial; because his mind was so well-stored that he could not be made dull by long lines and long words, but found in all he touched that quality of wisdom and beauty which distinguishes any writer who is first of all a man, and not a teetotal eunuch.

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The other literary man who died last month is a more popular figure, and many would say that he had no connection with literature at all. He

resembled the late Nat Gould in the fact that he had a great English public, and that the "high-brows" preferred to ignore his existence. I refer to Charles Garvice. I do not know if Americans ever read his works. I have never seen any reference to him in an American paper. But he was, so to speak, cradled in the United States, for his earliest success was as a writer of "dime" novels. The story is told here that he was for years a poorly-paid contributor of serials to a penny weekly, which bought his tales at so much per thousand words and thereby became sole owner of the copyright. Later, this paper fell into low water, and came on to the market. Garvice, seeing with genius an opportunity, invested in the purchase of this paper the money he had won in a prize competition, recovered the copyright in all the stories he had written for serial purposes, and proceeded to put them upon the market as mental food for the servant girls of England. The vogue these books had was marvelous. They were read by the thousand. Servant girls read them, it is true, but only as human beings, and not merely as servant girls. Human beings, in fact, belonging to every class read them with gusto. They might pretend not to read them—it became the correct thing to sneer at them;—but they read them all the same, and this in spite of the fact that they were extraordinarily simple and free from the sensational and erotic motifs which generally account for large popular success. Garvice became a rich man. He became a noticeably rich man. His books sold better, probably, than the books of any other author that England has ever produced. The first time I ever saw him he was pointed out to me by a successful author in the envious words: "Look at that

chap. He's got the biggest public in England." I still remember with pride that my instant incredulous reply was: "*Not CHARLES GARVICE!*"

Garvice once said to my friend: "I know I write slush, but I sell in thousands to your hundreds!"—this with simple pride, and without vainglory or sense of superiority, but with the dignity of ancient blood.

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Garvice did not look like a novelist. He did not look like an old man. You would have thought his figure that of a farmer of fifty or so, in specially good health, robust and cheery. There is no reason why an author, particularly a successful author, should be pallid and lank, and I do not know many of that variety; but Garvice was altogether remarkable. I leave it to others to say the obvious thing, that he was not an author at all. In point of fact, there is a good deal to be said for him. He wrote English, or so I believe; and nobody could assert that his nearest rival in sale, Nat Gould, wrote anything approaching English. Nat Gould was a writer of and for the stable, and in the stable one does not look for literary polish. Moreover, Nat Gould looked an old man, whereas Garvice was sixty-nine and you would never have supposed him anything like that age.

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This question of popularity versus quality is an insoluble one. There is absolutely no reason for the taunts of either party, and yet one would imagine that it was criminal to write a book which sells in millions or a book which sells indifferently. It is not criminal. All writers who sell well are not Dickenses. Nor are they necessarily contemptible. Similarly, all writers who fail to sell are not literary

geniuses whose work is in advance of public taste. Literary snobbery is just as futile and objectionable as the snobbery that judges by worldly success, and it should be repressed by all who have the welfare of letters at heart. As it is, every poor fool who sells two or three hundred copies of a novel is comforted by the belief that he is not appreciated by a bovine and contemptible public simply because he is "too good". I have heard one of the most intelligent persons of my acquaintance say of a writer, "He won't succeed. He's too good." And that writer has just succeeded. It is all nonsense. As I may have said before, there are all sorts of publics, and what does not please one of them may please another. Sometimes it may happen that a man may please several publics, and then there is what is called a *furor*. Very good: why pretend that there is anything strange about failure or success? Why ignore the fact that there is a large element of luck in all success, and all failure? The popular tale of the success of R. D. Blackmore is that the stupid public thought the title "Lorna Doone" had some reference to the Marquis of Lorne and his popular young bride. It may be so; but if the stupid public had not liked the book the mistake regarding its title would soon have been found out—in two minutes' fingering at the library counter—and the novel would have sunk to its former oblivion, and with added ignominy.

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You may take it from me that what makes a book sell is the fact that it pleases. And you can also take it from me that when a book pleases there is something in it which is original, though it may be only *sin*. The worst *sin* of all, of course, is not orig-

inal at all, but is sheeplike; and that is the rush to read a book because everybody else is reading it. This accounts for all booms, popular or literary. When a book has the popular rush, one sees the complete nonsense of it. When it gets the snob rush, when all the pretentious people in a single class go to the libraries and bookshops and demand it because it is the right thing to do, that is the worst thing of all. The snobs are no more sensible, no more full of taste than the others. They are only better bred. They have different conversational gambits, and they say, as the man did in "She Stoops to Conquer", "Damn anything that's *low*!" But there is no essential difference in the character of the success. The sole difference is in the class and number of readers who are caught by the prevailing wind.

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All sorts of English writers seem to be in the United States explaining exactly what literary principles should be applied to modern English writers and artists; and I am quite sure that when these lecturers have attractive personalities they are welcomed with gratitude wherever they go. But it should be easier to observe, in the native of another country, the difference between what is genuine and what is simply the carry-over from a prevailing wind from the man's mother country. Americans are bound in the first place to take these men at a ready-made valuation. It is inevitable. Before long, however, the relentless tide of personal judgment sets in. Very well, what happens? Personal judgment is the only thing that counts in the long run. Hence success and failure. Hence the marvelous mystery which makes men go on and succeed where they have earlier failed with ignominy. It is all good, but the only

thing that matters is for a man to do what he believes to be the thing that is nearest to his hand.

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I did not mean to get back to the moralizing tack, but to make a few remarks upon the lecturers who are now in America, or who will shortly be there. Some of these, such as Blasco Ibáñez, Walpole, Ervine, and Sassoon, I have already mentioned in former letters; but I am told of several others who are hovering over the United States, and it is just as well that American readers should know what these men have done in England. First of all, then, I notice Lewis Hind. Hind is a strange fellow who has had a long and very interesting career. He has been for many years a writer upon art, but at one time he had a vogue as the writer of a couple of volumes of prose-poetical impressions called, I seem to remember, "Things Seen" and "One Thing and Another". The contents of both these volumes came out week by week about twenty years ago in "The Academy", which at that period Hind was editing. I fancy they were a little like Turgenyev's "Dream Tales", but some of them were merely impressions of incidents, and had no allegorical or poetical meaning. It is so long ago that I am inclined to forget the books. Hind also wrote an extraordinary work which purported to be a sort of novel and was in reality an introduction to the history and theory of pictorial art.

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His best work, unquestionably, was his editorship of "The Academy". On the staff of that paper he gathered a number of remarkable young men who had "views" upon literature. Lionel Johnson, Wilfred Whitten, Charles Kennett Burrow, and Arnold Bennett

were among them. Bennett used to deal with the novels, and the first work of his I ever saw was a review or article signed "E. A. B." He contributed highly expert and extremely brilliant surveys of "The Year's Fiction". The others each took their share in what was to me a weekly critical journal wholly righteous in tone, however erratic may have been some of its judgments. You cannot have a team of young enthusiasts and expect each member of it to speak exactly like all the others. The tone was always individual and I should say fearless, and that is a tremendous thing in literary journalism. Arnold Bennett's "The Truth about an Author" was serialized, anonymously, in "The Academy".

Whether Ernest Rhys, another visitor to the States, ever wrote for "The Academy" I do not know. He has always been a good journalist, and did some excellent work in editing for J. M. Dent a charming little series entitled "The Lyric Poets". This series owed something to its delightful format; but Rhys's editorial work was altogether admirable. And then, very much later, came "Everyman's Library". This colossal enterprise was the work practically of Rhys and Dent in collaboration, because while Dent obviously was responsible for the economies in production which made publication at such a low price possible, the wide range of the volumes could only have been schemed with the advice of a man of such taste and practical acquaintance with literature as Rhys. To him, therefore, we owe some of the most remarkable, and some of the most valuable volumes in the collection—those volumes which give it a distinction which mere cheapness and quantity could never impart. Besides doing all this work, Rhys is a poet. He is a poet distinctively of

the "celtic" tradition, for he is a Welshman, and the legends of his native country have always had an irresistible attraction for him as subject-matter. In personality he is extremely quiet and modest; but his quietness must not be mistaken for coldness.

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Another man who has left England, though whether he will reach America or not I do not yet know, is E. V. Lucas. I am told that at the present moment he is in India, where I wish I was with him, in the warm. His journey is described as a tour of the world. If so, he can hardly, one would think, omit the United States, where I know he has very many warm admirers. I always think that the best picture of Lucas's character is to be found in Bennett's "Books and Persons", but I have not the reference at hand at the moment, as all my books are in store. As a writer, Lucas has delightful charm. As a personality, he has a kind of mischievous cruelty in his dissection of humanity. And, as Bennett says, "dig a little deeper, and you will probably encounter rock." All which does not prevent Lucas from being one of the most charming writers in the world, and extremely good company. He is also the author of the authoritative life of Charles Lamb.

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Talking of Lamb reminds me that there is to appear this year a book for which there has long been a pressing need. I use this term relatively, but in earnest. I refer to a good biography of Hazlitt. Stevenson was going to write a biography, but one day, it is suggested, he read the "Liber Amoris", and was too disgusted with the character of his hero to proceed. The suggestion is made only by Au-

gustine Birrell, and so I hope it does not represent the exact truth. Birrell wrote a volume on Hazlitt for the English Men of Letters Series, but he was all the time hampered in his work by manifest lack of sympathy with Hazlitt. That sort of thing does not produce a good study, and while there have been lives and lives of all sorts of other people of that fascinating period, Hazlitt has been looked on askance. Any mud that could be thrown at him through readings and misreadings of Crabb Robinson's spiteful diary, published and unpublished, through a perversion of the facts related in the "Liber Amoris", through the disgusting venom of the contemporary writers in "Blackwood's Magazine", has been collected and heaved with joy by Puritans who like to believe about a man what they hardly dare hint. I hope the new book will dispel all these nauseating legends, for which there is no foundation. I hope it will lead men of this day to read Hazlitt in greater strength, for Hazlitt is one of the great writers of the nineteenth century, and his criticism is full of value for us. It is a great pity that the big collected edition of Waller and Glover is now out of print. A good complete cheap edition of Hazlitt would have immense usefulness for the student of our literature. His life of Napoleon ought also to be reprinted. Perhaps the biography which is coming will stimulate publishers and readers to decent activity in this matter. The approach of the Napoleonic centenary would give the book more than usual moment.

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The author of the new biography is P. P. Howe, a young critic who wrote before the war critical studies of Synge and Shaw, and a very distin-

guished book of studies of modern dramatists entitled "Dramatic Portraits". Howe will be remembered in America, as he visited the States some seven or eight years ago. During the war he saw a good deal of service on the western front, and his military activities interrupted the progress of the book on Hazlitt, begun early in 1914. The book is now approaching completion, and I believe it will be published in the autumn of this year. I know that the author has put an enormous amount of original research into the work, which will be a hefty affair, possibly in two volumes.

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I have been reading Chekhov's Letters during the last few days. I expect they are now on the market in America, and if so I commend them to all who care two pins for literature. The man who first led me to get hold of the book was H. W. Massingham, the editor of that rather persistently gloomy weekly, the (English) "Nation". He said the letters cheered him up. Well, they really do much more. They stimulate one. They make the reader feel that he is in genuinely personal contact with a man about ten times more *real* than are most men. And to other writers Chekhov's words about the art he so consummately practised will come as utterances biblical in their authenticity. It is a very remarkable book, which I am savoring (I believe that is the right word)

with delight. I went the other evening to see one of Chekhov's plays performed. I do not know whether Americans are permitted to see these things; but if so I can only hope that they see them better produced than any Chekhov play has been produced as yet in England. Lugubriousness is all very well; but the actors and actresses are always made to hang their heads and moan and pop in the most ludicrous way. They crawl on and off the stage as if Russia were the home of the type "Uriah Heep". They remain petrified at some disgusting sight the nature of which is never revealed to the audience. And any attempt to give the play homogeneity is abandoned with the first word spoken. It is as though, having undertaken to prepare a pudding, a cook were suddenly to hate puddings and to do all she could to make others hate them also. I cannot understand why it is that if one wants to produce Chekhov, one thereupon should undertake the task as though it were the most distasteful duty in the world. If it is that, why do it at all? No wonder poor William Archer is puzzled to know what there is to admire in Chekhov's drama. If I had not read the plays I should wonder also. If America has a producer who understands Chekhov, I wish he would come to England and show us the way to put him intelligibly on the stage.

SIMON PURE

WOMEN OF MARK AND THEIR EDUCATION

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

SOME years ago, when present at a large woman's-suffrage meeting in England, I was much struck by an assertion made from the platform by a young male enthusiast of the women's cause to the effect that no woman had ever been a great composer of music, although for generations past musical training had been common among women, while on the other hand, England's two greatest rulers had both been women. What the young man, carried away by his enthusiasm for the political enfranchisement of women, was, I imagine, attempting to prove, was that, whereas no amount of education and training could ever make artists of women, their natural political sagacity was so great that they were nothing less than born electors. In his eagerness to prove women's fitness to vote he did not hesitate to draw attention to their total lack of achievement in an art in which they have been given every opportunity to excel and one which has always been considered as peculiarly a woman's province.

It has always been one of the chief contentions of the feminists that women, when accorded the same educational facilities as men, will present to the world achievements in all fields equal to those of men; and the plea of defective education has been their invariable excuse when meeting the

charge of the comparative literary and artistic ineffectiveness of women.

Speaking broadly, the higher education has been open to women in England for almost fifty years or so. Two generations of women who have availed themselves of its advantages have come—and gone. And in the field of literature in England, there has as yet appeared no woman master-writer as a product of this higher education: no Jane Austen, no Charlotte Brontë, no Emily Brontë, and no George Eliot—who all of them lived or did their work before the dawn of the movement. George Eliot was, of course, a monument of learning, but though educated in passable schools, her scholarship was acquired after her schooldays were over. It was George Henry Lewes and no university, who encouraged, fostered, and developed her brilliant gifts. The pale, earnest, and bespectacled young women from Girton and Newnham would probably smile derisively at both the quality and quantity of Jane Austen's erudition, but nevertheless the women's colleges have not by any stretch of imagination given to England her equal. And the unhappy Brontës, those three astonishing sisters, had an education which almost constituted a lack of education as we commonly understand the word. The pinnacle of Charlotte's scholastic training was the short space

of time spent as a pupil-teacher in a girls' school in Brussels; was it, one wonders, the erudition she absorbed while there or her unhappy love for her Belgian schoolmaster, married and indifferent to it, which proved the greater influence on her work as a novelist and the greater incentive to her genius?

Turning to France, we find a really remarkable array of gifted women who made their mark on their times and two or three who left it on history. France, indeed, is aglow with the brilliance of her women, but none are the products of the higher education; it is notorious that the demand for the educational and political equality of the sexes has been nothing so insistent there as in the Anglo-Saxon countries. Madame Curie is, of course, a Frenchwoman by marriage though Polish by birth, and it is fair to assume that she largely owes her scientific eminence to her training; but apart from this solitary example, it is difficult to name offhand any other Frenchwoman of mark who in any degree owed her position whether in literature, politics, or society to what would today be considered as a first-class education.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, the original of the heroine of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter", and known as the writer of those burning and tumultuous love-letters which have made her a figure in the literary history of France, was an illegitimate child, home-taught and poverty-stricken, but she wrote the famous letters to the Comte de Guibert and became the most popular and certainly the most romantic of the famous eighteenth century *salonières* of Paris. She was the friend and adviser of d'Alembert and Condorcet and that host of brilliant Frenchmen

of pre-Revolutionary France; but it was no college or university which imparted to her her mental gifts, for she herself explicitly informs us how she came to be what she was: "Voyez quelle éducation j'ai reçue; Madame du Deffand—car pour l'esprit elle doit être citée—le président Hénault, l'Abbé Bon, l'archevêque de Toulouse, celui d'Aix, M. Turgot, M. d'Alembert, l'Abbé de Boismont, M. de Mora. Voilà les gens qui m'ont appris à parler, à penser et qui ont daigné me compter pour quelque chose." ("The education I have received is as follows: Madame du Deffand—for as regards the forming of my intelligence her name must be mentioned—President Hénault, the Abbé Bon, the Archbishops of Toulouse and Aix, M. Turgot, M. d'Alembert, the Abbé de Boismont, M. de Mora. These are the people who have taught me to speak and think and who were good enough to consider me as worth while.") Just some half-dozen men and one woman of her world; no college, no school.

Moving onward a few years we come to the heroic figure of a far greater than the broken-hearted Julie de Lespinasse—the famous Madame Roland. It is true that like George Eliot she was learned and that as a small child the *bourgeois* of her neighborhood pointed her out to their daughters as the most studious little girl in Paris, but a convent with nuns as teachers and her little bedroom, where for hours together she read and dreamed, were her only universities. Her library consisted of a few dusty, dirty old books that she had unearthed from among the possessions of her father, an engraver and working-jeweler: the Bible (which, she has informed posterity, she enjoyed "because it expresses itself as crudely as a medical book") and Voltaire's "Candide" were

among the favorite literary treasures of this little eight-year-old. But this self-taught little girl became the woman who, as the wife of Roland, minister of the Interior, was the inspirer of the Girondin party, and was actually responsible for the drafting of many of her husband's official documents, while her authorship of the famous *Mémoires* entitles her to a place in the literary history of her country. It is hardly possible that any college-trained woman can ever play a greater rôle in history than was played right on to the scaffold by this, in our sense, uneducated woman, and it is equally impossible to believe that had Madame Roland been college-trained, she could ever have been more than she was.

And that other daughter of the French Revolution, though happily not like Madame Roland its victim—the astounding Madame de Staël. I am not sure where or how Madame de Staël was educated; to have been the daughter of Necker and of Madame Necker, once the beloved of Gibbon of "The Decline and Fall" fame, must have been a whole education in itself, although probably not of the variety clamored for by the feminists. We know that as a small child in Paris she was accustomed to listening to the conversation of her father's brilliant guests and that they, in turn, found amusement in talking to the ugly, precocious, and intensely emotional little daughter of the house. Yet with such an irregular education as hers seems to have been, this woman achieved a European reputation and without the advantages that exist today as aids to the building up of renown. She was a novelist and a wit, a philosopher, stateswoman and patriot; and if a higher education could have made her more, then it is a mercy for her con-

temporaries that she escaped it and consequently they its effects, for that more would frankly have made her unendurable. Such an education might have had an elevating influence on her morals, but here it is only proposed to consider the influence of education on talent and not on morals. Her novels "Delphine" and "Corinne" were hailed as masterpieces, and when she paid her second visit to England she was considered by some as the greatest female writer of any age or country. This opinion has not been endorsed by posterity, but her dazzling personality, which wrote, talked, argued, philosophized, and screamed itself into fame, has left an enduring mark on the literary history of her country.

If Madame de Staël's novels have not lived, it is certain that George Sand's will, or at all events, those dealing with the rustic life of France, such as "François le Champi" and "La Petite Fadette". But according to the common meaning of the word, George Sand had no education at all. During her early childhood while living in her beloved Berri, her chief occupation was merely to run wild, and she had no more inclination for learning than her ex-abbé tutor had for teaching her. The result was that most of the days of her scholastic year were high days and holidays and this state of affairs actually lasted until she was thirteen, when she was immured in a Paris convent until she was sixteen. And with this brief and far from profound education she became the greatest woman novelist of France and one of the greatest figures in French literature—no mean achievement. If, instead of her rambles in the fields and woods of Berri, her games with the village children and her wide but casual reading after her schooldays

ended, Destiny had chosen to give her a "higher" education by giving her facilities for attending courses at the Sorbonne for two or three years, one wonders if anything better than her rustic novels would have come from her pen. Would the study of Greek, of philosophy, of history, or what not have given her a greater insight into the human heart than did her tempestuous love-affairs with de Musset, Chopin, Merimée and others? Perhaps...and perhaps not.

England and France have both produced a number of competent women writers during the last generation or so, some of whom may, for all one knows to the contrary, have been the products of the "higher" education of women. But it is strange that, extraordinarily popular as some of them are, no one dreams of ranking them with the giantesses of the past when any sort of education was thought good enough for a woman. Will any modern "higher educated" stateswoman cut a greater figure in history than the obscure working-jeweler's daughter, Madame Roland? Christabel Pankhurst may be quite as voluble a politician as Madame de Staël—or nearly so, for judging from the accounts of her contemporaries, no woman ever had before or could have again such a tongue as Madame de Staël's—but Miss Pankhurst's is quite certainly not so universal or arresting a personality.

The higher education has not succeeded, at least so far, in developing

originality in women whether of genius or of personality. Possibly the champions of the higher education would retort in answer to this charge that it is not the business of the higher education to encourage and develop two qualities that can well be left to look after themselves, but to render efficient those numerous earnest young women whose services society needs as doctors, teachers, organizers and so forth. There is a very great deal in this argument, but if its truth be conceded, what becomes of the widespread contention that women's achievements can and will equal men's when women are given the same educational facilities? If these facilities do not, cannot, and are not intended to foster unusual literary and other abilities in women, then the feminists are on false ground in ascribing women's comparative lack of artistic and literary achievement to defective education in the past. Some other reason must be found, for the higher education has now been in operation quite long enough to have produced something worth producing in the way of women of mark.

Meanwhile, those same universities that fostered the talents of a Julie de Lespinasse or a Charlotte Brontë, a George Eliot or a Madam de Staël will no doubt take in hand the training of contemporary women of unusual literary merit: loneliness and a broken heart; spiritual struggle and love; the sympathy and encouragement of men; nature and society.

1920: THE MINOR POETS' CENTENARY YEAR

BY JOHN BLACK

FATE was so superabundantly busy in the year 1819, and contributed to literary history so notable an array of glittering names—Whitman, Ruskin and George Eliot are only a few!—that she must have felt her achievements justified a twelve months' rest. For the year 1820 was a minor one. Poetry was not immortally glorified, this *annum*, and the array of centenaries that propriety demands we celebrate is not impressive.

For those who honor the minor poet, there will be plenty to do. This year is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of many poets who enjoyed wide popularity during their lives. Time, however, has dealt less gently with them. They are, for the most part, forgotten, though it would be reckless to say that their influence died with them. Leading among the names that are presented for recognition this year, is that of Alice Cary. This gentle singer was born on April 26, 1820, she being four years older than the other poet of the family, her sister Phoebe.

The literary history of the Cary sisters is a flat contradiction of the claim that poetry readers in the nineteenth century were unresponsive. Their works, while they were yet comparatively young, ran into numerous editions. They were read. They were

discussed. They were quoted. Their poems, after the appearance of their first books, found a ready market. The simplicity and warm humanity that characterized the verses of these two writers made appeal peculiarly to the casual reader. And, as it is the casual reader, rather than the critic or student, who makes for large sales, the Cary collections of poems sold prodigiously. The sisters themselves, however, were more or less indifferent to this end of it. They sang, truly, because song was in their hearts, because they loved to sing. And many of their finer lyrics were indelibly written in the hearts of the stolid, unexpressive citizenry who found answer, in these poems, to their problems.

Among the others the year 1820 brought forth is Theodore O'Hara, whose voice reached its greatest height in "The Bivouac of the Dead". O'Hara was a soldier-lawyer, born in Danville, Kentucky, and it was while a soldier that he underwent the experiences ultimately to find expression in this forceful poem. He died in 1867. Henry Howard Brownell was one of those who enjoyed very considerable recognition during his lifetime. Brownell was born February 6, 1820, at Providence, Rhode Island, and died in 1872. He served in the Civil War,

at the conclusion of ^{after} which he published a book of war verse. Brownell was the author of three books of verse in all. Thomas Bailey Aldrich recognized him as a writer of strength and merit, in a preface written for one of the books. Brownell's work was widely published, and his reputation at the time caused Farragut to take him on his trip with the fleet to Europe.

The others among the early Americans of whom this is the centenary year are still more obscure. Albert Mathews, poet-lawyer, wrote fiction for numerous magazines under the name of "Paul Siegvolk" and published several books of verse. His work is represented in Stedman's Anthology of American Poetry. Margaret Preston (Junkin) was another poet born in 1820 who wrote considerable fiction. She was the author of five volumes of poetry and numerous novels. Anson D. F. Randolph, who was born at Woodbridge, New Jersey, was a publisher who wrote exclusively in verse and published often in contemporary periodicals. He, also, is represented in Stedman's Anthology. He died at Westhampton, Long Island, in 1896.

Britain's contributions to poetry in 1820 were still less enduring. Only three names present themselves as worthy of note. William Cox Bennett

is the most important of these. He was widely known as a song writer. Bennett was born in Greenwich, October 14, 1820, and died in Blackheath, March 4, 1895. He was the author of many popular lyrics and published about a dozen books of verse, as well as several anthologies. A prolific writer, his work was for a time extremely popular and much quoted. The career of Ebenezer Jones, agitator-poet, born the same year, was fraught with unhappiness. He published a volume of verse, "Studies in Sensation and Event", in 1843, which excited the admiration and approval of Robert Browning and D. G. Rossetti, but was flatly rejected by the public. Disheartened, he abandoned literature and devoted himself to social reform. He wrote several poems of social protest which were powerful and intense. He was born January 25, 1820, in Islington, England, and died in Brentwood, September 14, 1860. Records also mention the name of Menella Bute Smedley, poet and novelist, as having been born the same year.

Truly a frail showing, after so fruitful a year as 1819! Yet they were creators of beauty, these—gentle, unpretentious singers, for the most part—and who can say that they did not fulfil bravely the task of the minor poet, and stir to some purpose the unresponsive chords in the hearts of the people?

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

A Peevish Conversation

WHY," said the Commander-in-Chief, "don't you write something for the Real magazines instead of frivolling away your evenings the way you do going on dancing parties with snips?"

(I may explain that in the special vocabulary of the Commander-in-Chief, a snip is a young person—usually an attractive young person.)

"Because", I answered, "I have reached the age when I have nothing to communicate—nothing, certainly, that the real magazines want to offer to their select public as paid-for reading matter next to advertising."

"But," persisted the Commander-in-Chief, "you know how to write so well that it is a shame you shouldn't do it. After all these years—"

"I know," I said, gracefully accepting the compliment, "I know. It is a fearful anticlimax. Here I have been thirty-odd years mastering a complex and laborious art, only to find that I have no proper use for it. After spending the best part of my life learning how to put words together neatly so as to make them mean exactly what I want to say, neither more nor less, I suddenly find out that I haven't anything to say. You could call it tragic, if you wanted to."

"I call it ridiculous," said the Commander-in-Chief. "The truth is you

are too lazy. All you think of is being amused."

"When I was young—very young indeed," I said, "I had lots to say. Or I thought I had. And I used to sit up nights trying to put on paper the things I thought were inside of me. I wrote and wrote and wrote. A frightful mass of words got set down. But the right words were hard to find, and generally they were so mixed up with a multitude of wrong words that it all came to nothing. What is worse, I was not always able to tell the difference, and no end of good postage stamps were wasted sending the stuff away to editors who did not want it."

"But you got to be an editor yourself," said the Commander-in-Chief.

"I did," I admitted. "It took a long time, but it seemed the only way to get what I wrote printed. As an editor I always abused my privilege shamefully. I insisted on using my own stuff, although nobody knew better than myself that no other editor would buy it. In that way I contrived to get a lot of practice."

"And after years and years of that practice, I found that I had, as you say, learned to write. I had got the right words trained so that they came to call not quite inextricably tangled up with the wrong ones—though an unruly flock of the wrong ones came too and rather many of that sort stayed mixed in always. That made writing laborious. Because I had to

go over things so often to get the wrong words out and to make sure that the right words were in.

"The result—the natural result—was that by the time I had finished I had usually forgot what it was all about. That rather spoiled it. The interest in what I started out to say had slipped so far into the back of my own head that the reader could not get it into his head at all. And there you are. Naturally when I began to realize this truth, I began to stop wanting to write. It is no manner of use writing unless somebody reads your writings. I do not mean, of course, just writing for a living. That is different—like making bricks when you are paid for making them by the hundred and do not care what becomes of them afterward—whether they go into model tenements on the East Side of New York or into imitation Georgian and mock-Colonial palaces with gardens to lure simple-minded city womenfolk out into the already over-populated suburban real estate market that goes by the name of 'the country'."

The Commander-in-Chief looked up challengingly. It is a hobby of hers that we are going to move to the country some day, and she spends hours looking at pictures of small inexpensive mansions set in the midst of lawns and shrubbery—the sort the more unscrupulous illustrated magazines are full of.

"We were not talking of houses," she said. "We were talking of writing. Or rather of NOT writing."

"Of writing", I said firmly, "writing for a living. It is a particularly low form of manual labor, recognized as such by all Soviet governments. And I do it every day. What is worse I have done it every day for years and I suppose I shall do it every day for many more years. The one advantage

is that you do not in the least care what you write about. And no more do you care whether you have anything to say. Because you can say what somebody else wants to say and does not quite know how, or what somebody else wants still somebody else to have said. Or even what a lot of people have been saying over and over again since the world began to talk. After all there has got to be somebody to do that sort of thing. And nobody could be better for the job than the fellow who has learned how to write and has nothing to say of his own."

"It's a shame," said the Commander-in-Chief, "it's a perfect shame to get that way. And it is still more of a shame to defend yourself for getting that way. If you would sit down and read once in a while instead of going and dancing with snips at your age—"

"The snips", I said, "are an antidote. When you have nothing to say, you do not have to say it to light-footed fillies. They require only to be danced with. At my age what one needs most is to be kept young. And the company of young persons—"

"At your age," said the Commander-in-Chief severely, "you ought to have better sense."

"Moreover", I continued, "knowing how to do a thing is the only way to be sure it is not worth doing. In those youthful days of mine—and for quite a long time afterward—while I was struggling to learn to write, I used to regard authors with a sentiment surpassing awe. Now I know how the trick is done. Even though I can't do it. Having nothing to say is the hitch there, of course. It is fatal. But the trick is none the less a trick. And the cards of all the tricks are spread out under my eyes every day. When I

first began to meet authors—real authors who had their names on the title-pages of books—I was thrilled to the bone. The very first one, I remember, was May Sinclair. She was a very plain old maid to look at with lots of rings on her hands. But I was thrilled all the same. Afterward, you remember, there was a regular galaxy. You went along and met most of 'em too—and we were both thrilled. Perhaps you can recall some of their names?"

"There was Kipling", she said eagerly, "and Locke—and Conrad—and Henry James, and De Morgan, and Galsworthy and Wells and Chesterton,—and the Archdeacon of Ely, and the nice historian who was best man at Bernard Shaw's wedding—and Lord Dunsany, of course, and the other Chesterton that smoked the pipe in the carriage and was so annoyed because he couldn't in the subway—and—Arnold Bennett, only I wasn't along—and—"

"That sort of people, generally", I put in, "the people that have whole rows of our book-shelves devoted to them. All that you have mentioned were ready made when we met them. And they impressed me tremendously—as you know. But that isn't the whole story. A lot of other folks I already knew one way and another began to turn into authors over night under my very nose, as it were. Some of them *I* made into authors—or helped make 'em. I could name several, that any regular patron of the circulating libraries would recognize at a glance.

"And *they* weren't any different afterward—after they turned into authors, I mean. Sometimes they were worse. They got their stuff published and—paid for. I published their stuff and paid for it with my trusting em-

ployers' money confided to me for the purpose. Some of it was good, some of it was, at least, fair to middlin',—and some of it was just plain bad. The only really distinguishing fact about all of it was that it got paid for. It grew in my mind to seem no more worth while to be an author—after all the dreams of my youth—than to be any other sort of maker of something to sell. In a little while I began rather to look down on authors, because they pulled down so little for what they did sell and so particularly little for what they sold that wasn't made to order for the railway station and subway news-stand trade."

"I don't see why you should turn up your nose at them for that," said the Commander-in-Chief tartly.

"No more I do," I replied, "or I pretend to only because I can't do the stuff myself. But it all comes to the same thing in the end. It is not worth doing except for what you get out of it in cash, and there is no more reason for wanting ardently to be an author than for wanting ardently to make shoes. I wish I did make shoes—a lot of them. At present prices I ought to clean up in a year more than any self-respecting author could accumulate in a lifetime even with the aid of relays of stenographers and a typewriter of his own at home nights."

"You are talking nonsense, and you know it," said the Commander-in-Chief in a manner which disposed of the whole subject. "I just saw the plans of a perfectly dear inexpensive little house in a magazine I picked up in your office. I borrowed it and brought it home to show you. Right here, you see, is the entrance hall, twenty feet by thirty—"

But what's the use?

—H. I. BROCK

The Long Lane of Bookreviewing

I AM, as you know, a writer by profession—in fact a maker of book-reviews—lately featured on the staff of “Books and the Book Worm”. For a long time I have contemplated becoming an author, a creative artist, or whatever you wish to call it. I crave the two boons which the long-suffering English middle class has long since craved, according to Matthew Arnold—the liberty of making a fool of myself and the publicity to show the world how I am doing it. I would be willing to write daily articles for an evening paper—telling how to keep my husband’s love—for, say \$15,000 a year; I would write headings and *entre* remarks for movies for \$75,000 a year; I would conduct a column of advice to lovers for even less, or contribute a page of paragraphs to a magazine of any calibre on what I see about town. But in order to do any of these things it is necessary to serve an apprenticeship—to make one’s name known by a few years at being a poet, playwright, short-story writer, or some like form of servitude.

If it had been permitted me to serve time as a soldier or a movie actress, one year would have sufficed to create the desired demand. A movie actress is never at a loss while she can write the little subway placards telling how she keeps her skin young and fair.... A soldier can always write a volume on “How To Come Over The Top”, and not only will his royalties amount to a living wage, but he is constantly in receipt of tearful letters from editors urging further endeavors. Right gladly would I write a monthly contribution on “Why We Thought The War

Was Lost in 1917”, and bask in the sunshine of the return check! As it is, how am I situated? No editor will more than sniff at my article entitled “How I Followed My Husband to Camp”. And yet I have been a soldier in a way. All through the war I took a fighting part.

It was in the fall of 1917 in a lonely New England camp that I took to reviewing books in self-defense, and since that time I have withstood attack by a band of authors equal to a Hun army in ferocity if not in numbers. These have included a Turk with the most terrifying name in the world, a famous humorist whose letters are enough to curdle thicker blood than mine for sheer cold-hearted cleverness, and a never-to-be-forgotten pugilist whose fighting days are by no means over. In company with many another of my profession I am in receipt of letters which no file is strong enough to subdue. Surely I may be said to have waged my war. And now it has come to the point where the streets are no longer pleasant marts where one may stroll nonchalantly, but places of overt buying where it is only vouchsafed to run scuttlingly from shop to shop, and never without a false moustache or similar articles of concealment. Society has become a game of carefully shrouded identity where pleasure may be had only by means of ignominy and deceit. A book reviewer’s place is, for very safety, in the home.

I wish them to disarm, but I find the old armor clinging about me. It is not easy to become a creative artist even after the mind has been made up to it. Almost I feel it would be easier to remain the destructive laborer which my enemies acclaim me. Daily I put myself in plastic mood, sitting like Booth Tarkington with clean pad

and dozens of newly sharpened pencils before me, and nothing happens. I listen in at classes of short-story instruction and return to the pad. Nothing happens. I consult well-known authors who tell me to Live...Live...Live...and stories will come. Frankly I don't believe them. I know that I could...Live...for a thousand years and nothing would happen. Can it be that a blight has fallen upon me in punishment for my crimes? Has the Turk exerted the evil eye or the poisoned ring by absent treatment? At any rate I am unable to write. All the perfumes of Araby can never sweeten this hand apparently. Clearly it is meant to destroy. And destruction is not a profitable profession. If it were possible to make \$10,000 a year writing articles on why Ibn Mohammed is not a good novelist, I might be content to pursue the dangerous paths of bookreviewing. But it is not.

Supposing then that I can do nothing in the constructive line. I shall go on destroying, because the act of writing is more insidious than poison and more inexorable than death. Soldiers may lay down the sword and go back to their boot-blackening, street-cleaning, or legal practising with only a passing wrench, but a writer, even

a penny-a-liner, is doomed from the moment he first allows himself to be wielded by the pen. That is why they say the pen is mightier than the sword.

But if ever I do create...if ever I do...I warn all book reviewers to expect no quarter. Let but a black hand or finger be raised against me and I shall turn and rend—their backs through their editors and their faces through the mails. I shall say that it is clear that they have not read my books before attempting to criticize them; I shall become sarcastic and say that it is not politic or fitting for the man or woman who merely creates to challenge the dictum of the man or woman whose superior mental or artistic powers allow him or her to devote himself or herself to the writing of learned critiques of what others have created; and I shall follow with insults to my heart's content.... All this in the event that I finally think of something to put on the pad. If, on the other hand, destruction is all that I am capable of, I shall go about it more discreetly. Heavier moustaches must be bought and worn day and night, for life is sweet even to its book worms.

—CONSTANCE MURRAY GREENE

GOOD NOVELS OF SEVERAL KINDS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

IT is pretty generally agreed (and always has been) that critics are a race of marble-browed and horn-spectacled little men whose pleasure it is to goggle intently into the past and to turn a blind eye upon whatever is going on about them. Indeed, if we are to go with Brander Matthews, who ought to be able to speak for himself if anybody can, it would do them no good, as critics, to look about them. In that act the critic would cease to be a critic and decline into a mere reviewer. That is a contention which in the light of history might be disputed: but far be it from us to dispute in this place. You can't dispute and fry fish. However, it is discouraging to have spent a decade or two frying fishes, the freshest to be found in the market, and still to be set down as an importer of mummies. What is the use in being honestly absorbed in the spectacle of literature in the making, if there is something about you that smells of the literary mausoleum? Must you forget and ignore the dead fellows altogether in order to speak intelligently of the living ones? Is it a crime to have a memory that goes back of W. J. Locke and O. Henry?

As for irresponsiveness to fresh merit, what reviewer, however handicapped by standards, wouldn't rather come on a really fine new bit of work by an unknown than languidly inspect

and appraise a carload of So-and-So's "latest"? Here for instance is Mr. Phillpotts's new Dartmoor story. He has turned back from the series of romances of industry in Devon, Wales, and Cornwall—of which "Storm in a Teacup" was the last—wherein he instructed readers open to such teaching a lot of things about hop-growing, and slate-quarrying, and paper-making and what not, with the familiar Phillpottian accessories of rustic frankness, cupidity, passion, canniness, garrulity—above all the last-named, one is tempted to say. He has turned back from this to the less encumbered and instructive theme of human nature on Dartmoor. The publishers are right in calling "Miser's Money" "a fine specimen of Phillpotts's work". I have, I find, some dozen volumes of similar specimens on a valued shelf. I welcome, with a luxurious feeling of certainty, the coming of each successor: but without eagerness. After all, Mr. Phillpotts has said his say about human nature on Dartmoor, and he has little new to offer in type or situation. It is pleasant and comfortable to meet some more of his people now and then—and that is all. "Miser's Money"—here, of course, is one of the hard, cunning, rustic gradgrinds who with us have their counterpart in the New England deacon of melodrama. Here is an ingenuous and not ignoble-

hearted youth to whom the miser designs to leave his money and his greed. And here are disinterested love and the woman whom at last the youth is to choose—by no means without struggle or anguish, since he is not only of England, but of Dartmoor. Is there more talk in these later stories than in the earlier, or do we weary a little of the familiar bases upon which its rustic acuteness and loquacity seem always to rest?

But Mr. Phillpotts has a delightful and comparatively little known vein which deliberately eschews the advantages and disadvantages of a realistic setting, whether on Dartmoor or elsewhere. "Evander" is in the line of former fantasies like "The Girl and the Faun" and "Delight". It is a kindly fable in which modern types and problems are demurely represented by certain peasants and divinities of ancient Italy. The privilege of the marriage rite has just been extended from the aristocracy to the people. Festus, an honest wood-cutter, and Livia his sweetheart, are the first in their community to take the vows—a curious and somewhat risky experiment in the eyes of their friends and neighbors. Festus is the normal man,—the man in the street, if you like,—good for hard work and hearty living, and worshiper of a god who has no highbrow nonsense about him, the kindly Bacchus. Livia is to take over his god as a matter of course.

At first she makes no difficulty. But there is in the neighborhood a disturbing quantity in the form of one Evander, a worshiper of Apollo. He is a wordy and pretentious fellow, bent upon imposing the correct form of Apollonian enlightenment upon this unawakened countryside. Livia comes

under the spell of his fine phrases, and the result is that Evander, with Apollo's backing, runs off with the girl and sets up a free establishment on the other side of the lake from deserted and bewildered Festus. Apollo, god of the highbrows, has conquered—for the time. But friendly Bacchus is not out of it yet, as we presently see.... In the end he gets the better of Apollo in fraternal argument, and protects Livia from the god's vengeance when, wearying of the sonorous Evander, she has gone back to the bosom of trusty Festus. The dialogue is full of witty and amiable satire of our own times, the barb being especially sharp for the "intelligentzia" of all times. It is Apollo himself who says to the over-officious Evander:

I notice among certain of my followers a disposition to undue elation on the subject of their intelligence. Consider, however, who call you the "intellectuals"? The rank and file of mankind, who, being practically without any intellect whatever, are prone to servile flattery before those who exhibit even a modest evidence thereof. There is no salt in the praise of fools, or significance in the applause of the norm of men. Your mental gymnastics and gyrations; your opinions and ideas; your approval or disapproval—these help not either to remodel the world, or alter the real convictions of anybody. Remember that when the gods design a change on earth, they do not choose the "intellectuals" as their tools but cast about for a man of his hands, whose force can influence his kind, whose voice can make a nation move at his call, whose power can be felt in the hearts of kingdoms. Those who have created the history of the human race ate meat, risked their own lives daily and feared nothing. The "intellectuals" are decorative, even valuable in their way, and I am the last to speak lightly of them, since one and all are mine; but if they have a fault, it is their unintelligent assumption that they really matter.

Gods and immortals are mingled also in "The Substance of a Dream", the latest romantic fantasy of F. W. Bain, a writer who for his unique quality must by this time have won an attentive if not a large audience. He is, says our ruddy old friend "Who's

Who", Principal and Professor of History and Political Economy in the Decan College, Poona, India. He has written works which the novel-reader may avoid under titles like "The Principle of Wealth Creation". He reports his recreations, in the intimate British fashion, as golf and philosophy. And he is evidently a student of the classics in Sanskrit and a romantic dreamer. This is the ninth of a series of Hindu romances by his hand. They are supposed to be "translations from the original manuscripts"; but though that legend appears also on the title-page of the present volume, the author blandly discounts it in his witty and ingenious introduction. A great many people, he says, have asked him about the origin of these tales:

Where do they come from? I do not know. I discovered only the other day that some believe them to have been written by a woman. This appears to be improbable. But who writes them? I cannot tell. They come to me, one by one, suddenly, like a flash of lightning, all together: I see them in the air before me, like a little Bayeux tapestry, complete, from end to end, and write them down, hardly lifting the pen from the paper, straight off "from the MS." I never know, the day before, when one is coming: it arrives, as if shot out of a pistol. Who can tell? They may be all but so many reminiscences of a former birth.

A straight claim of inspiration, in which let us cheerfully put our faith. If such things can befall a professor of political economy, surely there is a chance for any of us. This is the tale of a prince who chose to be a wandering lute-player, and of his fatal passion for a wanton queen. It is, to tell the truth, as much an apology for the wantonness of the one as for the passion of the other. A full gloss upon it and a spirited discourse on love and its relation to life, strongly tintured with eastern philosophy, may be found in the leisurely introduction which I for one think even more interesting than the beautifully moulded narrative.

"Poor Relations", by Compton Mackenzie, might be called the spree of a realist. A whimsical sort of realist, it is true, but one who has always maintained the appearance of a serious intention to get down to the facts of life and character. Here he simply picks up an amusing situation and lets himself play with it at his ease. The result is a give-away. It gives away, at least, the fact of the far greater difficulty of pulling off a finished comedy than of emitting what will pass readily enough as a realistic novel. Some of us have found the heaped up casual detail and the centrifugal dialogue of "Plasher's Mead" and "Sylvia Scarlett" rather heavy going, and have seemed to be not much farther ahead with anything at the end of the journey. But we might, after all, be mistaken; it would not be safe to fall foul of the shapelessness and inconsequence of a narrative which (it may be) has studiously refrained from obvious form or meaning. But a comedy, even a farcical comedy, has got to begin and end somewhere, and has even got to mean a little something. And it must not, above all, be encumbered with a stick or a shred of detail that can be dispensed with. Mr. Mackenzie has here the material for a short story or, let us say, a well-balanced novelette. But instead of selecting, and sorting, and packing it down, he lets it take possession of him, to the end of a long, rambling, facetious narrative about as finished in structure and subtle in tone as "Helen's Babies". There is of course a lot of amusing stuff in it, no end of satirical material, no end of clever and witty touches. But the book as a book is without form and void. I am not speaking "academically". I don't mean that it fails to live up to some "rules" or others that have been hatched up

by critics. I mean that it is clumsy and therefore ineffective; and that the ordinary and unacademic reader is pretty sure to weary of it.

The publisher of "Where Angels Fear to Tread" refrains from compromising the book by an original date, and I have just noticed, after putting it among books of the month worth some mention, that it was apparently ("Who's Who" again) the first novel of a writer born some forty years ago and author of half a dozen novels to date. However, it appears to be now first available for American readers and should appeal to those who welcome an unfamiliar touch or flavor above all things. It is an odd story, a comedy not without its tragic shadows. A foolish young English widow escapes the tutelage of her defunct husband's better-bred family, and marries offhand a handsome Italian peasant. The union turns out neither better nor worse than might be expected. Gino has married Lilia for her money, and while he is kind enough to her in his peasant way, he by no means modifies his manners for her, or even cleaves to her only. She dies in giving birth to a son, whom the English relatives magnanimously determine to rescue. Now Gino might have been bought off from marrying Lilia if he had been approached in time, but will not part with his son on any terms. The father-instinct is strong in him, and his healthy peasant obstinacy easily routs the fussy, conventional British advances. He is irresistible as the embodiment of the Italian character and tradition, just as Philip, the defeated, is irrefutable as a Briton. Gino is worth studying as a hint toward the comprehension of our Italian cousin, whether the peanut man on the corner, or a D'Annunzio.

"A Place in the World" is more lightly in the vein of international comedy. It has an adventuress-heroine, Iris Iranovna, who suddenly becomes next-door neighbor to the Cumbers, fit denizens of their respectable middle-class suburb of London. Scenting sport, she promptly calls on them, and the interview begins thus:

"Do you come from Russia?" hazarded Mrs. Cumbers timidly.

"My father was a Russian, but I doubt if my mother would know him by sight now. He was one of these here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow fathers. I never saw him in my life. And—" she laughed merrily, "I was divorced by a Russian, too, so I suppose I'm as Russian as anything."

"Charming people, Russians," murmured the Reverend John, wondering how long it would be before Henry Cumbers exploded. "I knew a most fascinating Russian in San Francisco. A most cultured man—wonderful manners, too. Unfortunately he poisoned his mother and they had to get rid of him."

"What did he poison her for?" asked Tristram.

"Oh, money, of course," said Iris. "I always feel I could respect a man who poisoned his wife because she was ugly."

"Yes," said the clergyman quite seriously, "it is extraordinary that beauty is always considered a luxury...whereas, of course, it's a necessity."

There you have the pitch of the composition, and may accommodate yourself to it according to your taste and temper.... Isn't it a little dull of the "new novelists" of Britain to make such monotonous use of the clergy in their work? It is impossible to believe that all English parsons are either solemn and pompous asses on the one hand (like the Reverend Lawrence in "Poor Relations" and Mr. Galsworthy's recent victim, whatever his name was), or self-consciously "human" flibbertigibbets like our Reverend John on the other. There is something piquant in the clergyman who will not stand on his cloth; but what a difference between recognizing the unhampered humanity of a Dr. Lavendar and snickering at the Fa-

ther William gambols of a Reverend John. However, let us not fail to salute this as an amusing comedy of its somewhat fantastic kind.

Recent months have produced an uncommon number of novels dealing freely or cavalierly with the relations of sex. Here is "The Marbeck Inn", a book full of clever detail but somehow without any final whereabouts. After two hundred pages of satirical realism about the vulgar and prospering Sam, suddenly appears an Effie who rushes into physical relations with him for the sake of his soul. You are called on to admire Effie immensely, at horribly short notice, and at the same moment you are called on to believe that she conceives a grand passion for the egregious Sam. If you can manage this, the rest of the story may hold you. For myself, I am unable to like or believe much in either Sam or his Effie, and can't feel that I ought to have been bothered with them, despite the craftsmanship of their sponsor. This also I confess to feeling more or less about two first novels of able workmanship, "The Swing of the Pendulum" and "Peter Kindred". Both stories begin in the atmosphere of college life, and go on into the years of orientation. Both, in different ways, are somewhat excessively sex-conscious.

"The Swing of the Pendulum" begins at the moment of graduation from a large western university of a clever and ambitious girl, Jean Norris. She is very much the modern product, contemptuous of the old-fashioned woman, bent upon being her own mistress and making her own way. Quite realistically, she marries the first bounder that offers. Revolting at last from his weakness and in-

fidelity, she leaves him and goes East to seek her fortune. East of course means New York. Jean develops an effective personality and power as organizer which she applies to a national movement for women. Her public career is notable. Meanwhile her private life proceeds somewhat deviously along the track of the self-determined woman of modern-fiction, shall we say? Like Effie in "The Marbeck Inn" she becomes mistress of an unhappily married man and has no qualms about it. They part not because they cannot hope to marry, but because he will not give his mistress a child. Thereafter we attend Jean along some unheartened years; till at last she finds refuge in marriage (at least we suppose it is to be marriage) with a very nice fellow some years older than she. There is a good deal of fine characterization in this book; the dialogue is extraordinarily natural. But the prevailing atmosphere is sultry with sex; the middle-aged reader, at least, may find the performance as a whole both strained and wearisome. So also of "Peter Kindred". Exeter, Harvard, New York, is the sequence here. An intense young egotist is Peter, with his nose in the clouds and scant civility for inferiors like his parents. Unluckily there is not quite enough "to him" to command and hold our interest and concern at the exacted pitch. His Joan loves him, but few others go that length. As for the long-drawn limbo of his marital experience, it is a conception as ingenuous as anything to be found in the sex-lore of "The Young Visitors". Whatever their immaturities, these are notable "first books", excellently "written", and full of the wistful spirit of the honest seeker after a life worth living.

Readers of E. L. Grant Watson's

earlier books will be prepared for nothing conventional in "Deliverance". It deals with the sex life of a woman from childhood to the hour of her ultimate deliverance. For that is the "idea" in the story—that the great thing is to prove oneself independent of the body and its claims: "that the soul of a man or woman might stand alone, self-respecting and tender, happy in its rich desire to give, always too proud to make claims upon another." Susan the virginal shrinks from the indiscriminate contacts of youth. In due season she gives herself happily to a mate, or to one with whose spirit she feels akin. They ratify their relation by marriage because, says her Tom, it is an unnecessary nuisance to do the unusual thing. But both hold themselves theoretically free, and Tom presently acts upon the theory. The situation is precisely that upon which the girl in "The Swing of the Pendulum" bases her flight from her husband. For Susan it is not so vital a matter. The important thing is that she shall be mistress of her own soul. It is she and not Tom's new mistress who reaps peace of the episode. In motherhood and in freedom from any bond of sex she finds self-realization. She has won clear of youth's obsession: a freed-woman of love. However one takes it, it is a novel exposition; there is much reality in these persons, not least in the figure of Susan's irresponsible and almost incorrigible father.

"Bertram Cope's Year" is a welcome addition to the series of studies of American life and character which have come all too intermittently and charily from the hand of Henry B. Fuller. Its overt action is slight, there is no plot. It is exactly what its title declares it: the chronicle of a

year out of the life of an attractive if not earth-shaking young American who happens to be trying out his powers as instructor in a western university. He is not long out of this very university; but returning as a member of the faculty after a little experience at teaching elsewhere, he finds himself on altogether new ground. He becomes an object of pathetically burning interest to two middle-aged people: a well-to-do widow; and a modest dilettante bachelor—the sort of wistful elderly parasite to be found in any college community. The widow rather cultivates young men, on general principles. Bertram Cope makes special appeal to her, apparently, by reason of his wholesome physique and downright nature. She keeps about her also a little coterie of her own sex—"her girls". Bertram becomes entangled with one of these, a clinging vine, but escapes pretty promptly. A second appears to have gained a sort of lien on his heart or his future when, at the year's end, he passes on from Churchton to a new post in an eastern university. The curtain slips quietly down on widow Medora and wistful Randolph, admitting to each other in confidence that they are out of it. In their little contest for Bertram's favor both have been defeated. "The young", sighs Medora, "at best, only tolerate us. We are but the platform they dance on,—the ladder they climb by."... "After all, he was a charming chap," concludes Randolph. ... The kind of novel which must be enjoyed not for its matter so much as for its quality, its richness of texture and subtlety of atmosphere. It has distinction, is as finely wrought in its way as a Howells novel or a Cable. It would be extremely irritating to the customer looking for a rattling good story.

Finally I must make mention of an extraordinary and tragic book, "The Clanking of Chains", by Brinsley Mac-Namara. Like his earlier story, "The Valley of the Squinting Windows", it takes a gloomy view of the Irish character and capabilities. It is a story of wild aspiration smothered in sordid stupidity. Michael Dempsey, the shop-boy of Ballycullen, represents the insurgent heart of an Ireland brooding upon ancient wrongs and seeking to build a glorious future upon revenge against England. He studies the old stories of oppression, steeps himself in the romantic faith, the love of an Ireland pure and free—"the dear dark head" of the lovely Kathleen ni Houlihan. But Ballycullen is a place of squalor and of mean thoughts, dominated by its publicans, suspicious of high or even honest purpose. There is nothing for him there in the end. He can only prepare like legions of predecessors to go forth from Ballycullen and from Ireland in search of some cleaner and higher-souled dwell-

ing place. Even sorrow has left him; and as at the last he burns the memorials of his passion for Ireland "he felt somehow that this was no doleful act of renunciation and that none of the ashes of his soul commingled with the dust of all his dreaming for love of Ireland...." A sorrowful book, in which a devoted son seems condemned to utter with flashing eye and a kind of broken resonance, his despair of the land that bore him.

Miser's Money. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Co.

Evander. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Co.

The Substance of a Dream. By F. W. Bain. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Poor Relations. By Compton Mackenzie. Harper and Bros.

Where Angels Fear to Tread. By E. M. Forster. Alfred A. Knopf.

A Place in the World. By John Hastings Turner. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Marbeck Inn. By Harold Brighouse. Little, Brown and Co.

The Swing of the Pendulum. By Adriana Spadoni. Boni and Liveright.

Peter Kindred. By Robert Nathan. Duffield and Co.

Deliverance. By E. L. Grant Watson. Alfred A. Knopf.

Bertram Cope's Year. By Henry B. Fuller. Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

The Clanking of Chains. By Brinsley Mac-Namara. Brentano's.

CHIEFLY ABOUT BUGS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE great Fabré was endowed with infinite patience and great literary charm, but all save the most casual of his readers must always be aware that his refusal to allow more than intuitive instinct to insects was due less to scientific caution than to scientific preconceptions. Phil and Nellie Rau, of St. Louis, in their book, "Wasp Studies Afield", cannot be said

to show less patience than the great Frenchman himself, though their literary charm is less. But they are also less troubled by preconceptions, more attentive to the variations, and they have profited by the modern trend of psychological investigation. The results of their field studies of both solitary and social wasps, and of such experiments as can be conducted in

the field, or the field laboratory, dispel not a little of that mystery which was always Fabre's final "Solution". Their experiments with *Polistes Pallipes*, for example (the social wasps which build their paper houses on our barns), tend quite conclusively to show that this wasp develops a place memory by experience in flying about; and those who are removed far from the nest without such experience cannot get home, while the experienced ones (especially the queens, who live more than one year), can often find their way back from as much as two miles away. There is no more "mystery" here than in the education of a child.

These American authors are much more matter of fact in their narration than Fabre, and seemingly make fewer human analogies (it is his delicate humanizing of the bugs, in a quite legitimate sense, which so endears Fabre to the unscientific reader); yet they are no less surely adding their firm stone to the slowly rising structure of the great and baffling science of psychology, which we now know cannot house man alone. Indeed, at times one is tempted to exclaim, "The proper study of mankind is bugs".

Fabre's chapters on "The Sacred Beetle" and similar bugs, translated out of the "Souvenirs" by Alexander de Mattos, have been added to the growing series of English translations from his master-work. One need hardly say more than that Fabre makes the dung beetles a savory subject! His was a magic pen.

Two bug books for young folks are before us. One of them, "Knowing Insects through Stories", by Floyd Bralliar, is, in spite of a clumsy title, a most excellent book, excellently illustrated. It is an introduction to a

study of our American moths and butterflies which can both entertain a boy and, at the same time, gently inoculate him with genuine scientific classification, without any resort to the too prevalent method of "fiction"—i.e. making the insects talk like Rollo and his papa. The other book, called "'Busy', the Life of an Ant", falls plump into a perfect wallow of pathetic fallacy, even in the illustrations, and we discover, to our astonishment, that ants converse at great length in the English language, though no evidence is presented that they have as yet discovered the art of printing. The frontispiece, showing two ants viewing the world for the first time, might well serve as an illustration for Keats's sonnet, "On First Reading Chapman's Homer". We don't think this is quite fair, either to the children or the ants.

Peter McArthur, the Canadian farmer-journalist, is a humorist, not a man of science. His collection of little farm essays, "The Red Cow", however, is not lacking in shrewd observation of animal behavior, though he makes no deductions therefrom. His adventures in trying to feed Beatrice, the pig, are highly mirthful, and laughter is the end sought in his account. But nevertheless his intimate and laughably affectionate records of the behavior of his farm animals have such a ring of veracity that they do have their actual value in throwing a ray on the problem of animal psychology. It would doubtless please his publishers better if one should say that his book is three hundred pages of chuckle (it is). But we are scientifically inclined just now.

Finally, we find and open a book with the somewhat too sentimental title, "On the Manuscripts of God", by Ellen Burns Sherman. Even here

there is a chapter on bugs—on the little beetle that etches pine branches into wonderful totem poles. But for the most part the book is a pleasant, gently whimsical at times, and always deftly and freshly observed record of such things as trees, brooks, woodland sounds, the poetry and overtones of nature, not her science. This field has been often worked—some will say overworked. Yet its appeal is ever new, and the worker is justified who can bring to the task some definite contribution of insight or charm. Miss Sherman brings sensitiveness, a quietly religious fervor, and a finely wrought prose. She is not afraid to

be “old-fashioned”, and to write rhythmically, loving at times an ornate word, packing her sentences and patting them down. We like such prose. It is a relief from too much journalism. We rejoice to find in Miss Sherman’s book the whiff of an almost forgotten odor—the odor of the gardens of Hesperides where Sir Thomas Browne once wandered.

Wasp Studies Afield. By Phil and Nellie Rau. Princeton University Press.

The Sacred Beetle and Others. By J. Henri Fabre. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Knowing Insects through Stories. By Floyd Bralliar. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

“Busy”, the Life of an Ant. By Walter F. McCaleb. Harper and Bros.

The Red Cow and Her Friends. By Peter McArthur. John Lane Co.

On the Manuscripts of God. By Ellen Burns Sherman. The Abingdon Press.

BLIND MOUTHS

BY STARK YOUNG

LAST year a professor well known as a teacher of a certain form of writing said to me that his worst trouble with student writers was in “getting them to keep out their individuality”. So far this is one of the most depressing remarks I have heard out of the colleges. It must be obvious that one of the hopes of our literature lies in these young people. We rest on their help to raise somewhat the present dead level that reigns in literature, with its little bit for everybody. They revivify with wild youth bursting through old ways. They disregard reverence and the established methods and profitable formularies; they force older writings to stand or fall, as everything in the world does, by their vitality. Keeping the indi-

viduality of young writers out from their writing means keeping them out.

Mr. Schnittkind’s books of selections from college writings, especially short stories—the book of poems is rather better, less connected with practical temptations—set the question going in my mind again. The title of “the best college short stories” is obviously misleading. If you select twenty-two stories from almost as many colleges, you are selecting partly by a mere distribution, since a quarter of the best might actually be found in one college. But Mr. Schnittkind’s plan is better for our purpose. It gives us a better idea of the field. The stories are followed by a group of kindly letters from magazine editors, intended to help bridge the gap be-

tween the editors and the young authors. The last section of all contains "an autobiographic symposium by twenty-eight famous authors of short stories, giving an account of their struggle for literary fame and the steps they took to attain it"; a ridiculous mass of stuff, most of the writers being of no interest whatever and most of their remarks being appallingly barren and cheap.

Can writing of any value be taught? Certainly this collection of stories puts edge on the question. Obviously the common decencies, the etiquette of writing, can be taught by drill. But one wonders about literature. Van Dyke was taught by Rubens, Plato by Socrates. But Rubens and Socrates were great creators; and what great creative figure teaches writing? It is more likely that great books are the teachers for a writer; reading-classes in literature, if you must have classes, not those in themes and short stories. Doubtless rules may be observed. One may be taught to be a member of a literary school even, or a literary factory. One may become expert in phases of a craft. And for the dull such a training may be good. It teaches them a certain mechanism that may serve to make dullness endurable; though the same mechanism has the doubtful moral function of preserving the unfit. Teaching may give great talents a chance to imitate men they will absorb or free themselves from, as they come at length to their own.

But between the top and the bottom, for the majority of students that is, the argument for teaching writing grows weaker. To the commonplace it may give a uniform mediocrity that at least puts them in line, sometimes the market line. But for many gifted though secondary souls, this teaching

how to do the trick merely sets up hurdles to be taken. It often ends by making what might have been a small originality turn out mere imitation. In writing more than anywhere else Spenser's saying that "soul is form and doth the body make" is true. A content that does not write itself, does not dictate its form, is never written. And yet, absurdly enough, teachers with pretty much nothing to say are often strong on form devices. At any rate, whatever we may say about the possibility of teaching a man how to write, we may at least say, surely, that after all a man must write his own work. When you show him how to write a thing, it only means that he has written not his own thing but something else. This thing may be good, but his own is still unwritten.

But say that writing can be taught. If writing can be taught, then, what sort should the teaching be? In the twenty-two stories brought together by Mr. Schnittkind, Miss Abrahamson of the University of Minnesota has a story, "The Tomte Gubbe", with something that hovers always over it and haunts the mind. And Mr. Shawcross of Brown University has put into "The Krotchet Kid" some of the talk, the half-light and quick shadows, the poignant and reckless idealism and slap-dash of certain high-souled and splashing college boys; some of it almost as good as the same kind of thing in Mr. Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man". And Miss Grossman of Hunter College has no end of promise in the humor of "The S in Fish Means Sugar". But the collection for the most part is discouraging. It suggests a lot of teachers throughout the country who are teaching students how to play the game. Consciously or not, many of these teachers are only pimping for com-

mercial journalism. They know sometimes the practical field, or use textbooks that seem to; they know certain editors; know what tricks are in demand. Study the magazines, they advise, and see what is wanted. They may be pitied somewhat, for many of them are pursued, like their schools, by the vulgar pressure "to make good"—in the vulgar sense of the phrase. And such a volume as Mr. Schnittkind's helps toward the same cause.

I may surmise that better things are done by young writers, if we could only see them. But here in this book with its even and fluent vacuity and its account of the ideals of our literary salesmen, here, as in certain magazines, is the reward for the sharp-sighted among the young. I read through all these pages of stories, mostly unreal and foolish—and often filled with the exhausting and evasive and facile patter of girl students, more foolish than ever—with falling spirits. If they were even crude it would mean something; or if they were extravagant, or dumb, or excessive with the promise of excessiveness that Coleridge talks about. But they are like tiresome and knowing children who have learned to make themselves approved of their prosaic elders. I read and read and wonder with Wordsworth "whither has fled the glory and the dream?" Where is passion, despair, foolish longings, egotism, aspirations? Where are the wild hearts or the morose, the hours tortured with doubts, the growing-pains, the resentment felt toward fixed order, the sense of loneliness, of inextinguishable joy? And who helped teach them to leave out all this? I want to quote them Sir Anthony: "Come, Jack, you've been lying, han't you? Come, you sly dog! I'll never forgive you if you han't been lying!" I can never forgive these

young story writers if these smooth and fluent affairs they have set down have not lied about their authors.

I know of course that the last and hardest thing in art is to express one's self, to leave off imitation of things outside; and I know that young people are reticent about themselves, shy of their dreams, secret of their baseness, sometimes wistful, sometimes brutal, often inarticulate. Let that pass as part of the modesty of nature. But they should at least be encouraged to feel that for them expression in art concerns only these realities of their own. They can at least be taught not to be foolish but not to be silent.

Part of the blame may be put on the publishing market; that is another discussion. But teachers are not bound by market conditions. They do not have to understudy the public and the editors. We get now a melancholy picture of ladies with pince-nez and blue pencil and of gentle, fastidious men — correcting, fancying themselves editors perhaps, conferring with young writers, judging, criticizing, re-arranging the life of what has been written, unable to do anything themselves, but knowing how another mind, steaming over with zest or beauty or adventure, is to turn the trick. Auditors and interested friends they might be, Mæcenases giving freely of their patient ears. But it is hard to keep one's self out like that. And now and then the acceptance of a story by some magazine comes for a reward, to be held up as a goal of endeavors and a warning to such as will not learn their trade properly. The excuse for such teachers is slight. They are not trying to make literary journeymen, hacks or artisans; such as these can learn their craft better in the regular channels of the trade;

which may be after all the better way for everybody, either that or solitary dream and effort.

The teacher's business is largely in the other direction. He needs to offset the temptations of an immediate or mechanical or extraneous, often a prostitutional, success. Every student needs most of all the sense of the possibilities of his own self. Among teachers the sinner is the man who does not expand and bring to some sort of expression the nature of each individual man that he teaches. Every student needs to be taught Ibsen's remark when they told him that his plays would never go in his own country: "If the taste of Norway does not like my work, the taste of Norway will have to change"; to be told that this may be the losing game but is the only game worth anything. If he is not willing to play it so, let him choose another business; there is nothing the matter with architecture or banking or the church or insurance. Students should be helped toward their insolence, passion, wayward vision, enthusiasm, devotion, fury, toward their fire or sentiment, gentle affection, boisterous humor or

idle nothings; that is the business of the teacher, if anything is to come out of the teaching of those who want to write. For of all the forms of prudence, of practical ways of getting on, of selling one's stuff or playing the game, there are endless lessons on every news-stand. It is only too easy for a gifted beginner to get the cue for trying to follow in the steps of literary big business.

Meantime I read these pages of stories and wonder what Chekhov would think of the teaching behind it all, or what Dante would think, or Shakespeare, or Whitman, or Thoreau or any one who cares about life and knows what it means secretly to every man according to his depth. I read and wonder if art exists in spite of the colleges, as I heard a great artist say once. And meantime in front of me there is the line of these terribly adequate young people of ours, each one doing with disconcerting expertness an almost vacant thing.

The Best College Short Stories. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. Introduction by Edward J. O'Brien. The Stratford Co.

The Poets of the Future. A College Anthology for 1917-1918. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. The Stratford Co.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

MEMORIES OF MEREDITH

By James J. Daly

WHEN she was still little Alice Brandreth, aged thirteen, Lady Butcher began a friendship with George Meredith which lasted till his death, a period of forty-one years. They were neighbors as well as friends. Numerous family gatherings, private Shakespearian recitals in which both figured as promoters and actors, picnics, long walks and drives in the country, literary discussions—all these would seem to afford material for a large volume. There were, moreover, letters and diaries to draw from. Lady Butcher's book contains a hundred and fifty pages and can be read in an hour and a half. She is to be congratulated on her heroic self-restraint. The proud reserve of her famous friend was still potent to discourage talkativeness at his expense.

Not that the little book is toned down to colorlessness. No space is wasted on the insignificant. We enjoy here, we are made to feel, the cream of several volumes. If there is nothing particularly revealing, we obtain at least interesting confirmation of the impressions made by Meredith himself through his novels and poems. Information is sparingly dispensed and is not always news. We are told once more that Meredith attached a higher value to his poems than to his

novels, that "Beauchamp's Career" was his favorite novel, that Swinburne was the original of Tracy Runningbrook in "Sandra Belloni". It may not be so well known that Renée in "Beauchamp's Career" was his best beloved character, and that Lady Butcher is Cecilia Halkett in the same novel.

It is interesting to discover that Meredith, whose pen was the first great English pen to pry curiously among the reticences, was always nervous about giving offense to young and innocent minds. He could not enjoy a witty and wicked French play on one occasion because of the thought that young people were in the audience. He believed that the reading of young girls ought to be carefully censored, and he disapproved of de Maupassant for general circulation. He had no use for women who never kneeled in prayer; and he never parted from Lady Butcher during those forty-one years without a fervent "God bless you".

As the literary styles seem to go at present, perhaps nothing so effectually places Meredith in the "yellow yesterdays of time" as the reverent seriousness which, with questionable judgment, he felt obliged to conceal partially under fantastic mockeries. One feels that Meredith was better than his books. Lady Butcher expresses a profound criticism of Meredith when she regrets his early association

with Thomas Love Peacock. Meredith accepted Lessing's dislike of certainties, as a working philosophy, and resolved to be his own prophet in a world where one doubt was as good or as bad as another.

Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!

It is a compliment to his intellectual and moral powers and habits that he was able to discover a few of the eternal certainties for himself.

Meredith's mental energy raises him above his modernistic successors and disciples, at the cost frequently of his art. Lady Butcher notes that she preferred many of his stories, in the form in which he told them to her before writing them out, to the finished product with its heavy encrustations of wisdom and satire. He played the sedulous chorus to his own creations; and it was not a chorus after the Greek manner, reflecting the reactions of ordinary, everyday people.

Wit that strives to speak the popular voice
Puts on its nightcap and puts out the light.

And yet Lady Butcher tells how he solemnly warned her against ever falling into the ineptitude of whispering to herself, "Not I as common men!" There are many Meredithian touches in this little book. Once the great man turned on the young Alice Brandreth: "Make up your mind, did you say? Make up your *mind*? You haven't got one yet. You are all around the clock in twenty-four hours." Speaking of his critics to her son: "They are always abusing me. I have been observing them. It is the crueller process." We have to thank Lady Butcher for a pleasant little book. She might have made her self-restraint perfect, and added a tone of originality to her work, if she had omitted the usual gibe at the crude

Americans who hasten to pay homage to English idols. Every American who visits an Englishman in his castle must do so, it seems, at the risk of his self-respect. And in the present instance the derision is especially unjust. Are we not the original discoverers of George Meredith?

Memories of George Meredith, O.M. By Lady Butcher. With three illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LOAF, AND INVITE YOUR SOUL*

By Maurice Francis Egan

IT is rather distracting to receive these two books at the same time. If you have a well-developed sense of order, you would probably prefer to finish one before beginning the other; but that is very difficult; it is even more difficult to begin at the beginning of either. You dip into "Peeps at People" and find "As To Office Boys". You chuckle; but you find that "As To Office Boys" is only an appetizer, and you long for a *pièce de résistance* and you put your teeth into "At Mrs. Wigger's", in "Broome Street Straws", which is the fatter volume of the two.

Then you do not get back to "Peeps at People" again until you have exhausted "Broome Street Straws" and feel that you must have more of the delicious flavor of Robert Cortes Holliday's manner. It is the fashion to compare this unique American essayist with other essayists of the past;

*A certain (perhaps not unbecoming) modesty made Mr. Holliday frown upon the publication in THE BOOKMAN of this review of his two books. His weakness in the face of the ethical problem involved has been a grief to his associates for several months. Now, however, that he is in the West for an extended trip for the magazine, the case is surprisingly simple—to us. Also, there is nothing he can do about it. That always helps.—THE EDITORS.

and, in reviewing his books, one feels the literary necessity of finding some comparison or other. It is expected, of course. Now, it seems to me that if "Peeps at People" is like any other written thing on earth, it resembles Miss Mitford's series of sketches called "Our Village". It is true that Miss Mitford writes of the country, and a quiet country, while Mr. Holliday writes of the city, and a tumultuous city; but since I must make a comparison, owing to the solemn demands of the exigencies of Comparative Literature, let it be Miss Mitford. But "Broome Street Straws" escapes comparison; or, shall we,—all of us,—in order to be consistent, measure "The Romance of Destiny" with Balzac's "César Birotteau" or "The Rise of Silas Lapham"? This process restores one's self-respect and one can go on writing about Mr. Holliday's books without fear or favor.

Mr. Holliday notices this necessity himself in "An Article Without An Idea":

One word more as to essays. The mantle of the illustrious dead is always descending upon the peculiar cove who essays to write an essay. For a considerable spell in this country it was quite the thing to wrap any one who announced that that which he had written was an essay in the mantle of Dr. Holmes. Now he is likely to get into the old clothes of Charles Lamb (Oh, Ella, of course!), of "R. L. S.", of the author of "The Reveries of a Bachelor", etc., etc., etc.

And then, having tangled up Christopher Morley in the hose and doublet of Montaigne, he unwraps him!

The business man of the present—that is, the real business man of the present—engages experts in efficiency who can determine whether his employees are psychically prepared to undertake the work that suits them best. The publishers, if they were quite abreast of their times, ought to have a similar mental preparation

which could put the reader into the proper mood for enjoying each book. Improving book-shelves, which imply courses of reading, are entirely unmodern. What we demand now is such a delicate arrangement of books that each book will put us in the mood for pleasantly savoring the next. Mr. Holliday, though not a publisher, has perhaps unconsciously applied this truth. You may have a vacant mind and still delight in "Peeps at People". Any girl in the subway, chewing gum, with her hair over her ears, and very high heels, is capable of chuckling over "Peeps at People". It is not necessary that she should know anything to enjoy it. It is a series of iridescent bubbles from the pipe of a philosopher; it is as light as air and seemingly as easy in motion; but its bubbles reflect the earth and air, and have needed very careful mental, chemical combinations to make them.

Take "A Nice Taste in Murders", for instance; it is a little nocturne in pastel; you can hear Caroline playing the ghostly flute! Or take "The Forgetful Tailor",—who has not known him, but who wants to know him? And "A Nice Man"! it recalls the inimitable Dixie, in the old days of "Adonis" being charming to all the customers at the village shop; and it is from life. For the consolation of the many it may be safely asserted that any reader may honestly confess that he has "a vacant mind" by a series of loud laughs after reading "The Case of Mr. Woolen", and acquire no blame!

But with "Broome Street Straws" it is different. It is not for those who run and read. You must have relished many books to get the full flavor of "Broome Street Straws", in which Mr.

Holliday shows that he is not only a most sympathetic scholar, but a very tolerant gentleman. He should have known Horatius Flaccus. He should have talked over the wine of Gascony with Montaigne. Dr. Johnson would have found him an interesting companion, if the great lexicographer could have been persuaded that many of his expressions were drawn from the language of the Red Indians, and not intended to be the language spoken at the Cheshire Cheese! Only that would have made him forgive them. In all this charming array of what may be called "essays", but which are unlike all other essays that we have read, there is only one which seems rather forced, and that is "Tarkington-apolis". It is no doubt good literary appreciation, but it has neither the atmosphere nor the feeling that makes so satisfactory the work of this confirmed "loafer in literature":

Mr. Holliday remarks:

It is said that essays are coming in again. Every once in a while somebody says that. It is like prophecies concerning the immediate end of the world. However, it (either one of these prophecies) may be so this time. Still, as to essays, in view of the economy of ideas now going, as hand in hand we have seen is the case, that likelihood does not seem so probable. Because, whereas you can write an excellent article about something with only one idea, and a pretty fair one (such as this) with no idea at all, to write the best sort of essay, which is about nothing much, you really need any number of ideas.

Now, when Mr. Holliday becomes logical or dogmatic, he is always wrong; and he is particularly wrong in this rather doctrinal assertion. The kind of essay he writes has nothing whatever to do with ideas. Its value, its charm, its reason to be delightful, is entirely due to a certain temperamental way of looking at life, disciplined by culture, inspired by love of the real beauty of living, and to an ir-

repressible enjoyment of everything that is normally human. You have only to read—but you ought to be in the mood—the paper called "As to Visits" to understand the depth, the fine feeling, and the subdued glow of humor which is near to that real pathos which is an integral part of Mr. Holliday's best work. One need offer no excuse for quoting this paragraph:

If birds of a feather flock together, if a man may be known by the company he keeps, if anything represents an individual or a house, it is his or its books. A man's deeds, even, do not speak himself; they are subject to the infirmities of opportunity, of chance, of mistake, of his capacity, of adversity, of misconstruction in the minds of others; his company may not at all represent him—by circumstance he may be denied that he would choose; but he reads what he likes. By his books you may know him!

Any volume on these shelves before this guest is one that, had an astute man knowingly but another week before him in this world, which he would husband well, he might pick at random to read before he would go. He would extend his life as much as possible in one week.

Friend, is not what you have left to you of life but a kind of a week, more or less? You may have to give you good measure, say, twenty-five years. If you should begin tonight and be able to read straight on, doing nothing else, in that pitiful time how many books could you read? How many that would a kingdom to you be must you leave unread? Before, then, all the wealth of this world is, as if by some juggler's trick, snatched from you, be the astute one who has but another week in which to turn over this world's treasures. Do not sit like one simple eating peanuts at the greater fair. It will soon be night, when you must go home. Take with you, dear child, in your spirit the best of the big show.

Even so.

One who went a-visiting had never read "The Virginians". Death might have taken him thus!

Mr. Holliday puts his finger on the defect in modern literature when he says that subtlety and psychology, in the modern sense, and mere technique can never grip us as the work of Harry Fielding and Oliver Goldsmith and Lamb, and "the Good Sir Walter",

and Dickens, and Thackeray held us. None of the modern exquisite pipings, like the latest tunes of Anatole France, or Mr. Bennett, or Booth Tarkington, or Mrs. Edith Wharton, or even Mr. Swinnerton, or Hugh Walpole, or the late Henry James, or the resurgent Mr. Howells have the depth, the tenderness, the warmth, the bigness, the fidelity of these immortal interpreters of the heart of humanity. The finest of our writers of today lack, he says, that greatness of heart of which the moderns, in their curious sophistication and self-consciousness, are afraid; but they likewise lack faith in that "far-off, divine event to which the whole creation tends".

There are many chuckles and some startling truths to be got out of human beings; having lived continuously for some time in New York, the essayist had almost forgotten what real human beings are like. Everybody in New York is extraordinary; if people are artists or actors or colossal millionaires or abject paupers or mighty editors or fearless gunmen or anything amazingly unusual, they at once become part of the metropolis. One can only find natural, wholesome human beings in "the provinces", and there it is that Mr. Holliday finds them. There is one peculiarity he remarks: he notices that in the advertisements male human beings are represented as always attracted by clothes of a "distinctive" or "different" design; and yet when one meets them upon the street, they all seem to be dressed very much alike! In fact, this very short essay bristles with paradoxes, founded on careful observations yet unexplained by the author. The object of the human being outside of New York is, he thinks, to forget his own existence:

"I have seen," he says, "a company of human beings successfully allay a perception of their own existence for hours by industriously cranking up a Victrola. The dance is likewise employed."

Does anybody remember a story called "Aurelia in Arcadia", written about the same time as "The Madness of Philip"? Then every monthly issue of a magazine introduced to the world a new author of value. The philosophy of this story was that the child of the city, so often pitied and patronized, had compensations of her own; but Aurelia, although she plead in vain, was never taken seriously by the settlement workers or the uplifters. A few of us felt the validity of her mood when she heard the dismal croaking of the frogs in the twilight, and turned to the stolid and tired peasants—who were slumbering the evening hours away in their dismal rooms—and asked artlessly, "Be yez dummies?"

We who sympathized with Aurelia when she returned to the real Arcadia of New York, and was permitted to dance to the music of the street-organ and eat olives offered her by the kindly bartender, find ourselves justified importantly in "To the Glory of Cities".

"It's a very pleasant thing for one long in the country pent to escape to the city for a breath of fresh air. Indeed, it's a life-saver." To be twenty-five miles from New York in the country and to be too poor to go into town every day, is a fate which many of us would sympathetically deplore. This unwilling autocthon had a wife, too, in delicate health, and, in the hot weather, he sometimes feared to lose her before she could be moved back again to the city. He, however, man-

aged to get her into town one Sunday for "a square meal at Child's" and "she has been better ever since". Nothing but a withering, stifling blanket of heat in the country; nothing to be seen except trees; now and then a lonely walker drags his weary length along. You envy the happy party of motorists from the city; and the insects of "more kind than you ever heard of", and the dust; "your feet hurt like sin"; but oh, the happy city, where people "may eat watermelons and other of the earth's yield forbidden, until goodness knows when, in the country". On the golden urban pavement once more this happy rustic couple felt the cool breeze blowing across Manhattan again, and almost believed they were in the golden streets of Jerusalem!

How true it all is, and how simple and exaggerated is Mr. Holliday's statement of the truth! It is audacious, to be sure; but who that has been doomed to live through long July days in any rustic corner from which all the fruits in season are sent to market, and nothing unseasonable is obtainable, can refrain from thanking this delicately perceptive essayist for interpreting the feelings of those who for so long have been compelled by convention to conceal them?

Another subtle interpretation, of the average, but unexpressed human thought is "Riding in Cars". For a short period of unadulterated delight there are the two pages on Omar Khayyam as a gift book. We must leave "Broome Street Straws" with deep regret, grateful—yet somewhat irritated, that it does not lead at once to another and succeeding volume.

Broome Street Straws. By Robert Cortes Holliday. George H. Doran Company.
Peeps at People. By Robert Cortes Holliday. George H. Doran Company.

"TRUSTY, DUSKY, VIVID, TRUE"

By Christopher Morley

THERE is a little village on the skirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau (heavenly region of springtime and romance!) where the crystal-green eddies of the Loing slip under an old grey bridge with sharp angled piers of stone. Near the bridge is a quiet little inn, one of the many happy places in that country long frequented by artists for painting and "*villégiature*". Behind the inn is a garden beside the river-bank. The *salle à manger*, as in so many of those inns at Barbizon, Moret, and the other Fontainebleau villages, is paneled and frescoed with humorous and high-spirited impromptus done by visiting painters.

In the summer of 1876 an anxious rumor passed among the artist colonies. It was said that an American lady and her two children had arrived at Grez, and the young bohemians who regarded this region as their own sacred retreat were startled and alarmed. Were their chosen haunts to be invaded by tourists—and tourists of the disturbing sex? Among three happy irresponsibles this humorous anxiety was particularly acute. One of the trio was sent over to Grez as a scout, to spy out the situation and report. The emissary went, and failed to return. A second explorer was dispatched to study the problem. He too was swallowed up in silence. The third, impatiently waiting tidings from his faithless friends, set out to make an end of this mystery. He reached the inn at dusk: it was a gentle summer evening; the windows were open to the tender air; lamps were lit within, and a merry party sat

at dinner. Through the open window the suspicious venturer saw the recreant ambassadors, gay with laughter. And there, sitting in the lamp-light, was the American lady—a slender, thoughtful enchantress with eyes as dark and glowing as the wine. Thus it was that Robert Louis Stevenson first saw Fanny Osbourne.

"The Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson", written by her sister Mrs. Sanchez (the mother of "little Louis Sanchez on the beach at Monterey" remembered by all lovers of "A Child's Garden of Verses") is a delightful book, and sets one musing on the appealing story of these two stormy petrels, so nobly fitted for one another and so happily mated in heart and mind. The early adventures of R. L. S. seem tame enough compared to the astounding vicissitudes of Fanny Van de Grift's career. She came of old Dutch and Swedish blood, settled in Pennsylvania since the seventeenth century. Her parents were married in Philadelphia in 1837. It seems quaint that the two staidest cities of the Anglo-Saxon world—Philadelphia and Edinburgh—should have produced this pair of romantic wanderers.

Married at seventeen (in 1857) Fanny Osbourne early knew many of the surprises of life. Her husband served as a captain in what used to be known as "The War", and afterward she followed him across Panama to California. She went through the hardships of a mining camp in Nevada. Her husband was unfaithful: he disappeared, and she thought herself a widow. She worked for a dress-maker in Frisco. He returned, and there was a temporary reconciliation. Finally, seeing no possibility of domestic happiness, with her accustomed courage she made a fresh start. She took her children to Belgium and

France to study art, in 1875. R. L. S. appeared at Grez in 1876. "There is a young Scotchman here, a Mr. Stevenson," wrote her eighteen-year-old daughter Isobel from Grez. "He is such a nice-looking ugly man, and I would rather listen to him talk than read the most interesting book.... Mama is ever so much better and is getting prettier every day."

To the Stevensonian, this book is a mine of delight. It sets down what has never before been sufficiently made clear, that Mrs. Stevenson was, in her own way, as remarkable and as gifted as her husband. A woman of extraordinary charm and beauty, fearless, generous, and mistress of every emergency, she saved Louis's life a hundred times over. Vivid and enchanting as the tiger lily which was her favorite emblem, she was a noble partner for the most loved writer of his age, and the fit recipient of the most perfect love poem of our time.

The Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. By Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN ITALIAN YEAR

By James C. Grey

IT was one of Charles Waterton's blunt comments on Italy when he visited that country one hundred years ago, that "the Italians would confer a vast benefit on society if they would depose more fertilizing matter in their fields and less in their streets". Italy has changed little since then in the opinion of Dr. Joseph Collins, whose "My Italian Year" is a record of his observations while in military service in Italy.

"I don't profess to know the Italians or to understand them," he tells us, but he is what the Italians themselves call "simpatico" and he claims a friend's right to be candid and critical. "They are not haughty, unyielding, as the English. They are not assertive, boastful, as the Americans. They are not predatory, self-assertive, as the French. They display a certain satisfaction with themselves and with their accomplishments, which may best be called conceit"; a summary of the Italian character which may serve as a commentary on the young kingdom's political motto "L'Italia fara da se".

An excellent journalist was lost when Dr. Collins took up the study of medicine. The disjointed essays that go to make up this volume are occasional letters written home during the war, describing the things his eyes saw and his hands handled. He loves Italy, but he would have her wash her face: "When I went there the following day, I found the customary thing—filth and more filth and still more filth", and he is annoyed with an intelligent woman who replied to his discourse on cleanliness: "The bath only brings the filth into relief." His panacea for all this evil is education. "Thrust education on *il popolo*, and Italians will take a leading place among the successful nations of the world." There is the American peeping out: success measured in terms of business aggression, which he hides in an epigram by saying that after the war Italy must make a new alliance with Hygeia and Vulcan. Yet Dr. Collins is not blind to the light that never was on land or sea; and while he preaches the doctrine of cultivating one's garden in its material sense, he loves to stand on Monte Mario and look out over the Eternal City and the mist-blanketed Campagna to Horace's

snow-capped Soracte riding over the plain like a battleship at anchor.

The present volume will probably irritate many friends of Italy, but it brings a fresh, optimistic mind to bear on its problems and it stimulates thought. Its most valuable chapters are those that deal with Italian domestic policies and the government machine, about which so little is known on this side of the Atlantic.

Melrose is seen best by moonlight. Italy is best seen on foot. When the doctor visits Italy again, let him leave his motor-car behind, and then write another book. In the Platonic heaven, where the patterns of all that is on earth are laid up, there must be the personified idea of Italy—the Italy that wins to her heart even modern medical men who see her only through the dust-cloud of a flying automobile. Go back, Dr. Collins, and write another book. You owe it to a number of us who are not so fortunate; and meanwhile, if you bring out another edition of "My Italian Year", ask the proofreader to exercise a little more care. *Cecilia Metella* is spelled correctly on page 299 only. Monte Pincio is not Monte Pinciani. St. Sebastian's Gate is San Sebastino, and the nameless column with the buried base in the Forum is the Column of Phocas, not Phoca's Column. Even though you confess that going to church has a pernicious influence on you, it should not so affect the typesetter as to turn *Ite: Missa Est* into *Ita: Messa Est*; and while the Italian Contadino may be gullible in many ways, if you told him, as you do on page 301, that he looks on the Pope as "impeccable", his answer would be "Magari!"

The Great War was Janus-faced, or double-natured. It was an event that happened to the world around us and it was an event that happened to the

minds of the men who went through it. Not many of those who went through it have given us such an interesting record as this. There have been many exhibitions of war pictures; it is time we had an exhibition of war books that are worth while. "My Italian Year" will deserve a place among them.

My Italian Year. By Joseph Collins. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"WOMAN HATERS"

By Isaac Goldberg

DESPITE its title, the latest novel by the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is by no means a misogynistic work. "Los Enemigos de la Mujer", which arrived upon these shores from Spain only a few days after its author, continues the style of its two predecessors; since this Spaniard's novels are peculiarly contemporary to his own travels and the thoughts inspired by the world about him, there is less war in "The Enemies of Women" than in "The Four Horsemen" or "Mare Nostrum", and more of that vision which seeks to see beyond battlefields into the uncertain future.

Why "The Enemies of Women"? That is the name of a small society of men who gather about Prince Lubimoff at his villa near the Casino of Monte Carlo; the prince, with a past that includes every form of sybaritism, has tired of women and considers himself apart from the world and its problems, chief of which—at the time the book opens—is the war. To his men companions he offers the hospitality of his

villa and grounds—almost the only remainder of a vast fortune—provided that the fair sex be held taboo within the walls of this sanctuary. Women, indeed, are to be as alien to his thoughts as the war itself.

But he does not reckon with his hostess, or rather, the impulsive, passionate Alicia, whose past is not entirely unrelated to his own; they have both been creatures of whim and passion, having inherited their traits from a mixed ancestry, and they are in a manner related. Years before, as children, they have quarreled; somewhat later, she had attempted to break down his obstinate resistance, and failed. When the war brings them together they are both financially embarrassed; he has tired even of gambling, while she plunges into it madly.

The "woman-haters" fare ill; one by one they yield, and the prince himself succumbs to Alicia. But too late. A son born out of wedlock has died as a war prisoner in a German camp; she finally confides her secret to him, and is led to expiation by a self-sacrificing English war-nurse. The prince himself, through the same nurse, comes to a realization of his duty, volunteers in the Foreign Legion, and loses an arm in the conflict that he had thought to hold aloof from. In short, a victory for both woman and the idealism symbolized by the war, into which the men are brought by the women. Alicia, in the end, follows her son.

The author is rich in praise of America's disinterested entrance into the conflict, even as the book is replete with the descriptive and interpretative passages that form a distinguishing feature of Blasco Ibáñez's numerous works. In respect of characterization "Los Enemigos de la Mujer" is an advance over its imme-

diate antecedents; the prince and Alicia, though queer creatures at best, dwelling in a society that knows only pleasure and the pursuits of a decadent milieu, are far more convincing than the analogous figures in "The Four Horsemen" or "Mare Nostrum"; the general theme of the novel resembles that of these two in its motif of retribution, but it looks and progresses beyond the strife into an era where man may possibly broaden his conception of patriotism into an international citizenship. Not any too optimistically, to tell the truth, but fearlessly enough. "Los Enemigos de la Mujer" completes, as it were, a powerful war trilogy, and maintains the new prestige that has come to this sturdy Valencian with the four horsemen that have galloped around the world.

Los Enemigos de la Mujer. Prometeo Sociedad Editorial. Germanías, 33, Valencia. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. English translation published by E. P. Dutton and Co.

COLORFUL IMPRESSIONS OF THE GRAND CANYON

By LeRoy Jeffers

IT is a curious fact that exceedingly few travelers are more than superficially acquainted with our new national park, the Grand Canyon. In the interest of its geological story, in the wealth of its marvelous coloring, and in its vast and silent grandeur, it immeasurably surpasses all other canyons known to man. But as yet it is ordinarily accessible only here and there at points along its southern rim, while only two or three trails into its depths are kept in repair. Many trails should be built that closely follow the

rim, and artistic chalets should be constructed at suitable points.

At no distant day the capes and promontories of the northern rim will become world famous. A few years ago probably less than a score of adventurers had visited some of its points. In the far western section, Dutton Point and the great north-west viewpoint on Powell Plateau, to which there was no trail, are unique and satisfying in the highest degree. Point Sublime of Captain Dutton boldly reaches far into the Canyon with a comprehensive eastern outlook; while Bright Angel Point, opposite El Tovar, is the terminus of the only road to the northern rim in the entire 213 miles of the canyon. The Park Service proposes to bridge the Colorado at Bright Angel, linking the trails on either side of the river, and making it practicable to reach the recently established Wiley camp, which offers the only accommodation on the northern side for the traveler without a pack train. From this central camp at Bright Angel Point one may visit Cape Royal and Cape Final, southeastern points about which the river swings from the north to the west. From the latter there is a superb view of the rare Algonkian strata near the river. Continuing to the north one comes to Atoko and Skiddoo points, the latter being unfortunately locally named, but curiously having no bench mark although it is 8,500 feet, the highest at the canyon. In the amphitheatre beneath one are magnificently colored temples, while no other outlooks offer such superb sunset views of the Painted Desert. Down the precipitous northern slope of Saddle Mountain one may descend to the burning desert of the Marble Platform and peer into the depths of the Marble Canyon.

The book of the northern rim has yet to be written, but Professor Van Dyke has studied the scenery from the southern side and in his recently published book "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado", gives us a popular account of the geology of the region. He protests against the naming of the great temples and buttes of the canyon after the gods of India. The views from a number of the southern points are described and details are given of the principal trails to the river. Reference is made to the animals, birds, and trees, and to the discoverers and prehistoric inhabitants of the canyon.

In other books of poetic beauty the author has given us colorful descriptions of the desert, the sea, and the mountains. In this region of the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert there is a more marvelous display of color in landscape and sky than I have found elsewhere. Perhaps this is summed up to best advantage in Professor Van Dyke's impressions of sunset and sunrise from Lincoln and Navaho Points. At Desert View (Navaho Point) one may commune with the soul of the Canyon and the desert. Here one may linger alone at twilight watching the great transfiguration. While the distant temples are lit by the holy alpine glow, the great curtain of night rises slowly from the purple depths of the canyon. Up the wall of the Desert Palisades and far across the Painted Desert the shadow travels, seeming to pause before the Echo Cliffs while they turn to a heavenly pink, and then it passes over to awaken line after line of cliffs beyond. Weirdly white in the distance are the high white mesas. Over the desert the west is rich with crimson, purple, and gold.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado. By John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A PLAIN, UNVARNISHED TALE

By John Seymour Wood

WE may almost call "Villa Elsa", by Stuart Henry, a document in the case—one of greater detail than "Christine" or "The Pastor's Wife". It is the actual, everyday family life of the middle-class German before the war—nothing glossed over, nothing exaggerated or fanciful. It is Mr. Henry's personal experience expressed in the form of a novel, and the chief merit of the book is that the reader is bound to feel its truth. There is no attempt at fine writing or that easy familiarity with aristocratic court life, so often affected by English novelists, which, while it adds a gloss to the story, never wears the features of actual experience. It is very easy to write "My friend, von Ludendorff, observed to me at the Potsdam Court ball, etc."...or, "The Emperor asked von Tirpitz to leave us alone, as he had some private matters to communicate, etc."

It is not so easy to chronicle the everyday life of the middle-class Germans as it really occurs. We believed the Germans were kindly, gentle, honest, and scrupulous. We knew not the truth. We read and admired Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Heine. We never heard of Treitschke. We crowded to hear the sublime music of Wagner,—and Beethoven and Schumann were our daily musical food. But what William made of his countrymen, the last forty years, was not even surmised. To that arch criminal and his genius for evil and misrule must be attributed most of the hideous German Kultur. Through his numerous bureaus, he kept his hand on the development of each child.

He directed the system of "hate"

for every other nation, and chose the vocation of each individual. From the old style German, good-natured, kindly, and honest, he made them over into hateful and even disgusting Huns. In other words, he made them all Prussians, and in each family he placed a government spy. The evil that William did to Germany is far greater than he accomplished in the war against any of the "hated" nations.

The Bucher family lived in Loschwitz, a suburb of Dresden (while, we remember, Christine lived in Berlin, and Ingeborg, the Pastor's Wife, in Kokensee, a small village of East Prussia). In the habits and activities of Villa Elsa will be found the essence of Prussianism as normally developed by government. Since the war the Germans have not changed, they have not exorcised Kultur. If by any piece of good fortune, Mr. Henry's book should be caused to circulate among them, they will see, as in a mirror, some of the reasons why they are detested and despised by all civilized nations. They themselves are Huns today in their private life, have more or less abandoned civilization, and are taught to hate all advanced countries. They may be honest among themselves, but they are horribly dishonest and dangerous to foreign visitors in their midst. They have been taught to be jealous, mean spirited, and full of bitterest antipathy. They have not been humbled by defeat, and Villa Elsa and its disagreeable inmates are typical of middle-class life in Germany today.

Herr Bucher, the father, is a stolid, unwashed, collarless, healthy and obese German "Vater"; his wife, Frau Bucher, is coarse, red-faced, heavy-handed, snarling and shouting, at the top of her lungs, her fierce hatred of England. Elsa, the only daughter, has the usual tow hair, is stupidly

healthy, reads Heine, tries to be sentimental, but is essentially matter of fact. Rudolph, the eldest son, is in secret a government spy, reporting upon their visitor, Gard Kirtley, from America. He is a spruce young engineer, militaristic, dissolute, despising all decent women, and continually hinting of *Der Tag*. Ernst, a pale boy of fifteen, studies eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, quotes falsified history, and particularly discredits all American institutions.

The atrocious table manners, the lack of bathing and cleanliness, the keeping of huge fierce dogs who are mercilessly kicked about, the rows and quarrels—all indicate a state of civilization bordering closely on the tenement-house life of a bargee in our own country. Yet these Buchers are all highly instructed, if not educated. Gard Kirtley believes he has fallen in love with Elsa, but her stolid indifference and phlegmatic stupidity finally overpower him. She does not know how to talk, or to flirt, and she sits like a fat sheep all day long over her studies and music and worsted work, yearning to be the mother of a large family of German children. Incidentally, she is supposed to be engaged to a young musician who has many immoral relations with common servants, maids, and waitresses, of which Elsa apparently does not at all disapprove.

The State and not Herr Bucher, is her real father, directing her and her brothers' vocation and hours of study. This is the reason they brag and boast of their beloved "Vaterland". The State regulates everything, and sees to it that if its citizens will only work at whatever they are ordered to do, they will not suffer in their old age from lack of pensions. They are thus

continually *instructed*, but never *educated*.

They haven't the slightest qualm about throwing Gard's Americanism in his face or insulting him in the most indecent way in company. For instance one day the Herr Bucher vociferated:—"What is your country? It is nichts—nichts—it is not a country—it is a ragout—a potpourri—a mess. We do not recognize such a country. It has no beginnings—no traditions—no unity of blood—no ideals." He choked over a huge sausage, and the Frau flared forth with terrible gutturals, while attempting to crack a nut between her badly-cared-for teeth:—"The Americans are the offscourings of Europe; they were criminals, atheists, diseased people, failures—who were sent away from Europe. So they go and try to found a new race—a new nation. They try, but they fail of course." When the Frau got out of breath, with her mouth stuffed full of sausage and nuts, little Ernst began with a milder, more judicial air:—"Don't you think, Herr Kirtley, it stands to reason that a reigning family, which is admitted to be honest and has practised ruling for centuries, knows better how to govern a race than the always new and untried persons who keep taking up the reigns of government in a democracy? Americans can never tell far ahead who is to rule. There are changes all the time. How can the citizen prepare for the future? How can he prepare long ahead as we do? This is the reason things are so steady here, and so uncertain and wobbling in America. This uncertainty hanging over a republic unsettles its population. You have panics, lynchings, graft—we are free from such scourges."

The young Ernst might truly say that our law-makers in America are seldom very worthy—that our legislatures can be bought—and that we sometimes put over very senseless laws. Nevertheless, we believe that we are a free people although we are essentially governed by a certain class, not always favorable to our best interests. As the author says, it was thought that "German discipline would have a bracing effect on a casual slack American youth, whose latent capabilities were never likely to be called on in the comparatively hit-and-miss organization of Yankee life."

But Gard, the American, was sadly disillusioned. The "discipline" of German government methods in home life; the brutal "disciplinary" mangling by his officers of little Ernst; the employment of Rudolph as a secret household spy, and the final outrages put upon the young American in escaping from this barbarous family into Holland, must be read to be realized and appreciated.

The Germans are not "square"; they are even now concealing their funds; hiding their ability to make reparation; sending secret missions to Lenin and to Japan.

To all German lovers and pro-Germans, who are now palliating their abominable Hunnish methods of warfare, or pitying them for the "starvation" and "penury" they allege they are suffering, I urge: Read "Villa Elsa", and be made wise.

Mr. Henry's remedy for this outrageous Kultur may not be accepted by the reader. What it is—let the curious read this excellent book and discover for themselves.

Villa Elsa, A Story of German Family Life.
By Stuart Henry. E. P. Dutton and Co.

THE LESSON OF THE MASTER

BY JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

WHEN the correspondence of Gustave Flaubert was published, Henry James wrote of his letters that "his private style...was as unchastened as his final form was faultless". The style which Flaubert hoped to "set roaring" is missing in his private epistles, wherein he disports himself like a walrus of genius; splashing, spouting, enjoying himself generally; wherein he is copious, extravagant, formless. In the newly published "Letters of Henry James", selected and edited by Percy Lubbock, we come upon another James, one whom the most fervent Jacobean may have dimly suspected, though could hardly realize as a palpable image. A Henry James in a mood unbuttoned writing large, loose, luminous sentences, amiable, responsive to the remotest suggestion of a friend: a James far removed from our preconceived picture of him as an implacable Bonze of art, a stern Mandarin of letters inhabiting his austere tower of ivory, facing the setting sun, absolutely impervious to the call of the human knocking at the barred door beneath. Henry James had a genius for friendship and the old legend may be now sent to limbo, together with the legend of the impassability of Flaubert and Anatole France. Both these Frenchmen hurried from their towers when they were called upon; the one when his beloved niece Caroline Commanville

was in pecuniary trouble—her husband met with ill-luck in business and the author of "Madame Bovary" assigned his entire fortune to him; the other went to the rescue of Dreyfus, went down in the heat and dust of the arena, locking up his tower and throwing the key away forever.

In the case of Henry James the nonsense extant had presented us with the portrait of half clubman, half literary dandy solemnly sipping tea in the company of duchesses. The real Henry James is in his art; the Henry James of the social scene in his letters. Make no mistake about that. He only lived for the art of fiction. To nourish the rich denseness of his medium he plunged the roots into the warmest, fattest social soil, English life. These letters fill in the lacuna between his chiseled pages and the man himself. A thousand shafts of light illumine his characters, even more than the prefaces to the New York edition. He permits himself the luxury of gossiping with his correspondents—W. D. Howells, Paul Bourget, Edith Wharton, Daudet, Edmund Gosse, William James, Robert Louis Stevenson, H. G. Wells, Mrs. Ward among the rest—not only about his own books but also about theirs. The most unflinchingly sincere of critics, he is yet the most lovable. It is not difficult, after reading these truly "human documents", to understand the

love he aroused in his friends and relatives, the adoration of his brother and sister, his niece, "Polly", and nephew, young Henry James. He was well-nigh the typical "Uncle" of fiction and foot-lights, expansive, florid of speech, generous to prodigality. In fine, an opulent but exquisitely sensitive nature.

Another "legend" that goes by the board is the "New England conscience" which still sits like a nightmare in the consciousness of some critics. He was born in New York but his "weltanschauung" is cosmopolitan. He is the first of American cosmopolitans. This quality of temperament lent him acuity when judging his countrymen. He did live in Boston and Cambridge, but his soul couldn't tarry long in the New England atmosphere. It was the clairvoyance of hatred that prompted his New England fiction, which was followed by the usual uncritical lumping of the writer with his writings, confounding James and the puritans—he the least puritanical of men. The same has happened in the case of Mr. Howells. The driver of fat oxen must, of necessity, be fat, according to this jumbling of widely sundered substances. Antipathies are, indeed, reciprocal.

Henry James belonged to the aristocracy of nerves, but he never celebrated the solemn liturgy of the Ego as did Maurice Barrès. His technique in that castle of chimeras, which is great fiction, was essentially Gallic, a technique learned at Paris and in the ateliers of writers whose art was his envy, whose themes went against his finer grain. We see him suffering from veritable seasickness of the soul when he writes of Charles Baudelaire in that early and rather immature volume, "French Poets and Novelists"; perhaps Bourget is right, fear is a form of hatred. As much as he admired Flaubert his reservations were many

in the three essays he devoted to the man, a writer to whom he owes some of his own formal excellences, sense of style, and technical *données*. And the asperity of his criticism concerning Flaubert grew with the years. (Read "French Poets and Novelists", "Essays in London and Elsewhere", and "Notes on Novelists" for the three Flauberts.) For Zola and the naturalists he had naught but dislike. One forgives him at this juncture, but that he "missed" Baudelaire, as Sainte-Beuve "missed" Balzac and Flaubert, must be set down to the ultra-fastidiousness of the American. It had nothing to do with New England. The sewer-men of French fiction jarred his nerves, as did the so-called symbolist group that followed the naturalists, with their cantatas of epileptics and visionaries. He said of Zola: "When you have no taste you have no discretion, which is the conscience of taste, and when you have no discretion you perpetrate books like 'Rome'."

Physical love as a theme is at once too primitive, simple, and too arrestingly definite; a sensation, not a sentiment.

Possibly for that reason there is no mention of Stendhal either in his books or published correspondence. I discovered by a circuitous route what James thought of Henri Beyle, discovered that he detested the genius from Grenoble because of his coarseness, also because of his lack of style—which was Flaubert's chief ground for disliking him. In a letter from the late John La Farge to me he speaks of meeting Henry James at Rome and of the contemptuous manner in which he alluded to Stendhal, probably to the "Promenades". Why this *arrière-pensée*, which is all the more curious as Taine, Henry James, George Meredith, Paul Bourget, Fromentin, Mérimée, Tolstoi,

Maurice Barrès, D'Annunzio, Edith Wharton, and other "moderns" went to the Beyle school of analysis. Tolstoi acknowledged it in a memorable passage. So Bourget, who resurrected this exacerbated and aggressive thinker in the early 'eighties. The complete effacement of Beyle in the writings of Meredith and James is paralleled by Nietzsche's avoidance of all reference to Max Stirner. You would fancy that the author of the most perfect breviary of destruction ever penned, "The Ego and his Own", had not been read by Nietzsche, when in reality that book is the keystone of Nietzsche's house of philosophy. Without Stendhal-Beyle the entire school of analytical fiction would not have existed in its present flowering, though Stendhal himself stemmed from Marivaux, Choderlos de Laclos, and Benjamin Constant.

II

The appreciation of "La Duchesse Bleue" by James warms the heart cockles of the present reviewer. The author, Paul Bourget, who was not unaffected by James, has never had his due from the English-reading world. The veiled hypocrisy that permits us to swallow the vulgar enormities of Zola because of his humbug "humanitarianism", draws a taut line about the finished art of Bourget, who even if he is frank is always the moralist; not a preacher but a moralist whose morals are implicit. Need I speak of "Cosmopolis", "La Duchesse Bleue", "Le Disciple" — a masterpiece — or "Physiologie de l'Amour moderne"? They were comrades, James and Bourget. The attitude of the American novelist toward the sex-question may be not unknown to our readers. He is said to have remarked casually that he had reached the period in his art when he could say everything. As a matter of

fact what he did say of love was so triturated, subtilized in his delicate analytical machine, and then so painted over with his polyphonic prose, that the most audacious, thrilling, or revolutionary idea concerning, not the tender, but the "tough" passion—as William James might have said—would be, for the average reader (if he really exists), as if written in Sanskrit. His adulteries are atmospheric. A collective title for the love-element in the revised edition might be: "Time, Space, and the Other Woman". Henry James possessed the cosmical vision in common with his brother William, inherited, if acquired traits can be transmitted, from their Swedenborgian father. The "two vanities exasperated by their sex", of which Bourget writes in his "Physiologie", is far from the James complex. The early influence of Turgenev persisted longer in his feminine portraits than Flaubert's.

His cultures were richer, more versatile than those of his contemporaries. He is, to use his own telling phrase, one of Balzac's grandsons. He wrote of Turgenev that "he had his reservations and discriminations, and he had, above all, the great back-garden of his Slav imagination, and his Germanic culture, into which the door stood open, and the grandsons of Balzac were not, I think, particularly free to accompany him." But Henry James could, and did accompany him, for he had the Germanic as well as the Gallic culture; Goethe and Heine he speaks of even during the dark days of 1914. He finally found the French circle as narrow, noisy, doctrinaire as Turgenev. He admired the art of Flaubert, de Goncourt, Maupassant, Daudet, but revolted at their particular application of this art to sundry phases of life. Catholic as were his sympathies in the matter of literary art,—the province

which to him was all life, all imagination,—nevertheless he was not a virtuoso of the ugly, like Huysmans for example, and he instinctively avoided the crudities of his French contemporaries. A question of temperament, of tactile sensibility, of sensitive rejections, of the tact of omission, as Walter Pater has it. That is why he finally selected England as a proving-ground for his observation and experimenting in life and fiction. He was compact of imagination.

For him the puritan temperament has a “faintly acrid perfume”. Life itself is peopled by “parrots and monkeys, monkeys and parrots”. Toward the last when neglected by press and public, his attempts at playwriting a failure, a strain of gentle pessimism steals through his correspondence. But his almost miraculous sense of humor—don’t rub your eyes!—and American humor at that, saves him from the spiritual doldrum of so many artistic people. He never posed as genius misunderstood. Particularly in his letters to William James we find him philosophically accepting the situation, making artistic capital of it. His figure in the carpet is the leading-motive that flashed out at intervals throughout the vast symphony of his fiction. Elsewhere I have described it as fiction for the future. “The Wings of the Dove”, “The Ambassadors”, and “The Golden Bowl” are like the faintly audible tread of destiny behind the arras of life. The reverberations are almost microphonic; it is spiritual string-music, with the crescendo and climax not absent. We must go to other novelists for the roast beef and ale. The Jacobean cuisine is for cultured palates, and most precious is the bouquet of his wine. But characterization and the power of narration inform his every book. To use his own expression, he “never saved for

the next book”. And humor, his American heritage, the delicate and thrice-delicious humor we vainly look for in Flaubert, de Goncourt and the rest of his famous *cénacle*—Daudet alone excepted. An ironist, too, yet not a ferocious one. His is the irony of a supersubtle poet.

The editor, Mr. Lubbock, has compassed a dangerous undertaking in his selection and, while he offers many letters which illustrate the social side of his hero, he justly lays stress on the inclusion of literary themes. James is wholly preoccupied with form. The lack of it is the unforgivable sin against the Holy Ghost of art. In his letters to Hugh Walpole he emphasizes the magnitude of the offense. He banishes from the pale of his sympathies two such men as Tolstoi and Dostoyevsky because of their formlessness, and, by the same token, he admits lesser lights because of their devotion to the formal. His limitations but proclaim the master. Thomas Hardy annoys him by reason of his mediocre prose. Kipling at first intrigued his fancy, but his admiration faded as the imperialistic jingo and singer of barracks and barrooms came into view. He achieves the portrait of Walter Pater in a felicitous phrase—and the pages of these volumes are thick with felicities—“faint, pale, embarrassed, exquisite Pater”; and he writes to Gosse that Pater “is not of the little day—but of the longer time”. George Meredith teases, exasperates him with his wanton humors, his general emptiness in the later novels. (Perhaps the gossip about the relations of James and Meredith is founded on fact, “The Lesson of the Master” is autobiographical.) There was never a genuine rapprochement with Meredith. For H. G. Wells, his extraordinary versatility and vitality, James has a liking, but when in

the case of the egregious "Boon" he feels that his friend is merely chattering, he reminds him of art and its responsibilities. His admiration for George Eliot, that great fossil dinosaur of mid-Victorian fiction, with her excess moralic acid, is incomprehensible. He also experiences the "emotion of recognition" for Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose fiction is a combination of pulpit and petticoats that is disheartening. In the case of Edith Wharton, the "dear Edith" of his Letters, he is on firmer ground. The exquisite mosaic art of this gifted woman, above all the splendid soul that shines through the bars of her prose-music, could not but attract Henry James. Wise, witty, communicative is his correspondence with the author of "The Custom of the Country"—to our way of thinking her masterpiece of irony and evocation.

He saw through the hole in the American millstone, social and political. Despite his change of citizenship he remained invincibly American. Rage, horror, indignation, fills the last section of these letters. The war literally killed him. He had gone through the Franco-American conflict, and, while he was hopeful till his death, there lurked in his brain the unacknowledged fear of another 1870 catastrophe. He every now and then gives us portraits of our alleged great men, the political idols of the hour, who crumble like chalk in the blast of his epigrammatic prose. The tardy entrance of the United States into the

combat forced him to become a British subject, for he was not the sort of man who compromises with his conscience. And what a sturdy, sincere conscience it was! He conceived his fiction-world as a picture, as an image, rather than an idea. He was a visualist, not an auditive, as the psychiatrists define it. He was tone-deaf. He tells us so, but he had the inner ear for the finest nuances of prose. His third manner is polyphonic, no doubt matured by his habit of dictating. Now, the pen inhibits. In dictation the temptation to digress is irresistible; yet James, notwithstanding the multiple messages he sends along the single wire of prose, never loses the thread of his discourse, though I confess his readers may. Like Robert Browning he made of a perilous method an unbelievable triumph. His prose is literally many-voiced. It contains "second intentions", in it may be overheard the interior dialogue. In this matter of polyphony he is both a pioneer and the last of his kind.

It is not advisable to make extracts here from these Letters, which bid fair to become a classic in English literature. Their wealth for the student and amateur of literary art is incalculable. And they best serve as an introduction to the life and work of that unique artist and mystic, Henry James, whose chief glory is his imagination.

The Letters of Henry James. Selected and edited by Percy Lubbock. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

IT is remarkable to note, in the wave of popular interest which has placed Psychic Phenomena far above Prohibition as the topic of all discussion, that the "ayes have it" by an overwhelming majority. The great demand is, quite apparently, for proof of some life beyond. And no popular demand goes long unsatisfied. What opposition there is, on the other hand, goes its scornful way, refusing even to recognize the new belief by the compliment of concerted attack. The result is that while the latest books on the subject hold a wealth of evidence, they lack the strength which opposition brings. Henry Holt and Company will publish shortly a Psychic Series, which taken as a whole makes a most authoritative and informing group of facts. Henry Holt, the head of the firm, is himself represented by a volume of "Essays on Psychical Research", a collection of contributions to "The Unpartisan Review". In addition there will be "Researches in Spiritualism" by Sir William Crookes, "The Ear of Dionysius" by the Honorable Gerald Balfour, "After-Death Communications" by L. M. Bazett, with others added from time to time. Considered in conjunction with the works of Sir Oliver Lodge, and with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's advanced theories, they present a formidable array of evidence in the case for Spiritualism. On the side of the opposition "The Case Against Spiritual-

ism", by Jane T. Stoddart, is practically the only authoritative attack of the movement. No worthy cause is ever injured by well-considered criticism. It is rather unfortunate that more writers have not aided the ultimate growth of a theory,—that may, one day, open up entirely new vistas of the universe,—by attacking the underbrush of charlatan "spiritualists" who are springing up unchecked around the few giants of scientific and spiritist thought.

* * * *

What is probably the most important and most eagerly awaited event of the spring is the publication, in April, by Charles Scribner's Sons, of the "Letters of Henry James". It is surprising to most of us (who always considered that a man so dedicated to his art, as was this famous author, could not, in the very nature of things keep contact—at least intimate contact—with his fellows) to find in these letters a real "man's man", filled with enthusiasm, buoyant, witty, capable of deep friendship and extraordinary interest. They reveal a man's struggle to adapt himself to an alien life,—a sensitive man, somewhat embittered by the failure of the many to recognize his very real genius, somewhat discouraged by his failure as a playwright,—a man who nevertheless emerged triumphant in his last years, confident that he had finally reached the goal which long before he

had set for himself. Nor is their intimate nature the only surprise which the letters hold for those who were chiefly familiar with the gravity and crystal-clear literary preoccupation of his later work. In them Henry James has raised the art of letter-writing to a point of excellence hitherto undreamed of. Indeed, they are not letters in our sense of the word, but brilliant essays, sketches, kaleidoscopic pictures of famous people and events, of places and times. They are as readable as the letters of Thackeray. The editing by Percy Lubbock is most admirably done, including as it does numerous short notes which very definitely tie up the various letters with the various phases of Henry James's career.

* * * *

There was a morning, not many months ago, when the world, hastening to its morning paper, searched vainly for news of two lion-hearted adventurers who swore to leap the Atlantic "without a stop". I can still feel in reminiscence the great flood of relief and wonder that accompanied the long-delayed news of their final success. Sir Arthur Whitten Brown and John Alcock—the latter killed since in an unimportant land flight—had accomplished the seemingly impossible. With cool effrontery they faced the Atlantic Ocean and reduced it to an impotent pond sixteen hours in width. Sir Arthur has written the story of that great adventure, "Flying the Atlantic in Sixteen Hours", soon to be published by Frederick A. Stokes Company. Jules Verne at the height of his genius never imagined anything half as thrilling as that dash across the black Atlantic, sliding, falling, boring through hail and sleet and dense masses of vapor, guiding by dead reckoning alone, until the ad-

venturers crashed at last into an Irish bog, and were taken, more dead than alive, to receive in London the reward the world gives to the brave.

* * * *

The Three Hundredth Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims has turned the nation's historical eye very definitely back from questions of treaty and trade to the more romantic, if not more dangerous, days of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Using Governor Bradford's long-lost History of the Plymouth Plantation and other authentic records as a basis, Frank M. Gregg will publish this month, through George H. Doran Company, a graphic historical romance of the Pilgrims. The difficulties of sailing and the loss of the "Speedwell", the landing, the fire, the great sickness and the founding of Thanksgiving day are intimately woven around the story of Cavalier Beaumont's love for the "Separatist" maiden. It is a rare combination of historical accuracy and literary art.

John T. Faris will publish, through the same firm, a story of the pioneers of America. "On the Trail of the Pioneers" is a story of America's greatest struggle to push across the Alleghenies, with an historically accurate account of the route which the emigrants took, the sections to which they went and why, the pitched battles with the Indians,—an irresistible tide moving by flat-boat, emigrant wagon and trail over the mountains and into the land of promise and plenty.

* * * *

What John T. Faris is doing for the history of Pennsylvania and the Middle West, Professor Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, is accomplishing for the earlier—but no less important—movement into the regions farther south.

Professor Henderson has evidently been deeply interested for a number of years in the heroic men and women who, early in the eighteenth century, crossed into the trackless forests of Kentucky and Tennessee. "The Conquest of the Old Southwest", to be published by the Century Company, shows a most unusual breadth of information. Daniel Boone, Robert Wade, Hugh Waddell, John Perkins, Richard Henderson, George Washington—all leaders of the pioneer movement—as well as Dragging Canoe, the Cherokee Chief, fill the story with the thrill of their struggle for existence. Of this august company, Daniel Boone stands easily first as a dauntless leader. Many readers will be as surprised as was the writer of these notes to find that Boone, the man, even outdoes the Boone of romance. In the first move into the Kentucky wilderness Daniel Boone led the advance party, commissioned to blaze the trail. It was his dauntless courage, his unwavering resolve to go forward in the face of all dangers, which carried through the armed "trek" to a successful conclusion. This historic letter reveals the dogged resolution

which held Boone and his men to their task in the face of black disaster:

Dear Colonel: After my compliments to you, I shall acquaint you of our misfortunes. On March the 25 a party of Indians fired on my Company about half an hour before day, and killed Mr. Twitty and his negro, and wounded Mr. Walker very deeply, but I hope he will recover.

On March the 28 as we were hunting for provisions, we found Samuel Tate's son, who gave us an account that the Indians fired on their camp on the 27th day. My brother and I went down and found two men killed and scalped, Thomas McDowell and Jeremiah McFeters. I have sent a man down to all the lower companies in order to gather them all at the mouth of Otter Creek.

My advice to you, Sir, is to come or send as soon as possible. Your company is desired greatly, for the people are very uneasy, but are willing to stay and venture their lives with you, and now is the time to flusterate their (the Indians') intentions, and keep the country, whilst we are in it. If we give way to them now, it will ever be the case. This day we start from the battle ground, for the mouth of Otter Creek, where we shall immediately erect a Fort, which will be done before you can come or send, then we can send ten men to meet you, if you send for them.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,

Omble Sarvent,

DANIEL BOONE

These three historical books hold a wealth of romance—the romance of a time in which the very fact of existence was a remarkable—and often abruptly ended—adventure.

—S. M. R.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in March in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
3. The House of Baltazar	<i>William J. Locke</i>	LANE
4. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
5. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
6. The Strong Hours	<i>Maud Diver</i>	HOUGHTON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
2. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
3. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
4. A Man for the Ages	<i>Irving Bacheller</i>	BOBBS-MERRILL
5. The Great Desire	<i>Alexander Black</i>	HARPER
6. Jeremy	<i>Hugh Walpole</i>	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
3. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
4. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
5. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
6. The House of Baltazar	<i>William J. Locke</i>	LANE

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WESTERN STATES

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2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
3. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
4. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
5. Mare Nostrum	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
6. Mrs. Marden	<i>Robert Hichens</i>	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
3. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
4. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
5. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
6. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
2. A Labrador Doctor	<i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i>	HOUGHTON
3. "Marse Henry"	<i>Henry Watterson</i>	DORAN
4. Theodore Roosevelt	<i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	HOUGHTON
5. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
6. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
3. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
4. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	<i>John Maynard Keynes</i>	HARCOURT
5. Abraham Lincoln	<i>John Drinkwater</i>	HOUGHTON
6. A Labrador Doctor	<i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i>	HOUGHTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
3. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN
4. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
5. "Marse Henry"	<i>Henry Watterson</i>	DORAN
6. An American Idyll	<i>Cornelia S. Parker</i>	ATLANTIC

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Abraham Lincoln	<i>John Drinkwater</i>	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
3. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
4. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
5. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
6. The Life of John Marshall	<i>Albert J. Beveridge</i>	HOUGHTON

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
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5. Abraham Lincoln	<i>John Drinkwater</i>	HOUGHTON
6. A Labrador Doctor	<i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i>	HOUGHTON

THE GOSSIP SHOP

FRANK SWINNERTON in a letter to a friend visiting in the United States writes as follows of the holiday which he and Arnold Bennett have been taking in Portugal:

"On January 30 Arnold and I packed up our traps and came to Portugal. And here we are, excoriating the country. The little squibs and squabbles of London cliques are almost as distant from me as they are from you. I remind myself of them every now and then with a start. We have been in Havre, in Lixoes, in Oporto, in Lisbon, in Cintra, and here, which is called the Portuguese Riviera. We walk, drive, read, talk, gamble, etc. Arnold is in his best form, and very delightful all day, saying the most stuttering and shattering things every hour. I am not working at all, but letting the hours go by in perfect tranquillity. And we go back at the beginning of March, I to resume the strenuous life newly armed.

"Portugal is a most peculiar place. I can tell you that much. Its ways and doings are perpetually astonishing. Here, on this 'Riviera', the plans to sweep the South of France bare of its pleasure seekers are advanced, but not so advanced as to make the district impossible. There are villas that combine Moorish qualities with some of the most barbarous impromptu that you could imagine. The roads in and outside Oporto are grotesque. The roads here, on the other hand, are excellent. Wherever we go we come

upon strange people who fall to our honest charm and frequent our society when we choose. And in fact we're both enjoying the whole thing, from the nine days' sea voyage to the prospect of another fortnight on land and the return journey."

Death has been very busy of late in the literary world of England. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, grandson of the famous poet; Charles Garvice, novelist, dramatist, poet, and American newspaper correspondent (who is said to have sold more books during the last ten years than any other English author); Arthur Henry Bullen, distinguished Shakespeare editor and publisher; and Mrs. Humphry Ward, popular novelist,—have died since we last went to press.

Mrs. Ward was born June 11, 1851, at Hobart, the chief town on the island of Tasmania, which lies 120 miles southeast of Australia, and was once a British penal colony known then as No Man's Land. Her maiden name was Mary Augusta Arnold. She was a niece of Matthew Arnold; and married, in 1872, Thomas Humphry Ward, a Fellow of Brasenose College, London, and editor of "The English Poets", a four volume work that made his name known throughout the English-speaking world. Their home was at 61 Russell square, London, not far from the house where Amelia Sedley once lived.

Mrs. Ward's first published book was a story for children—"Milly and Olly; or A Holiday Among the Mountains"—which appeared in 1880. "Miss Bretherton" appeared four years later. Her first real recognition as a popular novelist came with the publication of "Robert Elsmere", considered by many her ablest work, though other talked of novels followed, notably "The Marriage of William Ashe".

Ernest Hartley Coleridge was born December 8, 1846, son of the Reverend Derwent Coleridge, and nephew of that Hartley to whom Wordsworth wrote the poem "To H. C., six years old":

Thou fairy voyager...
Thou are so exquisitely wild
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years....

Mr. Coleridge was educated at Oxford. Among the volumes he edited were the letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge followed later by his poems (illustrated), and by "Animæ Poetæ", selections from his unpublished notebooks; Lord Byron's poems; and the life and letters of John Duke, Lord Coleridge.

In "La Vie d'Edgar A. Poe", recently published in France, André Fontainas has endeavored, as the result of a study of trustworthy documents, to restore "the true and just image of Poe, purged of the taint of calumny and pure as those works with which his life was always closely bound up."

Carolyn Wells is overcome by awful Mr. Braley's error in the April issue of THE BOOKMAN. She writes to the Gossip Shop:

"A cobbler should stick to his last, first and all the time. There is no

better evidence of this than Berton Braley's recent excursion into the realm of review and criticism. We have read quite a lot of Mr. Braley's work in the past and we have indulged in cachinnatory ejaculations, even though deprecating our mirth. However, upon perusing his article in THE BOOKMAN we are compelled to realize that whatever talent for theology Mr. Braley may possess, he is not an accurate or capable reviewer, and he has produced an essay which is an amazing hodge-podge of misguided and misapplied humor. As for the jests adduced by Mr. Braley, they are the most astonishing examples of misfire we have ever read. The merest school child would not laugh at them.

"We are as giddy as Mr. Braley thinks that Mr. Herford would make us think the earth is, when we try to understand his satire.

"Then when the author begins to particularize he is guilty of such baseless declarations as this: 'The children of today will be the adults of tomorrow.' Perish the thought! Everybody knows the adults of today will be in their second childhood tomorrow.

"The author proceeds with his misapprehensions in remarks about the late war. This is but another exemplification of the appalling ignorance of a man who attempts to write a magazine article without proper basic knowledge of the omission of the subject of war. But enough of this—it is plain that Mr. Braley cannot be taken humorously as a commentator or as a reviewer of art. His mind is too material and his tongue too encheekéd.

"His text is what one might expect of one who had learned his data from Artemus Ward and confused it with the Comic Sunday Supplements. But of course the whole attempt is so far re-

moved from nonsense or common sense that it is an utter failure as a book review. It is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Braley will hereafter confine himself to his bailiwick of trisyllabic rhymes and continue to write of 'The Prophylactic Pup' and 'The Tooter who Tooted the Flute'.... Indeed, if this present screed of his were not so filled with silly and baseless statements put forth with solemn authority, the essay might appeal to the educated mind as something the awful Mr. Braley had written but didn't mean."

It appears that Hungary has taken to burning all books treating of social and economic questions. Any work which justifies the socialization of government or points the way to better living conditions for the working classes, is doomed. "White guards" search private dwellings and ransack libraries, gathering up the works of Karl Marx, Engel, Bebel, and similar writers. Fifteen thousand works were recently removed from the library at Budapest and consigned to flames in the courtyard.

There has been issued lately by a New York firm "One Hundred Best Novels Condensed", a collection of abridged novels edited by Edwin A. Grozier, editor of the Boston "Post". The collection, which was issued in four volumes, includes such varied classics as Dickens, Sienkiewicz, Tolstoi, and Defoe, and, among present-day writers, Booth Tarkington, Blasco Ibáñez, Rupert Hughes, and Margaret Deland. A picture of the author or an illustration taken from some phase of his work accompanies each of the novels, the condensations of which have been written by various literary men.

E. V. Lucas, whose forthcoming novel is the whimsical story of "Verena in the Midst", not long ago sent greetings to his publishers from Calcutta:

I am gradually advancing upon you and if a boat can be found I shall be in San Francisco about May 1 and come right along.... My novel will probably be awaiting me in proof at your office. A letter from Hugh Walpole radiates prosperity and enthusiasm. Try and keep him till I come. Oh, and I want to read some of the other work of the author of "Susan Lenox". Some of "Tish" is damned funny.

Mr. Lucas will sail for England about June 1.

Excellent progress has been made by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association in the work of restoring, and opening to the public use, the Roosevelt birthplace at 28 East 20th Street, New York. "Between the spacious Colonial mansion of George Washington and the pioneer cabin of Lincoln", comments "The Review", "there is room in America for such a shrine as this; not a place for losing oneself in a reverent '*O altitudo!*'—Roosevelt himself would be the last to desire that—but a place amid whose books and portraits citizens of all ages may take heart of grace to search yet more deeply into what it means to be an American."

A celebration in memory of Emile Verhaeren was held in Brussels recently. The ceremonies took place in the senate chamber, in the presence of the king and queen and many ministers and diplomats. The gathering included largely writers and artists. Henri de Régnier delivered an address in the name of the French Academy and Brand Whitlock spoke in behalf of the United States. H. G. Wells and Sem Benelli, who were to have represented England and Italy, were unable to be present. Character-

istic selections from Verhaeren's work were recited by actors from the Comédie Française, as well as a poem written in honor of the poet by Grégoire Le Roy. On the following day "Helène de Sparte", Verhaeren's last dramatic work, was produced for the first time in Belgium.

"Thus was officially consecrated", observes the "Mercure de France", "the genius of Emile Verhaeren who, scarcely fifteen years ago, had not met with in his country (except for the admiration of the élite) anything but mockery, insult, and sarcasm."

From Punch:

"It is pleasing to note that in spite of the recent spring-like weather, the Poet-Laureate is calmly keeping his head."

And this (being a terrible result of reading too much poetry in the modern manner):

THE DEAD TREE

Slushy is the highway between the unspeakable hedges;

I pause

Irresolute under a telegraph pole,

The fourteenth telegraph pole on the way

From Shere to Havering,

The twenty-first from Havering to Shere.

Crimson is the western sky; upright it stands,

The solitary pole,

Sombre and terrible,

Splitting the dying sun

Into two semi-circular halves.

I do not think I have seen, not even in Vorticist pictures,

Anything so solitary,

So absolutely nude;

Yet this was an item once in the uninteresting forest,

With branches sticking out of it, and crude green leaves,

And resinous sap,

And underneath it a litter of pine spindles

And ants;

Birds fretted in the boughs and bees were busy in it,

Squirrels ran noisily up it;

Now it is naked and dead,

Delightfully naked,

And beautifully dead.

Delightfully and beautifully, for across it melodiously,

Stirred by the evening wind,

The wires where electric messages are continually being dispatched

Between various postoffices,

Messages of business and messages of love,

Rates of advertisements and all the winners

Are vibrating and thrumming like a thousand lutes.

Is the old gray heart of the telephone pole stirred by those messages?

I fancy not.

Yet it all seems very strange,

And even stranger still, now that I notice it,

Is the fact that the thing is after all not absolutely naked,

For a short way up it, half-obliterated with age,

Discolored and torn,

Fastened on by tin tacks,

There is a paper *affiche*

Relating to swine fever.

The sun sinks lower and I pass on,

On to the fifteenth pole from Shere to Havering,

And the twentieth

From Havering to Shere;

It is even more naked and desolate than the last.

I pause (as before).

(Author: We can start all over again now if you like.)

(Editor: I don't like.)

This summer will see the practical realization of Christopher Morley's "Parnassus on Wheels" when the Caravan Bookshop tours New England. The Caravan Bookshop will be a Stewart motor, gay and attractive, with a bookish air, but neither "high-brow" nor Greenwich Villagy. When it drives up to hotel or village green, it will spread out its table of books under cool awnings, where you may dip into the current literature at your leisure, or step inside the car and browse about the shelves filled with nearly a thousand volumes, specially selected to make the sojourner in New England a book owner.

This original adventurer is being sent out by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, which itself was a pioneer a couple of years ago in the

field of bookstores for children, under the able direction of Miss Bertha E. Mahony. The Bookshop is maintained by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union as a branch of its social and educational activity. The Union has considerable prestige among New Englanders, who of course will welcome the coming of a bookshop sent out under its auspices. The publishing world is watching the venture with a good deal of interest and solid encouragement. The year has been an abundant one for the book trade. Why should not the summer yield a golden harvest?

While the route is not fully planned, the expectations are that the Caravan will start early in July to do "The Cape", working its way up the coast to Maine and probably covering the Berkshire and White Mountains.

The Caravan will be in charge of Mary Frank, Superintendent of the Extension Division of the New York Public Library, assisted by Genevieve Washburn of the Boston Public Library, who has driven an ambulance in France and is not daunted by the prospect of running a two-ton truck up a mountain road. Both Miss Frank and Miss Washburn have been granted leaves of absence by their respective libraries to carry out this unique experiment in book distribution.

The Caravan will be equipped with a couple of berths, so that the Caravaners may camp out if they wish. They are planning however to "do" the hotels, for while caravanning may be a lark, it is also a serious business. As the original stock is sold, a fresh collection will be in readiness at various points of the journey. Also, if a purchaser wishes some particular book not aboard, his order will be taken, sent at once to the Boston

Bookshop, and followed by a prompt mail delivery.

The idea of a bookshop on wheels is certainly appealing. It offers practical service and attractive diversion to both natives and summer vacationists who are fortunate enough to live within its route.

The Prix Goncourt for the year past was awarded to Marcel Proust for his work "A l'Ombre des Jeune Filles en Fleurs".

And, speaking of prizes, the "Mercur de France" informs us that the "prize for the worst book of the year" was created in France in December, 1919. The jury, consisting of a number of French writers, cast a unanimous vote for the Peace Treaty.

The effect in England of the war on reading the Greek and Latin classics is interestingly presented in a review of about a car-load of new editions in a recent number of "The Spectator". The article begins:

Greek and Latin as school subjects have been roughly handled in recent controversies, but assailants and defenders have always agreed in assuming the supremacy of Greek and Latin literature. For the scholar's whole life is built on the belief that they are supreme, and the "modernist's" whole case is built on the contention that he himself is not a Philistine. The assumption is therefore made and remains unchallenged. The man who knows nothing of education or of either language is struck by it, and being eager for self-improvement, as we all are since the war, he has begun to ask to see these supreme literatures for himself. He has begun to ask for translations, and he is getting them in an endless stream.

An attractive little series comes to us called the "International Pocket Library", and edited by Edmund R. Brown. The volumes are probably decidedly inexpensive, though they are well printed on very fair paper. These reprints are: "A Shropshire Lad," by A. E. Housman, introduction by Wil-

liam Stanley Braithwaite; "Two Wessex Tales," by Thomas Hardy, foreword by Conrad Aiken; "The Gold Bug," and other tales by Poe; "Mademoiselle Fifi," by Guy de Maupassant, translated by Mrs. John Galsworthy, with a preface by Joseph Conrad; "The Man Who Would Be King" and "Without Benefit of Clergy," by Rudyard Kipling, introduction by Wilson Follett, and other volumes.

The author of "Sous le Masque de Molière" (a translation from the original English) has set out to prove that Molière's plays were written by none other than Louis XIV.

J. C. Squire in his department "Life and Letters" in a recent number of "Land and Water" devotes his entire space to an American circular on the English language he has just received from "Mr. Grenville Kleiser, Broadway, New York City", addressed to "Editors, teachers, authors, librarians and offering a prize of \$50 to promote deeper interest in the correct and felicitous use of words". Mr. Squire "feels himself entitled to howl at him as loud as he can" for the divorce between literary and popular English, and for his conversion of words of one syllable "into a vocabulary rich in the sesquipedalian".

Berton Braley has sent the following letter:

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

I have just finished Mr. Cabell's delightful essay on Joseph Hergesheimer and am moved both to praise its quality and to quarrel with its logic. As comment, as sheer writing it is superb, as criticism its premises seem to me largely wrong.

For there is nothing remarkable or new or particularly pertinacious in a

man's spending fourteen years in unsuccessful writing before he reached salability. The list of those who have plugged away for eight, ten, and twelve years despite constant rejection is long and honorable.

And sometimes when, after success arrives, the rejected stones become a part of a man's literary temple, we find that they disturb its symmetry and beauty much as country rock would disfigure a marble palace. I don't know that this is the case with Mr. Hergesheimer, I don't even believe, as Mr. Cabell seems to believe, that none of that earlier work has been since published. And it may develop that much of his so-called later work is actually his earlier.

But save in a few instances, writing is a profession which calls for a long, hard, and discouraging apprenticeship and I do not see why that period in Mr. Hergesheimer's life should have affected his point of view on life any more than it does with other writers. Any real artist in words, or artisan for that matter, is possessed by a consuming desire to write or he wouldn't do it. The financial rewards are not, as a whole, so glittering that they by themselves would explain the willingness to undergo disappointment and hardship such as most of the writing profession must suffer, in order at length to reach the goal of more or less regular publication.

So that Mr. Hergesheimer's penchant for heroes who are urged by an overmastering desire for some one form of attainment is not necessarily due to his own long struggle to sell his stuff. It is much more likely to be due—as the character of his women is due—to the fact that he allowed his desire to write to disassociate him from the contacts and collisions of life. I have the feeling, with Herges-

heimer, that he deliberately shut out of his world everything but his literary ambition, that, though no human being can actually, over any extended period, do more than four or five hours of creative work a day, Mr. Hergesheimer used the rest of his waking hours in barricading himself against a busy and interesting world.

Now detachment is all very well during working hours, but outside of them it is narrowing. And I have a belief that the really great writers are men who were very much a part of the hurly-burly of existence, who lived much and vigorously and therefore could put the feel and savor and throb of life into what they set down for the world to read.

Good work has been done by Mr. Hergesheimer's method, he has done good work himself, and I like it, but the product in nearly every instance that I recall, including that of Hergesheimer, has about it an atmosphere of unreality—of a world that is very beautiful, poignant, tragic sometimes, but always a little eerie, a little fantastic. It is an achievement of art to build such a world, but nothing that happens there can grip and hold you as romance or reality of the actual world does; and by actual world I mean the one which is given us by the writers who have lived as well as written.

Now, as to Mr. Cabell's suggestion that Mr. Hergesheimer has, subconsciously or otherwise, "written down" to the public in his short stories. I quarrel not necessarily with this assumption, but with the idea that this is a prostitution of art.

On reading over that paragraph I see that I haven't said at all what I meant. I should say that I object to Mr. Cabell's argument that expressing yourself in a way which your readers

can understand and grasp is "writing down". Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch points out that "impression" is if anything of more import than "expression". If you can't "put your idea over" on those you are addressing, you aren't really a writer at all, you're a pedant. If that isn't true then you might as well write in Sanskrit and be done with it. The later Henry James and occasionally George Meredith have done that, though using apparently the English alphabet, but it doesn't seem to me to add to the world's important literature.

As a matter of fact the "mob" is a singularly catholic institution. It reads bushels of rot and enjoys it, but its ability to extract enjoyment from and to appreciate the flavor of the best seems to be unimpaired. It is like a healthy stomach which needs a large amount of roughage to digest the highly caloric foods.

And I maintain that there is no prostitution of art in serving the best in such a way that it is palatable to a normal stomach. There is a little group of serious thinkers whose literary digestive apparatus has been so disarranged by French, Russian and German sauces that it refuses to accept viands otherwise served. But it doesn't follow that this group is the true judge of literary cookery. Nor that a chef like Hergesheimer is lowering his standards when he prefers to give the "mob" something it can smack its lips over instead of ruining its natural flavor with curry or caviare.

I note that Mr. Cabell seems to object to what he calls Mr. Hergesheimer's concessions to "morality" in some of these tales. It is quite true that art is not necessarily moral, but neither is it necessarily unmoral. If the logic of a situation calls for a "moral end-

ing" then that is the artistic way to end the tale; and an unmoral treatment of the theme would be false and inartistic. The reverse is, of course, true, but I don't think Mr. Hergesheimer has been guilty of either mistake.

This letter has run much longer than I intended, but the subject has proved a little more complex than I had realized. Anyhow, I enjoyed Mr. Cabell's essay, and except in these particulars I have examined at such length, I agree with his estimate of a very real artist.

Apropos of the subject, James Branch Cabell's book "Jurgen" is being brought out in England by William Heinemann.

"Voices," the little magazine of poetry and prose edited in London by Thomas Moulton, the circulation of which is steadily increasing not only in England but in "the U. S. A. and the Colonies", follows the custom of dedicating each issue to a contemporary writer. A recent number was dedicated to George Moore, "this being the whole-hearted desire of his colleagues and subscribers as a tribute to Mr. Moore's great work in literature, especially with reference to 'Esther Waters'." With the January number, 1920, "Voices" entered upon its second year. "Q" writes this of the publication: "I know—I have private letters to prove—that the faith in this Magazine was the faith of many young men—in Flanders, in France, and with the Army of the Rhine—who were sustained by it in their brief time and have left it to us as part and parcel of the heritage they perished to save."

In an early number we will publish a poem contributed to THE BOOKMAN

by Thomas Moulton, whose work has very quickly given him a very considerable reputation in England.

We are much "intrigued" by an advertisement which appears in "The Harvard Crimson". This is an advertisement of a house of business in Boston which is called Daddy and Jack's Joke Shop. At this most entertaining place, it seems, there are for sale: "Puzzles, Balloons, Masks, Noisemakers, Snapping Mottoes, Joke-books, Place Cards, Dinner Favors, Paper Hats, and Joker Novelties. Suitable for Dinners, Individuals, Dance and Stag Parties."

A most interesting case of literary ambidexterity is furnished by Marcel Prévost. At the beginning of the war M. Prévost served as commander of a battery defending Paris. During this period he began his as yet unpublished novel, "Mon cher Tommy", and another novel of a very sombre character. According to "Les Annales":

When the news of the war was favorable, when hope filled all hearts, M. Marcel Prévost would add, with a pen alert and optimistic, several pages to "Mon cher Tommy". Were the reports, on the contrary, distressing and tragic, M. Marcel Prévost would then take up, with a sad pen, his second novel. If events became still more menacing, the academician would abandon both works and, in order to forget his oppression and calm his nerves, plunge into the soothing study of Greek texts.

W. H. Hudson's first book about bird-life, now out of print for many years, was entitled "Birds in a Village".

Such of its chapters as still seem to Mr. Hudson to be worth preservation have been rewritten and revised by him to form the basis of a new volume, "Birds in Town and Village". For the rest he has added much entirely fresh matter, embodying the

observations and experiences of his maturer years.

The volume contains eight pictures in color by E. J. Detmold, an English artist.

Who wrote "Mother Goose"? We thought this was settled, but the "Sun" takes up the bone of contention on the 255th birthday anniversary of the Boston claimant to honors—Elizabeth Foster Vergoose, mother of six and stepmother to ten. Although the "Sun" quotes the New International Encyclopædia in favor of the version of a French Mother Goose, harking back to the mother of Charlemagne, its column finds more entertainment in the Boston mother-in-law myth:

Elizabeth Goose's second daughter, also named Elizabeth, married Thomas Fleet, a journeyman printer from Shropshire, England, who landed in Boston in 1712, established a printing house in Pudding Lane (now Devonshire Street) and prospered. The young couple set up housekeeping in the building where the Fleet printing office was located. In due time (so goes the tale) a son and heir appeared. Mother Goose, the widowed grandmother of the Fleet babe, was in ecstasies. She took care of the baby, crooned to it the songs of her younger days, and had Fleet distracted by her singing. Finally the son-in-law, a man "fond of quiet", decided to write down the songs she sang, and in "an ebullition of spite" named them "Mother Goose". Hence the Fleet version.

But Miss Elmendorf, in her foreword to an admirable Christmas '20 edition of "Mother Goose Melodies" (illustrated by C. Boyd Smith and brought out by a New York house), after citing a formidable array of evidence, says:

So until more is known of the bibliography of the "1719 edition", I fear that we must accept the following as facts: that Mother Goose originated in France between 1650 and 1697, was translated into English by Robert Sambers in 1729, and did not reach America until 1785 when Isaiah Thomas gave us a reproduction of Newbery. As the different editions of Newbery have been added to and changed, so has the Thomas edition. Until today we have many different versions of the same, including some very modern rhymes that have absolutely

nothing to do with the original American volume of Isaiah Thomas, which must be acceded to be the first American publication of Mother Goose.

From London we learn that Colonel John Buchan is putting the finishing touches to a new long novel which will appear in the autumn. Also that arrangements have just been completed for the publication of a uniform edition of the novels of H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells is writing a special preface for each volume.

"The Anglo-French Review", recently initiated, has for its purpose the promotion of a union between the two countries that shall be not only commercial but intellectual and artistic. The articles and poems contained in the magazine are marked by great diversity of character. And each selection appears in the language in which it was written.

We are glad to print the following communication to

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

I wonder if it would be permissible for me to reply to an article in the February BOOKMAN written by Mr. Henry L. West, entitled "With the Aid of a Two-Cent Stamp".

The article is clever and amusing and the inference is undoubtedly true—at least as far as my own experience goes—for I am one who was lured by the glittering advertisements of the schools who claim to teach the untutored and untalented the art of writing photoplays, stories, etc. and to set their feet into the path leading to fame and fortune. The appeal of the advertisements was irresistible and I cheerfully parted with my hard earned savings, in order that future savings would not be hard earned, but would be acquired with ease and facility.

I was a faithful student and performed the tasks assigned to me in so satisfactory a manner that all papers submitted were highly commended and I had rosy visions of my offerings to editorial departments of the film companies being accepted with alacrity. But alas—after submitting scenarios over a hundred times I have nothing to show but rejection slips.

I have nothing to *show*—no outward and visible sign in the form of a check, but I have

acquired the sort of compensation that "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt nor thieves break through and steal". My mentality has been stimulated and my literary knowledge increased. The particular course I indulged in included lessons in grammar and rhetoric and necessitated the reading of many books and plays and required the student to submit numerous plots, which greatly developed the faculty for observation.

In conclusion, though I was misled concerning the ease with which I could swell my bank account, yet I bear the school no ill will and do not regret the time and money spent. For I believe an agency that increases one's knowledge of literature and benefits him mentally is not entirely fraudulent, since something is received in return for the expenditure. After all only an extraordinarily stupid person would expect to learn story-writing by mail—and none of us likes to acknowledge his own stupidity.

Richmond, Virginia, boasts a "serendipity" shop. This strange name appears, according to Horace Walpole, to denote "the art of finding out things, books, prints, lost poets and cryptic and obscure authors". Curios and Americana are a specialty.

"The English Journal" for March contains a report of the most popular books among women of the Middle West,—both housekeepers and business women. (School teachers, states the "Journal", were not "approached".) The women interviewed varied from grammar-school graduates to university graduate students, but the majority of them had received high-school education. The following books, recommended five times or more, are arranged according to the number of votes received:

<i>Les Misérables</i>	25
<i>Freckles</i>	15
<i>The Bible</i>	14
<i>Pollyanna</i>	11
<i>Over the Top</i>	10
<i>David Copperfield</i>	9
<i>Shakespeare</i>	9
<i>Little Women</i>	8
<i>The Crisis</i>	7
<i>Ivanhoe</i>	7
<i>A Tale of Two Cities</i>	7

Louisa Alcott's stories	6
<i>Daddy Long-Legs</i>	6
<i>The Girl of the Limberlost</i>	6
<i>The Lady of the Lake</i>	6
<i>Red Pepper Burns</i>	6
<i>Anne of Green Gables</i>	5
<i>Ben Hur</i>	5
Dickens's works	5
<i>The Five Little Peppers</i>	5
<i>The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come</i> ...	5
<i>Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch</i>	5
<i>Tom Sawyer</i>	5

A BOOKMAN reader inquires of the Gossip Shop:

"Has it been your good fortune to happen upon the new School Calendar just issued by a New York book house? I'll believe not, that I may 'interpose a little ease' while I introduce it. Since the advent of 'The Young Visitors' (the find of a decade) I've chanced upon nothing so unique—or delightfully recreative. I quote from the first page as follows: 'The design of the front of this calendar (a schoolroom with a vociferous moral atmosphere) is from the title page of the famous Webster's blue-back spelling edition of 1847. The pictures and the quotations taken from the well-known old text books show how great has been the progress in text book making during the past 75 years.'

"The atmosphere of this frontispiece envelops the whole calendar. There is the picture of 'George and the Hatchet' with the story underneath, published in 1853. Another Victorian group is a father and two children; *le père* is in a dilemma because each child (a boy and a girl!) wished the other to have the better book. 'Here was a strange dispute.' Yea, verily. Then comes the moral à la Sanford and Merton. 'Such conduct among children always endears them to their parents.' (Else wherefore born.) An attractive picture—almost my favorite—is 'Learning to Read'. The

spreading branches of an elm tree shelter a serene group—a brother with a sister on each side. The brother is holding the book, on which is fixed the interested, concentrated gaze of all three. (Ages ranging from 12 to 16, I should say.) We know before we are told that ‘this boy and his sisters love each other very much, and study and learn very well. It is not so with all children.’ There follows by contrast the story of a little boy in school, too lazy to study; hence he stole a pin; hence he stole other things. He then went from bad to worse, ‘until he was put in jail for some great crime and condemned to be hung. And all this came from his being idle, and his stealing a pin.’

“Each month is accompanied by a highly moral picture. ‘Soap Bubbles’ with December closes the calendar. ‘Bubbles’, interprets the moralizer, ‘are very pretty while they last, but they are gone in a moment. It’s just so with most things in this world.’ Then follows the cheerful reflection, ‘If we love others and they love us, we shall be together when we die, and shall always live together in heaven. Love is the only pleasant feeling, and heaven is the only pleasant place that will not pass away like the bubbles.’ Was it bliss in that dawn to be alive? Surely to be young was not heaven. Even Fido (see ‘The Little Dog Fido’) cannot escape the moralist. One day when his master stooped down and patted him on the head, and spoke kindly, Fido was ready to go out of his wits with joy. ‘He took care, however, not to be troublesome by leaping upon his master with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlor unless he was asked. (Fancy!) He also tried to make himself useful by a number of little services.’

“My prime favorite, I think, is the stolid, four-square flower girl—she of the pantalettes. This prim, vacuous-faced prig has planted the seeds ‘as her mother told her’. Of course virtue was rewarded. ‘She has now just as many flowers as she wants. See how happy she looks.’

“As an antidote to this well-ordered world where even-handed justice metes out reward and punishment according to desert, I am fain to recall some verses entitled ‘Retribution’:

Her dear mamma called out to her, “My darling Mary Ella,
When you go abroad today you must take your umbrella.”
That naughty girl, she paid no heed to her dear mamma’s call,
She walked at least six miles away,
—and it didn’t rain at all.”

W. B. Maxwell, whose latest novel was “Glamour”, spends most of his time at Lichfield House, Richmond, Surrey. The old Royal village of Richmond is now absorbed in the mass of greater London, but its ancient charm and beauty remain. There, within ten miles of Charing Cross, is to be found a wide expanse of country with the valley of the Thames stretching in silver or gold to dim distances. Mr. Maxwell’s home was built in the days of Queen Anne,—and belonged originally to the Bishops of Lichfield. It was bought and occupied by Maxwell’s mother, “M. E. Braddon”, herself a writer of note during the Victorian period. Lichfield House has a long, formal garden and huge, spacious rooms. Mr. Maxwell, however, does his writing in a building some distance away, which used to be a stable.

A book of poems by Tertius van Dyke is announced. The new author is the son of Henry van Dyke. The volume is called “Songs of Seeking and Finding”.

THE BOOKMAN



June, 1920

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

By John Erskine

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Harold Waldo

OPEN LETTER ON BOOK SUPPRESSION

Henry Littrichfield West

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THE BOOKMAN



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

BY JOHN ERSKINE

WE may say of Howells more truly than of most writers who recently have left us, that it is too early to estimate his permanent fame. The spontaneous admiration for the man which has found utterance in the days following his death, made clear that he has a secure place in our history, if the judgment of the ablest can be trusted; but just what that place will be, this wave of admiration does not indicate. His interests were wide and his abilities many; he wrote many books and in many kinds; he was the spokesman among us for European realism, or at least for an American form of it, yet he was rich in the gentle idealism which suggests kinship with Longfellow and the Cambridge circle; he was open to new ideas and strange appeals, so that the record of his sympathies would make him appear the most broad-minded and cosmopolitan of our writers, everywhere at home in the world, and strictly contemporary with each hour of his life; yet there was an exquisiteness in his nature, a reserve of which

he was aware, which in the end rendered his allegiances, personal and other, highly selective.

These complexities and cross-currents in his sympathies and therefore in his work, make it difficult to guess at once how his accomplishment will be remembered fifty years hence. It may be, however, that these very complexities will form the basis of his fame. In his unremitting zeal to give a true account of experience, and first of all to understand with sympathy the stream of experience he desired to portray, he gave himself up to the divergent and often unreconciled hopes, prejudices, and habits which from decade to decade distinguished the American world of his lifetime. Even if his books had no more permanent claim for their own sake, he might well be remembered, along with Henry Adams, as a fine nature conspicuously agitated by the boiling of the melting pot. But Howells gave himself wholeheartedly to American experience, as Adams did not, and the agitations it produced in him emerged in the form of paradoxes,

but entirely happy ones. He became in his total work, as he wished to be in each of his novels, a faithful mirror of his time and place. He once recorded with approval a Spanish comment on French realism as illustrated by Flaubert, that there was in such realism, as there was in French life of that moment, something antipathetic and gloomy and limited. But, he added, "This seems to me exactly the best possible reason for its being. The expression of French life will change when French life changes." He would agree with us now that whatever there is in his work of shifting, or of contrast, or of contradictions, will in the end be altogether creditable, since he was the loving and sincere chronicler of a social scene which, as we all know, was during his time made up of shiftings and contrasts and contradictions.

The impression of complexity which he gives might be variously illustrated by each of his readers. The present writer felt it twenty-one years ago, when with other students of literature at Columbia College he heard Howells speak informally on "Novel Writing and Novel Reading". Professor Woodberry, then exercising his great influence as a teacher of poetry, had asked the lecturer to give us just such an exposition of realism as we were least likely to hear in his own classroom, and Howells answered the call with zest. So thoroughly did he flay any kind of writing which did not find its true romance in daily life, that there seemed for the moment no room in his philosophy for Homer or Shakespeare, certainly none for Shelley, and no room, or very little, for Walter Scott or Dickens or Cooper—what was worse, no room for folk-lore, nor for those most poetic of all truths that make up the literary world of childhood. He had already put the severe doctrine in

his fine essay on "Criticism and Fiction". "In criticism it is his (the realist's) business to break the images of false gods and misshapen heroes, to take away the poor silly toys that many grown up people would still like to play with. He cannot keep terms with Jack the Giant-Killer or Puss in Boots, under any name or in any place." Those sentences, or their equivalent in his talk, sounded to our ears an unlovely omen. But what of the hard verdict on Scott, and the principle of criticism which it implied—"he was a great man, and a very great novelist as compared with the novelists who went before him. He can still amuse young people, but they ought to be instructed how false and how mistaken he often is, with his mediæval ideals, his blind Jacobitism, his intense devotion to aristocracy and royalty; his acquiescence in the division of men into noble and ignoble, patrician and plebeian, sovereign and subject, as if it were the law of God; for all which, indeed, he is not to blame as he would be if he were one of our contemporaries." In this condemnation and the forgiving final clause we detected some confusion of principle, but we did not consider it closely; we were too overwhelmed at sight of the honored craftsman disposing of our masters in such broad sweeps. I confess that Howells's strong plea for realism that evening cast a sombre eclipse upon his genius, so far as my youthful suffrage was concerned; for years I never heard or saw his name without feeling the fear of detection in some unrealistic joy of life—until one hour of immense relief, when I came on that page in "My Literary Passions" where he confesses that "on a lower plane" he liked the absolutely unreal, the purely fanciful, in all the arts, as well as the real. So we might feel

free, after all, to enjoy the society of Richard the Lion Hearted, without qualms as to the mediævalism in the midst of which he flourished; and we might still amuse the children with the adventures of Jack the Giant-Killer, yet omit the annotation that the beanstalk was but flimsy stage property! It restored us to still better terms with Howells to discover in his delightful "Literary Friends and Acquaintances", that he had once considered himself primarily a poet. The discovery gave us hope that the spokesman for realism had not quite meant what he said, or if he did mean it, that sometimes he had meant the opposite too. We returned to "Criticism and Fiction" and found the qualification we had overlooked—"This is what I say in my severer moods, but at other times I know that, of course, no one is going to hold all fiction to such strict account." And even if he did continue, "There is a great deal of it which may be very well left to amuse us, if it can, when we are sick or when we are silly," yet a little further on he said right out, "Of the finer kinds of romance, as distinguished from the novel, I would even encourage the writing". If more proof were needed that his sympathies in literature were wider than the doctrines he pronounced, we should need only to observe, in "My Literary Passions", that his favorite authors were of all kinds, and of all countries, Italian, Russian, French, Norwegian, German, Spanish; and though at one moment one author or one book was his chief admiration, his verdict would have been given otherwise at another time. He was poet and novelist, realist and theorist, all at once, and we shall learn to appreciate him and his work only as a whole, even though a more piecemeal

kind of study would embarrass us with fewer contradictions.

Realism is a hypothesis about life, but a hypothesis imported to the United States, not evolved from a study of the people here. Howells gave his allegiance to it, and phrased his principles as happily as we shall ever hope to hear them, but when he applied them to the portrayal of American life, he found an unusually stubborn resistance in his material. "Let fiction cease to lie about life; let it portray men and women as they are." What program could be nobler? But it is not a sufficient definition of realism to say that it portrays life as it is; Scott portrayed his mediæval world as it was,—at least, as nearly to the life as any historian can come,—with all its emotional bias, its spiritual eccentricities, its wide differences from our ways. But the realist has a moral purpose, over and above the faithfulness of portraiture; he wishes to elevate the conception of truth which his most realistic readers have. The romanticist, as Howells conceived of him, shakes off the encumbrance of fact in order to picture the world as he desires it to be; the realist invites us to study the facts in order to arrive at the dream of a better world than we now desire. It is perhaps inevitable that realism, unless it is rescued from itself, should always carry with it the chilling effect of a discipline contrived for our good. It hurts at first, like other kinds of spectacles intended to readjust our eyesight. As a method of seeing life, it operates best on those forms of experience which are sickly or distorted or in some sense unhappy; in other words, if the realist teaches us to see two miseries where we had observed only one before, we feel the wholesomeness of his instruction, however depressing—at least it is well to

see things as they are. But if the realist must portray a society essentially happy, incorrigibly optimistic, and as devoted to day-dreams as Jack the Giant-Killer himself, there are but two courses open to him; either he will paint into his picture some shadows which ought to be there but are not—in which case he will have failed to render in their natural state the essential happiness and the incorrigible optimism; or else he will portray the mad romantic scene as it is, and be in effect undistinguishable from the romanticist.

Now the American world upon which Howells brought to bear the realistic hypothesis had large portions of the romantic temperament in it, as well as many roughnesses such as often appear under high lights in the canvas of realism. All art selects—that is, omits—something, no matter how emphatically the artist promises to write down men and women as they are. The romanticist omits from his memory of life the rough facts he does not like; if pressed for a reason he will say they are insignificant. The realist omits the romanticist. Once in a great while appears an artist of the first order, who is neither romanticist nor realist but simply clear-sighted. Such, we begin to see, was Mark Twain in his “Tom Sawyer” and “Huckleberry Finn”, satisfying all the hopes of realism, but including for our eternal delight the sentiment, the audacity, that particular “otherworld” of miscellaneous superstitions and loyalties which compose the American mind. Writing of the same country at much the same time, Howells was perhaps handicapped by greater premeditation in his art, and by a certain hesitation after all to accept his subject as it was. Sensitiveness of temperament prompted him to avoid the rough de-

tails of American life, and his theory of realism caused him to look for the unromantic type, or to see the romantic type somewhat tragically. Silas Lapham and his household, Squire Gaylord and his daughter, or any other group from the best known novels, illustrate the extent to which Howells selected special features from the whole portrait of his country. He omitted, for one thing, that most American sort of temperament of which he was among the most lovable examples. How often does one find in his novels a gift for living, an urbanity and a happy success of spirit in any degree kindred to his own? Knowing the range of types in every section of the country, and observing so often the angular or deeply characterized physiognomies that engage his art, one is reminded of the atelier students who when choosing the models reject the comfortable and accept the thin, that there may be lines enough to draw.

But if he omitted from his novels his own rich and—shall we say it—romantic temperament, he was too inventive a genius not to find another medium for it, untrammelled by theory. If we read his works for a complete picture of America in his time, we must read the complements of the novels, those incomparable reminiscences of his literary friends, of his Italian and English days, of his rambles and studies in books; and we must read as part and parcel of these idealizations of life, the immortal “Boy’s Town”. In these and his other volumes of essays and sketches, he completes the truth he set out to tell of American men and women in his time and all in a beauty of word and cadence not to be matched now by any living among us. “Let fiction speak the language, the dialect, that most

Americans know," he once wrote. Whether in his fiction or in his other work, he spoke a language which too

few of his fellow men will ever use, though as he used it, they found it easy to understand.

HENRY JAMES AND THE THEATRE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE recent publication of Henry James's Letters, selected and edited with delicate discrimination by Percy Lubbock, must have drawn the attention of many readers to the interesting fact that James took an interest in the drama as an art second only to his interest in the novel. It has also informed these readers as to his long-nursed ambition to make money by writing plays,—an ambition always frustrated by malign fate. Probably only a few of those who first became aware of his dramatic aspirations by the disclosure in this correspondence will recall the evidence in his published works which testifies to his always apt appreciation of the art of acting and his ever persistent inquisitiveness as to the principles of playmaking. He came forward as a dramatic critic more often than is generally known; and his dramatic criticism is more intelligent—that is to say, it shows a better understanding of the theatre—than we had a right to expect from one who gave himself up to another art, that of prose fiction, so closely akin to the art of the drama and yet so widely divergent from it.

So many were Henry James's excursions into dramatic criticism that there are enough of them to fill a volume; and perhaps the task of making

the collection will yet be undertaken by one of his staunch admirers. The book will be more welcome since James rescued only a few of them from magazines for which they were originally written. It may be well to list here the major part of the contents of this future gathering, certain to have a cordial reception from all students of the stage. In 1874 Henry James anonymously contributed to "The Atlantic" a discriminating, but somewhat chilly consideration of the revival of "The School for Scandal" by the competent company of comedians who were then making brilliant the stage of the Boston Museum. In 1875 he gave to "The Galaxy" an illuminating review of Tennyson's "Queen Mary", effectively contrasting it with Victor Hugo's more melodramatic treatment of the same enigmatic heroine in "Marie Tudor". In 1875 again he included in his "Transatlantic Sketches" an earlier letter on "The Parisian Stage". In 1876 he wrote, again for "The Galaxy", his enthusiastic appreciation of the actors and actresses of the Comédie Française, which he reprinted in 1878 in his volume of essays on the "French Poets and Novelists". In these early days he prepared for one periodical or another articles on Ristori and Salvini,

on Henry Irving as Macbeth and on Macready's Diary—all duly catalogued in the exhaustive bibliography of Mr. Phillips.

For "The Galaxy" again in 1877 he wrote a review of "The London Stage", and in 1887 he contributed to "The Century" his glowing tribute to that most consummate comedian, Coquelin. He seems to have overlooked both of these papers when he was selecting material for his successive volumes of essays in criticism; and it is not easy to understand why it was that he forgot the study of Coquelin. It is one of the most luminous of theatrical portraits, worthy to hang beside the best of the histrionic evocations of Colley Cibber and Charles Lamb. He was never more cordially enthusiastic about any artist than he was about the incomparable Coquelin, the most gifted and the most versatile comic actor of the last three decades of the nineteenth century. I recall that when I drew Coquelin's attention to this superb testimony to his talent, the actor smiled with pleasure. "Henry James", he said; "yes, it appears that I have the privilege of throwing him into an ecstasy!" In 1915 Henry James was kind enough to revise this essay, so that it might serve as an introduction to Coquelin's own analysis of "Art and the Actor" when that was reprinted in the second series of the publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.

It remains to be recorded only that Henry James included among his "Essays in London and Elsewhere" two papers on Ibsen's plays, originally written in 1891 and 1893: and that in his "Notes on Novelists" he preserved a paper on Alexandre Dumas fils, written in 1895. Quite probably there may be other articles on theatrical themes contributed to one or another of the

newspapers for which he served now and again as correspondent from Paris or from London. And not to be omitted from this record is the long story called "The Tragic Muse", one of the most veracious of theatrical novels; it was published in 1890.

From one or another of his dramatic criticisms I could borrow not a few pregnant passages, revelations of his penetrating insight into the inexorable conditions under which the playwright must do his work. Here is an early remark, culled from a letter on the Parisian stage, written in 1872: "An acted play is a novel, intensified; it realizes what the novel suggests, and by paying a liberal tribute to the senses, anticipates your possible complaint that your entertainment is of the meagre sort styled intellectual". This does not pierce to the marrow of the matter; it does not detail all the difference between the acted play and the novel; but it has its significance, none the less. In the same letter Henry James ventures to speak of the "colossal flimsiness" of "La Dame aux Camélias". Now Dumas's pathetic play may be more or less false, but it is not flimsy; it must have had a validity of its own, and even a certain sincerity of a kind, for it to have kept the stage for threescore years and ten.

Here, however, is a long paragraph from the paper on Tennyson's "Queen Mary" (written in 1875), which discloses an indisputable insight into the difficulties of the dramatist's art:

The fine thing in a real drama, generally speaking, is that, more than any other work of literary art, it needs a masterly structure. It needs to be shaped and fashioned and laid together, and this process makes a demand upon an artist's rarest gifts. He must combine and arrange, interpolate and eliminate, play the joiner with the most attentive skill; and yet at the end effectually bury his tools and his sawdust, and invest his elaborate skeleton with the smoothest and most polished integument. The five-act drama—serious or hu-

morous, poetic or prosaic—is like a box of fixed dimensions and inelastic material, into which a mass of precious things are to be packed away. The precious things in question seem out of all proportion to the compass of the receptacle; but the artist has an assurance that with patience and skill a place may be made for each, and that nothing need be clipped or crumpled, squeezed or damaged. The false dramatist either knocks out the sides of his box or plays the deuce with the contents; the real one gets down on his knees, disposes of his goods tentatively, this, that, and the other way, loses his temper but keeps his ideal, and at last rises in triumph, having packed his coffer in the one way that is mathematically right. It closes perfectly, and the lock turns with a click; between one object and another you cannot insert the point of a pen-knife.

It will be enough to risk only one more quotation,—this time from the paper evoked by the first performance of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" in London in 1891:

The stage is to the prose drama (and Ibsen's later manner is the very prose of prose) what the tune is to the song or the concrete case to the general law. It immediately becomes apparent that he needs the test to show his strength and the frame to show his picture. An extraordinary process of vivification takes place; the conditions seem essentially enlarged. Those of the stage in general strike us for the most part as small enough, so that the game played in them is often not more inspiring than a successful sack-race. But Ibsen reminds us that if they did not in themselves confer life they can at least receive it when the infusion is artfully administered. Yet how much of it they were doomed to receive from "Hedda Gabler" was not to be divined till we had seen "Hedda Gabler" in the frame. The play, on perusal, left us comparatively muddled and mystified, fascinated but—in one's intellectual sympathy—snubbed. Acted, it leads that sympathy over the straightest of roads with all the exhilaration of a superior pace.

Nothing could be better than that, nothing could make clearer the inmitigable fact that the full measure of the essential power of any drama can be gauged only in the actual theatre, to the special conditions of which it has been scientifically adjusted.

II

In default as yet of a circumstantial biography which shall set before us

the successive but perpetually unsuccessful efforts which Henry James made to establish himself as a dramatist, we must find what materials we may in his letters, and in the explanatory prefaces which Mr. Lubbock has prefixed to the several chronological sections into which he has chosen to distribute the correspondence. First and last Henry James seems to have composed eight plays, three of which underwent the ordeal by fire before the footlights.

His earliest attempt was an amplification of "Daisy Miller", a short story which had attained an immediate vogue. This dramatization was made in 1882 on commission from the managers of the Madison Square Theatre in New York. But it was not found acceptable to them, and the author took it over to London and read it to the managers of the St. James's Theatre without winning a more favorable opinion. Unable to arrange for performance, he resigned himself to publication; and the book of the play appeared in 1883.

Half-a-dozen years later he became discouraged at his inability to maintain the popularity which he had tasted earlier in his career as a novelist; and he persuaded himself that he might win a wider audience as a writer of plays than as a writer of novels. He asserted more than once that he was persuaded to playmaking by the patent fact that it was more immediately remunerative than storytelling; but this assertion seems to be the result of a certain self-deception, as his letters prove that he was convinced of his richer endowment for the drama than for prose-fiction. "The strange thing is", so he wrote to his brother in 1891, "that I have always known this (the drama) was my more characteristic form.... As

for the form itself its honor and inspiration are its difficulty. If it were easy to write a good play I couldn't and wouldn't think of it; but it is in fact damnably hard." A little later, in a letter to Stevenson, he said he was finding that the dramatic form opened out before him "as if there were a kingdom to conquer.... I feel as if I had at last found my form—my real one—that for which pale fiction is an ineffectual substitute".

When he turned to the theatre he was not exploring an unknown country. He had been a constant playgoer, ever inquisitive about all manifestations of the twin arts of the stage, the histrionic and the dramaturgic. Whenever he was in Paris he sat night after night absorbing the best that the Comédie Française could give him; and Sunday he profited by the sane solidity of the dramatic criticisms of Francisque Sarcey from whom few of the secrets of the art of the player were hidden. As early as 1878 he had written to his brother: "My inspection of the French theatre will fructify. I have thoroughly mastered Dumas, Augier and Sardou; and I know all they know and a great deal more besides". And in another letter also to his brother, in 1895, he dwelt on the double difficulty of the novelist who turns dramatist, the question of method and the question of subject. "If he is really in earnest, as I have been, he surmounts the former difficulty before he surmounts the latter. I have worked like a horse—far harder than anyone will ever know—over the whole stiff mystery of technique—I have run it to earth, and I don't in the least hesitate to say that, for the comparatively poor and meagre, the piteously simplified, purposes of the English stage, I have

made it absolutely my own, put it in my pocket."

That this was not empty vaunting, and that his keen and cool critical insight had led him to grasp the chief of the essential qualities of the drama, as distinguished from prose-fiction, is proved by a passage in a letter written in 1909 to a friend who had sent him a published piece of hers, which seemed to him undramatic in that it lacked "an action, a progression", whereby it was deprived of the needful tenseness. "A play appears to me of necessity to involve a struggle—a question of whether and how, will it or won't it happen? and if so, or not so, how and why?—which we have the suspense, the curiosity, the anxiety, the *tension*, in a word, of seeing; and which means that the whole thing shows an attack upon *oppositions*—with the victory or the failure on one side or the other, and each wavering and shifting from point to point." Here Henry James is at one with Ferdinand Brunetière, when the French critic laid down what he called the Law of the Drama,—that if a play is to arouse and retain the interest of the audience it must present a struggle, a clash of contending volitions; it must exhibit the stark assertion of the human will.

Henry James's second play was, like his first, a dramatization of one of his own stories, a stage version of "The American". It was more fortunate than the stage version of "Daisy Miller", in that it did thrust itself into the theatre, where it lived only a brief life. It was produced in 1891, by Edward Compton in England, at first in the provinces and then for a few performances in London. When he commenced playwrighting Henry James did not appreciate that it is a more difficult task to dramatize a novel than

to compose an original play, because the author is necessarily unable to deal with his material as freely as he could if it were still molten and had not already been run into the mold of a narrative. Seemingly he made this discovery in due course; and he did not again attempt to turn any of his stories into plays.

His third effort was an original piece, "Guy Domville", brought out by George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre in 1895. That it failed to be favorably received and that it had to be withdrawn at the end of a month, was a grievous disappointment to the author,—a disappointment made more poignant by the gross discourtesy, not to call it wanton brutality, with which he was received by a portion of the audience when he was called before the curtain at the end of the first performance. It was perhaps due to this indignity that he did not publish the play which had failed on the stage in the natural expectation that it might please in the study, appealing from the noisy verdict of its spectators to the quieter judgment of its possible readers.

He had already, the year before, printed in two volumes, entitled "Theatricals", four other comedies which he had vainly proffered to the managers,— "Tenants", "Disengaged", "The Album", and "The Reprobate". One other play he turned into a tale, called "Covering End", published in 1898. Here he was not contending with any insuperable difficulty in transposition, since the novel may very well be dramatic whereas the play shrinks in abhorrence from any tincture of the epic. The drama never lost its attraction for Henry James, but he was repelled, as well as repulsed, by the theatre, wherein it has its domicile. "The whole odiousness

of the thing lies in the connection between the drama and the theatre", so he wrote to his brother in 1893; "the one is admirable in its interest and its difficulty, the other loathsome in its conditions. If the drama could only be theoretically or hypothetically acted, the fascination resident in its all but unconquerable form would be unimpaired, and one would be able to have the exquisite exercise without the horrid sacrifice." This was a suggestion natural enough in a retiring and fastidious artist in letters, but inconceivable in the mouth of any born playwright, Shakespeare or Molière, Sheridan or Beaumarchais, in whom the pain was physicked by the labor they delighted in.

Notwithstanding his distaste for any other than a theoretic or hypothetical playhouse, Henry James in 1908, ten years after the publication of "Covering End", did not hesitate to disinter the one-act play upon which it had been founded and to authorize its performance. He even permitted it to be cut into three acts,—just as Scribe fourscore years earlier had made a three-act comedy, "Valérie", out of the one-act comédie-vaudeville by the simple expedient of excising the songs and of dropping the curtain twice during the course of the action. The new-old three-act piece was entitled "The High Bid"; it was performed a few times in the provinces and a few times more in London by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson. But it did not make any definite impression on the playgoing public. It was not a disheartening failure like "Guy Domville", yet it could not be called a success. Still its milder reception encouraged its author to resume work on two more plays, "The Other House" and "The Outcry". There were even negotiations for the production of

these pieces,—negotiations which came to nothing, chiefly because prolonged illness forced him to give up work on them.

III

In the deprecatory note which he prefixed to the second volume of "Theatricals", Henry James declared that "the man who pretends to the drama has more to learn, in fine, than any other pretender; and his dog's eared grammar comes at last to have the remarkable peculiarity of seeming a revelation he himself shall have made". Plainly enough he had the conviction that to him the revelation was complete and that he had his self-made grammar by heart. Why then did he fail after efforts so persistent and so strenuous? Why did disaster follow fast and follow faster? It was plainly not from any lapse in painstaking or any easy ignoring of the difficulties of the dangerous task. It was not because his primary motive was pecuniary, since he was soon seized with ardor in his adventures into a new art. What then was it?

I think that we can find a key to the secret in his letters, wherein he more than once exhibits his detestation of the audience he was aiming to amuse. He wrote to his brother in 1895, "... the thing fills me with horror for the abysmal vulgarity of the theatre and its regular public, which God knows I have had intensely, even when working (from motives as pure as pecuniary motives can be) against it". What right had any man to hope that he might gain the suffrages of spectators he so totally detested and despised? Henry James here takes an attitude, he discloses a frame of mind, as dissimilar as may be from the mighty masters of the drama,—from Corneille's or Molière's, for example.

In 1911 he wrote to a friend that "the conditions—the theatre-question generally in this country (England) are horrific and unspeakable. Utter, and as far as I can see, irreclaimable barbarism reigns. The anomalous fact is that the theatre, so called, can flourish in barbarism, but that any drama worth speaking of can develop but in the air of civilization". That assertion implies a belief that England was less civilized in the opening years of the twentieth century than it had been in the opening years of the seventeenth. Many things may be said against the present age, but not that it is less civilized than that of James I.

We may dismiss these two opinions as the petulancies of a man of delicate sensibilities abraded to exacerbation by gross contacts with the vulgar herd. None the less are contacts with the herd inherent in the playwright's trade. He cannot retire into any ivory tower; he must come down to the market place; only at his peril can he shrink from meeting his fellow man. He is disqualified for the drama which appeals, has always appealed, and always will appeal, to the mass, to the common people (if the term is insisted upon), if he holds himself aloof, if his sympathy is not sufficient to make him for the moment one of the throng, to feel as the mass feels, even if he feels more acutely, to think as the plain people think, even if he thinks more wisely. At bottom the drama must be fundamentally democratic, since it depends upon the majority.

The great dramatists did not succeed by writing down to the mob, but by writing broad to humanity. They did not have to deliberate and to quest about for the things to which the many-headed public would respond; they knew, for they themselves thrilled with the same passions, the same de-

sires, and the same ideals. They had a perfect solidarity with their fellow citizens, whom they faced on the plane of equality and whom they did not look down on from any altitude of conscious superiority. They never condescended; they were never even tempted to condescension. They gave to the throng, made up of all manner of men, literate and illiterate, the best they had in them, the very best. Nor did they feel that in so doing they were making any sacrifice. They were stout of heart and strong of stomach, with no drooping tendrils of exquisite sensibility recoiling from gross contacts.

Perhaps it would be unfair to suggest that when he was engaged in playwriting Henry James was unconsciously condescending; but it is not unfair to assert that he had no solidarity with the spectators he was hoping to attract and delight. What he gave them—the note prefixed to “Theatricals” proves it amply—was as good as he thought they deserved or could understand; it was not his best. And even if he had designed to give them his best, he could not have done it, because a miniaturist cannot make himself over into a scene-painter; the two arts may demand an equal ability but the hand that works in either, soon subdued to what it works in, is incapacitated for the other. The subtleties in which Henry James excelled were impossible in the theatre; they demand time to be taken in, an allowance impossible to the swiftness of the stage; they would not get across the footlights; and they might puzzle even the most enlightened spectators. It takes an immense experience and a marvelous skill “to paint in broad strokes, but so artfully that at a distance it appears as if we had painted in miniature”,—which, so the Spanish dramatist Benavente tells us,

“is at once the problem and the art of the drama”.

In his review of “The School for Scandal”, Henry James confessed that he saw “no reason to believe that the mass of mankind will ever be more artistic than is strikingly convenient, and suspect that acute pleasure or pain, on this line, will remain the privilege of an initiated minority”. The supreme leaders of the drama, Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Molière, were satisfied to rely on the “mass of mankind” of whose sympathies they had an intuitive understanding. Henry James, all unwittingly it may be, was addressing himself only to the “initiated minority”. Where they possessed robust straightforwardness and direct brevity, he was solitary, isolated, delicately fastidious. He must have read but he did not take to heart Joubert’s warning that we ought “in writing, to remember that men of culture are present, but it is not to them that we should speak”. Henry James’s novels would have been more widely enjoyed if he had profited by this precept; and because he did not profit by it his plays are “all silent and all damned”.

Like the poet the playwright is born and not made; but like the poet again he has to be made after he is born,—that is to say, he has to master the mysteries of his trade, to become a competent craftsman, to acquire technique. Henry James may not have deceived himself when he declared that he had by hard labor learned how to employ the dramatic form; but the most consummate dexterity would avail him little if he had not also the native gift, often possessed in abundance by men of little intelligence and of less culture and often denied to men of commanding minds. After all, in any of the arts inspiration is more important than either aspiration or perspiration—or than both combined.

OLD WESTS FOR NEW

BY HAROLD WALDO

THE three mysterious horsemen that darkened the hill accommodatingly just as evening fell and the wary reader took up his post, have faded far in English literature and given way to the paltry figure of Edwin Clayhanger swinging down Moor-thorne Road. Thus the dark horseman of the Golden West is haply fading. And with him that ugly symbol of an inordinate era, the wideawake—or great slouch hat. Instinctively donned by bull-necked men, by men of blaring ego, such as seek to cut a dominating figure among their fellows, the Wild Bill hat is dwindling out of the West. Its empire is shrunk to three pinchbeck principalities: the movie plant, Missouri, and Washington, D. C. The Stetson school of fiction and the Stetson school of "statesmanship" show equally deflated, and their puncturing may well be charged along with other items to the new woman and the rising city—with its vast insignia of urban taste—built for her.

The old West was a man's country. There he contrived a Gargantuan society celebrated by Mark Twain and Bret Harte, a cosmos of laughable, outrageous figures, a preposterous epos that astonished and delighted... a faraway world. At close range, however, it had the same gross virtues and rank vices that flourish in back-country stable, barber shop and bar, with a

Rabelaisian bouquet of flagrant virility.

But the feminine arrival has changed this—as the arrival of woman has everywhere altered the face of affairs. Subtle critic of manners and morals, she has increasingly curbed the manly cult of Mumbo-jumbo. From Jane Austen to Mary Watts she has poked sly fun at those Gargantuan exhibitions that have made man such an unlovely excrescence on the society he haunts. Under her appraising eye he has shrunk commendably. The unbridled whiskers and broad hat, the festooning watch chain and colossal "charm" of dangling elephant and locomotive are wrapt into regions of old unhappy far-off things and Prince Alberts long ago. Man is pulling in his horns, in short. And so is the West. The old West is gone. Romance is dead....

Then—long live Romance! The red-blood brand is obsolete. But the romance of selective realism, heralded by the Norrises and Willa Sibert Cather, is facing a glittering prospect, such as do the tall windows of the great Five Towns of the West—Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Richmond, and San Francisco, close linked on San Francisco Bay.

There where the old Peralta Rancho spread on Contra Costa hills, near Johnny Heinbold's saloon and the

drab, dead haunts of London, are ranged the great shipyards that only yesterday hung out fabricating records to defy the fiercest efforts of Delaware and Fall River. While Oakland sends down her clanging hulls upon the Estuary, Alameda launches the fluttering bright caps of girl swimmers who pit their stripling strength against the mermaids of the Antipodes. Here Fanny Durack of Australia ploughs a snowy quick-water in the wake of the newspaper boat, and Duke Kahanamoku illustrates the startling vigor of his dying South Seas race. At Richmond the fat oil of Kern County fields rolls in from the South. Down there in the country of Mary Austin's "The Ford" are the Four Towns of the oil industry, which trade their fuming wealth for the fruit of Placer County's Four Towns: Auburn, Newcastle, Loomis, Penryn. The huge flumes that water the foothill orchards convey the "blue coal" of the mountain lakes through power houses that loom on piney spurs like castles along the Moselle. Here high tension energy is shot a hundred and fifty miles away to turn the wheels of San Francisco. The novel of today's West may well dispense with darkling horsemen and moonlight affrays when 736, the Mallet Compound, wheels out of Roseville round-house to boom up the long Sierra grade with its

Mishni! glshni! stingal!
Ya! Ya! Ya!

Here to cheer us—in a land where preposterous romance is dead—is a Kipling and Conradian nexus of high tension interests that must persist and intensify so long as Mallet "crabs" grind over the Sierras and great ships put out for China's thunderous dawns. With McAndrews of Telegraph Hill in the engine room and Vartek Parichek

of Haight Street bucking a waiter in the dining-saloon, the richly varied consort of new San Francisco follows a modern argosy to the seat of ancient mornings and secret perfumes in the East.

This interplay of racial forces nowhere follows such free and heroic lines as in the friendly West. Touched vaguely though quaintly by Charles Caldwell Dobie in his stories of the San Francisco Czech quarter, it has not yet been discovered for us as Wilbur Daniel Steele has discovered the Portuguese life round Plymouth Rock. The Italian in his foothill orchard; the Azores Islander fishing the Sacramento for giant salmon; the Jugoslav in little orchard valleys that filter to the sea: these aspects of rare and fruitful color are scarcely explored.

Of a Sunday morning, when off his run, McAndrews saunters down the steep, bright streets to Golden Gate Park and takes a hand wi' the bowlin'—meeting on the open green with Bates of the Caledonian Trust and McLaren, the famous master of the park, who hails from Dunedin and the Stevenson country.

Meantime Vartek, the merry Czech boy of Haight Street hill, in his jaunty Sokol uniform and falcon-feathered cap is probably marching to the ferry with a parti-colored crowd of Slavic picnickers to spend the day at Shell Mound, near Oakland Across the Bay.

These picnics in the furtive, scrubby old park sparkle with a naive color, all too coarsely rendered by Jack London in his "Valley of the Moon". He missed the tart charm of pretty Croatian girls dancing in great gloomy pavilions, near dreary cypress trees drawn gaunt in a bright wind which clatters lonesomely along their dusty shore. Tenebrous blue gums guard the massy, mysterious shell mound

through a week of desolation, awaiting a Sunday of pomp, when the courts of Carniola and Carinthia assemble in dustier desolation of paper-littered grounds to celebrate their bizarre folk-rites with chocolate soldiery and a paprika dash of music. One remembers particularly a little twelve-year-old Croatian girl who watched the dancing wistfully, knowing she could never hope to dance because of a shortened foot. Perhaps her spirit lingers there, haunting with something of the immemorial Slavic sadness the weary cypress trees, until next Sunday brings the jaunty cohorts of County Mayo or County Clare, and the brisk blue eye and pert white chin of Irish Aileen lightens the gloom of the melancholy old park. A pleasure ground, this, that would scarcely suit a genteel taste; but somehow, by grace and glamour of these birds of passage, a realm of romance all shabby forlorn.

Not far from here is the old Emeryville race-track which played a sinister part in Charles Tenney Jackson's magnificent story of "The Day of Souls"—a novel revealing the old San Francisco in all its rancid, evil, and enthralling beauty. No one has arisen since Jackson to present that city's cruel enchantment so brilliantly as he. Laboring in the old San Francisco "Bulletin" building, he forged the style that sends his sentences in silken wave lengths swishing. Ominous between the rollers' motion comes the deep intoning of the lighthouse bell on a note of insistent doom. Strange that just such a style, of just such sonorous Flaubertian force, was being forged in like setting across the continent's span by another young American newspaperman, Stephen French Whitman, working in the old New York "Sun" rookery. Between "The Day of Souls" and Whitman's magnifi-

cent "Predestined" is a striking and instructive kinship. From some similar setting of newspaper loft—perhaps from such a setting only—we may hope for other searching transcripts of life, blazing as do "The Day of Souls" and "Predestined" with the unique glow and uncanny phosphorescence of crawling city life itself.

Certain it is that Jack London's novels give us little of this radiance and color. A giant in the white North, he was but a half-god in the Five Towns. "Martin Eden" catches only a baldly conventional setting, as void of depth and color as a movie celluloid.

Poles apart from his flat, obvious treatment is the peep-show minutia of Kathleen Norris's interiors. Her lower-class homes are fairly fusty with the odor of domesticity; while her high-class folk actually distract us with their insignificant social calculations and steam-heated emotions. Such defects as these are, they are those of qualities; and again and again one yields to the casual and cluttered charm of her San Francisco.

No representative American short-story collection should be without her precious tale of Alanna, the little San Francisco Irish girl. So fresh and tender it is, so rarely humorous. If she had but compressed her novels to the same classic mold, there had been no trouble in placing her alongside Willa Sibert Cather. As it is, we must pay a wondering tribute to the small group of Norris et Cie, whose marches enclose a fair moiety of significant western fiction.

Even the level-eyed clarity of Miss Cather's vision has not pierced deeper than did Frank Norris's. From his splendid "station point" before the panorama of western life, he swept the elemental struggle of men for soil, food, and liberty. He told his tale

with the vehement rush of a great voracious artist, who has seen largely and exultantly; and even so, he sketched in his humbler detail with a masterly hand.

Here it is, in the matter of detail, that Miss Cather eludes us. She yields us the piquant feature and very perfume of a fascinating alien life; yet now and again in "My Antonia" this fragrance sifts out into something chill and thin. A precious pastel vagueness swathes her prairies at times. Nor does she grasp the noble passion for liberty which gave Norris's "Octopus" a Promethean grandeur unmatched in American fiction. But she has brought within the scope of American novel writing a strange racial beauty produced with a flowing, classic line that overleaps all trifling genre painting in the goddess-like majesty of her Bohemian and Scandinavian maidens.

In token of their indigenous character and superb scope the works of Norris and Jackson and Cather loom up through modern western fiction as guide-posts to the future. But the half-gods die hard. The western imagination is custom-caked with a banal tradition of red-shirt romance. According to Mr. Chambers the West is too self-conscious to produce the great American novel. Not too conscious of itself, Mr. Chambers, but of a stereotyped and unveracious version of itself. Certain novelists pandered to the West's childish fancy for vainglorious splurge; and whatever chance the country had to free itself from the cattleman cliché and red-blood buncombe, was quashed in season by the baneful genius of the movie. Two-gun play and the rest of the pitiful paraphernalia is a cheap perversion of the real West. The West must slough

off this incubus in order to realize its untold prospects.

For in the rolling-stock of sheer romance there has never been such daring expansion as we find here. Tall engines as in Norris's day still scour the long highways; but a Franco-American genius named Mallet has coupled two such engines into one—a long-barreled thing called the Mallet Compound, equal to three of the monster that crashed through Vanamee's huddled animals before Presley's horrified vision. Pistol-toting is no longer in vogue here—except in Culver City. But great ships still stand in from the Orient, and snappy, metallic looking yellow officers stand behind the weather dodgers awaiting pratique—with permission to discharge their loads of flaming silk. Anon this costly freight is loaded on the "silk train"—a solid cargo of well guarded treasure, and, with "rights through" that give it express train clearance, is snatched out of the salt water flats by a drumming Mallet, that carries it across the great interior valley, up through the foothills, thundering and drilling onward, through the black-bellied python of the coiling snow-sheds, on... toward our own far East.

The lives that go to the making and handling of that silk train are the stuff of vivid romance. Such romance is not vain and disingenuous. Yet a regard for what is most humanly germane carries us back of such overt values to the stress and posture of racial elements here commingling, to little Irish Alanna and Shell Mound Park. It is easy to fancy the old park as haunted by these colorful ghosts of dead holidays, and to picture Alanna's happy spirit finding out the wistful-eyed Croatian girl and setting her heart to dancing. And the beauty of the matter is that this is not an empty

fancy, but a symbol of the very fact. For here the ends of the earth are meeting and mingling in such wide and generous amplitude of spirit as the world has never known, and in a country that has about it something of a vast pleasure ground. There is no doubt that out of these elements the West is building a finer, braver America, which shall not despise the shabby but indigenous romance of old Shell Mound Park.

WHEN I REMEMBER YOU

BY KEVIN LOGUE

WHEN I remember you there falls
A silence in my mind,
As after gusty intervals
Settles the weary wind,
And a far voice in the stillness calls,
Silver, and very kind.

Then I give over matching words
Against an old despair,
And I know the sky would fill with birds,
With song would fill the air,
If you could see the broken sherds
Of the life I yet must bear.

You did not shatter it, but I
Broke it into my hands;
Wherefore my sky is a silent sky
And all lands twilight lands:
Of pride that towered as heaven high
There is not one wall stands.

MURRAY HILL ON HIS TRAVELS

INDIANAPOLIS, *May*, 1920.

YOU see, it is like this. And a tale, I promise you, you shall hear.

It was decided in the office of **THE BOOKMAN** that Murray Hill had lost his kick. By over much sitting at a desk had he grown old. He should go, like one Conrad, in quest of his youth. He should return again, for a space, to the life to which he was bred; be again (for a time), as of old, a delighted child alike of great streets and mean streets, a rover who goes where the wind follows after, a spirit with no abiding city. His art was not to be literature, but the supreme art of all—to look with entertainment (and with charity) upon the world, and to have frank speech with all manner of men. Such was the wisdom of **THE BOOKMAN** office; and greater wisdom have I seldom seen.

To begin, then, with a tribute to human honesty: I one time owned a very large kit-bag, a very costly kit-bag, and a very handsome one. The very thing would this have been to transport all that I would have need of in my wanderings. But, alas! on an evil day it was stolen, with many things of value to me which it contained. Now, to run after a trunk on wanderings—one might as well take along a wife. And it is one of the prime secrets of living (so that one may say when he comes to die: "Well, I've had an interesting life!") that one should never duplicate what he had before. If a man has owned an

Airedale and lost him, he should get a Police dog, or a Bull; if a man has loved a blonde and she has divorced him, he should take to himself a brunette. So it was another kit-bag would never do.

What then? It hath been said, seek and ye shall find. As for me it is as told in that very fine poem of Hilaire Belloc, "The South Country":

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend;
And I fear I shall be all alone,
When I come toward the end.

Seek I, and I find not. Trouble yourself nowhat about the matter; go jauntily on your way and the gods pursue you with their gifts in outstretched hand. Take Christmas presents; you know not what to give. Never mind, at the eleventh hour desperation will save you, and do you proud; a man is never so nimble in his mind as when he is desperate. Take words; you strain for the right word to turn a thought—and continually it eludes you. Cease your straining and go to shaving. Let your thoughts be like a rill of water, reflecting in reminiscence the sunlight and shadows of your life. Suddenly you pause, your razor poised before your nose. It has come to you! *The word!* However, I did not purpose to speak to you of philosophy. This is not a treatise, but a chronicle.

I put my mind at peace. I knew that at the time appointed I should be prepared. "For all things work to-

gether for good to them that love God." And so (as ever) it was.

Was I not hurrying along Forty-second Street to get that cane (the one with the stag handle and gold band) which I had left to be repaired? And did not Fortune cause me to turn my head, inexplicably, ever so little to the left? And did I not see in a window that which the Force that created and operates the universe had determined æons and æons ago I should take with me as my carryall on my travels? I did.

It was a double-barreled suitcase with an accordeon-like side capable of considerable projection outward. I went in and I said to the man there in charge: "May I look at that suitcase in your window?" "Certainly," he replied. I said—I never quibble about anything (friend, do not let Death find you stalled somewhere quibbling, but valiantly on your way)—I said: "I will take this suitcase, how much is it?"

"That suitcase, Sir," he said, "is worth seventy-five dollars." "Good!" I replied. "Have my name put on it at once, on both ends." For I am proud of my name (I should like to have had it on both sides of the suitcase as well); it is a high-sounding name. To me, it rings out like those gorgeous words of Mr. St. Ives:—"When I can't please a woman, hang me in my cravat!"

"As evidently you are not going to give this suitcase as a present", said the man, "I can make you a discount on it. It has been in the window", he said, "and you see Sir, it is a bit spotted by the sun. This discount would bring the price to sixty-five dollars." "Excellent!" I exclaimed; "most admirable, indeed!"

"Then", said the man, "I can make you a still further discount on that

suitcase. Five dollars more can come off on account of—"

"Done!" I said, "whatever the reason—I won't let five dollars stand in the way of me and the suitcase."

It is a splendid suitcase. Many have admired it. And it is certainly worth as much as forty dollars.

* * * *

I leaped out of my cab at the station. Not many were assembled to see me off. I waved my hand at the populace as I boarded my train. I sped away. In my heart a lark was singing.

I dined with a gentleman whose name I did not catch. I talked in the smoker with five persons whom I had never before seen. I slept—and, as always with me on trains, it seemed to me in my dreams that throughout the night we rushed through a mighty storm. I breakfasted at seven, at a table together with three gentlemen who could not be drawn into conversation.

It was about half-past nine in the morning: I became decidedly restless. Also it began to seem to me that there was some sort of a bump in my side, directly below my lowest left rib. I altered my position. The bump was for a moment apparently taken by surprise; then it returned, more pronounced than before. I shifted my weight from side to side; walked about, again sat down. The bump expanded. My restlessness steadily increased—mounted to a feverish nervousness. My mind became centred upon the idea of how long it would be before we should reach Indianapolis and I could get off that train. Once off and into the air I felt that I should soon come around. Half an hour before the train reached the station I was in the vestibule waiting at the door.

I succeeded in holding myself sufficiently in hand to get the suitcase checked. I had no immediate plan further than to escape into the open air. I started up Illinois Street. I felt that I could retain consciousness only a few moments longer—if so long. I saw a dairy-lunch, staggered in, sank upon a chair. Perhaps a little rest—maybe I should revive sufficiently to think out a plan. I got a passing waiter to bring me a cup of black coffee. My hand shook so the liquid splashed with burning heat upon my legs. I tried to attract the attention, one after another, of several men not far from me. One gave me a cold stare. Another nodded and smiled at me pleasantly, a third got up, apparently with considerable reluctance, and came slowly before me. As well as I could gasp it, I asked him if he would not get a doctor for me. He showed what seemed to me amazingly little concern for my situation. Indeed, he seemed to be more than a little annoyed at me for having got him in what he appeared to regard as a troublesome (and an embarrassing) position. After some hesitation, however, he did consent to stroll out the door. I don't know where he went, he was gone a very short while—I knew this even though every moment seemed to me half an hour. Upon his return he announced, in a manner which clearly indicated his decided relief at being so well out of such a nuisance of a matter, that "everyone seemed to be out". He hastily added that there was a drugstore across the street about half-way down the block where they could probably fix me up, and quickly made his getaway.

I grew no better sitting in that broad-arm chair. I arose and tried to steady myself on my cane. Again (and it was my only thought) it

seemed that I *must* fight my way to the open air. When I found it, it embraced me like a cooling bath. Nevertheless, tighter than ever was clutched my heart and all my inner organs, and my legs and hands shook like leaves in the wind. A thought came to me: in the next block south, down the way I had come, was a first-rate hotel—I would try to get there. Could I make it? I didn't know. I retained consciousness now by sheer exercise of will. In another second, maybe, I would fall into darkness, and as for this world, it would be with me as my club, The Players, (quoting from Will) says on the obituary cards it pastes on its wall: "The rest is silence."

That hour which awaits us all I knew had come to me. Should I awake to continue the play upon another stage? Curious it is: this thought was hardly in my mind at all. I am afraid I shall seem a very irreverent man—and yet when, as I well knew, Death has been from me far, I have not been wholly without reverence: I have thought much and with awe of the Creator of all things. I have worshiped the beauty God has made on this planet; I have tried not to bear false witness; I have paid my debts (when I had, or could get, the money); and I have loved my neighbor, and have coveted not his wife. Whatever, however, I have been, I am here a conscientious artist weaving a veracious chronicle. I am sorry to have to say that in this awful hour I repented not a whit of my sins, which have been grievous and many.

Now there is a popular idea, an idea which has persisted for centuries, and which is practically universal, that when a man knowingly comes to die, with or without the support of religion, he is horribly afraid. Speak-

ing for myself only (but I do not regard myself as braver than, if as brave as, most men), I have found this idea a fallacy. I have to say that in this dreadful hour, the feeling in my mind was not fear but anger.

I was angered that, at the very outset, my excursion, the food for growth which in my roving commission I should have reaped from further knowledge of the ways of men, was to be snatched from me; and in the back of my head was the strange thought: a deuce of a character they will think you, back at THE BOOKMAN office, to go and die on the first leg of your business journey. All this which I have told at length, of course, flashed through my mind in seconds. To the end I was quite resigned. My determination to die under a roof, I think it was that kept me up. My mind was gone, almost; and my knees smote one against the other; but I was nearly within reach of the entrance to the hotel.

Now there is a very beautiful cemetery in this city where I was born. In my boyhood it was one of the show places of the town. It is called Crown Hill. And there are gathered the bones of my fathers. I was further enraged. As I stumbled along I observed a string of street-cars passing. My impulse was to fire my stick through a window of one of them. They were, all of them, labeled "Crown Hill". This, I said to myself, is a devil of a way to say to one, Welcome Home!

* * * *

This hotel bears the beautiful name of an English river—though I believe it was named after an old family here.

In the lobby I sank into a chair with a tall back and upholstered in some rich stuff resembling a tapestry, and of a bell-boy nearby I demanded the house physician. It seemed to me a

lifetime but it was probably only a few minutes, before the doctor arrived at my side. He was a large, portly man, with a hearty, corn-belt manner. I struggled to my feet, swayed and tottered, and the pressure on my innards was terrific. He said: "I can't examine you here, we must go upstairs. Have you a room?" I replied that I had not, but that I was most eager to obtain one. Then ensued a wrangle of several minutes between the clerk, the doctor, and myself. Owing to the violent shaking of my hands, I could no more register than I could have flown out of the door, risen in the air, without airplane or angel's wings, and circled round the very tall shaft of the "monument" which they have here—that is, the imposing monument erected to the memory of the Indiana Soldiers and Sailors of the Civil War, which stands at the heart of the city in the centre of the "circle", a ring-around affair which in London would be called a "circus", as Piccadilly Circus. The clerk was strongly averse to putting to bed in this hotel a man who was not, in the police term, on the blotter. Finally, I got him with an upper-cut: I told him, in weird gasps, that it would be better for the business interests of the house if I should die obscurely upstairs in bed than if I should die publicly here before the desk in the lobby. The doctor was permitted to register for me.

He half carried me up (my feet shuffled along the floor); I fell on the bed and he undressed me. I asked him (with an unconcern in his pronouncement which, looking back, now decidedly amazes me) if this seizure or whatever it was, was fatal. He replied, in a very kindly voice, that he "hoped not". He denied my declaration that there was within me a huge bump at the point of my lowest left

rib. I asked him then if he would please explain to me why I *felt*, with severe intensity, a huge bump there; why my heart had gone on a jam-boree; why I couldn't get my breath; was a spectacular wreck generally, and couldn't live more than a few moments longer.

He said that what I had was acute indigestion, gastritis, or something like that; that further, though such attacks occasionally proved fatal, he thought I had passed, or would soon pass, the crisis of mine. I was given drugs and ordered to stay in bed until the next day, when this large gentleman of the hearty, corn-belt manner thought I should be all right again. He said he would be within call throughout the day, by the telephone at my bed, and after a settlement of our account, he withdrew from my presence, forever. I liked the man; he was a genuine home-grown melon, with the real juice all there; and his society was the first thing I had met since my arrival in my native city which restored in me anything like regard for Indiana.

After several hours in bed I got up, dressed and cautiously tried out walking slowly up and down the room. It wasn't easy going, but still nothing alarming happened.... In the morning I unlocked my door and made my way to the elevator. I progressed along the lobby without disaster, and leaving the hotel moved up the street at the rate of an ill-preserved man of ninety. At Washington Street, I came to another good hotel, where I entered the barber shop for a much-needed shave. There is, of course, that old story—which reflects the sentiments of many—of the gentleman who, when asked by the barber how he would have his hair cut, thundered, "In silence". That attitude toward barbers, however, has never

been my notion. Barbers have always been newspapers, of an excellent kind; and since their greatest rival in this rôle, the bartender, has gone out, a man, I think, owes it to himself to cultivate the conversation of barbers as much as possible.

So, to put the barber in a communicative frame of mind, I told him the story of my death and resurrection. This interested him greatly. He told me in turn how sick he himself had been a year ago; what an unhealthy winter they had just had in Indianapolis; and, drifting off from this subject, he took up a discussion of politics, and gave me a general view of the local situation—from his point of view. Indeed, before I was shaved and massaged and shampooed, I knew more about recent local conditions than I should have known had I been reading the home papers for the past month. I had noticed that the bar-room at the hotel where I was stopping, and the bar-room in this hotel, had been converted into bright little affairs labeled "Coffee Shops". I commented on this fact to the barber. Yes, he said, there was nothing doing in the way of "saloons" in Indianapolis any more. But, he added, "the bootleggers were so thick they had to wear badges to keep from trying to sell the stuff to each other." Never, my friend, neglect the highly valuable conversation of barbers.

I was but a short way, as I remembered it, from the office of Meredith Nicholson; so I thought that, exercising extreme caution in my movements, I would try to get there. The things which bothered me most were the street-cars and motor-cars: I could not well hurry in front of one, and I had a distaste to collapsing there. However, I made the building in safety. There I ran up against a snag. This was occasioned by the secrecy

which Mr. Nicholson, in common apparently with all other Indianapolis writers, maintains about the place where he does his writing. His name is not on the hall-directory of the bank building where he works. I knew from former experience that it was not on the door of his office. The elevator "starter" and the elevator men are so well "fixed" that they know him not.

The "starter" suggested that I might telephone him. But how was I to telephone him when he has no number given in the book? So I decided to make a try, as best I could from my rather dim recollection of the location of his room. My guess, luckily, came down heads the first throw.

I gave the mystic rap, which I recalled. Tall and straight, square-shouldered and solidly made, chest held well forward, head held firmly back, countenance sculptured somewhat in the large mold of the bust of a Roman emperor, much dignity (I suspect unconscious), much quiet self-possession, much courtesy (in which are blended naturalness and formality), much kindness of heart apparent, and much (subdued) native friendliness toward mankind, modestly, but quite correctly, dressed in dark colors—Nick!

Replying to my comment on the difficulties of finding him, he remarked that the other day he heard that a man had been offering five dollars for his office address—though, he added, he believed everybody in town knew where he was. Said he had been expecting someone. Knock at the door: reporter. A statement sought on the local political situation. Given. "Don't quote me", said Nick.

Telephone rang: something about some motion-picture stuff he was doing. As to the pictures: what a possibility they presented! And how

rawly they have been developed as yet! Suppose Homer ("whether he was a man or a syndicate") had worked for "the screen", and had been able to produce his tale as he wanted it, what a tremendous live thing today would be "the greatest dime novel ever written"—the *Odyssey*! And Milton, if he had created "*Paradise Lost*" as a "movie"! Rather stunning notions, I felt.

But, of course, we should not, then, have these things as the great monuments, that they are, of literature. Indeed, he seemed to be rather on the fence in regard to, so to say, these two forms of art—"movies" and letters; and deplored, wagging his head, the passing of "reading times", when our fathers and our mothers used to sit at home in the evenings and read Dickens and Hawthorne and Thackeray, "aloud to one another".

As I was suffering all this while a good deal inside, came up the subject of my dramatic arrival in town. Nicholson was decidedly more exercised about the matter than I had been at any time throughout it, in fact, considerably excited. Why hadn't I let him know? Any time of the day or night! And where was it I was? Why, man that owned that place was a great friend of his. Immediately got him on the wire. Gave him what is commonly called "a talking to". Told him, with much vigor, a lot of guff: that I (yes, your own Murray Hill) was "America's leading essayist", and was "conferring a great distinction" on his place by "condescending to stop there". Couldn't have any common, ordinary, hotel physician. Must have everything best in the house. Or, well, the country would rise up against him, or something like that. Scared the poor chap, I guess, into believing all this was so.

And now we must get the best ad-

vice obtainable on this matter. So round we would go to Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch. Now, this Dr. McCulloch may be known as any one of a number of highly distinguished things. He may be known as a physician to the *literati* of Indiana: he was Riley's physician, and he has long "doctored" Nicholson and Tarkington. He may be known as Lieutenant-Colonel McCulloch, who six weeks after war was declared between the United States and Germany abandoned the "largest practice in Indianapolis" (according to Tarkington) to enlist as a captain, and who after eighteen months of service in France was decorated by the French government with the Croix de Guerre for evacuating a hospital under fire. Or as so charming and witty a gentleman that Hugh Walpole declared him to be "the most interesting man" he had met in America. Or (at the present writing) as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Indiana.

Now, I have always been exceedingly reluctant to butt in on the solemn concerns of statesmen to tell them that I was not feeling very well. But Nick dragged me along. On the way, I learned that at about the time he wrote his first novel, he had suffered a seizure very similar to mine, then had (as he believed) chummed with the Reaper for a number of years, but as these had now grown to be twenty or more, and he had not died yet, he had become rather accustomed to the situation, and did not mind it much any more. He declared, however, that I had him all wrong (in an account of him I one time wrote), as a gentleman as cool (as we say) as a cucumber. He was really very nervous, excitable, impulsive, passionate, and I know not what other highly explosive things, and the effect that I had described was merely his "front".

I think there used to be there on one door a neat inscription stating that this was the office of Dr. McCulloch. Now on a long transom extending across two rooms was painted in large "caps", "McCulloch Campaign Headquarters". And the apartments within were a scene of resounding activity.

Dr. McCulloch bumped into us amid the throng; Mr. Nicholson stated the case; I endeavored to excuse myself from interrupting the candidate; and he declared that in a matter of such momentous concern to literature as this, "the affairs of state would have to wait".

They did not, however, wait long. Dr. McCulloch looked into me with a periscope, which he borrowed from a physician hard by, and who is to take over his practice in the event of his election; dashed into the next room for a hand in the conference there; dashed out again with a prescription in his hand, and the counsel that "there is no need for worry", and disappeared again in the hum.

* * * *

At my hotel I found awaiting me a letter from the proprietor, a hearty young gentleman, hereinafter to be called Mr. Gates—'tis an excellent name, and will do as well as another. He said that he was somewhat of a man of letters himself, having "read an essay once. It was," he continued, "one of Nick's own, and very good, I remember—all about Mr. Smith and why he went to church." And he (Mr. Gates) would present himself at the first opportunity.

The next day, at luncheon with him and Mr. Nicholson, I began my studies into the life of a proprietor of a first-class city hotel. It's an interesting field of investigation, which I am resolved to pursue at other stages in my travels. The stealing that goes on by

guests of hotels, apparently, is frequently quite picturesque.

Know that at this hotel, in the "Blue Room"—the most elaborate dining-room, very prettily decorated—live six small, pale yellow canaries. In six enormous yellow cages (each on a tall stem) they live, which, placed (each cage between two tables) three on a side of the aisle, make a noble avenue down the middle of the room. Well (so much for the setting), this is the story: one day one of the canaries was stolen—sprang out of its cage in the dining-room.

And another day, out of this same dining-room, was stolen a silver plate, forty-two inches in diameter. Man stuck it under his coat. Very tall, colored waiter (at our table now) ran out and after him. Plate recovered. The number of ashtrays, towels, sheets, etc., stolen in one year from such a hotel as this, I am told, passes calculation.

But the most entertaining theft of all of which I heard was this: some passing pilgrim stole the mattress on his bed. Had moved in an empty trunk, or one nearly so, apparently having this novel idea in mind. (A box of springs on the bed, clothed in bed covers, would give nearly the effect of the mattress being there.) "And so", exclaimed Mr. Gates, "he got my own help to steal my own stuff for him—to get his trunks down!"

But I have overlooked a matter—you will find many things somewhat out of their natural order in this History of the Life and Times of Murray Hill.

The day before, on my return to my quarters, I found the publicity man of my hotel on the lookout for me. "Now we must get," he said, as we began work on the interview with the distinguished guest for the local morning papers, "the name of the hotel well up

at the top." Then he dropped away into reminiscences of his career, for which I am highly grateful.

"Several years ago", he said, "shortly after the hotel opened, there was a circus coming to town, and the people were going to put up here. I saw a chance for a big story. And they agreed to send on in advance a baby camel, for exhibition in the lobby. Well, when the camel got here, there wasn't much of the baby about him; he was the biggest camel I ever did see, and there was no way at all of getting him through the door. So we marched him around outside, followed by a pretty good-sized gallery.

"But", he said, and indignation was with him still, "when the papers printed the story, they got the camel in all right, without any mention at all of the name of either the hotel or the circus! And where did I get off as a publicity man!"

This time, however, we got across in the morning papers, the name of the hotel, as well as an account of the camel.

And directly after breakfast up turns a man from an evening paper. Now, I had never seen this young man before in my life. He had never before seen me. Nor had I ever even heard of him. Well, then, as sprightly ladies who write vivacious reminiscences of literary life say, "judge of my astonishment" when, at the conclusion of our interview, he took from his pocket and presented to me a faded daguerreotype of a figure in the uniform of an officer in the Union Army of the Civil War. The face had a remarkably familiar look. "Turn it over," said the young man. And, on the back of the card I saw written in pencil the name, Will Hill. "I think," said the young man, "this is a photograph of your father. It was found in the old home of my family a few

days before you came to town. Perhaps you would care to have it." Now, my father's name was Wilbur; but those who knew him when he was young (and I was about to say handsome, but he was that to the last), and at the time of, as Riley says, "the army", always called him Will. And I have no doubt that, in this strange way, has come into my hands an authentic portrait of him, which I knew not existed. (Mr. Nicholson claims the exclusive rights to the use in fiction of this story.)

Nick stood the check for the luncheon. He has a humorous trick, it appears, for the education of the waiters and the cashier here. After his signature, he writes on each meal check a line or so of quotation from the poets. Today this was:

The hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gates it was that he dedicated a novel of his called "Lady Larkspur". In acknowledgment of this Mrs. Gates sent him a handsome silver plate, together with a large sheaf of larkspur, which she had taken considerable trouble to procure. Nick didn't know larkspur from a goat. Said to Mrs. Nicholson: "Put the fine plate away, throw the weeds into the back yard."

* * * *

All this time, you know, I was merely crawling about, and scared of every step; for notwithstanding Dr. McCulloch's assurances there continued to be something dreadfully wrong with my inner machinery. It was the next day, on the street, when, suddenly, I became conscious that I was much better. Distress of mind, at any rate, had mysteriously quite left me. I felt again something of the thrill of living. How had this come about? And so quickly!

An instant—and it suddenly was made clear to me. I knew I should not die—for quite a while yet. I discovered that I had regained possession of a great gift; I was viewing with the pleasure of admiration the spectacle of numbers of charming-looking women passing to and fro.

And so, with a step sturdier than for a number of days, I proceeded (Mr. Nicholson having once again given me a guest card there) to the University Club of Indiana, which, as one of the pleasantest clubs in the land, I have so well described elsewhere.

There is as hall-boy there a young Japanese. He received my hat and coat, erect and silent, with completely disinterested courtesy, and with that absolute immobility of countenance which perhaps only a Jap can attain. I had been for a little while writing some letters in a room to one side, when I heard Booth Tarkington's hoarse voice booming out in the hall. I hopped up and went to meet him. He greeted me in the cordial Tarkington way. Wearing a black derby, a dark overcoat, and his stick, he presented a decidedly gentlemanly effect. For several moments we talked. Then he went downstairs, or upstairs, or somewhere; and I returned to my writing.

When I was ready to go, the Jap boy appeared, strangely changed. His beads of black eyes beamed upon me approval. When he had got me into my overcoat and had handed me my hat, he bowed very low, very low, and (like a flunky on the stage) extending toward me with outstretched arm my stick, he pronounced (the rascal must have looked up my name), with the deference of veneration, these words: "Mr. Hill".

MURRAY HILL

TWO NOISY ROMAN SCHOOLMASTERS

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

THE most diverting and conspicuous figures in the literary world of Italy today are two old schoolteachers of Rome—Alfredo Panzini, humanist, and Luigi Pirandello, satirist. Both of them have earned a permanent fame and their fecundity seems to be increasing with age.

Alfredo Panzini, a pedagogue by profession, is a writer by dint of long training. Born in Sengaglia, a small town in the Province of the Marches, in 1863, he called Carducci master. After serving a long literary apprenticeship compiling grammars, readers, dictionaries, and anthologies, his name began to appear in magazines; and gradually he has forged his way to the front rank as an episodist, an interpreter of the feelings and sentiments of the average man and woman and their spokesman, and as a master of prose.

In appearance he is a typical lower middle-class Italian, short, stout, and ruddy; a kindly benevolent face, with contented eyes that look at you inquiringly from behind gold-rimmed spectacles. One might gather from looking at him that he had asked but little from the world, and got more than he had asked.

His writings display an intimate familiarity with a few classic writers, especially of Greece and Italy, which he reveals by frequent and appropri-

ate quotations and references, contrasting the sayings and doings of the venerated ancients with those of the not always deprecated modern. He knows the emotional desires and reactions of the average man; he senses his aspirations and his appeasements; he has keen understanding of his virtues and his infirmities. He knows his potential and actual pleasures and he reveals this understanding of his fellows to us in a diverting and instructive way; at the same time he shows us idealistic vistas of life and conduct that are most refreshing. It is to be regretted that he is not equally enlightened about women. If he knows their aspirations he denies the legitimacy of these aspirations; if he discerns their future he refuses to forecast it; if he knows feminine psychology his writings do not reveal it. He is the traveler ascending from the plains whose pleasure is in looking backward to survey the paths over which he has traveled, to describe the beauty of the country and its associations and to moralize about them. Elevations in front of him from which one may legitimately anticipate more comprehensive vistas he refuses to consider, or if constrained to do so, he denies that what shall be seen from them will compare with what he sees and has seen.

His two most successful and com-

mendable books are "La Lanterna di Diogene" (Diogenes's Lantern), and "Xantippe". The first is a narrative of sentimental wandering in which he describes the commonplace world and the homely conflict of those whom he encounters, and in which he displays not only tolerance but love of his fellow men. He is sometimes playful, more often ironical, but never disparaging or vituperative, and his prose is clear, limpid, sometimes indeed sparkling.

His "Xantippe" does not deal particularly with the virtues or infirmities of that renowned shrew. It recounts many incidents in the life, trial, and incarceration of Socrates which, while still redounding to his fame, are made to show by contrast with man's conduct and customs today the weaknesses, inconsistencies, and fallacies of many conventions of the twentieth century.

"Il Viaggio di un Povero Letterato" (The Wanderings of a Poor Writer) shows the same simple-minded, charming vagabondage as "Diogenes's Lantern". It was published in 1912 and many readers did not share his distrust of Germany or hold with him in his forecasts. Many of his statements are today prophecies fulfilled.

It is not an imaginary man of letters who starts on a trip in obedience to a doctor's orders. It is Alfredo Panzini exhausted from many labors. He goes wherever his fancy takes him—to Vicenza, Bologna, Pisa, Venice—and it is with the literary memories of these places that he is chiefly concerned. At Pisa it is Leopardi, Shelley, and Byron; at Vicenza, Fogazzaro; but at Bologna the memories become more personal. Here he sat at the feet of Carducci and learned to love and respect him; here his budding fancies first showed indications

of blooming; here he first essayed amatory flights. He chances upon an old flame of his student days leading the old life in the old home, except that she has taken to writing poems and insists on having his opinion of them. His account of how he succeeded in meeting her wishes and still maintained his self-respect is a masterpiece of ingenuousness. The least thing suffices to start a train of thought and reflection or to decide his next tarrying place. The volume ends with an interesting account of a visit to the birthplace of Pascoli, the socialist and idealist poet of the Romagna.

In his "Piccole Storie del Mondo Grande" he describes a pilgrimage to the country of Leopardi, and to Umbria. It is filled with little anecdotes of literary immortals who wandered there and of references that are more significant to Italians than to foreigners; through it all there is a strange, melancholy humor which is quite characteristic of Panzini.

The two novels which he has written show that he has the art of the storyteller in narration, sequence, and constructiveness but the stories lack what the dramatists call action. This is particularly true of "Io Cerco Moglie" (I Seek a Wife).

Signore Panzini is not what is called a Feminist fan; and he utilizes Ginetto Sconer, who is seeking the ideal mate, as a mouthpiece for his own convictions and sentiments concerning women. Italy is likely to be one of the last countries that will yield woman the freedom for emotional and intellectual development to which she is entitled; and when it comes, as it is bound to do, it will be despite the kindly and sentimental protests and ironies of oppositionists such as Panzini.

"La Madonna di Mamma" (The Ma-

donna of Mama) is, in addition to a splendid character study, a revelation of the disturbance caused in a gentle and meditative soul, his own, by the war. For in reality, like so many Italian writers, Panzini is autobiographical in everything that he writes. In this book he has shown more insight into feminine psychology than in any of his other writings; though he is more successful with Donna Barberina, who represents modern Italian emotional repressions, than with the English governess Miss Edith, who forecasts in a timid way what her countrywomen have obtained. Nevertheless the strength of the story is the evolution of the moral and intellectual nature of Aquilino, to whom the reader is partial from the first page, and of Count Hippolyte who is "too good to be true". Aquilino is what Alfredo Panzini would have been had he encountered Conte Ippolito in his early youth. The reader who makes his acquaintance identifies him with the future glory of Italy—the youth who has no facilitation to success save ideals and integrity.

Many of his short stories such as "Novelle di Ambi Sessi" (Stories of Both Sexes) and "Le Chicche di Neretta" (The Gewgaws of Little Nora) have elicited great praise. Today Panzini has the reputation of being one of the most gifted writers of Italy. He has come to his patrimony very slowly. Without being in the smallest way like George Meredith or Henry James, his writings have experienced a reception similar to theirs in so far as it has been said of them that they are hard to understand. It is difficult for a foreigner to give weight to this accusation. The reader who once gets a familiarity with them becomes an enthusiast. To him Panzini is one of the most readable of all Italian

writers. To be sure, if one reads "Xantippe" it is to be expected that more or less will be said about Socrates and about the customs and habits of Athens of that day. The same is true of "Diogenes's Lantern". It is also likely that when a man of literary training and taste wanders about the country writing of his encounters, he will be likely to write of people and things which when others read them will presuppose a certain culture; but the reader who has the misfortune to lack it need not hesitate to read the books of Panzini. He will have a certain degree of it after he has read them, and he will get possessed of it without effort. It is not at all unlikely that Panzini writes his stories and novels in much the same way that he writes his dictionaries—namely, laboriously. His later writings have some indication of having been thrown off in a white heat of creative passion without preparation or conscious premeditation; but most of his books bear the hallmarks of careful planning, methodical execution, painstaking revision—and careful survey after completion, that the writer may be sure that his creation exposed to the gaze and criticism of his fellow beings shall be as perfect as he can make it, both from his own knowledge and from the knowledge of others that has been assimilated by him.

The position which Panzini holds in the Italian world of letters today is the index of the protest against the writings of D'Annunzio. Panzini is sane, normal, human, gentle, kindly. He sees the facts of life as they are; he fears the ascendancy of materialism; his hopes are that man's evolutionary progress shall be spiritual, and he does not anticipate the advent of a few supermen who shall administer the affairs of the planet.

Alfredo Panzini is likely finally to get a place in Italian letters comparable to that of Pascoli, and should his call to permanent happiness be delayed until he has achieved the days allotted by the Psalmist, he is likely to have the position in Italian letters which Joseph Conrad has in English letters today. This statement is not tantamount to an admission that it is to writers like Panzini we are to look for new developments in imaginative literature. They will be found rather among a group of writers who are the very antithesis of him—the Futurists.

The successor to the literary fame of Giacosa is Luigi Pirandello, another Roman schoolmaster. His earlier writings were cast as romances but latterly he has confined himself largely to stage pieces which reflect our moralities, satirize our conventions, and lampoon our hypocrisies. His diction is idiomatic and telling. It reminds one of de Maupassant and of Bernard Shaw. Either he inherited an unusual capacity for verbal expression or he has cultivated it assiduously.

He is Panzini's junior by three years, having been born in Girgenti, June 28, 1867. His father was an exporter of sulphur and his early life was spent among the simple, passionate, emotional, tradition-loving people of Southern Sicily. Unlike his fellow Sicilians, Verga and Capuana, he has not utilized them to any considerable degree as the mouthpiece of his satiric comments and reflections on social life. He has taken the more sophisticated if less appealing people of Northern and Central Italy, and put them in situations from which they extricate themselves or get themselves more hopelessly entangled for the reader's amusement or edification. In

his last comedy "*L'Uomo la Bestia e la Virtù*" (Man, Beast, and Virtue) the scene is laid "in a city on the sea, it doesn't matter where", yet the characters are typically Sicilian.

After graduating from the University of Rome, Pirandello studied at Bonn and made some translations of Goethe's "*Roman Elegies*". Soon after he returned to Rome, he published a book of verse and a book of short stories which made no particular stir. It was not until he published "*Il fu Mattia Pascal*" (The Late Matthias Pascal) that he obtained any real success. Critics consider it still his best effort in the field of romance. From the standpoint of construction it deserves the commendation that it has received; but both the luck and the plans of the hero are too successful to be veristic, and the eventuations of his daily existence so far transcend ordinary experience that the reader feels the profound improbability of it all, and loses interest. One pursues a novel that he may see the revelations of his own experiences, or what he might wish his experiences to be under certain circumstances. When these circumstances get out of hand or when the events that transpire are so improbable, or so antipathic, that the reader cannot from his experience or imagination consider them likely or probable, then the novel does not interest him. Moreover the Anglo-Saxon reader, unless he has lived in Italy, finds the flavor of many passages "too high"; certain experiences are related in unnecessary detail. Like a cubist picture the charm and the beauty disappear in proportion to the nearness with which it is viewed and the closeness with which it is examined.

In reality Pirandello did not get his stride until he began to concern himself with social and domestic problems,

such as those depicted under the title of "Maschere Nude" (Transparent Masks). In the play "Il Piacere dell' Onesta" (The Pleasure of Honesty) he pictures a new type of *ménage à trois*: the "unhappy" husband in love with the mature daughter of an aristocratic Philistine mother, who, when she must needs have a husband for conventional satisfaction, appeals to a facile male cousin who finds in a ne'er-do-well disciple of Descartes one who is willing to act the part vicariously, the apparent quid pro quo being the payment of his gambling debts. The hypocritical, bombastic lover; the sentimental mother with a "family complex"; the anguishing, passionate daughter; the suave, aristocratic, male procurer, and finally he who was to be the victim of the machinations of these experienced persons, but who proves to be the victor because he plays the game in a way new to them, that is, straight—each in turn delivers himself of sentiments and convictions that reveal the social hypocrisies and conventional lies which form the scaffolding and supports of what is called "everyday life", and give Pirandello an opportunity to display his irony, his sarcasm, and his humor. The art of Pirandello is a subtle play of paradoxes and analysis of motives which are second-nature to persons called complex, the result of inherited and acquired artificialities. To get the full effect of these paradoxes and analyses the close attention of the reader and of the auditor is required, and as a matter of fact Pirandello's comedies read much better than they play. Those who know maintain that he has little capacity for stage technique, that he knows nothing of the art of the stage. Hence his comedies have not had the success of those of Giacosa and of Bracco.

As human documents they depend upon their humor and veiled irony more than upon any other qualities. The humor, which seems to be obtained by simple means, is nearly always the result of an analysis so fine, so subtle, that sometimes one loses track of the premises on which it is founded. He compels the attention of his reader and he makes him think. Without such attention and thought the subtleties of Pirandello often escape the reader. Sometimes he labors a point almost to a tiresome degree—for instance, in the play "Cosi e" (It's so if you think it's so). The central point is the identity of a woman which, it would seem to the average individual, could be established readily beyond peradventure; but the point is, is there anything that can be established beyond peradventure? Is there any such thing as literal truth? Is not truth in reality synonymous with belief, individual or collective or both? Discussion of questions of this sort may become very tiresome; but Pirandello has the art of mixing them up with human weaknesses and human virtues, which makes the mixture not only palatable but appetizing. In his last comedies, "Il Giuoco delle Parti" (Each One Plays His Own Rôle) and "Ma non e una Cosa Seria" (But it isn't a Serious Matter), he reverts to matrimonial tangles and to attempts at disentanglement: depicting in the former comedy the "temperamental" woman—who gets what she wants but who finds when she gets it she does not want it—and the long-suffering husband—who is discerning enough to know how to handle her; concedes what she demands that he may get what he should have.

The man who usurps the conjugal privileges of the husband must also discharge his obligations. So it tran-

spires that when his temperamental wife has been insulted by some intoxicated gilded youths, who by their conduct in her house provoke a scandal in the neighborhood, it is necessary for the de facto husband to challenge the most aggressive of them to a duel. During the excitement of the preparation, the happy thought comes to him to have the vicarious husband fight the duel. He does so and is killed. The cause of all the trouble, the lady, is quite ignorant of this arrangement, and thinks the de facto husband is battling with the most invincible sword of the city and that he will get killed—which is her desire. On returning to her house she finds her husband lunching as if nothing unusual had happened. The dramatic climax soon comes when she scornfully taunts him with having someone fight a duel for him, and he replies, "Not for me but for you".

The play gives Pirandello the opportunity to display his knowledge of the sentiments and passions of the modern "high life" individual. Although his characters talk and act and express familiar sentiments in a way that makes one think they are real people, in reality they are unreal. They are taken from the author's imagination rather than from real life.

The second comedy in this volume is much more meritorious than the first. The author portrays characters who well might have existed in the flesh. Gasparina, who has put twenty-seven years of continency behind her and has achieved the direction of a second-class boarding house, is derided and maltreated by her "guests". The most swagger of her boarders, who has been miraculously saved in a duel which followed a broken engagement, has an original idea. He will make a mock marriage with her, and thus establish

freedom from further love, and annoyance, and duels. She sees in the proposal escape from the boarding house. In the little villa in the country—to which he sends her under promise that she is not to make herself evident and where he is not to visit her—she blooms like a flower. In due course of time he falls in love again, and in order that he may accomplish matrimony he must free himself from Gasparina. This could be accomplished as it never was consummated; but when the messenger, an old aspirant to her favor, is on the point of having his aspirations realized, the husband—in name only—sees in Gasparina the woman he really loves. The curtain falls at an opportune moment before any hearts are broken or any blood is shed.

It is one of the plays of Pirandello that has had considerable success on the stage.

He is in reality a finished workman, an accomplished stylist, a happy colorist, and fecund withal. His most important stories are "Erma bifronte" (Deceitful Hermes), "La Vita Nuda" (Naked Life), "La Trappola" (The Snare), "e Domani...lunedì" (And Tomorrow—Monday), "un Cavallo Nella Luna" (A Horse in the Moon), "Quand ero Matto" (When I Was Crazy), "Bianche e Nere" (Black and White). His romances, in addition to the ones already mentioned, are "I Vecchi e I Giovani" (The Old and the Young), and "Si Gira" (One Turns)—the most recent and poorest of them.

It would be a mistake to convey the impression that Pirandello is universally admired in Italy. His stories and romances have an adventuresome quality that transcends ordinary experience, and his plays attempt to dispense with theatricalness and to sub-

stitute for it a subtle analysis of life with corrosive comment. Both of these qualities are very much resented.

It is strange that the Freudians have never explained the popularity of plays and novels concerned wholly or largely with sexual relations that infract convention and law, as a dominance of the unconscious mind—a "wish fulfilment" of the waking state. It may be assumed that three-fourths of those who see and read them never have and never contemplate (with their conscious minds) having similar experiences, and they would be scandalized were anyone to assume that they approved such conduct. Perhaps the explanation of the hold these works have upon the public is the same as that of the interest we have in the accounts of criminals seeking to evade apprehension. It is not that we sympathize in any way with the malefactor. We

are law-making, law-abiding, law-upholding citizens and we know he ought not to escape, and, naturally, we hope he will be caught. However, we cannot help thinking what we would do, confronted with his predicament. We feel that in his place we could circumvent the sleuths, and overcome what would be to the ordinary person insuperable obstacles. Thus we divert ourselves imagining what we would do if we were adulterous husbands, lecherous wives, lubricious wooers, vicarious spouses—while assuring ourselves we are not and could never be; and plume ourselves that we could conduct ourselves, even in nefariousness, in such a way as to escape detection or, if detected, to disarm criticism. Meanwhile we enjoy being virtue-rewarded and vice-punished, for only upon the stage or in books does it happen, save in exceptional instances.

THE LONDONER

Mrs. Humphry Ward—Political Novels—A Lampoon on Mrs. Ward—Henry James Letters—Helen Mathers—Rhoda Broughton—Reading for Pleasure and the Peculiarities of Writers—The Rothensteins—Douglas Goldring—Criticism of Contemporaries—D. H. Lawrence—Rebecca West—Stacy Aumonier—Iris Tree.

LONDON, April 1, 1920.

THE death of Mrs. Humphry Ward removes from the literary arena a figure which was imposing rather than important. Mrs. Ward had her success so many years ago that she unfortunately outlived the superstition attaching to "Robert Elsmere", a fact of which her recently published Reminiscences showed her to be unaware.

Her relationship to Matthew Arnold stood her in good stead in the early days, as did the admiration of Mr. Gladstone; but of late she had been almost universally rated low as an original writer, and many who, if she had begun publishing later, would have extolled the rather commonplace solemnity of her pseudo-political novels found themselves perfectly in order

in regarding her as a past master in an art now practised by children not yet in their teens. It was a sad fate. To start off in a sudden lustre, and to end as one commonly ridiculed, is a hard lot for anybody. Unfortunately it is true that Mrs. Ward's best work was done early. Also, that the huge novels which impressed our fathers by their slight intellectual pretentiousness became quickly stale and good for nothing. I can remember the day when I read such novels as "Sir George Tressady" and "David Grieve" and believed them to be the genuine article. I had never dreamed of novels which so gave me the sense of acquaintance with the political world and the world of the aspiring youth who found his delights in the intellect. "Robert Elsmere" I never much cared for, but that was because I felt it to be intellectually beyond me. This was simply because I was exceedingly young when it came my way. And I can still recall solemnly reading an essay by Gilbert Chesterton praising "Helbeck of Banisdale" as a novel of the highest class. It is strange to look back upon those days.

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It is strange, for one reason, because I long ago ceased to regard Chesterton as a reliable guide in the criticism of literature (it was his work on Browning which opened my eyes), and it is not less strange because from the days of "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "The Marriage of William Ashe" I have found the novels of Mrs. Ward simply unreadable. If it were not for the fact that I recently had occasion to read "Cousin Philip"—about which I said a few words in a recent causerie—I should know nothing whatever about the later developments of a talent which had gone straight into the conventional and me-

chanical production of novels for library subscribers. The vogue of Mrs. Ward is not hard to understand in view of what I have said above. The majority of people know nothing at all about the inner life of the political world. Mrs. Ward seemed to lift the curtain. We saw, as we thought, straight into the privacy of the Prime Ministers' homes. It was nothing like the reality, as I am now aware; but to anybody who has not seen the great at close quarters it was quite bafflingly life-like. We all felt that these men and women were really the upper classes about whom we speculated. We felt that at last we knew what went on in high political circles; and we were properly thrilled. Well, as soon as we suspected that Mrs. Ward had been "having us on", we threw her over as a delineator of high life. We threw her over with contumely. I will now reveal whose work it was that nailed up Mrs. Ward's coffin. It was the work of H. G. Wells.

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You will all remember that Wells suddenly branched off into "Tono Bungay" and "The New Machiavelli". Those two books settled Mrs. Ward's hash. Wells was not a politician in the ordinary sense, and he has his defects; but his books were real. He was obviously dealing with a kind of life about which he had ideas. Mrs. Ward's books were, in a manner of speaking, dead. Her characters were, not so much types, as sawdust-stuffed creatures of no gumption. Their stuff was such as reams are made of. All the daring went out of Mrs. Ward's novels. They were seen to be humdrum. Here was something new and exciting. The game was up. From that time, Mrs. Ward's sales were no longer mentioned proudly by her publishers in hundreds or even eighties

of thousands. They sank to discreet and uncommunicative "impressions".

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There is a wicked lampoon upon Mrs. Ward in Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love"—the play. It is not at all malicious, but it represents a somewhat heightened lady novelist whose self-satisfaction is excessive. No doubt Bennett had read the book of Reminiscences. In that book Mrs. Ward was a little restive, a little subconsciously uncertain of her position in the public eye, and so she made the mistake of quoting the opinions of her work expressed by famous friends of a past generation. They "cut no ice". Also, she made the mistake of sizing up her juniors, rather patronizingly. Wells and Bennett came in for it—Bennett being praised at Wells's expense. This was an error of judgment on Mrs. Ward's part. Bennett's chief characteristic as a man is his remarkable loyalty to his friends. Moreover, one has only to turn to that little book, "Books and Persons", which ought to be in the bedroom of every lover of literature, to see what Bennett thinks of Wells.

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Of course, Henry James thought very highly of Mrs. Ward. He had eulogized her. It counted in his favor as a friend, but not to his credit as a literary critic. Perhaps we shall understand the lapse better when we are able to read James's letters. These are to be published in a few weeks from now, so we shall have an opportunity of examining them. This book is one of the things I am genuinely looking forward to. I have always thought that those who sneered at James's pomposity and his moral timidity and his literary elaboration of the trivial were horribly wrong and disgustingly ungenerous. Hardly a young novelist of our day but has owed to James a

great deal of his education in his craft. Even Wells has some passages in the two books of his which I have just mentioned which are quite obviously influenced by the lessons of a master. One can say many things about James, but one should not lightly cast off recognition of his scrupulousness, and the revelations he made of the working of the human mind. We must not confuse his work with that of some of his disciples. The two things are entirely distinct.

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Another old novelist to die just lately is Helen Mathers. I must admit that her work is an old tale with me. That I have read several of her novels I am sure; but precisely which of them it would be impossible to say. And yet they had a curious freshness and vivacity in their day. Helen Mathers was not a pretentious novelist: she was even, at times, rather a naughty novelist. But that is all forgotten, and I only mention her death through a wish to record an event which may not have stirred as much attention as it might have done in America.

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A contemporary of hers—Rhoda Broughton—was described in a recent BOOKMAN as having finished a new novel. Now I must admit to being a great admirer of Rhoda Broughton. She seems to me the nearest thing in spirit to Jane Austen that we have had in recent times. I read a few years ago a novel called "Concerning a Vow". One would have said that the story—the "story" as distinct from the author's manner—was ridiculous, if one had not recognized it as the story of Sir Thomas Lawrence and his unhappy loves; but there could not be two opinions about the way in which the characters talked. True, it was old-fashioned, in one sense; but the

point of it, the delightful whimsicalness and roguery of it, was unmistakable. It was the work of a mistress of the difficult art of conversation. In one of her novels, "Belinda", Miss Broughton gave the story of Mark Pattison and his wife, afterward Lady Dilke. Here again, although the book has an "old-world air" (as they say in England), it retained all the freshness of the spirit by which it was vitalized when the pen first recorded its author's lively inventions. Miss Broughton's novel is one which I shall infallibly read—for pleasure. I wish there were more authors of whose works I could say as much.

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I know, of course, that this will strike readers as very arrogant. Let it. I will repeat my remark, in a different way. There are very few novelists to the publication of new books by whom I look forward with pleasure. With interest, yes! With apprehensiveness, yes! With the expectation of being moved and impressed, yes! But with pleasure, no! A thousand "noes". And that is a remarkable thing, for there are few books I am unable to read. It is true that I have said above how impossible I found it to read Mrs. Ward's later books. Well, I found it impossible. But in general there are few novels which I am above reading. "Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor 'Jonathan Wild' too low." I do not say I like them; but only that I am not a literary snob. And this is a very singular subject, for I have heard of a young woman flinging a book by Robert Louis Stevenson across the room in disgust. I have never done such a thing. I have heard of people cruelly reading the work of a poor writer and maliciously gloating over its deformities. I have only twice gloated over books with ribald laughter. No, three times. And

I am not going to tell you the names of those three books. One was a work on the English language. Another was a memoir by the brother of the subject. One was a hectic novel by a young novelist who might have known better, but who shows no signs of learning anything at all with increasing years. I cannot remember laughing cruelly at any other books. I wonder if that is a virtue, or merely an unperceptiveness.

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What is it that makes a book readable or unreadable? I do not know. Very likely there is some subtle aroma from it, just as there is from humans, which does the trick. Why, when one sees a title, does one sometimes feel disposed or indisposed to read a book? That is another question. I cannot answer it. But you will find that we are all sensitive to these things, and that we cannot give, however logical, reasons for our instinctive tastes and distastes. If we could, we could reason ourselves out of them, or into them. We do not do this. We do not make any attempt to do it. Something ineradicable in us comes sharply into control, and decides. The thing is done. There is no appeal. And we suffer from the same injustices from others. I remember hearing once of a woman who saw my portrait in an illustrated journal. She looked at it. Then she said, coolly: "I don't like the look of that man. I wouldn't read one of his books for worlds." Naturally the friend who overheard wrote to me immediately, out of the kindness of his heart. And yet that woman was obeying quite a sound impulse. If you do not like a man's face, isn't it a fair presumption that you will not like what he writes? I like to feel that perhaps I should not have cared for that woman to read my books. You never know.

Among the spring announcements I observe a number of volumes which should have more than casual interest. One of these is a book of "Literary Portraits" by William Rothenstein. The word "literary" does not mean that the artist has been writing accounts of his subjects; but merely that all his subjects in this particular book are literary men. Some years ago I met Rothenstein pretty frequently, and also his brother, Albert (since the beginning of the war called Albert Rutherston). They are both small men, and Albert has a more vivid manner than his brother. Both, however, give the impression of having a good deal of practical energy. Will Rothenstein, of course, has done a great deal of architectural work, both in India and in England. Albert has had a certain connection with various of the Barker stage productions. He is a much younger man than his brother, and it may be that his change of name early in the war was dictated quite as much by a wish to achieve distinctness as by his desire to manifest his British allegiance. I cannot profess to be an ardent admirer of the work of either brother; but that both have rendered inestimable service to the branches of the art they have so conspicuously practised nobody would deny. Will, in his quiet, almost dry way, has really influenced, not the course of painting so much as the course of teaching in England. He has shown considerable versatility, and his work has varied as much in quality as in direction. He has a shrewd brain and clear judgment; and he has long been the friend of writers and other distinguished men outside his own craft. He is a man of extraordinary capacity. The book of portraits should thus have, even for those who do not care for Rothen-

stein's style, an exceptional value and interest.

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Two novels and a book about his contemporaries is the modest allowance this spring of Douglas Goldring, who has always been prolific, and who now threatens to take the world by storm in his early thirties. The novels are sure to be didactic, for Mr. Goldring, as a novelist, belongs to the school of Gilbert Cannan. But the book I am really rather interested in is one called "Reputations", in which I imagine there will be some piquant criticisms. Mr. Goldring has known a number of the writers of his own age and of somewhat inflated reputation, and I suppose him to intend some candid talk about his late friends. I judge partly from a skit which he recently contributed to a periodical called "The Chap Book", in which the young poets were laid low, and some of the other young creatures, also. It was very good-tempered, but at least one poet succeeded in having the line referring to himself erased, under a threat of hostility pursued to the uttermost limit. It will do no harm to write ironically about some of our reputations.

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At any rate, I would rather read Mr. Goldring's book than the three books announced as a series by the new firm of publishers, Leonard Parsons, Ltd. These books are "Some Contemporary Poets", by Harold Monro; "Some Contemporary Novelists (Men)", by R. Brimley Johnson; and "Some Contemporary Novelists (Women)", by the same author. To me these are fearsome works, because we are having a surfeit of books dealing with ourselves and each other. One such, recently issued in England, is by the indefatigable S. P. B. Mais,

now a master at Tonbridge, lecturer to the employees of W. H. Smith and Son on the subject of literature, and recently appointed Professor of English Literature to the Royal Air Force. Mr. Mais's enthusiasm is like that of the young man in "Othello". He is forever exclaiming, "Why, this is a more excellent song than the other!" The result is bewildering, for enthusiasm so unfailing is hard to follow. Mr. Mais's book has had a curious press, for even his friends think it necessary, it appears, to rap him over the knuckles. Thus we have the strange incident of an adverse review in "The Observer", a paper in which many of Mr. Mais's most ardent views have been expressed with all his customary exuberance.

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In an earlier causerie I made some remarks about D. H. Lawrence for which I was rated in an American paper—because, it was said, I gave inaccurate information. As it happens, I was right, but let that pass. Lawrence, as I have mentioned, is now in Italy, and he has a new labor play announced for publication. Also, I am pleased to see that more than one Dramatic Society is producing his "Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd". If this play is seen among the signs and portents of a nascent Drama, it will make some of the recent productions of our play-producing societies look pretty shoddy. By the way, to return for a moment to my American critic: it should be borne in mind that these notes are written some time before they appear. It is therefore possible that some of them may occasionally state facts which have, so to speak, been superseded by other facts. At the time at which they are written they represent information as late as I can guarantee.

Among spring novels I observe with interest new books by Rebecca West and Stacy Aumonier. In all probability Aumonier's book is a collection of short stories, as it is called "One After Another". But as Aumonier has a distinct gift for the writing of short stories, this does not matter. It may not be generally known in the United States that Aumonier is a man of considerable versatility. He began as an "entertainer", and still gives in public little character sketches, generally written by himself. He is a sort of quick-change artist, and as this gift is coupled with the power to invent his own material, he has a decided pull over the ordinary person who laboriously learns and interprets stuff which has come from the brain of another. I observed with amusement the suggestion made recently, by one of our superior, omniscient young critics, that "Mr. Aumonier writes like a conjurer or public entertainer." It looked so much as though the young critic had "heard something".

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Rebecca West's novel will be eagerly looked for. It is called "The Judge", and if it comes up to expectation it will be very good indeed. I question whether Miss West's talent lies very decidedly in the direction of what is called "the Novel", because she has an analytic mind altogether exceptional in its precision. If that is a good thing for a novelist, well and good. If, on the other hand, it leads to either hardness or too extensive detail, then the novelist with too much brain will always have a stiff struggle to infuse genuine emotional interest into his work. Miss West is about the cleverest young woman in England. I do not know of another quite as clever. Her brain is marvelously clear. If her judgment is at times erratic, that

is a thing which happens to all of us, and she is none the worse for a little human weakness. Whatever happens, I can promise that the new book will be worth reading. Also that it will be read with jealous scrutiny, both by Miss West's rivals and her friends. One set will look for faults and failure; the other will look for justification of the praise so lavishly given to "The Return of the Soldier". "The Judge" has a stiff gauntlet to run!

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I see that Iris Tree's "Poems" are to be published very soon by Lane. Iris Tree must be well known in America, because she only returned to England in the winter. She is, of course, the daughter of Beerbohm Tree, and has a personal charm all her own. What the poems will be like in bulk I do not know. They certainly vary a good deal in quality as one

reads them in the ordinary way. But this is a case where a young author will receive, not the puffs of friends, but the serious interest of those who appreciate her personality. It sometimes happens that a young writer will attain popularity quite apart from intrinsic excellence in his or her work; but Iris Tree is not of this number. She gives the impression of being so personally sincere that one is not at all anxious to like her poems, but only to make sure that they contain the subtle essence which it is perfectly clear she has to express. For this reason I shall not be surprised if there are some very searching criticisms of her work when it is published. It is a tribute to her that her critics will take her duty seriously. And their own duty, of course. But then they always do that!

SIMON PURE

THE BEST ADVICE IN GARDENING

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THOUGH my title is conferred less by success than by mistakes, I am what Mrs. Francis King has called a practised amateur at gardening. My plants, that is, are no longer the annual response to seed-packets that on a warm spring day have enticed me with their gaily-colored promise. They are no transient summer colony that jostle each other light-heartedly until the approach of fall, but a sober settlement that has struck root. Indeed, they have spread from the first border of irresponsible adventure. And as I

have watched them encroach upon each quarter of my small domain, I have, like any ruler of an unwieldy kingdom, sought advice in government; seeking with an eagerness that is the sign of my enfeebled power, all precedents that make for order and restraint. Now that the mischief is done I would be instructed in matters of immigration, know whom to turn back from my borders, whom to admit. I would learn penal codes that would restrict and imprison those who are there; rules of public health and town plan-

ning, in fact a whole civil code. But in my eagerness for expert knowledge I find myself in a plight. Either I am given for guidance the record of the first years of Utopia with the mistakes of practice left out. Or I am furnished with the rules of a kingdom that is administered by a whole board of comptrollers, a kingdom that in its pretentiousness and elaborate formality puts my small province to shame. Few are the books for the garden which is self-administered, and which presents itself as a practical problem with which the owner must cope.

For the inexperienced who have barely opened up territory and are desirous of hardy settlers, there are several books which furnish good lists. Of these the most practical—because narrowed down to essentials—are in “Continuous Bloom in America” and “The Practical Flower Garden”. Both lists to be sure are conservative, but as a consequence invite little risk. They contain none of the new varieties which require coddling, and only those of the old which by their quick response and their lack of fastidiousness are fitted to be pioneers. Such few requirements as are necessary for their well-being are furnished by cultural directions which are clear and precise. An excellent alphabetical list is also furnished by Mr. Jenkins in “The Hardy Flower Book”, Part II—together with the names of the best varieties, descriptions of their appearance, and the best methods of culture and propagation. This list is less practical because written with English gardens in mind, as is the summary of the fifty best perennials compiled by Mr. Clutton-Brock. But in both cases the value of the information bestowed outweighs the danger. Moreover, the few plants suggested which

will not weather our climate, are unprocurable for the most part; and the inexperienced gardener is saved perforce from his mistakes.

Those who have stock in hand and may thus chance adventure will find a wider field of suggestion in E. H. Wilson’s “Aristocrats of the Garden” and Leicester B. Holland’s “The Garden Blue Book”. The names to be sure suggest a rigid exclusiveness. But like all social registers, they are valuable as address books; for the numbers come crowding in to the extent of some eight hundred in the first volume. “The Garden Blue Book” has many advantages and is not merely a tabulation of the patricians. On each page there is an excellent illustration of the growing plant with careful directions as to its nurture, and on the opposite page, a school chart with a monthly record of its behavior. An unconscionable liberty one would think, to keep such tabs on aristocrats whose manners might be taken for granted. But possibly only a more austere form of “Town Topics” in which the gardener, to his delight and his profit, is made the reporter. More democratic by far, indeed an open swing of the door, is the list given by Mrs. Albee in “Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens”. In this, fields and woods are transformed into seed-beds. The list is far too inclusive, but there are many suggestions for gardeners like me who see nothing rude and uncomely in country cousins, and above all for those with a limited purse. Those of little faith and bitter experience who wish “to be shown”, will find the most satisfactory illustrations of their prospective purchases in Mrs. Sedgwick’s “The Garden Month by Month”. The photographs, which are both beautiful and profuse, show not merely the flower but the growing

plant and thus give an idea of its habits, its height, and appearance.

Although essential to the midsummer gaiety of the garden and a necessary adornment in its first years, annuals are accorded less attention and space. It is a pity, for even the wary are most often misled by the glowing accounts of their beauties as set forth in seed-catalogues. The mistakes, of course, need last but a season, but they are mistakes which are apt to be written in flame. Mrs. Albee gives a convenient summary which has the advantage of being divided according to color and season, thus offering all possibilities at a glance. It is, however, too large to be quite dependable, and the best to my way of thinking is in Miss Shelton's "Continuous Bloom in America". Here only the most desirable annuals are enumerated, especial stress being laid on those of easy culture, of length and wealth of bloom, and adaptability for cutting and house decoration.

In this day when the price of plants is prohibitive, especially grateful are those books which give careful directions as to "raising from seeds". Few of us have escaped the snares of the midsummer catalogues which promise from seed sown in September, a wealth of next season's bloom. Nor do we know, save at the sacrifice of our purse and our patience, which among those marked "easily grown" will fail to germinate or to come true. A frank account of her many failures and her restricted triumphs as well as the names of the few on which she feels she may count, is given by Mrs. Albee in the form of a personal narrative. Mrs. Ely's list in "The Practical Flower Garden" is more formal and more handy, while Mr. Clutton-Brock's in "Studies in Gardening", though scattered is attended by the best di-

rections I know as to treatment in this capricious state.

Once the plants are selected there is no question as to the consultant authority on their welfare and care. No gardener can afford to be without the standard "Encyclopedia of Horticulture", by L. H. Bailey. The six volumes are expensive and bulky, but they contain in a form convenient for reference, articles written by specialists which record the requirements and histories of all available plants. And not only do these authorities put their medical knowledge of horticulture at our disposal in a language sufficiently simple for amateurs, but they have compiled a distinctly American book which is written with a careful consideration of American climates. A good supplement of household remedies and preventatives are the chapters of "General Advice" in "Garden-Making", also by Mr. Bailey. In these, there is sound counsel concerning the care and the handling of plants, counsel which makes the book valuable despite its antiquated theories of gardening. Brief directions as to "First Aid" may be found in Miss Shelton's chapter of "Don'ts" in "The Seasons in a Flower Garden", and in Mrs. Ely's chapter on "Fertilizers and Plant Remedies" in "The Practical Flower Garden". But unless the symptoms are obvious,—and even then,—it is wiser and more efficacious to "consult Bailey". Other books which deal adequately with sanitation and drainage, with all conditions necessary to public health, are Mr. Jenkins's "The Hardy Flower Book" where the stress is laid on preventative medicines, and Mr. Clutton-Brock's "Studies in Gardening" where the emphasis is placed rather on plant psychology and the adaptability of certain varieties to special surroundings.

But fortunately gardening is not all a matter of immigration and hygiene. Those form but the sober preliminaries to gardening as a fine art, to questions where it is more a matter of cooperation, of improving upon suggestions, than of blindly following the lead. For the most part the gardener must be his own architect and must solve his problem from a knowledge of his own opportunities and limitations, profiting where he may by happy accidents and more often by his mistakes. Even such excellent charts as those worked out by Miss Shelton in "Continuous Bloom in America" seldom coincide with his needs and must be adapted in a manner more inspirational than it is literal. At the same time, written with a sound understanding of garden design and an eye keen for color arrangement, they give simple rules as the basis for all safe experiment. Much enlightenment may also be found, though it is apt to be lost at first in sheer delight at the reading, in Mr. Clutton-Brock's "Studies in Gardening", random essays which deal largely with the theory of design. Mr. Clutton-Brock is a believer in formal planning, but also in understanding on the part of the gardener of the limits of formality. "It is the business of formal gardening", he writes, "to make its own design and at the same time to obey the laws of its material—that is to use its material so that its characteristic beauty may be displayed to the best advantage." Suggestions as to how this may be accomplished will be found in the chapters "The Right Use of Annuals", "Common Sense in Gardening", "The Problem of the Herbaceous Border", "The House and Garden", and "Theories of Design".

But whenever my own enthusiasm is jaded and gardening seems a mere

matter of muscle and of routine, there are two books to which I inevitably turn for stimulus. One is "The Well Considered Garden", by Mrs. Francis King. She is the garden "colorist", quick to discern and work out an effect of balanced beauty through harmony or through contrast. Even in writing of flowers and describing their tones, whether it be delicate buff, a vivid orange or a pale lavender, she has the light-hearted zest of the painter who takes joy in merely spreading his paint on the palette. And like many a modern artist she shows us that no color is really ugly, that even magenta phlox, the bane of the border, may be, if properly used, transformed to a thing of positive beauty. When, moreover, she writes of combinations dear to her heart—preferably of those softened by gray-blue, white, or lavender—her enthusiasm becomes infectious. Before I know it I have pencil and paper in hand and am working out a new plan, one in which there shall be no garish mistakes. Or I am out taking stock of my failures, pulling out here, replacing there, working with renewed eagerness as I make use of her suggestions. It is impossible to read her chapters on "Color Harmony", "Companion Crops", and "Balance in the Flower Garden" without a conviction of sin, or of attainment below one's best efforts. From her one learns to paint in bold strokes, in broad washes of color, with an eye trained not to meticulous detail, but to the general effect; an effect gained by harmonious groupings and masses.

Much the same may be said of Miss Jekyll, past mistress of gardening and author of many books of which the best is "Color Schemes in the Flower Garden". She, too, leads one to work with flowers as though with paints,

and to feel that mere bloom is not enough if it be lacking in composition and arrangement. The tones she loves are more subdued than those preferred by Mrs. King, less gay, less daring, for she has a liking for mist-like effects and plants of silvery delicacy. But her manner is that of the artist, creating in a medium which is as beautiful as it is transient.

Neither of these two artists may we slavishly imitate. Copyists we could not be as we would. The individual surroundings and soil are stiff material for adaptation. And there is at best a world of difference between the work of genius and of craftsman. But whatever our opportunities, we may use these books as an

inspiration, and learn from the examples they offer that discontent which is the first step to "gardening finely".

Continuous Bloom in America. By Louise Shelton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Practical Flower Garden. By Helena R. Ely. The Macmillan Co.

The Hardy Flower Book. By E. H. Jenkins. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Studies in Gardening. By A. Clutton-Brock. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Aristocrats of the Garden. By Ernest H. Wilson. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Garden Blue Book. By Leicester B. Holland. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens. By Helen R. Albee. Henry Holt and Co.

The Garden Month by Month. By M. S. Sedgwick. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Encyclopedia of Horticulture. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Co.

Garden-Making. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Co.

The Seasons in a Flower Garden. By Louise Shelton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Well Considered Garden. By Mrs. Francis King. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Color Schemes in the Flower Garden. By Gertrude Jekyll. Charles Scribner's Sons.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

On Skipping

THE business of skipping everything we read has become so universal and unconscious that few of us have stopped to consider its possibilities, or the great benefits to be derived by reducing it to a scientific basis. It is a process largely acquired by our habit of reading the newspapers. The men who write the headlines make it so easy for us, that it is possible merely by turning over the pages and glancing at these headlines, to get what we believe is a fair idea of what is going on without reading anything in the pages. We assume, with bland confidence, that the men who make the headlines must themselves read the articles, and that if there is anything

in them worth knowing, the headlines will convey it to us.

It is quite remarkable that this system has not yet been applied to books, but that is because, doubtless, we have been so busy with other matters that we haven't gotten around to it. The trouble with the average index is that it has no developed plot. And the men who get up tables of contents appear to be bent upon concealing from us what we really want to know. To do the thing properly of course, as it really ought to be done, they might have to read the books themselves. That is a great deal to ask of a man who gets up the contents and index. He is a busy man. He has his responsibilities. He ought not to be pushed too hard. Besides, if he did read the

books and were able to make his contents and index as good as they ought to be, this would show in him powers and abilities that he could use to better advantage in other directions. He could probably make more at writing headlines.

It might be practical to get the gentlemen who write the headlines and "doormats" to work evenings on books, and to give them the space which the obliging author employs for "forewords", introductions, and prefaces. This would be a great saving. We should only have to read the first few pages of a book, embodied thus in appropriate headlines, to discourse about it even more intelligently than we do at present.

It would not do to trust the author with this job. In the first place, he knows too much about the book. It is a fair assumption that he has read it almost too closely. This is a great handicap, for he would be sure to be biased in his view and put in something not essential. We want a trained skipper—one who touches the book only on the high spots.

It should be understood that we are not looking exactly for a summary, because a summary is generally dull and lacks dramatic excellence. We want something which, in a few words, conveys the author's idea better than he himself has done it. "Hamlet" is considered by those who have taken the time and trouble to read it through, to be one of the best of Shakespeare's plays. It would be unfair to the more or less extinguished author to start off with:

Hamlet, a young prince of the house of Denmark, becomes very angry because his father-in-law has poured into his late father's ear something that caused his quietus. Hamlet resolves to get even, but puts off the fatal moment so long that he himself also dies. He is in love, by the way, with a handsome young woman named Ophelia.

This is all very well but—so to speak—it lacks pep. It doesn't get home to the reader. Something has got to be done to make the problem speak to all of us. We must be made to feel that it is a problem that really concerns us. It is only by making it a personal affair that we can get stirred up to any degree of literary curiosity or excitement; something like this:

WOULD YOU KILL YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW?

And At the Same Time Go Back On The Girl You Love?

Hamlet was confronted with this situation. He did not feel justified in waiting for the court to decide. Besides, his mother had married the man who killed his father too soon to make it entirely respectable, and Ophelia, his best girl, became mad by reciting too much modern poetry. Hamlet, therefore, kills everybody, including himself. It was a splendid thing for him to do, because it proves that living with your father-in-law under these circumstances may be easily more unendurable than death itself and fully as bad as living with your mother-in-law. He also stabbed Polonius, a fearful bore, thus establishing a useful precedent.

The object of skipping any book in these days is to be able to discuss it with anybody else and to convey the unmistakable impression that you have read it to the bone. Subjected to this test, it will easily be seen that you already know enough about Hamlet for the purpose. In fact, it gives you a much greater advantage than if you had neglected your business and golf and baseball and the "movies" to study it more carefully. For you can now be offhand and delightfully humorous.

In these favorable circumstances, you meet a clever lady whom, because you do not care to marry her, you wish to impress with your lofty intelligence. And she says:

• "Don't you think 'Hamlet' is a wonderful psychological study?"

"Tremendous", you say, flecking the ashes from your cigarette. "But it is a great pity that Ophelia got going on

free verse. Otherwise she might have died sane."

"Oh, you dreadful iconoclast", she exclaims, tapping you reproachfully with her fan. "Always making fun of the most sacred things. Will you never be serious?"

"I assure you I am serious", you say gravely. "And who would live with one's father-in-law when he hasn't money enough to support you in the manner to which you have been accustomed?" You remark this at a venture. It isn't in the headline, but you know you are safe. You can say almost anything when, with a slight basis of fact, you say it in that way. And your reputation for being a Shakespearian scholar and an acute literary critic is thereby established beyond peradventure—as Shakespeare might himself say.

A bond of sympathy is immediately established between you. She is flattered by the fact that you have considered her worthy of your confidence to the extent of being able to understand the depth of your real meaning, clothed as it were in your inimitable wit. And when she meets you again she says:

"You are such a deep student of Shakespeare, won't you really tell me sometime—in one of your sober moments—what you consider his real message to the world?" To which you retort suavely:

"Ah, my friend, life is indeed a solemn tangle—let us not be too serious, or we shall go mad—like poor Ophelia."

It may be argued that the author of a modern book, in his introduction, or the publisher in his description, gives enough of an idea of it, so that the reading is entirely unnecessary. The author for example, may begin with

the startling and revolutionary words:

"In this book I have sought to convey—"

The only difficulty with this theory is that the author so rarely conveys what he thinks he is seeking to—and the publisher, knowing the genuine value of the book if he can only get it read, is rarely dishonorable enough, or unbusinesslike enough, to give away the whole plot in advance. Besides, it is not essential to know the real plot of a book in order to converse about it as if you had read it. If you want to know the plot of Hall Caine's books you have but to read the Bible, where he got them; and as many of us have read the Bible when very young, it is therefore not necessary to read Hall Caine's books at all. That is, unless you are reading for style; in which case you will of course read Hall Caine.

It is often best, however, not to know the plot. 'Mr. Galsworthy's "Saint's Progress" might be dealt with thus:

If you love a girl and her back-number father objects, is it right to keep a war waiting just to get married? May you not do something else?

N. B.

Girl's name: Noel Pierson.

Lover's name: Cyril Morland.

Armed with this fundamental information, you are approached once more by your literary lady. And she says:

"Don't you think 'Saint's Progress' is a wonderful study?"

"Ah, but," you soliloquize, flicking the ashes from your cigarette, "if you really want to get married properly, why not—I say *why not?*—keep a war waiting at least a couple of days?"

"You are quite impossible", she exclaims. "Will you never abandon your flippant manner? Don't you realize—!"

You do realize. Being now an accomplished skipper of books, you know that you mustn't go too far. And so you say, again gravely:

"Ah, yes. You are right. But what, after all, is marriage? The old boundaries are being broken down. Galsworthy is only slightly in advance of his age. He has true vision. What will the future be? How can anyone forecast that? All I know is that there is something deeper than this false civilization—something hidden in our souls that—"

She clasps your hand.

"It is indeed so", she whispers, looking wistfully out of the ninth-story window toward Pittsburgh. "How well you voice it! How deep your insight! And Galsworthy! Is he not—wonderful?"

It is not improbable that there are many conscientious people who will dismiss this whole argument as being too flippant in itself, and unworthy of any genuine lover of literature. But it must be remembered that, as the late Grover Cleveland remarked, we are confronted by a condition and not a theory. It is obvious that we can read only a small portion of what is being written, no matter how good it is. We must abandon the whole business, thus sacrificing the society and esteem of all literary people, or we must acquire the art of skipping. And the question then becomes, Shall we learn this art ourselves as it ought to be learned or shall we wait for the labor-saving headlines to come along? Time presses. Ten books will come out next week which not to know about is to argue one's self unknown.

Take Job. We had thought that this unfortunate gentleman's status was fairly well established, that his standing as a character in fiction was fixed

so that we should not have to bother about him any more. He has served us well as a kind of example in patience and discipline. He made a poor selection of friends and undoubtedly talked too much to the neighbors about his symptoms and personal troubles. And yet, until the income tax and Bolshevism came along and the price of clothes got so high that it was no object for a modest and God-fearing man to wear them any more, we were inclined to sympathize with Job. But now is H. G. Wells, who writes about Job; and in order to keep up with the literary times we must know what Mr. Wells thinks, or we shall be termed that ignominious thing, a lowbrow. This is also true of J. D. Beresford. We had supposed that the general object that people had in mind in getting married, in view of the high rents, was to save as much floor space as possible; yet in "God's Counterpoint" Mr. Beresford has his couple, on their honeymoon, hire no end of separate apartments, apparently regardless of expense, and all because the alleged hero's father refused to read *risqué* books in his early youth. It is not my intention to discuss matters of sex. I am no Robert Chambers in disguise, and I understand from members of my immediate family that the ground has already been covered by many painstaking and conscientious people who believe that writing literature is above any money consideration. But you cannot possibly discuss the subject of Platonic matrimonial friendship—assuming there is such a thing—with any Vassar graduate unless you have read, or know something about, Mr. Beresford's book.

We must, therefore, learn how to skip if we wish to achieve the reputation of being even semi-intelligent. And being semi-intelligent is almost a

necessity—unless you live in New York.

The worst of it is that what you may need to know about a book may not be at its end, but concealed somewhere inside of it, in a pocket, as it were. This means sharp looking, a sort of instinct acquired only by practice.

Macaulay used to do it by running his eye over the opening of each paragraph. He could usually track the essential thing to its lair in a short time. His wonderful memory was a great help. I am aware that memories are going out. But you can get one for five dollars at any correspondence school.

In addition to novels, however, there are other kinds of books which it appears necessary to skip in order to appear as if you knew something. No one ought, certainly in these times, to appear not to know something about the League of Nations. A year or so ago a brief skipping of the Constitution of the United States might have answered for this purpose. But in the best literary—and I believe also in the best political—circles, the Constitution is no longer *en règle*. It is therefore essential that we should do some skipping of the writings of modern historians. You will discover that your ignorance of the present League—an ignorance that you share with most good Americans—depends upon how little you know of former leagues. But after you have judiciously skipped Stephen Pierce Duggan's book ("The League of Nations. The Principle and Practice"), you will be entirely safe in meeting your literary lady. She will begin by saying:

"Don't you think the League of Nations is a wonderful psychological study?"

"Poor old Metternich", you will reply, somewhat absently flicking the ashes from your cigarette, "he little knew—"

She will press you for a more definite reply.

"Knew what?" she will ask, with the devotional aspect of one who seeks wisdom at its very fountainhead. And you will then realize your responsibility. This is no time for cheap cynicism, or brilliant persiflage. You must get down to business.

"He little knew", you will go on, "the basic principles of self-determination. Much as we revere the Greeks, we have come to realize that, with the possible exception of Plato, they were alas! but hopeless seekers after the light. And Rome! What is Rome now? The Holy Roman Empire has been dissolved. Do you realize that? Nothing but Shantung remains."

You will say this after a considerable pause, with deep feeling.

"It is as you say", she will remark. "Ah, my friend, if I did not feel that there were still minds like yours to grapple with these international problems, I should despair of my country."

You will then lay your hand upon her arm; not in the Robert Chambers or John Galsworthy or J. D. Beresford, or even the H. G. Wells or Hall Caine manner, but more as William Howard Taft or Robert Lansing would do it.

"We must work together, we men and women of the higher mood, for the ultimate betterment of humanity, must we not?" you will whisper, discreetly.

And, as Hamlet remarks—at least so I am told by an invaluable friend of mine named Bartlett—"so runs the world away."

—THOMAS L. MASSON

How to Entertain An Author

ENTERTAINING an author is so highly specialized a form of etiquette, one so different from what the ordinary run of people consider it and so requisite in these days of universal authorship, that a new chapter must be added to the code.

Time was when authors were few and far between; today the census lists 166,947 of them, which, being divided among our population, means about 1,438 authors to every million of men, women and children in these United States, including the Philippines and Hawaii. Of course, when we assume the mandatory over Turkey, Armenia, Ireland, and the Jewish pale, this percentage will be slightly lowered. However, there are enough of them within the bounds of the United States to make quite a showing, and, as the open season for authors fast approaches, these lines are written to guide those intending to flirt around the fringe of the life literary.

The etiquette divides itself into two distinct parts: (1) how to cultivate an author; (2) what to do with him after you get him.

You can meet an author in the ordinary way by having a friend who is on the inside of the literary ring arrange for you to buy a luncheon for them both at some expensive restaurant. Or you can—this is the more subtle way—drop him a note via his publishers. The note should run somewhat in this fashion:

My dear Mr. Hexler Jones:

I am presuming to write you because for the past few days I have been fervidly absorbed by your latest novel "Candytufts". What an inspiration must have been given you to write so remarkable a cross-section of our modern

life!... However, there is one point that bothers me—I do not understand why, after Plashers has struck his wife with the empty milk bottle on page 249, and has wiped the blood from his hands, he mutters, "There, that is done, at last!" Don't you think the mere act of striking would produce sufficient satisfaction? And doesn't this remark slightly lower the tone of what he has done?

I did not mean to bother you, but this thought has haunted me for days and I was simply forced to appeal to you for an explanation.

LILY LOUISE SOUDER

P. S.—Do you ever tea?

Now it may be that this note will never reach the author. Publishers vie with Mr. Burleson in preventing the delivery of mail. If you call up a publisher's office and ask for an author's address, they will summarily refuse to furnish it. However, should the publisher be considerate enough to forward your letter, you will doubtless receive a reply.

If the author has published only one book he will answer immediately, accepting your invitation to tea; if he is an established author it will require quite a lot more correspondence to bring him around. Established authors are usually busy men who run a literary shop as a side line to practising law, medicine, or sales managing; consequently their off-hours are at a premium.

Never make the mistake of merely saying that you have read his book; always pick out an obscure passage about three-quarters through and ask him about it. This proves that you have read his book and are genuinely interested in it. You may not know it—and in saying this I reveal a great literary secret—but authors deliberately put these obscure passages in their books in order to arouse controversy, hoping, of course, that the controversy will lead to an invitation. The established author, I might add, can never be attracted by a mere invitation to tea. In writing him always

say: "P. S. Do you ever dine out?"

In the entertainment of authors society is divided into two opposite camps: those who treat an author as an author and those who treat him as a human being. I have always considered it questionable to treat an author as an author. Like a great many humans he dislikes having his business cast in his teeth. You don't ask the minister when he comes to tea how soul-saving is getting along. You never dream of asking a lawyer if he is writing any more of those jolly little briefs, or consult the plumber on the progress of sinks. Why then should an author be publicly reminded of the fact that he is an author? Imagine smacking the author on the back and bellowing heartily, "Well, how does the Underwood run these days?" Besides, he may use a Corona, and you'd have made a terrible faux pas! For authors are known by the typewriters they use.

No, treat the author as a human being. When he enters the room introduce him as Mr. Hexler Jones and don't let your guests make catty comments on his old-style dinner jacket. Offer him the same sort of drinks you offer the others and give him the same sort of food. There are exceptions, of course. One evening I was entertaining an author who writes for over a million a week and passed him the usual sherry and bitters, whereupon he remarked audibly: "I don't want that rot-gut, give me whiskey." His wife later explained that he had just been obliged to sell a short story for much under his usual price of a thousand dollars, so the incident was forgotten.

During the course of the dinner—perhaps during salad and after you have said what you think of the present administration—you might

casually mention Mr. Hexler Jones's latest book. By speaking then, you have allowed him a period in which to enjoy the bulk of the dinner. Had you brought up the subject with the hors d'oeuvres, the poor man would have missed most of the dinner as he would have been talking. During the salad, then, is the reasonable time. From that point on you and your guests can enjoy the monologue.

It has been found that having an author in is a much cheaper form of evening amusement than paying Caruso for a few songs, or hiring Tony Sarg's marionettes.

When the author has apparently exhausted what he has to say about himself, have your husband or some other male take him discreetly into the library and ply him with liquor and cigars. On the library table have his books casually displayed. A great many hostesses make the mistake of displaying his books in the beginning of the evening. This is fatal. If the author sees his books when he first enters he is thereupon satisfied and will refuse to perform; but if you withhold them from him the absence will have the same effect as hot irons do on trained seals.

The other form of entertainment—treating him as an author—requires an entirely different setting. It should be a tête-à-tête and, presuming you are a woman, you should assume the rôle of Cleopatra or Theda Bara. Shaded candles, tuberoses on the mantel, a disappearing maid, expensive Egyptian cigarettes, and the best silver service set up in a corner of the library are the requisite properties for entertaining an author as an author in your home. Make a pretense of pouring tea and then hand him the carafe of Scotch and the cigarette box. Confine your conversation to Bolshev-

ism and its little offspring, Sex. Perhaps, if the repartee waxes too heady, you might dilute it with a few drops of New Thought or some other religious cordial.

This may seem indiscreet but the author will appreciate it. Most authors are married and have children. They stoke the furnace and do the marketing and wait on their wives and lead a very humdrum life. In their heart of hearts they long to be the sort of men they write about. The setting I have suggested gives them all the thrills of experience without the headache of alimony.

There is just one more word to say—that is, on entertaining foreign authors. From all accounts it looks as though we would continue to have a flood of English authors in America this year. Taxes and living are high abroad, and even Mr. Shaw is said to be yielding to the temptation of our lecture receipts, although he has stoutly refused to consider this country as anything but a mental doormat. We will have war poets and military authors and radical writers of the better class coming over in droves. Con-

sequently, the socially elect should learn now the art of entertaining these imported writers.

The first thing to remember is that all authors from countries other than the United States are invariably great authors and should be treated as such. In their omniscience they will criticize our customs and our country. Always agree with them. We are a very young nation and have a lot to learn. In entertaining them, accommodate yourself to their peculiar manner of living. Foreign authors always have temperament. Somehow, American authors can't get away with temperament. Finally, remember that they are here for business and their time with us is short. In selecting your company, therefore, choose only those who can assist in the propaganda. Insist that your social secretary put an account of the dinner party in all the society columns. And put every facility, such as motor-cars, club credit, the run of the house, and the eligible débutantes, at their command. Foreign authors are accustomed to having these little comforts at home and we should not deny them here.

—RICHARDSON WRIGHT

A NOTE UPON STYLE

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

A NOTE upon style, or technique, may not interest the average reader; but it should interest the writer unless his private opinion of his readers be: "Anything will do for them. They cannot tell a Shepherd's Bush White City from a city of marble", and unless his aim be the emoluments accruing from mere circulating-library box-filling.

Yet in this matter of style it is better to be a reader who knows nothing of it, who has never heard the word, than one to whom it is synonymous with the saying of *prunes and prisms*. "The schoolmaster has inevitably come to be the arbiter of what shall or shall not be read," wrote Mr. Gosse, in a recent essay, protesting with his wonted suavity against the fact. The average exponent is omniscient—he knows; the average practitioner goes humbly—he is always learning. Mr. Gosse's "schoolmaster" would advise a Hardy to study a Sully, instead of a Sully to study a Hardy. Practitioners are better guides than exponents. It was the practitioners and the lovers of literature who discovered Joseph Conrad. They discovered him when he wrote "Youth" and "Typhoon". Now the erudite are willing to name him, carefully—and they praise his "Victory" and his "Arrow of Gold" when they receive these for review, telling us that at last Conrad has done big things!

But the craftsman must be sincere. As in the art of painting we find those who cannot draw filling frames, and preaching a new gospel of paint to cover their deficiencies, so do we find authors ready to fill the covers of a book though they have never heard of philology, though the history of a word is of no account to them, and even the laws of grammar are for them made but to be ignored. Should the "schoolmaster" rise up and speak vehemently to such, I am with him. There should be for all writers something sacerdotal, in the finest sense, in the craft of words. It has survived the menace that blighted other crafts with the passing of the guilds. Love and pride in it may continue even in these days when, in other activities, love and pride cannot be expected, and a man spends all his life punching out (let us say) the holes in a hinge by the aid of a machine. It is in vain for that man to rise to the heights of wishing he could make them better. He cannot even fall to the depths of saying: "That will do." The possibility of love and pride is taken out of his life.

"That will do" may serve as a motto for the mere box-fillers above mentioned who, gushing of simple human emotions, have secret contempt for the tastes of the simple human beings for whom they cater. But there are innumerable practitioners of the art of

words to whom that art is of more value even than their own comfort. If they rise up at any moment and vehemently decry the merits of some nominal fellow-craftsman, the implication of jealousy may well be unfounded. They may be rather as members of a guild decrying what they consider meritricious. The more an artist is devoted to his art, the less he is moved by jealousy, the more ready is he to extol a thing well done, even though Destiny may not have granted it to him to be the doer. On the style, or the technique of the writing craft, much has been written, but too much can never be written to fail to interest these—even if to influence negatively!

There is one view of the word *style*—"the style is the man"—according to which all written matter is stylistic. In that sense a letter written from Bedlam is redolent of style. The style is the man—and the style is also the madman. Thus the letter in which we read: "i am wiling to come to you as cook tempy or peramint", and Milton's "Areopagitica" are examples of style.

One hears it said that "no amount of polishing can improve a first draft." One does also often hear it said: "If only I had the time to polish I could be a great writer." Both of these speeches are somewhat misleading, and the latter is not (from one point of view) without pathos. Let us glance at both sides of the question. I recently met, by a whimsical coincidence, one man after another, all preaching the same gospel, with varying expressions. One announced: "The great writers never bothered about style!" Another said: "Plato, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton just wrote as it came." The third declared: "All this searching for the right word, à la Flaubert, is absurd.

The masters just coughed it up." I listened to them as I listen to all, and considered how they had Cobbett on their side, who said: "Never think of mending what you write: let it go: no patching." But happening upon Buxton Forman's Keats I wondered if my informants (and Cobbett) had the truth of the matter for all—noting how slowly, with the changing of a word, the changing of another word, by a series of obvious communings and rejections, many immortal lines had been achieved. I mentioned the subject, which was then engrossing my thoughts, to my friend Professor Hudson-Williams (known outside scholastic circles chiefly for his edition of the Elegiacs of Theognis), he being a "schoolmaster" of the exceptional type, a type different from that gently, but surely rightly, pilloried by Mr. Gosse.

"Plato!" he cried out as I quoted the assertion in which that name had been cited; and turning to his shelves he produced an annotated Plato which he laid before me. There again was evidence against the contention of these gentlemen, ample evidence of Plato's dissatisfaction with many a first draft, with the second attempt, even with the third; and that his ultimate words far exceeded in merit the first there could be no doubt. I have here no axe to grind. I am merely trying to hold the balances. Assuredly I do not mean to say that by rewriting can literature be attained.

Many writers, white-hot with an idea, can scarce make their pens rush over the paper fast enough to capture it. On rereading what they have written they often discover that the capture is in doubt. There are many gaps in the mesh. The balances swing again and we withhold our show of

hands from the exponents of "coughing it up". Sentence after sentence obviously does not express what the author meant. Were he to print that draft as it stood, we would arrive at his meaning instead of having the meaning brought to us.

Here we come to another point. There are those to whom the style that is easy is suspect of being the vehicle of a trite thought; they do not do their author the credit of having taken the trouble to express himself lucidly. Likewise there are those who look upon a tortured delivery as evidence of a profundity of wisdom; not realizing that the deep thought is their own while trying to discover the thought (probably trifling) that their author is unable to express lucidly. It is a stage in these notes where must be quoted and considered: "Easy writing makes damned hard reading"—a dictum which clashes with Cobbett's. A reputation for profound mentality may be made by reason of linguistic laziness, and a trifling writer may be hailed, even by the critics, dazzled a moment, as a "great stylist"—his tinsel taken for gold—in the same way as many a woman has been called beautiful by reason of her knack with rouge and rice powder. But a cosmetic is not a preservative.

It may seem that I write too much of the expression and too little of the thought expressed, but space has to be considered. I must interject, however, that I was greatly with Haldane MacFall in a protest he made to the press a few years ago against a phrase by Thomas Seccombe. Mr. Seccombe had somehow succumbed to a malady common to the yellow-press, the malady of superlatives, and had declared that someone was "the greatest prose writer" of the time. Mr. MacFall replied that he was weary of hearing of these

"greatest"; within a few days he had read of more than one "greatest prose writer of the time", and as for Mr. Seccombe's "greatest" he contended that he could not be, having written no really great book. The greatest prose writer, Mr. MacFall remarked, must be the writer of the greatest work in prose. It was a protest, from one entirely alive to the excellencies of diction, against two menaces: against the menace of esteeming deportment more than character, and against the air of omniscience. Each of us has a view on who is the "greatest"—so far as we know books, that is; for myself I am ignorant of Eskimo poems and of every single volume in the libraries of the scholarly book-collecting traders of Jenne, of whom we read in M. Dubois's book; but to each of us the greatest book must have thought and manner in perfect poise.

When words are considered beyond what they have to express, we have preciosity. When the high traditions of our language are ignored, and the capacity for taking pains, we get what Stevenson called (seeing as imminent) "the slap-dash and the disorderly". Mention of Stevenson recalls a letter he wrote to Henry James: "May I beg you, the next time 'Roderick' [Hudson] is printed off, to go over the sheets of the last few chapters, and strike out 'immense' and 'tremendous'. You have simply dropped them there like your pocket-handkerchief; all you have to do is to pick them up and pouch them, and your room—what do I say?—your cathedral!—will be swept and garnished." It is a word of advice that most authors must everlastingly be giving to themselves. It is a painful subject, for no writer can note such flaws in books for which he cares without a sense of horror, wondering what is his own dropped handkerchief.

Sir Walter Raleigh (of the nineteenth, not the seventeenth century) speaks of Chaucer as being "unable in prose to save his ear from obsession by the cadences of the pulpit". Not carping at this pronouncement, but using it to lead me on to a brief mention of the voice in literature, it has to be said that these "cadences of the pulpit" have helped to give splendor to English and have taught us to bring the voice upon the printed page. In that celebrated passage by Sir Walter Raleigh (of the seventeenth, not the nineteenth century) upon the stars, we are most moved when, coming to a consideration of plants and herbs, he breaks out: "... for as these were not created to beautify the earth alone, and to cover and shadow her dusty face...." It is a voice! The dead man's voice is in our ears. Such clerics as Jeremy Taylor and John

Donne well repay the study of those who would carry on something of the best tradition of English literature in a jerky age. The clerics had a care for subject, predicate, object, and extension.

Whether we decide to serve under the banner of those who (like Cobbett) advise against revision, or of those who (I think I am safe in saying like Shakespeare, from much intrinsic evidence, and can certainly say like Keats, from the evidence I have here given) were not always content with the first phrase that came, must depend on our phrases! There is no one rule of procedure for all. There is hardly a rule of procedure for any single writer, because of the ebb and flow of nerve tides, and the varying mental fitness. The great secret is love of the craft and reverence for our mother-tongue.

THE LATIN TONGUE

BY JAMES J. DALY

Like a loud-booming bell shaking its tower
 Of granite blocks, the antique Latin tongue
 Shook the whole earth: over all seas it flung
 Triremes of war, and bade grim legions scour
 The world's far verges. Its imperial dower
 Made Tullius a god: and Flaccus strung
 Its phrases into garlands; while among
 The high enchanters it gave Maro power.

Then Latin lost its purple pomp of war,
 Its wine-veined laughter and patrician tears:
 It cast its fleshly grossness, won a soul,
 And trafficked far beyond the farthest star
 With angel-cohorts, echoing through the years
 In sacred Embassies from pole to pole.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING FICTION

BY RUTH MURRAY UNDERHILL

NOW is the winter of our discontent

Made glorious summer by this sun of" guaranteed, bombproof non-war fiction. Of course we have no right to it. The world is, apparently, entering on a prolonged series of blizzards; the lessons of the past five years stand out gaunt and leafless—the leaves having been those of propaganda literature—but we insist on spring. And the keepers of the secret of what the public wants have produced it. Not even in the last chapter does the trump sound and do the characters leave their soul crises in mid air to scatter, with uplifted faces, toward canteens and trenches. The year 1914 is skirted with all the prudence accorded to the Victorian unmentionables.

From the author's point of view, this scrapping of a perfectly good *deus ex machina* is a sad injustice. The grim fact is well known that there are only a dozen or so plots in all the world. And think how each of these can be refurbished—as the simple-hearted trim an old frock with red ribbons—by letting loose the dogs of war at the climax!

Since that high-class English expedient, death on the hunting field, has fallen into disuse, it has been practically impossible to kill off anybody in a novel. People had to keep on living together as they do in real life and

the result was, as in real life, a most smothering amount of talk. But in a war novel, if there were not at least two or three deaths, the reader wanted to know the reason why. Unwelcome relatives and extra members of the triangle vanished like magic, the air raids and the flu providing even for ladies. As for regeneration, that painful and wordy process happened in a flash and one glimpse of the Glory of the Trenches made the most hopeless failure a fit mate for the heroine.

War is like virtue. It brings a favorable result or two—if you wait long enough. Our present period of catching our breath after the struggle probably counts with the gods as something like the first quarter-minute, so we need hardly expect the promised widening of the intellectual horizon to begin just yet. Possibly it, like democracy, is coming in its own time and in ways we little expect. But something is happening in the field of fiction this spring, some real stir and change. Possibly—one says it with caution—we are thinking a little more. Not about Bolshevism, not about the democratic system: the shadow of those enormous things is still flung so high and wide that only made-to-order propaganda on one side or the other dare leap toward it. No, we are thinking about something more fundamental. What are people really like:

the individual people, who have been fighting, who are now struggling, who must, sometime, build up a new world?

Realism has not been very popular in America. In accordance with our national optimism, we have preferred rather to read about what we would like to be than about what we are. There are two national characteristics concerned in this: Puritanism and youth. Odd as it may sound, the flimsiest happy-ending love story in a cheap magazine caters to Puritanism, because it is expected to be read, not only for pleasure but for the moral effect. The reader, after having seen the poor young clerk rise to be president of the company, will feel his own chances better and will go forth heartened up, as did his forefathers after a sermon.

And we will *not* take our fiction impersonally. This is where youth comes in. If we were only Puritans, stories of hell fire (i. e. business failure) and terrible examples, might be allowed. But youth is interested in nothing but itself. The hero must not be some other fellow, unlike the reader in every respect, he must be the reader. That is, an ordinary young man—or woman—not exactly handsome, but with great possibilities. The older countries have laughed at us for this: they who had stomachs for suicide and loneliness and all the myriad types of unsuccess which Nature permits. But, to us, such things were not merely a part of the truth: they were an outrage against our own hopes, our own childlike faith in the pleasantness of things.

War, unfortunately, is bad for such faith. Yet people came home from the war smiling: most people, in fact. The usual effect on the doughboy was that state of cheerful disillusion denominated "hardboiled". "We've been

through that," grinned they who had once been boys. "I guess we can stand anything." Think of the liberating result on literature! When every sort of life, no matter how obscure, may be classed as an interesting item in a world where we are trying to live with open eyes, the "unwholesomeness" of realism is gone. The people pictured are not necessarily ourselves, but they are our brothers. And the more we know about them, the better we shall build a new world.

This is not to say that the spring fiction is an orgy of suicide and failure. Those things enter not at all. The typical story is the novel of success: but success not of the spectacular, fairy-tale variety, such as all of us know we shall never achieve except in dreams. These are humble successes, successes of a niche in the world found, a duty done. Of course there are novels of adventure, which are to be assumed in every issue of fiction as bread at a meal. But, if one were to sort some fifty of the new books into piles, the adventure pile would not, as just after the war, be the highest. The highest would contain the homely annals of "just folks".

Possibly as a corollary to this, very few stories of the fifty which came under the writer's eye, were set in New York. For the story about real things, we want the small town, the town where people live in wooden houses and know their neighbors. The traditional Wall Street man with his frivolous wife, has faded away, to give place to the butcher, the baker, and the real estate man of the South and the West and the Middle West.

That makes for differentiation among the heroes and heroines. They are not all young, nor well dressed. Miss Zona Gale, in "Miss Lulu Bett" introduces an old maid who is not an

old maid, but a woman; Lightnin' in the book of that name and Caleb Cotton in "Fireweed", are heroes neither young nor well groomed; "Invincible Minnie" enacts her rôle on those ragged borders of the middle class where fiction seldom wanders. Almost all the novels, as a matter of fact, dip back and forth between the backwoods, the slums, and the parlor. Almost nowhere is there a set of prosperous, homogeneous people, except where Claude Washburn introduces dynamite under their chairs in "Order".

Optimism need not suffer from these stories. They are suffused with a sense of the richness of everyday life, its peculiar, kindly aroma. In fact, one might almost feel that Puritanism, driven from its praiseworthy desire to preach success, has taken refuge in the higher and more impregnable position of preaching goodness. The stories are full of unselfishness and steadfast courage. Life is recognized to be a fight against continuous small obstacles, where the victory is not to beauty and dash, but to serenity and courage. "Fireweed" and "The Rose of Jericho" are studies in character—not perfect on first view, but, in these things, royal.

One feared it would be a long time, after our debauch of German spies and submarines, before we should see again the story whose whole adventure consisted in a man's finding himself. Yet, during the war, we became unusually outspoken about moral things. Finding one's self was a reality, promised on enlistment platforms and alluded to in War Savings booths. After all, there is no other plot. What more absorbing, more adventurous, and more sure of a happy ending, than the discovery of what one wants and how to get it? War gave us a taste

for that plot, whose progress is independent of peace treaties: these novels give us its expression.

I have said these stories strike me as particularly moral. But they show a surprising lack of excitement about conventional morals. Unmarried motherhood does not cause a shudder; divorce, in two of the novels, makes a blameless entry. The heroine considers living, and sometimes does live, with a man to whom she is not married—but she remains the heroine. Almost nobody lives a Victorian life unspotted by Bohemia. The authors are not truculent about this and manifest no urge to shock us. Simply, their emphasis is not on conventions, but on people—the upright, sincere individuals who mean well by the world and on whom its new structure must rest.

There are several American novels which bring out this point of view, but the most really unfettered stride is taken by Jane Mander of New Zealand. Let America withdraw any conceit about being the newest and youngest of the countries! The writer remembers, when overseas, being set ingenuously in her place by an Australian officer, who explained that he liked the people from the States all right, but found them lacking in hustle and slow to see a joke. Slow also, in the light of this novel, in emerging from the shadow of tradition. Hail to the new world, where monogamy is alluded to as "the prehistoric side of the marriage contract" (inaccurate, like so many inspiring things); where, when a married woman and her lover have been sternly virtuous for ten years, the husband expresses irritated amazement, and they are obliged to conclude "there is an awful lot of good virtue gone to waste somewhere".

This novel, one notes, is by a woman,

and that brings us to another interesting feature of the spring novels. Almost all the serious ones, at least in America, are by women. During the war, we understood, the sex was reduced to its mediæval status. Tweed uniforms and heavy boots notwithstanding, the ministering angel and she who was best qualified to keep the home fires burning, were the types preferred. Perhaps this jogged the militants to even deeper class consciousness; perhaps the men were all busy at something else and women were the only people with time to think. Certainly they have thought and thought, according to this spring's output, far more than the men. The latter, with the brilliant exception of Claude Washburn, are still ingenuously yarning about "valiant deeds centring around a woman's whim" and "love stories as sweet and wayward as the heroine herself", unaware that whims and waywardness have passed out of feminine fashion.

"That singular phenomenon, the lady novelist", at whom W. S. Gilbert cast the only one of his jibes I do not love, is now plural. But she has a chance to be—let us save ourselves from Shakespearian conceit and say, not singular but—unusual. In fact, an unprecedented chance! When Romain Rolland described the women authors who bored Jean Christophe in "The Market Place", he said something like this: "Women have a real contribution to make, if they would stop describing life from the conventional man's viewpoint, and tell us how they really feel as women".

Some years ago they began. Not, I mean, as single spies, like Marie Bashkirtseff, but in battalions, whose officers were May Sinclair, Ethel Sidgwick, and Dorothy Richardson. These pioneers were, as is the rule, English,

but now, one by one, the American women are rising up to tell us how the heroine really felt when she turned her pure profile and sat so silent.

Ye gods—or ye goddesses—what a revelation! Very often, with a man's soul in the balance, she was thinking about the dinner menu. Or she was planning how to foil some dodge of her mother who, the cat, was after the same man. Or she was day dreaming about the peevish lame fellow with the queer ideas who is the pathetic sort women really like.

The public is understood to want something new and the obliging male author, having ransacked the wild West, the South Seas, and the New York boarding house, was skirting the sex taboo with an adventurous eye. But the woman author, without even alluding to illegitimate children or peeping behind the rows of asterisks, can shock society to its foundations. She can, like May Sinclair, rend the veil from the arcadian home life of sisters, and show them in internecine warfare over every approaching male. Like Dorothy Richardson, she can destroy that sacred fetish the "wayward charm" and reveal young female hobbledoys as callow as any youth. Worst and most unspeakable, women are the only people alive who do not bow abashed heads at the name of "mother machree". They are capable of dashing from its shrine that sacred white-haired figure, and substituting a nervous sort of person who practises self-denial as an indoor sport, to the inconvenience of every one.

"It isn't so," the editors, men all, have been objecting. "These people aren't real!" Especially—heaven save the mark—these men! The men in a typical woman's novel are, one must admit, a hard dose. But after centuries of the fluffy haired heroines

who, as one of the critics recently put it, "keep a plot alive by their heroic and unremitting idiocy", why not, for a change, the "dear of a man" who is a ne'er-do-weel, or an invalid, or one of those poetic types that have to be taken care of?

Watch the women authors and see if he is not the man. I will grant that Stephen O'Valley, in "The Gorgeous Girl", is "as proper a man as" could have been created by Holworthy Hall. But look at Jim, in "This Marrying", and the sweet old soul in "Fireweed", and the intellectual cad of "The Rose of Jericho" and last and most appalling, the poor devil who fell into the clutches of "Invincible Minnie". Heroes? Those! The men that women love.

Those who can stomach revelation must pause over "Invincible Minnie"—novel by, of, and for woman, the last because few "right minded" males could endure it. It may be that the militants have an animus. They would have a right to it, after being stuffed, by virtue of their sex, into a class which does not describe them—nor, they claim, the majority of their fellow women. But could any one actuated only by a spirit of genial investigation perpetrate the cruel and unbelievable exposure of Minnie, the truly feminine! Crash go the ideals. Better a hundred Scenes of Sin than the revelation that dowdy little Minnie, small and confiding, desiring only to cook for a husband and wash for babies,—

Hath really neither love nor hope nor light
Nor certitude nor peace nor help for pain,—

but is a primitive survival, animated by a blindly destructive instinct and better exterminated.

Ah well, after Minnie, there is romance—though I think there would be more elfin delight in taking them in

the opposite order. I suppose that some day we shall swing back to romance as the world has swung before. Romance that has nothing to do with humble folk and soul finding, romance which deals not with homely difficulties but with obstacles magically terrible and heroes magically brave. And so that it may be ready to shine out when we want it, the light of romance never quite dies. Two or three of the books this spring concern that child of the fairies who rises from obscurity to all the glory of wealth and genius, even as you and I—would like to do.

The most essentially romantic happen to be English. "The Rose of Jericho" has the romantic seal upon it, but that disregards the conventions, and your real romance goes clothed in the conventions as a knight in his glittering armor. Imagine fighting with your fists, or without a waving plume! Sunny Ducrow, in the book called after her, and Sally Tennant in "The Hermit of Far End", are your real heroines of romance, who feel all the inhibitions that a nice lady ought to feel, thus removing cause for argument on the part of the author and leaving the stage free for impassioned action.

How loyally we return to romance, just as the East Side Italian audience will watch the knights of Charlemagne slay Paynim after Paynim with three thrusts and a flop, three hundred and sixty-four nights of the year! We all know its language, just as, I suppose, in the Middle Ages, people recognized the sound of Latin. We know we do not speak that language in our daily lives. Some of its most cherished expressions, such as the sense of honor whose protection keeps people as busy as earning a living, we regard as lacking in common sense. Yet New York flocked to "Dé-

classée" and felt as familiar with its assumptions as did Athenian audiences with the Furies whom no one of them had ever seen.

"The Hermit of Far End" is bona fide romance. The strong man suffers in silence for another's sin; the high-strung girl burns herself out because she is of those who bend but do not break; the horrible misunderstanding menaces the lives of people bound in honor. I never saw one of these people, I never hope to see one, but, unlike the author of "The Purple Cow", I cannot aver that I would rather see than be one. If there is to be any such person around, I insist on being the one, for all onlookers are due to be made thoroughly miserable. It is misery that even the most confirmed "cheerful story" fan easily forgives. Too old is the quaintly cut panoply of romance and too innocently loved, to be yet utterly cast aside for common sense and psychoanalysis.

Beyond romance, there is, this spring, an unusual ebullition of the fanciful, even the farcical. This is another result of the war, under whose grim weight matter that we used to consider silly became a necessary tonic. There are several volumes, sketchily poetic, about the sort of people who live with the elves, touching life lightly, finding their wayward delight in clouds and trees and in kindly laughter at human perplexities. "Living Alone", though with a background of sinister realism, is such a book; "Celia" is a combination of elfishness and sermon; "The Pagan" and "The London Venture" tread with welcome lightness.

Sometimes the laughter swells to a broad guffaw. After all, if we are going to talk about Bolshevism and labor troubles, your motley's your only wear. Wallace Irwin has had his

laugh, to order, we suspect, at those mythical super-idiot, the parlor Reds. George Agnew Chamberlain and André Maurois have made life look quaint in spite of war.

When we have exhausted thus some two-thirds of the season's flowerings, there remains always adventure. Adventure in the wild West, in the South Seas, on the Mississippi, among the ancient castles of Europe, even during the Napoleonic wars and among the splendors of ancient Egypt. Detecting is not being done at home this spring. Passports being once more available, it has gone voyaging. I like the idea of combining the detective story and the travel story, as the head of *Oliver Twist's* institution combined the hot and cold porridge, "in one bountiful dish". People trail each other, in the latest tales, all over the known countries of the globe, the nearest they come to the old known haunts being Gans Street, Jersey City.

Adventure in business is another field thrillingly but not extensively represented. Business adventure, these days, is too likely to lead to a tragic discussion of wages and profit sharing, leaving love and murder to wait their cues in vain. And, if you don't know which side is right, how can you tell where to put your hero? But the stories of a railroad given, with up-to-date ethics, into the hands of the local inhabitants, and of the foiling of Florida land grabbers, have the old pioneer tang.

There are a few books from the other side of the ocean, more serious in tone than the majority of our own. "Benjy" is not too serious. In "Benjy", the current of an English family life flows by for two generations like a quiet, familiar river. It has no rapids, only a continual variety of ripples and floating sticks and un-

expected little whirlpools, each one, sad or gay, effaced smoothly by the next. When the stage is set in the way that all good fiction readers know to indicate tragedy, nothing happens, and, again, out of a mild spring sky, some sad and irrevocable event turns the current of a life in the silent, inconsequential way that we know for truth. Sweet reality is here. There is more pleasant reading in "Mount Music", an Irish story, charming and wise and hard to classify because it is such a real book.

There is another book from the "Maupassant of the north"—"Treacherous Ground", by Johan Bojer. It is a striking book, though it deals with that continental type which is least sympathetic to Americans, the weary and disillusioned person, and with that form of expression for which the American mind affords least standing room, the parable. Its trenchant clearness is almost frightening, like transparent glass where one expected wooden walls; its teaching is both true and tragic. Doubtless we shall comfort ourselves by deciding that its

hero of the liquid name has no parallel in this country—except among our opponents.

Miss Lulu Bett. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton and Co.
 Lightnin'. By Frank Bacon. Harper and Bros.
 Fireweed. By Joslyn Gray. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Invincible Minnie. By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. George H. Doran Company.
 Order. By Claude Washburn. Duffield and Co.
 The Rose of Jericho. By Ruth Boucicault. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 The Story of a New Zealand River. By Jane Mander. John Lane Co.
 The Gorgeous Girl. By Nalbro Bartley. Doubleday, Page and Co.
 This Marrying. By Margaret Culkin Banning. George H. Doran Company.
 Sunny Ducrow. By Henry St. John Cooper. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 The Hermit of Far End. By Margaret Pedler. George H. Doran Company.
 Living Alone. By Stella Benson. The Macmillan Co.
 Cella Once Again. By Ethel Brunner. The Macmillan Co.
 The Pagan. By Gordon Arthur Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 The London Venture. By Michael Arlen. Dodd, Mead and Co.
 Trimmed with Red. By Wallace Irwin. George H. Doran Company.
 Taxi. By George Agnew Chamberlain. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
 The Silence of Colonel Bramble. By André Maurois. John Lane Co.
 The Wreckers. By Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 The Plunderer. By Henry Oyen. George H. Doran Company.
 Benjy. By George Stevenson. John Lane Co.
 Mount Music. By E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross. Longmans, Green and Co.
 Treacherous Ground. By Johan Bojer. Mofat, Yard and Co.

FOOTPRINTS ON PIETY HILL

BY AGNES DAY ROBINSON

HOME was a rambling old house with a welcoming hall through the centre: on the right, the parlors; on the left, study, conservatory, and dining-room, and the sight of huge fireplaces to warm the heart. At the end of this structure was a typical New England kitchen set up in what was then the Middle West; and beyond that, but connected with it, a long shed filled with cords on cords of piled wood. It stood on "Piety Hill", so named by the college boys because of the residence there, also, of a deacon of exceedingly pious mien. Evergreens and firs closed the place in from observation, and a circular drive led to what many a travel-worn guest came to call the Half-Way House. Here, on occasion, distinguished speakers for the Lyceum Lecture Association of Ann Arbor University stayed over for what is now known as "the week-end".

I recall the worst night of one lecture season. The wind howled like a beast of prey. The thickly falling snow swirled into huge drifts. Could there be an audience on such a night? But first there must be a speaker, and the train bearing Bret Harte to us was three hours late. Nearly seven when the sound of floundering horses and sleigh-bells drew the family to the side door. They had brought him across the lawn to spill into the house by the shortest way. Out he jumped

into the shelter of a warm room with a leaping fire. Half-frozen, teeth chattering, feet like clogs, he thumped around the room like an irrepressible boy. There was something about two engines and drifts—we pulled off his overcoat to find him more effervescent than we had ever known him.

"It's so good to be here! Thought we'd never arrive!"

He shook hands with everybody, hugged the dog, crinkled his nose at the savory odors released from the region kitchenward, and plumped down on the rug before the roaring fire. It was like having a member of the family arrive the night before Thanksgiving. And he was as happy to be there as we were to lay hands and eyes upon him again. Upon his first visit he had been reserved, but reserve was not a plant that bloomed long in that house. Now he knew every nook and cranny, upstairs, downstairs, and bounced up to greet black Jinny who tried to conceal her delight with a pose of relief that "the dinner wan't done spiled fer Mr. Harte an' de hull fam'ly!"

"Suppose we cut that lecture to-night?" was his serious proposition. "There won't be a dozen there. I'd rather cancel the fee than get out into that storm again!"

Cancel the fee? Under contract. No one reasoned with him. Just brought his fur-lined coat, showed

ourselves all bundled up, and the family piled into a long sleigh, with sprawling runners that would not overturn, and, in spite of his complaints, rushed him over to face the Ann Arbor audience. The amphitheatre, built to accommodate nearly three thousand, was packed. Mr. Harte looked in. Turning to the President of the University, he exclaimed:

"I have never received a compliment like this!"

The President gleamed with amusement that any weather could interfere with an audience that wanted to see and hear the author of "Miggles", "Tennessee's Partner", and "The Luck". After the lecture and the cold, white ride home, and the oyster-supper that always followed lectures, there was a two-hour session of storytelling around the fire, and another argument to get the man to bed. Owl-like in his habits, he would sit up until sunrise if he were enjoying himself.

The next day was Sunday and the world slept under a deep coverlet of snow and silence. Jinny was down with one of her neuralgic headaches she called "the misery". But she was a general; everything had been mustered on the kitchen-table for rapid work in the morning. The home-made sausages were baking in the oven and the waffles started when—in walked the guest! He was informed by the daughter of the house that guests were not supposed to break into kitchens.

"I haven't turned a waffle-iron in a year. Hand it over, Miss!"

"You will ruin them. Cooking waffles is an art."

"Known before you were born. I have cooked griddle-cakes under every condition; waffles are merely glorified griddle-cakes!"

No cook could have done better or

acquired a redder face. Seated on a chair in front of the range he whirled the iron earnestly, anxiously, and bore to the table a plate crowned with a high pile of his glorified flapjacks.

One of the fascinations in knowing Bret Harte, aside from the fact that he was the maker of his stories, was the contrast between first and later impressions. At the beginning of acquaintance he was very quiet—not shy, but exceedingly reserved. He had, too, a slight touch of melancholy. He was so full of the melody of nature, so much the artistic man of genius, you marveled how he had the taste to draw those queer pathetic shapes, those brutal human deformities and be able, at the same time, to illuminate them with the torch of the spirit that dies in order that others may live. As he emerged from the shell of the acquaintance, the child-like spirit of the truly great began to gleam. He loved the home, real people, music, animals; and the liberty that allowed him to roam all over the place undisturbed by zealous attention. He was in the stable, the cellar, investigating every bin of apples, vegetables, barrel of meat, kit of mackerel. He never failed to make the round of the cellar with my mother, bringing up her findings for meals or admiring the plentiful stores of relishes, mince-meat, and preserves. He was like a boy just home from school, carrying the candle, wanting everything he saw, emerging at last with an eight-quart pan piled high.

By that time a dozen headaches would not have kept Jinny away from Mr. Harte's praise of her Virginia cooking, too precious to be waived even for an acute ailment. Accepting the pan with a condescending air, she would bundle both my mother and Mr. Harte from the kitchen that she might

proceed with the "surprises" in store for us all.

No visit would be complete without a ride, and the stable came in for attention. Riding a good horse with twinkling feet and airs of pretended fright was a delight to Mr. Harte. A mare that had not been out for three days suited him perfectly. She was saddled. My horse was more mindful of schooling, but so emulous of his sister's frivolity that day that he threw training to the winds and there was a game of tag, in and out the trees, across snow-drifts, under low-hanging boughs, all over the grounds. Those were days when cross-saddle for a woman was impropriety itself. But Mr. Harte insisted his companion go into the house and don a suit of her brother's while he took off the side-saddle. There followed a lesson in riding à la South American and Indian women. It was an hour worth remembering; a floundering gallop through the drifts while the snow still sifted lightly down; and tales of the Forty-niners, of his own father, a highly cultivated professor who carried the classics in his pocket and brought up his boy on the myths of Greek heroes.

Many of our professors who had never seen a likeness of Bret Harte were surprised to meet, not a vigorous and perhaps rough man of brawn as they had anticipated from the character of his work, but a small-boned, delicate-featured being with abundant wavy hair and the air of one who belongs in a literary setting. The boy was strong in him but the finished man of letters sprang forward at the word, and it is easy to realize how he became one of our most successful diplomats. The love of music, especially of Beethoven's sonatas, was a passion. He would, as soon as everyone had

gone, curl up on a couch, pillow his head in the crook of his arm, and ask for the Fifth, then for the Seventh Symphony, winding up with a plea for the First.

After writing innumerable autographs in the students' albums, Mr. Harte went away. That night came a telegram to Mother:

Arrived. Everything P. D. Preserve this autograph.

BRET HARTE

"P. D." was a family expression for "perfekly disgustin'" borrowed from the idyll of Red Mountain. Nothing was "horrid". It was "P. D." We all loved "M'liss".

It can hardly be claimed that we really knew George William Curtis. He came once to the Half-Way House, at which time we gave a reception in his honor, inviting the Faculty. He was aristocratic to a degree, but without the suggestion of withdrawal frequently characteristic of the thoroughbred who has known but one way of life,—his own. Plus this natural condition, which put its unmistakable stamp upon him, he had great magnetism and a deep-abiding sincerity. Add to these gifts the qualities of human responsiveness and flexibility that are likely to make "interesting" such men as editors, doctors, journalists, and sometimes ministers, who have many daily and different human contacts. He excited the greatest enthusiasm among the members of the Faculty, and during his short stay a steady stream of callers came to pay their compliments. Part of this, of course, was due to the Editor's Easy Chair in "Harper's Magazine". But the name by which he was nationally known, "The Friend of the Republic", had aroused even more interest in the world at large. His personality,

whether as author or standard-bearer, was that of a familiar friend who came closer than most writers. He represented the best in American ideals, and for that reason those who met him were fascinated by him. Then, too, there was a style about him in appearance, as there was in his writing, and a more or less constant flare of wit. The youngest member of the family was made happy by his

sending back an autographed likeness of a strongly-modeled face, adorned by side-whiskers — the mode in that period—with eyes of a kind, penetrating blue.

So the coming and the going, on Piety Hill, of those who contributed richly in books and in other ways to their day and generation and whom Youth, in its thoughtlessness, took quite as a matter of course!

NEW FRENCH BOOKS

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

IN the March issue of *THE BOOKMAN* it was mentioned that M. Lenôtre will very shortly publish a new book dealing with what perhaps constitutes the most extraordinary of all historical mysteries—that of the real fate of little Louis XVII of France. This and the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask have probably excited more controversy and more interest and certainly more printer's ink than any other mysteries in history—with regard to the little Dauphin it is said that already over one thousand volumes have been written around him. And now M. Lenôtre is to write another; it would seem as if he, too, cannot resist the fascination of the subject, for he has already written one brilliant, if all too short study on it; it appeared in the second series of his "Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers", published as far back as 1903, and is, I believe, entitled "Chez Simon".

The story M. Lenôtre there tells is astounding and seems well substantiated by the evidence brought forward. It will be remembered that the shoemaker Simon and his wife were appointed guardians of the little Dauphin in the Temple and that after holding the post for about six months, they resigned — apparently without reason. Simon some little time afterward was executed at the same time, as far as I remember, as Robespierre, and the widow Simon, after many vicissitudes, finally found a refuge in a home for incurables. All this is, of course, well known, but it is from this last point onward that M. Lenôtre's narrative becomes so remarkable. He states that the woman Simon had not long been an inmate in the home before she began to babble and chatter about the little Dauphin, declaring that he had never died in the Temple but that she had effected his escape, on quitting her post as his guardian, by


taking him away among her household effects and substituting another child in his place. These chatterings provoked much interest among the old women of the home, but with the passing of years they lost their novelty.

In 1805, the old woman was visited by a mysterious young man whom she declared she recognized as the Dauphin. Her talk now aroused the curiosity of the doctors attached to the home and from them the interest spread through the whole district. The old woman resolutely refused to give any details of the abduction, always declaring, "Je parlerai devant la Justice". At the Restoration she was visited by Royalist generals, ambassadors, and by the Duchesse d'Angoulême herself, the poor little "Madame Royale" of the Revolution, and sister of the Dauphin. Soon after this she was summoned to appear at the police headquarters, where she still maintained that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple and again resolutely refused to describe the circumstances of the abduction. She said enough, however, to cause the police to forbid her ever again to mention the subject under pain of the most severe penalties. Terrified, the old woman from this time onward held her peace; but on her death-bed in 1819 she was questioned by the nuns who attended her and she died saying, "I will always say what I have said".

M. Lenôtre states it as his personal opinion that the widow Simon did not lie in telling the tale she did. It now remains to be seen whether M. Lenôtre in his new book on the mystery pursues his investigations along the same lines as those of the study I have just quoted or whether, with the new evidence which it is said that he has unearthed, he will approach it

from an entirely different standpoint. His Revolutionary studies are written with such charm and vivacity that all those (and they are no small number) whom they have fascinated, will look forward to his further contribution to the unraveling of the mystery of Louis XVII.

In "Prime Jeunesse" Pierre Loti continues his autobiography begun in "Le Roman d'un Enfant". In this second volume he describes his early youth from the age of thirteen up to the day he enters the naval training ship "Le Borda" as a cadet of the French Navy. There is absolutely no "story" in the autobiography, but there is—Loti. Loti, with all his wonted mournful sadness, and the same pure and beautiful literary style that is his alone. But somehow, the indescribable charm of such works as "Pêcheur d'Islande", "Madame Chrysanthème", and "Ramuntcho" is missing; these tales of the tragic fisherfolk of Brittany, the exotic beauties of Japan, and the romantic loves of the people of the Basque country possess an almost magic glamour which it is difficult, and perhaps even impossible to infuse into a mere autobiography. For this reason it is perhaps unfair to draw a comparison between his new book and those which made the author's name famous over the civilized world. But nevertheless it is precisely this peculiar and matchless glamour that we seek and expect in Loti, and charming though his new book is, the world will remember him by "Pêcheur d'Islande" and "Madame Chrysanthème" rather than by his autobiography. Nevertheless, "Prime Jeunesse" contains passages exquisite in their simplicity and tender melancholy, and the following one gives a good idea of the atmosphere of the book (Loti's



sister has just become engaged to be married) :

Mais cet avenir que les deux fiancés s'étaient là promis l'un à l'autre, a fui comme un songe; leur jeunesse a passé, leur âge mûr a passé, et leur vieillesse côté à côté; ils ont connu les enfants de leurs petits-enfants, et depuis quelques années ils dorment ensemble sous les mêmes dalles de cimetière....

The most touching part of the book is where Loti describes the reading of his dead brother's letter of farewell, written as he lay dying of tropical anæmia on board the steamer which was bringing him back to France. The family is assembled for the reading of the elder son's farewell; the father begins, but tears break his voice and he is obliged to pass the letter to an uncle who reads it through in a dull and monotonous voice. Part of the letter is worth quoting:

Je meurs en Dieu, dans la foi et le repentir; mes péchés sont rouges comme le cramoisi, mais il me blanchira; du reste n'a-t-il pas dit: Quiconque croit en moi aura la vie? O Dieu! mon père, oui, je crois en toi, en ton Saint-Esprit, et mes prières ardentes montent vers ton fils afin qu'il intercède pour moi et qu'il m'aide à traverser la sombre vallée de l'ombre de la mort. O Dieu, j'ai péché; mais tu es un père de pardon et d'amour. Aie pitié, Seigneur, reçois-moi comme un de tes enfants, car je crois et quiconque croit sera sauvé.

The author makes use of two chapters in which to describe his first love-affair, the heroine being a wandering, thieving gypsy girl; we may not approve the morality of the affair, but we certainly must admire the art of the beautiful writing that the memory of this episode inspires.

We do not look for humor in Loti, but he gives us an amusing description of the weekly *réunions* of an aunt of his in Paris, whose only fault was "celui d'être poétesse" and whose delight it was to invite all her singular collection of "poets" to read aloud their latest productions. "A peine achevaient-ils, que c'était une ovation bruyante; tout le monde les entourait, en criant, en se pâmant d'extase, et, à

mon avis, il n'y avait jamais de quoi devenir épileptique comme ça." Evidently Loti has small sympathy with and scant respect for the whole brotherhood of minor poets, for he speaks of their "longs cheveux qui étaient encore à cette époque le symptôme extérieur de leur genre de maladie".

The volume concludes with the author's description of his first night on "Le Borda". He is now a sailor and as he falls asleep he hears the voice of the sea which seems to say: "A présent je vous tiens, et, vous verrez, c'est pour la vie."

I have just been reading a volume of recently-published short stories by Paul Bourget entitled "Le Justicier", and have been interested in contrasting in my mind the type of short story which finds favor in France with that for which there is apparently such an insistent demand over here. The differences between the two types are so pronounced as to be almost violent. That note of somewhat strident optimism that appears to be so essential to a successful short story in America is almost entirely lacking in the French short stories; the French writers do not flinch before brutality or pessimism, sadness or failure, disillusionment or regrets, but then, neither do French readers, who desire truth first and "uplift" afterward—a long way afterward. In fact, they will not be displeased if the "uplift" is missing altogether. This readiness on the part of the French to accept grim or tragic themes often invests the French short stories with a breadth and power that must, of necessity, be lacking in those written most often only to "uplift" a public unwilling to recognize sorrow or failure or even, it would seem, death itself. And then the French short-story writer pays scrupulous attention to

character-drawing; he will sometimes use over a thousand words to describe the inherited tendencies, early environment, and acquired habits of one of his characters; the American writer will, on the other hand (or so it seems to me), strain every nerve to obtain movement and, of course, "uplift". Lastly, the French writer insists on a polished literary style, no matter how slight or small his story may be, while the American writer (or should I say reader?) evidently prefers plot.

"Le Justicier" contains five rather long short stories, the first giving its name to the volume; it is a careful study of the human failure to read aright the hearts and motives of others. The two Marnat brothers hate each other with a deadly hatred; the elder regards the younger as a thief, a cad, and a profligate (he is indeed all three). After succeeding in the world as an engineer, the elder brother returns to France from South America in order to erect a monument to the memory of his two sons fallen in the Great War. The widow of his brother (now dead five years) comes to him to implore his help for her son. Marnat repulses her. But she produces letters written to her by her husband which give the younger Marnat's side of the case. They are a revelation to the elder brother; he is horrified by his almost lifelong failure to understand his brother's character. Reparation is due the dead man, and the elder Marnat takes his nephew back to South America with him in order to establish him in life.

"La Cache" is a rather bustling tale of the finding of treasure and jewels hidden during the French Revolution by the *émigré* owner whose sole descendant is a poor governess teaching the children of a French

parvenu; the ancestral château, where the treasure lay hidden, has been sold by her father to a wealthy Jew. Years after the sale, the treasure is discovered by a young history student who finds the clue to its hiding place in an old history book he is studying; he brings the jewels to the governess, who refuses them, for in the contract of sale between her late father and the Jew now living in her home, there is a fatal clause "avec tout ce qu'il contiendra, lors de l'entrée en possession". And so the Jew, already wallowing in money, is offered and accepts the ancient family heirlooms of an old French family.

"Le Carré d'Orties" is a French Revolution story of the daughter of a noble house whose life is saved by a fiery insurgent, a surgeon in the Revolutionary Army, who loves her. The wide social and political gulf between them makes the girl spurn his offer of marriage. But gratitude for his devotion in saving her life changes her feelings and, afraid of what they may lead to, she decides never to see the Revolutionary again. Both die unmarried.

"Le Fruit Juge l'Arbre" is a study of an unfrocked priest, while "L'Apache" is a tragic tale of a chauffeur, who once having been a member of a band of apaches and having escaped from them in an attempt to lead an honest life, is tracked down and murdered by his former accomplices.

Although none of these tales can be said to have a really happy ending, there is movement in all of them; indeed, there is even a definite plot in one or two, and this, coupled with the admirable way in which they are written, should more than compensate for an occasional note of sombreness.

In his new novel, "Laurence Al-

bani", M. Bourget has struck what is for him a somewhat unusual note. He has turned from the feverish atmosphere of Parisian society and has placed his scene in a country district near Hyères in the South of France; with one exception, his characters do not belong to the *haut monde*, but to the laboring classes of that district, and the story is so puritanical in tone that from this point of view it might have been written by an Anglo-Saxon schoolteacher instead of one of the leading French novelists of the day. The book has had such a large sale that it would seem there is a demand for novels which, as the French publishers put it, can be placed "*entre toutes les mains*" and yet be the work of master-writers—a combination rare enough in France. To those who know Paul Bourget mainly by his novels of society life, "*Laurence Albani*" will come as a surprise.

The heroine, who gives her name to the title of the novel, is the daughter of a market gardener near Hyères. Together with her parents, her brother and sister, she had before the story opens been employed in working in her father's garden, growing those flowers for which the South of France is famous. A certain Lady Agnes Vernham, whose villa was near the Albani home, had become attracted by the beauty and amiability of Laurence and had invited her to go to England as her companion. (Such invitations are scattered with a generous profusion in novels; in real life they are all but unknown and one is faintly surprised to find a novelist of M. Bourget's standing making use of such a hackneyed and at the same time improbable situation.) So Laurence goes to England and becomes quite a fine lady. Lady Agnes, however, is inconsiderate enough to die without having

made a will, and Laurence is forced to return to France no better off than she left it except for a coating of society polish.

When the story opens we find her living with her parents, successfully earning her living by making fancy boxes for a shop in Hyères. She has two admirers: the honest market-gardener Pascal Couture and an ex-naval officer, Pierre Libertat, who, wealthy and of ancient race, lives with his mother at Toulon. Libertat, as a man of the world, makes advances to Laurence, who, of course, repulses them (for the novel may be placed "*entre toutes les mains*"). Her rebuffs only serve to increase Libertat's ardor, and to such a point that he actually resolves to propose marriage to the gardener's daughter. All those who are acquainted with French family life and who are aware of the enormous part that social and financial considerations play on either side in the question of marriage, will be a little taken aback by the ease with which the young man embraces the idea of marriage when he finds that philandering will not gain him what he seeks.

For some time Laurence receives his proposal with favor, but circumstances intervene which lead her to judge between him and her humble suitor, Pascal Couture. It is Pascal who emerges the more triumphantly from the test, and Laurence, at last realizing the nobility of his character and the strength of his love for her, informs him that if he still desires her as his wife, she is willing to accept him. And on this idyllic note, so rare in French novels, the story ends.

Prime Jeunesse. By Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

Le Justicier. By Paul Bourget. Paris: Plon.

Laurence Albani. By Paul Bourget. Paris: Plon.

SOME CURRENTS AND BACKWATERS OF CONTEMPORARY POETRY

BY RAYMOND M. WEAVER

WERE a God asked to recite his life, he would do so in two words" is an opinion expressed in "Le Centaure" of Maurice de Guérin. For, such seems to be the idea implied, an authentic Deity would be too intensely employed in living, too supremely rejoiced in the harmony and beauty of the world, to pause for self-conscious disquisitions on the integrity of his perfection. He would so adequately realize in the flesh and spirit, the loftiest dreams in marble and verse and sound and color of the men we commonly call poets, that he would not be impelled to strive after vicarious perfection—the perfection after which the artist strives.

But this conception of an Olympian being to whom poetry is an irrelevancy, because such a being is in his life a poem, has no reality beyond the dreams of poets. The human animal, here for so fleeting a space, cast among so many hardships, filled with such ineffectual virtues, with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent,—it has been his tragic destiny to differentiate between the serenity of his imagined Gods and the animal integrity of his Darwinian forebears. "With stupidity and a good digestion, man can endure much," wrote Carlyle. And such a bovine congregation of the dully enduring would, with the High

Gods, be without laureates and poetasters. Where there is literature, there also is imperfection. There is Dante, driven by defeat and exile into a bitter immortality; Milton's last great poems are the consolation of a defeated partisan, old and blind, and cut off from the active life to which the maturity of his powers had been passionately devoted; Shakespeare wrote no more when he could afford to live without writing; Leopardi devoted himself in despair to scholarship and poetry, because physical infirmity disabled him from active life; Raleigh wrote his "History of the World", Bunyan his "Pilgrim's Progress" in captivity: they dreamed grand dreams in their dungeons because they could not live really in the free open air. In illustrious cases such as these there is a failure on the part of the environment—an external imperfection that irritates superior souls to find compensation in their dreams, for the faultiness of reality. "Those that the Lord loveth He chasteneth" is the first canon of literary criticism.

All noble poetry arises from the tragic incompatibility between irrational nature and rational desire. "Man has henceforth this cause for pride," writes Jean Lahor; "he has be-thought himself of justice in a universe without justice." This is the

poetry of authentic inspiration: genuine, thoughtful, and earnest poetry that is, as Sully Prudhomme says, "the dream by which man aspires to a superior life". And the value of such poetry, in the words of Bacon, "hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in these points wherein the nature of things doth deny it; the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason thereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more compact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things." And such poetry is written from an inner compulsion, "something separate from the volition of the author", as Scott, the sanest of poets, declared. All genuine poetry in the world is of this sort. And the bulk of such poetry, poetry of seasoned experience and heavenly inspiration, is impressively slight.

It would be lunacy to believe that the great bulk of printed matter that passes under the ambiguous name of poetry, arises out of any such inner tragic compulsion. I have before me no less than thirty-four volumes of the "latest verse". And this impressive array of volumes eloquently proves that the frustration at the basis of book-making is not invariably of the nature that has provoked the noblest art: the imperfection, in most cases, seems to have been in the nature of the poet, even more than in the failure of the external world. Some few of these volumes have within them some breath of the really divine afflatus; these merit more than a passing comment. But the great body of the collection has little claim to consideration as genuine and competent poetry.

Most of this modern loquacity in verse—a loquacity interpreted naively

by some as a symptom of a Poetry Renaissance—is provoked by interests essentially foreign to the poetry of authentic inspiration. Some of it—such as Mr. Markham's "Gates of Paradise"—is, at its best, rhymed moralizing: eloquent, sincere, restrained, but withal too absorbed in immediate domestic and sociological interests to touch the deepest mysteries of the heart of man. This is essentially a Protestant poetry—a poetry, as says Oliveira Matino, "*des sociétés sensées, heureuses, riches, libres, en ce qui concerne les institutions et l'économie externe, mais incapables d'aucune action grandiose.*" Besides this poetry of didacticism, there are books—like F. P. A.'s "Something Else Again"—that are written frankly with a humorous intent, and to censure these for not being something else would be as absurd as reprobating a gargoyle for not being one of the cherubim.

Besides the satirical and humorous verse on the one hand, the didactic verse on the other (two types of rhyming whose best achievements are not strictly "nurslings of immortality"), there is a third type of verse—a type ranging in its examples from the pompous and hysterical inanities of the Della-Cruscans through the average efforts of the minor poets, and graduating imperceptibly into the poetry of genuine inspiration. These are the second-hand poets;—they mimic the gestures of the masters, but "they have no speculation in the eyes that they do glare with", and their mimicry is ever in perilous danger of appearing ridiculous caricature. Every crop of new verses brings to bed a litter of this stamp, some of passing interest, others doomed to face in silence their own intrinsic demerits. The better of the current poetry of this type gives either pretty, or grace-

ful, or clever, or lively expression to amiable sentiments, to thoughts not too far below the dead-level of the best current opinion. Mr. John Chipman Farrar (in his "Forgotten Shrines") and Miss Lucile Vernon (in her "Mephistopheles Puffeth the Sun Out") are pleasing versifiers of this variety.

These thirty-four volumes as a whole are shot through with the traits of our New Poetry—poetry whose chief novelty is its barbarism: poetry of aggressive egotism, of promiscuous animal exuberance; a poetry of shreds and patches, that stimulates—when it stimulates at all—by the crudity of its methods and the recklessness of its emotions.

The most notable example of the poetry of barbarism in this aggregation of thirty-four volumes is "The Golden Whales of California" of Vachel Lindsay. "There are poets of times and localities; but America needs a poet of all-America", is the credo that adorns the jacket of Mr. Lindsay's volume. "With each new collection of his poems Vachel Lindsay more definitely fills this need. His vision is constantly growing wider and deeper. From Massachusetts Bay to the Golden Gate he sees the ardour and young confusion and burning promise of our life." It was the pathetic ambition of Whitman—as of Mr. Lindsay after him—to be the spokesman of the tendencies of this country; and it has been one of life's little ironies that Whitman does not appeal to those whom he describes, but rather to the *dilettanti* he despises. As George Santayana has said:

"The poet who loves the picturesque aspects of labour and vagrancy will hardly be the poet of the poor. He may have described their figure and occupation, in neither of which are

they much interested; he will not have read their souls. They will prefer to him any sentimental story-teller, any sensational dramatist, and moralizing poet; for they are hero-worshippers by temperament, and are too wise or too unfortunate to be enamoured of themselves or of the conditions of their existence."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Edwin Markham might with some justice be called poets of the people: Mr. Lindsay even less so than Whitman. Both Whitman and Mr. Lindsay in the singularity of their literary form throw a challenge to the conventions of verse and of language; but whereas Whitman's self-avowed "barbaric yawp" has a side that is not mere perversity or affectation, Mr. Lindsay's verse makes a blatantly self-conscious attempt to be primitive. His is a mannered striving to be "natural"—and the studio savagery of his method would doubtless alarm a genuinely primitive people, as it entertains a jaded coterie of the over-refined. In its search for progressively adequate stimulation, a highly elaborated civilization migrates from the sanity and sweetness of the early Homeric ideals, through the terrible, the horrible, and seeks ultimate excitement either in the vulgar or in the corrupt.

Mr. Lindsay's poetry is a glorification of vulgarity; he proclaims mighty and mystical intimations in the common, the sordid, the cheap, and the undisciplined. As for his boasted "vision", he has a keen eye for the miscellaneous "young confusion" of our intricate life: but to call this "vision" is to be guilty in earnest of the sort of irony that was at the basis of Voltaire's technique of most effective satire. What distinguishes Mr. Lindsay from the great bulk of

the practitioners of the "New Poetry" is the genuine vitality of his work. Though the defects of his art are patent enough—lack of distinction, absence of beauty, confusion of ideas, incapacity permanently to please—, still, if the power to stimulate is the beginning of greatness, Mr. Lindsay's ebullitions of lustiness are to be imputed to him for righteousness. His manner is "all his own".

"The Dark Wind", the first volume of W. J. Turner, a young English poet, is a volume of real distinction, interesting both for its art and for its accomplished artifice. Mr. Turner writes in two veins—one, the lapidary idealization of José-Maria de Hérédia; the other, the keen and reverent satirical bitterness of Rupert Brooke and Doctor John Donne. There is no careless rapture in any of his verse: it has the studious rigidity of a cultivated and audacious craftsmanship, but with the magic of genuine inspiration. Mr. Turner attempts to avoid reporting experience as it is distorted by our analytical habits of speech, but rather to report it as it is immediately perceived by the senses.

When a child attempts to draw a cube, his conscientious effort usually expresses itself not in a foreshortened transcription of the object, seen under a peculiar light and from a single point of view; he knows that the cube has a number of square surfaces, and to eliminate from his representation a single one of these interesting rectangular faces seems to him a misleading simplification of reality. So the child records, not the retinal image, but a flanged aggregation of rectangles. The child in his drawing has analyzed experience: he reports the residue of his analysis, not his immediate perception. It is a curious paradox that only a very sophisticated art

attempts to record unsophisticated experience. By the normal habits of speech we say: "A bird is singing in the tree", when our unanalyzed perception is, "The tree sings". We say, "Out in the night the rain came down in torrents", when the report of our senses is, "The night dripped".

The effort of the Imagists has been to divest themselves of the preconceptions and distortions of naively analytic speech, and to dive bodily into the stream of sensation, catching the passing phenomenon in all its novelty and idiosyncrasy. But the moving image that the Imagists attempt with such sophistication to record as color, sound, heat, taste, etc., is also impregnated with qualities such as pain, fear, joy, malice, feebleness, expectancy—qualities which in the most naive perception are attributed to the objects in their fulness and just as they are felt. Thus the sun is not only bright and warm in the same way that he is round, but by the same right he is also happy, arrogant, ever-young, and all-seeing. "I assert for myself", said William Blake, "that I do not behold the outward creation, and that it is to me hindrance and not action. 'What', it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire something like a guinea?' Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it."

Mr. Turner looks not only with his eye—and with the disciplined vision of the successful Imagist—but he looks also, as every true poet must, through it. He succeeds in disengaging his perceptions from the algebraic and propositional language of practical

speech, and is conscious of objects as a projected aggregation of sensations and moods. A record of this type of perception demands, of course, a highly sophisticated and analytical mind, an unusual sensitiveness to stimuli, and a use of language that must do violence to prosaic habits of speech. The resulting poetry is at the same time beautiful, powerful, and strange. And not the least interesting peculiarity of Mr. Turner's art is that he has made no startling departures into irregular verse forms: he scans like a model Victorian, and he evinces no Miltonic prejudices against the use of rhyme. Nor does Mr. Turner seek to startle by the choice of bizarre subjects. He writes on "Haystacks" and "Sunflowers" and "Hollyhocks" and "Aeroplanes" and "Recollecting a Visit". And when he makes adventures in "Ecstasy" and "Solitude" and "Sea-Madness", his originality arises from the directness and subtlety of perception, not from an indulgence in the corrupt hankering after clinical situations: a hankering he decently avoids.

Winifred Welles, in her first volume of poems, "The Hesitant Heart", exhibits none of the peculiarities of Mr. Turner beyond those shared in common by all genuine poets. Whereas Mr. Turner's is the more studied artistry—a hard, frozen, white, luminous quality, like a petrified dream—Miss Welles's is an art at times as ingenuous as Emily Dickinson's, though always classical in its impeccable taste. There are in the book no miscellaneous rampings of the "spontaneous Me", no Mid-Victorian ventures in well-behaved hysteria, no definitive justifications of the ways of God to man, no valentine insipidities. "The Hesitant Heart" will be highly prized by those who find excellence in sweet-blooded

serenity, in piety that finds no sacrilege in unembittered laughter, in a fine receptivity to loveliness, and in autobiographical restraint. The scope of experience covered by this unpretentious volume is hardly coextensive with life: but real distinction of achievement is not invariably synonymous with leaving nothing unsaid.

Edwin Arlington Robinson—unlike Mr. Turner and Miss Welles—is no new name among accredited poets. He has already won golden opinions from the most discriminating critics, for the nobility of his verse; for the incisive clarity of his insight—etched as by acid on the human heart; for the maturity of his judgment; for the economy of his method. His latest book, "Lancelot", a narrative poem in blank verse, is his second adventure in the field of the Arthurian legend. Any modern treatment of the Arthur material challenges comparison at once with some of the illustrious names in English literature: Tennyson, Swinburne, Arnold, and Morris, to mention only the best known. Mr. Robinson's "Lancelot" is no misbegotten changeling in this notable company. Mr. Robinson significantly chooses to recount the tragic end of Lancelot's love for Arthur's Queen: the love of Lancelot crucified in the shame of disloyalty, worn down to a pitiful and enslaving tenderness,—the choking embers of a passion that pales in the haunting recollection of his fleeting vision of the Gleam.

Mr. Robinson's genius is essentially dramatic; he dispenses with the traditional paraphernalia of mediæval romance; the pious and sentimental superstition of the glamour and picturesqueness of chivalry he does not reverently avow. His interest is not, with Tennyson, to lavish epithets on the trappings of symbolic pageants, but

rather to search the mind and blood of a complex and passionately idealistic nature when soul is at war with soul. The analysis is subtle, unsentimental, and contagiously sympathetic. It is a mannerism of romantic poets to celebrate the delicious pangs of amorous stirring, and to heighten the poignancy of a biological eruption by prating of passion and calling it eternal. Mr. Robinson is a heretic to this confession: he shows us love among the ruins of itself. With Dante he teaches that no other furniture is needed for hell than the literal ideals and fulfilments of romantic desire. Yet, though he is a tragic moralist, he is not a poet of despairing disenchantment. Through the gloom that enshrouds the end of his poem there is the promise of something other than utter night. Camelot and Arthur's kingdom, it is true, go down. Guinevere, rich in the bitter memories of Joyous Gard—though interested even in her desolation to indulge the amorous casuistry of how different her history might have been had she been a brunette like Isold or Vivian—meets Lancelot for the last time at Almesbury. Guinevere is left a pathetically hopeless creature; Mr. Robinson seems not completely convinced by the logic of Malory: "that while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore had a good end". Lancelot rides away, haunted by the face of Guinevere. But this wan face recedes and fades, melts gradually into the face of Galahad: then even Galahad's face fades,—

And there were no more faces. There was nothing.

But always in the darkness he rode on,
Alone: and in the darkness came the Light.

"Le dernier acte est sanglant, quelque belle que soit la comédie en tout le reste", wrote Pascal; "on jette enfin

de la terre sur la tête, et en voilà pour jamais." This grim pronouncement, were it as true in its conclusion as in its other parts, would reduce to an irrelevancy one of the most valuable of recent books: "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War", by A. St. John Adcock. Among the many atrocities of war, a majority of the so-called "war-poetry" appears now as not the least terrible. Loyal and glibly oratorical men and women have sat at home and celebrated with Homeric rhetoric what a fine thing it is to be a soldier: a conviction after the best literary traditions. Unhampered by any first-hand taste of actual modern warfare, this group of poets sang to the people at large, lilting martial refrains, and doubtless exerted some indeterminate influence in facilitating the progress of the war. But such works, though answering a possible purpose once, bear about them at the present day the inappropriateness of an anachronism. The multiplication of volumes of this type provokes some to a sedulous and indiscriminating avoidance of war-poetry: a prejudice that needs such a book as "For Remembrance" to be revolutionized to a juster judgment.

"For Remembrance" is a series of biographical accounts, illustrated by

-
- Gates of Paradise. By Edwin Markham. Doubleday, Page and Co.
 Something Else Again. By Franklin P. Adams. Doubleday, Page and Co.
 Forgotten Shrines. By John Chipman Farrar. Yale University Press.
 Mephistopheles Puffeth the Sun Out. By Lucille Vernon. The Stratford Co.
 The Golden Whales of California. By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Co.
 The Dark Wind. By W. J. Turner. E. P. Dutton and Co.
 The Hesitant Heart. By Winifred Welles. B. W. Huebsch.
 Lancelot. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Thomas Seltzer.
 For Remembrance. By A. St. John Adcock. George H. Doran Company.
 Picture-Show. By Siegfried Sassoon. E. P. Dutton and Co.
 Argonaut and Juggernaut. By Osbert Sitwell. Alfred A. Knopf.

photographs and selections from their poetry, of fifty-four warrior-poets. As a record of the lofty idealism, the noble self-sacrifice of these essentially peace-loving men, this volume is a necessarily inadequate tribute. As a commentary upon the relations between war and poets, between warrior-poets and war-poets, it is a uniquely important volume. It is an obvious fact that under the stress of actual war conditions, these men did not grind out verses because of any idle love of art-for-art's sake; the writing that was done, was done under abnormal stress of emotion—and in a number of cases, men who had written poetry as civilians wrote none as soldiers, while in other cases unrhyming civilians were transformed into eloquent poets. The poetry that was written seems to have been almost entirely of one of three kinds: 1) the poetry of the will-to-believe; 2) the poetry of escape; 3) satirical and denunciatory verse.

A considerable bulk of all poetry is the poetry of the will-to-believe. This poetry is the cry of the man who sings in the dark to keep his courage high; an attempt to strengthen our faith by repeating the articles of our creed. Such poetry says, "Oh, Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." Much of this type of poetry seems to have been written by warrior-poets: a rehearsal to themselves of the ideals that had forced them into the war: a rehearsal that fortified the courage, and like earnest prayer worked in the heart its own reward. A poignant example of this type of poetry is Joyce Kilmer's,—

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easler, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart)....

My rifle hand is still and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

How trivial seem most of the "war-poets" after verses like these!

The poetry of retreat was the poetry written by soldiers on subjects not connected with the war at all: an escape in imagination from the immediate intolerable actualities to dreams of the friendly scenes of normal, peaceful life. While our "war-poets" at home were telling us, in the Ruskin vein, of the flaming joys of the lust of battle, Francis Ledwidge, wounded, writes thus wistfully of his mother in Ireland:

God made my mother on an April day
From sorrow and the mist along the sea,
Lost birds' and wanderers' songs and ocean
spray,
And the moon loved her, wandering jealously....

Kind heart she has for all on hill and wave
Whose hopes grew wings, like ants, to fly away.
I bless the God who such a mother gave
This poor bird-hearted singer of a day.

Such poets had their hearts in the war; but the war was not in their hearts.

"After the eager swiftness of the first onset", says Mr. Adcock, "our soldiers settled down to a dogged endurance of the filth and peril and tedium of trench warfare.... The songs of those later days no longer or seldom reiterate the shining ideals for which the singers were fighting, but take these for granted, and, instead, expose and denounce with stern outspokenness the injustice, the madness, the tragic misery and indescribable beastliness of war." Poetry of such satirical or unromantic treatment of war appears in two current volumes: Siegfried Sassoon's "Picture-Show", and Osbert Sitwell's "Argonaut and Jugernaut". Mr. Sassoon's "Aftermath" is a reminder to the "war-poets":

Have you forgotten yet?...

*Look down, and swear by the slain of the War
that you'll never forget.*

Do you remember the dark months you held
the sector at Mametz—

The nights you watched and wired and dug and
piled sandbags on parapets?

Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line
trench—

And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with
a hopeless rain?

Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to
happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the
attack—

And the anger, the blind compassion that seized
and shook you then

As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces
of your men?

Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurking
back

With dying eyes and lolling heads—those ashen
grey

Masks of the lads who once were keen and
kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet?...

*Look up, and swear by the green of the spring
that you'll never forget.*

THE SUPPRESSION OF BOOKS

An Open Letter

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

It would be a fine thing if all the material things in the world could be utilized only for the advancement of morals. Normal nature inwardly rebels, for instance, when the virgin copper plate, which should be reserved for a Whistler etching, is perverted by some counterfeiter to the production of spurious money. We want the world to be ideal. Our better instincts seek the development of the good and the true. The trouble is, of course, that this means our personal, arbitrary conception of goodness and truth. As for those who dispute our standards, anathema be upon them!

From the very beginning of the world there has been this conflict between ideas. The rotation of the earth around the sun, the survival of human personality after death, the divinity of kings, revealed religion—

all these, and a thousand others, have had their proponents and antagonists. Over and above every dispute thunders the voice of authority. Some favored personage — pope, president, tsar, priest, judge or selectman of the village—undertakes to decide what is right and what is wrong. In the olden days Galileo and Copernicus disturbed the current of prevailing thought and were denounced. Conditions and restraints are not always imposed by the law. More often they are the outcome of uncontradicted utterances of individuals in high position. "When I open my mouth let no dog bark"; and officialdom having pronounced its verdict, the person who protests is characterized as Bolshevik and forthwith passes under the ban.

And yet there are independent souls in the world who do not think or act along conventional lines. It so hap-

pens, also, that these wanderers from the beaten path are, in nearly every case, the writers of books. Woe be unto them if they tread upon the tender corns of conventionality. Vengeance waits at once upon each daring author. The book which he has written must be suppressed!

The temptation to write upon the suppression of books is stimulated by two or three recent episodes in the New York courts. It is not my intention to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of these cases. As a matter of fact, I have never read the books in question; and let me add, lest I be misunderstood, that I do not appear as a personal complainant. I have never written a book which has been banned; I am no defender of the vicious and impure; and I am neither a socialist nor an anarchist. I am merely an average American citizen who is impressed by a situation which leads a conservative newspaper like the New York "Times" to inquire editorially, "Is Any Book Safe?" The writer in the "Times" goes further than merely asserting that one of the books against which proceedings have been brought "is regarded by a great many lovers of literature as one of the most notable American books of recent years". He calls attention to the existence of a statute under which when any individual makes complaint, a magistrate must issue a warrant for the arrest of the publisher and for the seizure of all copies of the objectionable book or picture, their sale being also summarily stopped. If any magistrate and three judges of Special Sessions agree with the man who makes the complaint, the book is suppressed for good. In conclusion the editorial says:

Fortunately the courts have generally been far more reasonable than the statute, which despite intelligent judges goes a long way to re-

stricting the reading of the public to such books as do not seem objectionable to any man who makes a living by looking for unlawful publications. The public morals must be preserved, but surely there is some wiser way of preserving them than this.

It may be worth while, as briefly as possible, to consider whether there is a wiser way and incidentally to discuss a few of the many phases of a timely topic.

The suppression of books goes back two hundred years before Christ, when Roman magistrates sought for and burned "books of magic"; and it has continued with more or less intensity to the present day. The most potent factor in this suppression has been the church; and the stringent and persistent exercise of this authority through many centuries accounts largely for the present attitude of the world toward books. We have been accustomed to the habit, as it were, of book suppression. It was not difficult, when patient scribes laboriously copied manuscripts, to destroy "the falsely inscribed books of the impious", but with the invention of the printing-press a battle royal began. The genii had escaped from the bottle; and as he could not be enclosed again, it was thought necessary to shackle him with rules and decrees. As long ago as 1501, Pope Alexander VI issued a bull forbidding the printers in the provinces of Mentz, Cologne, Treves, and Magdeburg, from publishing any books without the license of the archbishops. The movement known as the Reformation brought with it a deluge of publications then regarded as heretical. The Sacred College of the Index, composed of cardinals and consulters, was created; and regulations, many in force today, were promulgated, dealing severely with those who disregarded the dictates of the censorship. The "Index

Librorum Prohibitorum" appeared. In 1744, under Benedict XIV, it contained thousands of titles.

It may seem a far cry from the time when books thus negatived were the occasion of an *auto da fé*, with the body of the hapless author occasionally upon the pyre, to the present day, and yet much of the same spirit, if not the same practice, remains. "Most governments, whether civil or ecclesiastical", asserts the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "have at all times, in one way or another, acted on the general principle that some control may or ought to exist over the literature circulated among those under their jurisdiction." The *Catholic Dictionary* states the case even more categorically. "Since the dawn of civilization", it says, "the perception of the influence of good or evil exerted by books has induced the authorities of every strongly constituted state to control their circulation." It would be both profitable and instructive, if space allowed, to go into the detail of the extent to which various governments have attempted to exercise this control. Briefly it may be said that France is the most liberal, little or no restriction being placed upon publications. England does not seem to have the fear of free writing and free speaking which is becoming more and more pronounced in this country. The United States, with a virtuous zeal which seems hypercritical to our foreign cousins and which is the outward evidence of the Puritanism in our blood, undertakes the guardianship not only of our morals but of our patriotism through the enactment of prohibitive laws.

The first question which naturally arises is, "Why should a book be suppressed?" The answer that it encounters the objection of one or more

individuals is not wholly satisfactory. Who objects, and on what ground and by what right? Is the objector fallible or infallible, prejudiced or unprejudiced, foolish or wise?

In the cases of some volumes the validity of the objection is not to be questioned. These are the books which emanate from prurient minds, and do not present a single justifiable reason for their existence. They are vulgar and coarse and crude; are written with lascivious intent; are more animal than human in their characterizations; and are lacking even in the redeeming quality of literary merit. These books are the cocaine and heroin of literature; and, like these deleterious, habit-forming drugs, are surreptitiously produced and circulated because they ought not to exist. They can be relegated outside the pale without a moment's hesitation, just as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" can be placed upon the shelves with perfect propriety. In between these two extremes, however, is a wide area occupied by debatable books. It is a field in which the moralist flourishes the avenging sword, not realizing that even the law recognizes many degrees of homicide and imposes the death penalty only upon one. Curiously enough, there seems to be much virtue in the kindly mantle of the years. The Catholic church, which is most rigid in its attitude toward books, tolerates the classical authors. We countenance the open sale of Rabelais and Boccaccio, Fielding and Sterne, Flaubert, Balzac and Maupassant, with all their coarseness, because their literary merit has defied suppression and has been apparently sanctified by age. They remind me of the ancient Pantheon, which is universally admitted to be a thing of beauty, despite the fact that its marble is full of flaws.

The line of demarcation between the acceptable and the objectionable is difficult to draw. The author and the publisher may, in the best of faith and without a single ulterior motive, produce and submit their combined work to the judgment of the public. It may, in the minds of nine-tenths of its readers, be free from any taint; and yet it may be excluded from a public library. This is because the librarian is frequently the arbiter as to what shall and what shall not be placed upon the shelves. Most librarians cut the Gordian knot of responsibility concerning a book against which objection is raised by one or more persons, by simply stating that their limited funds do not permit its inclusion in their purchase list. This lack of funds is actually a chronic condition with the libraries; and being a good and sufficient reason, closes the door against further discussion, offers the line of least resistance, and is final.

Other librarians honestly and fairly seek to determine whether or not a book should be given their sanction. In the New York Public Library, for instance, where no fiction is purchased until after it has been read, the reading is not entrusted to a single individual. The judgment of three, and even five, qualified members of the staff or outside specialists is sought and in the event of a serious disagreement, reference is made to a Book Committee as the court of last resort. This committee is composed of a publisher, a lawyer, and a business man. Even with this broad treatment there is no hard and fast rule of determination. One book may be admitted today and another excluded tomorrow, when it would seem as if the rule of suppression ought to be applied to both, or else both given a clean bill of health. In small libraries the effect of the per-

sonal equation is still more pronounced, because in these institutions there is no committee and the decision of the librarian is absolute.

It has already been intimated that there is an effort to keep our patriotism, like our morals, free from contamination. The unrest throughout the world which has followed the world war has resulted in the production of a vast amount of literature calculated to inspire disregard for law and to incite disorder. As a nation, we are as blatantly patriotic as we are moral, and the strong hand of the government has been lifted against the books and pamphlets which seek to undermine our institutions. This fact supplies another angle to the discussion of the suppression of books. These publications are as heretical, from the patriotic point of view, as Voltaire's writings are to the religious. *Ergo*, they must not be read. The guardian angels of our libraries see to it that authors who, for instance, preach force as a remedy for economic evils, shall not come into contact through their works with the frequenters of their institutions. All books, however, which deal with governmental, sociological and economic problems are not so violent in their teachings. They are dangerous only in their novelty. Here again we find the librarian in a position where he must exercise his personal judgment as to admission or exclusion. If his opinions are dogmatic and fixed, his decision must necessarily be partial and arbitrary. In some libraries the problem is solved by dividing the institution into two parts. One, the reference library, accepts everything, even the most radical outburst, on the ground that it has historical value. Into the same library will be admitted the most erotic literature, for the

reason that it represents a certain type of mentality and of civilization. The reference library is for the student, who must satisfy the authorities that he is really sincere in his work. The circulating library, which is in intimate relation with Tom, Dick, and Alice, is kept free from anything which has a possibly harmful slant. The man who would minister to a depraved nature or who would inflame his heart with anarchistic doctrines may be able, in some way or another, to satisfy his desires, but the public library can proudly and truthfully assert, "Thou canst not say I did it."

The question naturally arises as to the extent to which the suppression of books operates in preventing the spread of objectionable publications. It is often asserted that it is only necessary to throw a book into the courts in order to insure its universal sale. This is not true. There may be a demand for it from a certain class, but this class is happily restricted in numbers and few, if any, of its members belong to the regular book-buying public. Besides, no self-respecting publisher desires to have his reputation injured and his output questioned through public accusation. The charge is instantly exploited, and frequently tried, in the newspapers, no matter how flimsy may be its foundation; while the decision of the court, rendered after long delays, is very frequently ignored. No one can minimize the splendid work which is done by the Society for the Suppression of Vice in its efforts to suppress books which never ought to be published and which are plainly within the scope and meaning of the prohibitive laws; and there is little basis for criticism save a tendency to regard all books which are not absolutely innocuous as coming within its jurisdiction. Years ago

very little was safe from its prosecution. The broadened spirit of the times, however, and the sane decisions of many judges have interfered with its inquisitorial program and there are less cases of alleged violations brought before the courts.

The purist may complain that this indicates deterioration of the moral fibre of the American people. The assumption is not well-founded. It is true that what was heterodox once is orthodox now, due to a point of view different from that entertained by our forefathers, but no one can doubt the prevalence of a popular regard for morals. The prohibition amendment is an evidence of advanced morality; but even before that amendment had been ratified, drunkenness, once so common, had come to be regarded as a degrading habit, was recognized everywhere as a bar to business success, and was almost universally taboo. Graft, which once flourished openly and flagrantly, must now be practised secretly and in constant fear of exposure and public condemnation. Illicit intercourse comes within the same category. The world is growing better, even if it is becoming more liberal, and the censors and suppressors of books are realizing that fact. We need less censorship and more teaching of simplicity and economy, as opposed to the wave of wanton luxury and extravagance which is sweeping over the country. We must forbid vicious books, of course; but even more we must impress upon parents the necessity of keeping alive the consciences of their children.

If it can be demonstrated that it is best to accept the judgment of a policeman as to the merits or demerits of a book, or of some librarian as to whether a book should be admitted to or excluded from a library, or to

trust the zeal of a paid employee of a vice-hunting society as to whether a publisher shall be suddenly haled into court—the present system can continue unchanged, even though it leads us to smile when Oliver Optic is placed upon the prohibited list. We venture to suggest, however, that there is a less autocratic and more democratic method of procedure. Would it not be possible for a committee selected from among the citizens of a community to decide what is fit and proper for that community to read? The consensus of such a committee, representing all shades of religious, moral, and civic views, would certainly be more reliable and acceptable than the judgment of an individual. One objection may be properly urged. If the members of the committee were elected at the polls, politics might be injected into library control, a condition which now rarely obtains. The probability is, however, that as the positions would be purely honorary they would not become subject to party politics; and it is easy to imagine that each community would pride itself upon securing personnel of the highest type. If the people can be trusted to choose their president, their senators and representatives, their judges and their city officials, they certainly can be relied upon to select fit persons to supervise their literature. It would be interesting to see if such a method would secure a wider

interchange of views and opinions—and a more accurate judgment—on the merits of a book.

It might be appropriate to say that there is an old proverb which is applicable to this discussion—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Evil which is evident to all eyes should and must be eradicated, but moral astigmatism is prone to see evil where none exists. This point, however, is foreign to the purpose of this letter. The fact to be emphasized is that we have a censorship which is always autocratic and frequently unintelligent and which is apt to exercise its authority without proper judgment. Perhaps the suggestion which I have made, and which I admit is not ideal, may lead others to express their views. I can anticipate much that will be said. Those who argue that popular government is a failure will oppose the committee plan; others, who think that we are on the highroad to perdition, will advocate even more drastic restrictions; the opponents of free speech will insist that already there is too much latitude of expression; and, finally, many will assert their honest belief that the question is not open to discussion. The very fact that these differences of opinion exist, and will undoubtedly be expressed, constitutes, to my mind, convincing evidence that the problem of censorship has not yet been rightly solved.

HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST -

FRANK L. PACKARD AND HIS MIRACLE MEN

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

W AIVING all those superlatives that have leaped unbidden to the tongues and pens of enraptured press agents, there is still no question that the film version of "The Miracle Man" has scored a tremendous success. Those interested in learning the measure of its success in terms of art and finance, are cordially referred to the advertising posters and circulars of the photoplay company that "presents" the picture. On these posters and other publicity sheets, he that runs may read in huge display letters the names of the marvelously talented producer of the film, and even the names of the capable players in the photoplay. The more curious and painstaking investigator may, with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, discover some allusion to the fact that the whole stupendous triumph is based on a mere story by an equally mere author named Frank L. Packard. You see, all that this Frank L. Packard did was to conceive a striking dramatic idea and embody it in a narrative, portraying its scenes with a clarity that would leave even a continuity writer for the movies no excuse for going wrong. Obviously, the unique genius who directed the almost literal transference of the tale to the screen deserves practically all the credit, just as the marvelously imaginative stage manager who presents "Hamlet" to the senses of an audience,

is entitled to far more glory than Shakespeare who did nothing but make ink-marks on paper. We are, in consequence, fully prepared for such suggestions as the following sent by the producing company to prospective exhibitors of the film:

You can't go too strong on the name of George Loane Tucker.... For your people are going to know the name of George Loane Tucker after they see "The Miracle Man", as a producer whose work has no exact equals on the screen today. They are going to number him among the BIG MEN of the industry. Don't let them think that you were not alive to his true worth.

Of course mention should be made of the picture's source. The original story was written by Frank L. Packard and this was subsequently the basis of George M. Cohan's play.

But this only serves to illustrate our point made above with greater emphasis. Tucker's work, with respect to "The Miracle Man", outshines that of Cohan and of Packard. And when a motion-picture producer rises to these heights certain it is that his name should be used in every bit of publicity and advertising and exploitation without stint.

So, permitting that characteristic bit of impudence to blow its own brazen horn, let us,—as Sir Thomas Malory would say,—let us leave off speaking of the movies, and speak we awhile of Frank L. Packard, born story-weaver and selfmade writer, who never uses his middle name which happens to be "Lucius".

Our hero belongs, in a manner, on either side of the Canadian line; for while he was born in Montreal, he comes of old New England stock, transplanted, in the last generation,

from Stoughton, Massachusetts. He was instructed in French and some other things in a French boarding school in his native city, and then studied at McGill University, from which institution he was graduated in 1897 with the degree of B. S. in electrical engineering. While at the university he was active in athletics, playing quarterback in football and cover-point in hockey. He also was accustomed to recite, long before their appearance in book form, the French-Canadian "habitant" ballads of Dr. William Henry Drummond, who was his personal friend. During summer vacations he worked in the shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway, there acquiring material and color for future railroad stories.

Having received his degree, he went to Belgium and took a year's post-graduate course in electricity at the University of Liège, where he improved his knowledge of French and the humanities; also, in the course of occasional wanderings in Belgium and France, he stored away more local color and valuable memories. On his return from Europe he entered the employ of a company manufacturing conduits for electric wires. During the two years spent with this company his work took him all over the United States with more or less protracted periods of residence in New York, Providence, Savannah, and New Orleans, and gave him an acquaintance with details of telegraphy that suggested many incidents in the stories published in the collection entitled "The Wire Devils".

All this time he was feeling the creative urge, but it is difficult to compose while on the wing. However, in 1902, he found a temporary perch in his ancestral town of Stoughton, Massachusetts, where he settled to estab-

lish a factory for the production of one of the commodities used in his father's business. Here he found enough leisure to begin his career as a writer.

Frank Packard is essentially a self-made author. Although a born teller of tales and full of enthusiasm, he did not plunge recklessly into the inkwell or dash wildly across white paper as most of us do. He set to work seriously to master the principles of his chosen craft in regular courses of study and practice. Life was not too strenuous in Stoughton, nor was business too engrossing. He had agreeable and quaintly interesting surroundings, a pleasant old farmhouse to potter about in,—and the stories began to take shape. There were, as usual, discouragements. The commodity, previously referred to, that he was at this time manufacturing, happened to be shoe-blackening; so certain of his friends inevitably gave him the title of "the literary bootblack"; but he bore up bravely even under this affliction, especially as the magazines were beginning to take notice.

The first of his stories to find its way into print was one based on a student prank at the University of Liège. Then followed the earliest of his Canadian railway tales; and he was greatly encouraged when "Collier's Weekly" accepted a bit of invention that reflected a Stoughton town-meeting.

Having sold the Stoughton factory, he experimented, briefly, with another venture that took him out to the Canadian Rockies, where he made the acquaintance (unofficially) of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, so indispensable to the fiction of that region. But the call of the ink-bottle was too strong. Giving up all business connections, he went to New York, mar-

ried, settled down in the neighborhood of Washington Square, and spent a year writing fiction under contract for a publishing house that issued a string of magazines.

It was during this Philistine, but from a point of discipline, salutary period, that he was wont to say, smacking his lips in satisfaction: "Well, I did three thousand words today!"

At the expiration of his year of apprenticeship, feeling sufficiently sure of himself to set up as a wholly independent author, he returned to Montreal to work in his own chosen way. In 1912, with his wife, he started on a trip around the world, spending nearly a year in travel, partly for recreation and partly with the idea of gathering literary material. He visited South Africa, Australia, Samoa, Fiji, and Hawaii, returning by way of California. In Samoa he was made a chief under the name of "Tamafaiga"—but it is always possible that his native friends may have fooled him in regard to the real meaning of his title. He now lives, with his wife and two boys, in Lachine, a suburb of Montreal, on the shore of Lake St. Louis; and when he is not working may be found, according to season, canoeing, golfing, or curling, or,—if Bob Davis happens to drop in on him,—fishing.

Too often authors are either praised for qualities that they do not possess or are adversely criticized for wanting qualities to which they make no claim and that are by no means essential in their chosen field. Now Frank Packard isn't a Joseph Hergesheimer, nor an Arnold Bennett, nor a Joseph Conrad, but he is a decidedly effective Frank Packard. He is not—nor does he make any pretense of being—a profound psychologist; he is a born story-teller with a born story-teller's

instinct for vivid incident, vigorous action, and dramatic or even melodramatic climax. But he is not merely a weaver of plots.

In his detective stories, it is true, he is concerned mainly to give his readers the indispensable thrill, and works to that end. Accordingly in "The Wire Devils" we find his detective hero, as elusive and nearly as bullet-proof as a shadow, repeatedly foiling the schemes of a gang of wire-tappers and thugs in spite of all the efforts of the miscreants and the minions of the law, both of whom believe him to be a master-criminal. In the "Jimmie Dale" stories we have essentially the same hero—this time a "millionaire clubman" of New York, known, in various disguises, to the baffled police and malevolent underworld as "the Gray Seal"—committing all sorts of innocuous and benevolent burglaries to the discomfiture and final annihilation of the most desperate bands of criminals. Of course, as in all tales of the character, it is borne upon the reflective reader that both police and criminals are wooden Indians to allow even a prodigy of ingenuity and invulnerability to repeat the same exploits with such frequency and impunity. But detective stories are not built for reflection. They are our modern fairy tales for adults, intended to engross, divert, and thrill; and "The Adventures of Jimmie Dale" as well as the adventures of that mysterious detective "the Hawk" in "The Wire Devils", amply fulfil that laudable purpose.

In his other stories and novels, however, Frank Packard is dominated by two themes—heroic self-sacrifice and moral regeneration.

Both of these themes are evident in his railroad stories of the Canadian Rockies, collected under the title of

"The Night Operator". Here, against a scenic background of cliff and canyon, we have the adventures and misadventures of the workers of the "Hill Division"—engineer, wrecking boss, master mechanic, superintendent, telegrapher, aspiring train-boy, all-round failure, and the rest, with wrecks and near-wrecks enough to drive the most heedless traveler to apply for an insurance policy. And here are perils that call forth unflinching courage and devotion, and emergencies in which the man who is down and out, scorned and rejected, rises to splendid heights.

Again, in the novel "Greater Love Hath No Man", the hero, Varge, in order to save the life of his benefactress, takes upon himself the burden of a murder committed by her worthless son. This is carrying self-sacrifice to a dangerous extreme; but the story is told with characteristic sincerity and conviction.

But in Packard's four other novels, regeneration is the keynote. In "The Beloved Traitor" we have for hero a young fisherman of southern France who becomes the greatest sculptor of his time,—just like that. Spoiled by sudden success and unbounded adulation, he forgets the girl to whom he was solemnly betrothed; but in the end, abjuring selfish triumphs, he returns to his first love in renewed faith and simplicity, and to his art with a higher and purer inspiration.

In his latest book, "From Now On", Packard's hero serves a five-year prison sentence for the theft of a package containing \$100,000 in bank bills which he has securely hidden against the day of his release. On regaining his liberty, although continually dogged and harassed by police and criminals, he gets possession of the booty for which he sacrificed his freedom; but

the fine honesty of a friend and the devotion of the woman he loves, cause him to see a new light, and he restores the money to its rightful owners.

Still more ingenious in its plot is "The Sin That Was His", in which the candidate for regeneration is one Raymond Chapelle, the highly educated black sheep of a prominent French-Canadian family, known, when the story opens, as Three-Ace Artie, the gambler. Embittered against the world and without faith in God or man, Raymond, while on the outskirts of the little village of St. Marleau near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, is forced into an affray, the consequences of which seem to make his conviction on a false accusation of murder inevitable. It happens that a young priest, on his way to assume his duties as curé of St. Marleau, has been struck down and apparently killed by the falling bough of a tree. To insure his own escape the gambler assumes the priest's robes, clothing the unconscious man in his own garments. The young priest, identified as the supposed murderer and unexpectedly restored to life though with loss of memory, is eventually convicted and sentenced to death. Raymond, in the meantime, compelled for his own safety to act as curé, fulfils the duties of the office with such ability and seeming charity that he is widely known as "the good young Father Aubert". All the circumstances of his false position tend to stimulate his better instincts. To save the innocent priest he reveals the truth to the bishop of the diocese, and is himself saved by the confession of his false accuser. The plot is developed with a skill that gives the necessary plausibility to its coincidences, and a somewhat dangerous situation is presented

without a touch of irreverence. The dramatic and pictorial qualities of the story will undoubtedly be doubly apparent in the photoplay version soon to be presented.

But of all the Packard stories, "The Miracle Man" has made the deepest impression. Appearing first in a magazine, this tale was next published in book form, then dramatized, then filmed, and, according to the latest reports, is to be reincarnated as an opera! The leading character, a New York confidence man, learns through a newspaper paragraph of an old faith healer, known as "the Patriarch", who is reputed to have worked wonderful cures among the people of the little Maine village of Needley where he has long lived. The confidence man, "Doc." Madison, elaborates a plot to exploit the Patriarch and his alleged powers for the benefit of himself and his associates. Going to Needley, he finds the Patriarch to be a benign old man of noble presence, deaf and dumb and rapidly becoming totally blind. Madison then secretly summons his accomplices to Needley and stages a sensational "cure" that is calculated to make the Maine village the Mecca of the afflicted, and its "shrine", the Patriarch's home, a source of incalculable revenue to the promoters of the enterprise. One of the crooks, known as "the Flopper", is a contortionist who has unusual powers of dislocation and distortion that enable him to give his whole body the appearance of frightful congenital deformity. In the presence of a throng of believers and skeptics, the Flopper crawls across the Patriarch's lawn, flings himself at the old man's feet, and—as the healer

stretches out his hands above him—gradually drawing his limbs into their proper positions slowly rises, erect, and normal. But then, to the astonishment and even dismay of the conspirators, a little boy, crippled from his birth, flings away his crutch and runs across the lawn to the benignant Patriarch. After marvels of true healing such as this, the reform of the crooks, and eventually that of their cynical, but prepossessing chief, is only a matter of time and plot development.

Undoubtedly a strong element in the appeal of Frank Packard's stories lies in their presentation of this theme of regeneration, whether that regeneration be moral or physical; for there is in all human beings a desire to be better and finer than they are, so that the reader finds himself notably in sympathy with his fellow mortal of the printed page, blindly fighting his way toward something higher. Besides, Packard's heroes are all, in a degree, Miracle Men. They are all flawlessly and wonderfully strong, self-reliant, and humanly attractive; and even in their unredeemed state, though you may be given to understand that they are a bad lot, they never, on their errant path, forfeit your interest and good will by consummating anything really mean or injurious to the deserving. In brief, they are proper heroes of romance. Their creator has thoroughly convinced himself of their reality and also of the reality of their picturesque experiences, and their adventures and triumphs are accordingly set forth with a fervor and sincerity which is always engaging.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A CHRONICLE OF YOUTH BY YOUTH

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

JUST as the boiling pot gives off heat, so through youth and adolescence we give off calories of virtue." Since this, as Mr. Fitzgerald sees it, is the process of molten youth as it takes shape and hardens, his novel is less a history of its assumption of form than of its loss of radiance. Were this all, "This Side of Paradise" would contain little new. More tolerantly, certainly more humorously, the same process has been set forth by a score of English novelists. But though referred to still as "the younger group", they show by their very tolerance and humor that they have passed on, that their experiences have already become recollections. They are reviewing youth with a memory—not a sensation—of its joy and bitterness, and are looking back to its problems with a wistful patronage. Mr. Fitzgerald, in contrast, gives the impression of being still in the thick of the fight, and of having the fierceness of combat. The dust of conflict is still in his eyes and he does not even see very clearly. At times he cannot distinguish youth's friend from its foe or perceive where it has met with defeat and where conquered. The battle is on and the besetting forces loom very large. They take shape allegorically; it is their ex-

aggeration and the very solemnity with which they are viewed that give the book value, for they make it a record at the very moment of the encounter.

Amory Blaine, the hero of this tale, starts life with a handicap. "From his mother he inherits every trait except the inexpressible few which make him worth while." An exotic she may no longer be called, for in novels her species has become indigenous to the Middle West and is constantly culled there whenever costly and poisonous beauty is needed to color the page. Unfortunately for her son, whose coming she had looked upon as a burden, she finds him a source of diversion and takes delight in the precocity developed by her companionship. Had it not been for his heritage from his father, the calories of his virtue must have been multitudinous to have held out. As it is, the worst that she does for him is to cut him off from his kind and from a normal boy's "roughing it", to make him acutely conscious of his good looks, and to give him a snobbish belief in himself as a personage reserved for special adventure. But once she has worked what havoc she may, she drops him with a swiftness amazing even in a person of her fleeting interest, and he is left to the leveling process of school and college. From both as well as from the war, he emerges with mind awakened and consequently with a lessened conceit, save where it is concerned in the

amourettes which lead up to the tragedy, so splendidly black, of the lost Rosalind. It is in relation to these that the author sets himself the task of the social historian, presenting society in its mad reaction to war. For the hero does not need to go to the underworld in his quest for excitement. The débutante of old days, the Victorian "virginal doll", has been transformed to the "baby vamp", who if she is too hard-headed to follow in morals the Queens of the Movies, has at least adopted their manners. Against her, Amory hasn't a chance. And when to disillusionment is added the loss of money and of his friends who are pushed out of the story in a way to which no vigorous characters would submit, he goes down like Brian de Bois Guilbert, "the victim of contending passions". One would think in such a moment that it would be small comfort to "know one's self", though it is with that triumphant if unconvincing protestation that the book closes.

Such a summary is undoubtedly too hard on the book, for it overstresses its failure to arouse sympathy. It also fails to take into account passages, sometimes whole chapters, of brilliant cleverness—those for example where the author takes a fling at modern literary movements or satirizes the already jaded débutante as she makes her curtsy to the world. Little, moreover, does Mr. Fitzgerald care for the conventions of form; and there is something very taking in the nonchalance with which he passes from straight narrative to letters, poems, or dramatic episodes. Quite as wilful is his style. But in all its affectations, its cleverness, its occasional beauty, even its sometimes intentioned vulgarity and ensuing timidity, it so unites with the matter as to make the

book a convincing chronicle of youth by youth.

This Side of Paradise. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MORE PLAYS BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

By Richard Burton

IT is one of the significant and encouraging things in the modern theatre, that a man like Mr. Middleton can do work that is commercially popular, yet also write plays that plainly belong to the tendency toward a serious theatre,—the theatre made possible by an Ibsen, a Brieux, a Maeterlinck, and a Shaw. It is in this way that I regard Mr. Middleton's dramatic writing as truly symptomatic. On the one hand, he can collaborate with Mr. Bolton in stage successes like "Polly With A Past" and "Adam and Eva"—to mention only two recent favorites—and on the other, can turn out his succession of published volumes of plays in one act or longer, of which "Masks" is the sixth. These volumes have doubtless assisted the vogue of this new form in the United States, and won the author deserved critical praise.

These plays may seem primarily to appeal as reading drama; but for years they have been given presentation in our Little Theatres, and in the hands of intelligent amateurs, and so been kept alive and had their influence as thoughtful experiments in the drama which desires to gain attention as earnest, honest comment upon our contemporary social scene. They have served to make the writer's name hon-

orably known in those circles where something besides commercial theatre tests obtains; they justify the hope that some day their author, still a young man, may dare to say his full say in some drama which shall at the same time hold general public attention in a theatre and yet illustrate serious psychology.

The present volume not only maintains the high level of those preceding, but contains some work that challenges comparison with anything done earlier, while suggesting a new vein. This is particularly true of the title-piece, in which it is impossible not to find a certain autobiographical flavor. The idea of the dramatist who first writes to please himself a biting satiric drama which cannot win stage acceptance and then follows it with a modification of the same play which is a box-office triumph,—to be confronted by two of his own characters who attack him for dishonestly warping them in the interests of success,—strikingly brings out the whole conflict between livelihood, life, and artistic ideals, and has a bitter tang to its compelling grip. The author's instinct in placing it first is right.

Strong, too, in its subtle inner way is "Jim's Beast", with its implied lesson on the dangers and difficulties of the philander's path—male or female. The comment furnished by the scrub-woman is full of an enjoyable humor relieving the tension of the situation. Of the remaining four, "Tides" is the best: a sincere, penetrating comment upon the effect of the war on three persons of a typical American family today. In sheer subtlety of handling, and richness of suggestion in the study of interwoven sex relations, the play called "The Reason" should also be emphasized. Its value comes out all the more in a rereading. "Among

The Lions" and "The House" are slighter, less important, but the latter is a pleasant pendant to the foregoing dramas in its picture of seasoned married happiness, and here, as so often before, Mr. Middleton reveals himself as the acute, fair-minded, and skilful student of modern psychology as it is exhibited in the family.

In all the six plays, the trained hand of the practical theatre artist is evidenced in the stage directions and the conductment of the action; a feeling for scene, for character, and for the climax which is the necessary evolution of the development can be detected in each and all. One feels that these little cross-sections of life not only read well, but will also act well. A sense of "curtain" is never absent. Mr. Middleton has long since acquired a technique which gives one a comfortable assurance of right handling and economy of resource. Of his work it can be said that it is at once literary, and practical stage material; this is as it should be. Both by gift and diligence he has made himself an *homme du théâtre*; he should be welcomed by readers of sound drama, and acted by both amateurs and professionals of the playhouse.

Masks, and Other One Act Plays. By George Middleton. Henry Holt and Co.

BOYS AND ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

By Gertrude M. Purcell

LIFE was never dull in Riverbank, the little town on the Mississippi where lived and fought, fished and swam, a glorious triumvirate: Swatty, the leader, who knew how to "push a

feller's nose into his face when he has him down and he don't say what Swatty wants him to say"; Bony, who "was all right, but never started to do things—he just went along when we did them and waited on the outside of the fence"; and George, himself, the chronicler of their Homeric exploits.

The saga of "Swatty" begins with a hairbreadth escape on the Mississippi when the river was at its height, and recounts in bewildering succession a terrific sawmill blaze, a near drowning, a siege in a cave by the Graveyard Gang, an imprisonment in a haunted house, illicit rifle practice, a feud with Slim Finnegan, who "would just as soon stab you as not", and the rescue of Bony's father on the river, when a thaw set in and the ice began to move.

In addition to this amazing list of activities, Swatty and Bony and George, like all boys in life and in fiction, had a secret society. It was known as The Red Avengers, and its aim was summary incendiarism of inimical homes and property. Unfortunately, a barn did burn down, with their scribbled warnings stuck on the door, and things would have gone hard with the desperadoes had not rescue come from Swatty's lawyer brother Herb. This brings us to the romance that runs through the book,—Herb's somewhat intermittent courtship of George's sister Fan. Reports on its progress or temporary cessation are made in true young brother fashion, as: "It looked as if it wouldn't be long before Herb and Fan got married, because they hadn't fought for a long while and Fan was embroidering towels day and night."

A story of boy-life on the Mississippi brings the inevitable comparison with the immortal Huck, and were it not for a lamentable lapse into sentimentality out of keeping with the rest

of the book, "Swatty" would be a worthy successor. A boy like George would never in this wide world possess a grandmother addressed as "Lady-love", and if he did, he would be cut into small pieces before he would use so soft an appellation.

With the exception of this fantastic and utterly unbelievable old lady, "Swatty" is a book to be enjoyed heartily by boys of any age.

Swatty. By Ellis Parker Butler. Houghton Mifflin Co.

PROSE IN THE GREAT TRADITION

By John Bunker

THERE are writers, and again writers. Some—such as police reporters, historians, book reviewers, compilers of text-books, and even popular novelists—give us facts, or what they suppose to be facts, and their writing is full of the spirit of knowledge. We come from them laden and informed, and if we feel also heavy and sad and old and forlorn, there are few to tell us the reason. But there is an older and profounder spirit, the spirit of wisdom, and occasionally a writer appears who gives us not facts, not information, not knowledge, but a moving interpretation of this mysterious world in which we find ourselves. He may write of such simple things as children or the hills or ships or great cities or old books or the sea, and though he may tell us nothing new about these matters, there is something in his words, at once strange and familiar, that speaks to us and moves us and fills us with a great joy and an abiding wonder.

If the reader should pick up a book called "Old Junk" by a writer named H. M. Tomlinson, it is well to warn him in advance that it will not tell him the length of the equator, nor the distance of the nearest fixed star, nor even the faults—or merits—of the Treaty of Versailles. Neither let him be disappointed if he finds therein no blaring rhetoric or feeble humor or commonplace moralizing or tinsel cleverness or arbitrary assertion or shallow sentiment or any of the other numerous evils of our day that are a weariness to the flesh and a trial to the spirit. Here is a writer who would as soon think of discharging a pistol at your ear as of firing off a paradox, and would no more write a craggy sentence than he would steal the spoons from the table.

The author of "Old Junk" has his moods—he can be solemn enough on occasion, and, when he will, amusing; but he is never loud or common, never trivial or flippant or mean. He approaches life too reverently—and therefore too wisely—for that, and his gentleness is the mark not of weakness but of strength. Everywhere is a fluid music, a poised and deliberate and yet flexible art. It all comes, we suppose, from the fact that Mr. Tomlinson is penetrated with the old sense of "the tears in things"—he is sensitive to change, and has that fine melancholy induced by the frail beauty and wistful transience of earth and man and the works of man.

And who is this unusual person?—and what does he write about? Well, he is an Englishman—presumably beyond forty—who for the last two decades has been contributing occasional articles to London newspapers and doing the harsh work of daily journalism. During the war he served as a correspondent in France, but he was

an extraordinary sort of war correspondent, as a reference to the several war papers at the end of this book will show. He has published only one book previous to the present, "The Sea and the Jungle", which he calls merely "an honest book of travel" but which Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe (who contributes the foreword to the present book) observes is such "in a degree so eminent, one is tempted to say that an honest book of travel, when so conceived and executed, must surely count among the noblest works of the literary artist".

"Old Junk" differs from its predecessor in that it consists of a number of detached papers, papers written at intervals during the last ten years and ranging from "The African Coast" to "Lent, 1918", with "Bed-Books and Night Lights", "The Lascar's Walking-Stick", "The Art of Writing", "The Sou'-Wester", and others in between; nor are we to forget those several admirable chapters devoted to the sea and ships and the men who sail them. One opens this book at random and finds sentences, paragraphs, whole pages that are at once a delight and a despair: a delight because they are—well, delightful; and a despair because, peer as you may, you cannot discover the secret of their making. To select for quotation is a perplexing business, but this is the final paragraph of the book:

The wind and rain have passed. There is now but the icy stillness and quiet of outer space. The earth is Limbo, the penumbra of a dark and partial recollection; the shadow, vague and dawnless, over a vast stage from which the consequential pageant has gone, and is almost forgotten, the memory of many events merged now into formless night itself, and foundered profoundly beneath the glacial brilliance of a clear heaven alive with stars. Only the stars live, and only the stars overlook the place that was ours. The war—was there a war? It must have been long ago. Perhaps the shades are troubled with vestiges of an

old and dreadful sin. If once there were men who heard certain words and became spell-bound, and in the impulse of that madness forgot that their earth was good, but very brief, and turned from their children and women and the cherished work of their hands to slay each other and destroy their communities, it all happened just as the leaves of an autumn that is gone once fell before the sudden mania of a wind, and are resolved. What year was that? The leaves of an autumn that is long past are beyond time. The night is their place, and only the unknowing stars look down to the little blot of midnight which was us, and our pride, and our wisdom, and our heroes.

Here is a prose rich and solemn and majestic and, we think, enduring.

Old Junk. By H. M. Tomlinson. Alfred A. Knopf.

BALLADS OF OLD NEW YORK

By Wilton A. Barrett

IN an earlier book, "The Laughing Muse", notably in some verses having to do with prehistoric beasts, Mr. Guiterman made rhymes for the like of which, in their sportive ring and virtue of parody, one might go clear back to Bret Harte and his "To the Pliocene Skull" and "A Geological Madrigal". The invention displayed in that book cannot be repeated at will, but in Mr. Guiterman's latest collection, "Ballads of Old New York", the skill is still there and also a generous proportion of humor conveyed by a naïveté always in control. Aside from the lyrics which appear as interludes and a few more serious-natured selections, he has provided the atmosphere and characters for a Gilbertian opera—there would be the burlesque six of the Rattle-Watch, Manhattan's original police force, and also those forefathers of the town who, called into solemn council as to how Pearl

Street should be appropriately paved, a fortnight wandered up and down its length debating and eating oysters until the shells they cast away furnished an excellent pavement along all the preordained and crooked path the community's cows had already trodden out.

Appoint a committee to dally and doubt
And somehow the matter will work itself out,—
the argument wisely concludes.

As a contribution to the Knickerbocker story-chest the book should be welcome; it definitely creates a golden mid-morning where large-paunched gentlemen in buckled shoes sit before tap-room doors and confab at length upon sundry weighty ways and means, drawing the while leisurely clouds from the black cavities of Dutch pipes; it is all done to that tinkle of rhyme and prancing cadence that have made Mr. Guiterman notorious as a gay rider in the light lists of contemporary verse; it must be seen at once that such pieces as "Dutchman's Breeches" and "The Legend of the Bronx" are wholly adroit and amusing.

The book is a happy book, done by a genuine lover and historian of the greatest city in the New World. Washington Irving would have liked it, and those of the inhabitants of Gramercy Park who read verse should like it. For the East and West sides, Harlem and the Bronx, it should not have the same affiliations, despite Mr. Guiterman's professing to see a connection, other than purely historical, between our fair city's Knickerbocker past and its indecorous present in which all the blue stockings are boiling in the same kettle with the other socks. The truth is, the more single and genuine affinity lurking in Mr. Guiterman is with the past; there is a certain regret in his book that the

sails of the Dutchman are no longer seen on the Tappan Zee and that the burgher's tread resounds no longer in the highways of New Amsterdam. From this feeling in him a poetic image is now and then reflected, something is glimpsed, that makes one ask if there is not something more important in his book than its cleverness. Hudson's ship being at anchor the first time in New York bay,—

The Red Men in their shallops came and
stroked her salty sides.

Rambout Van Dam rows across the
Tappan Zee to

The rhythmic rulloek-clank and drip
Of even-rolling oars.

A moon is closed in Hudson's breast
And lanterns gem the town.

One suspects that its light is still closed in Mr. Guiterman's heart and that it is by it he sees to hang these lanterns in his verse; that in this wise, once looking, perhaps, at a member of the Traffic Squad, he did not see a modern policeman, but beheld,—

Musket on shoulder and dirk on thigh,
Forth from the fort, with a soulful sigh,
Wiping their lips of a parting dram,
Sally the Watch of New Amsterdam.

Ballads of Old New York. By Arthur Guiterman. Harper and Bros.

THE DOVER PATROL

By C. C. Gill

Commander, U. S. Navy

IN the war on the sea, Admiral Bacon's Dover Patrol was like a first-line trench. This force, moreover, stationed at the North Sea entrance to the Channel, protected essential sea communications of the Allied armies along the northern front, and at the

same time guarded England's main trade routes to London. "Communications" lie at the root of strategy, and control of the Narrow Seas was the key to the British Isles. Could Germany have turned this key she would have won the war.

The enemy advance against the Channel ports was good strategy. In September, 1914, had the German General Staff but known it, the Channel Line of Communications was the Achilles's heel of the Entente cause. The occupation of Zeebrugge and Ostend by the Kaiser's army was the Napoleonic pointing of the pistol at the head of England. Admiral Bacon in his book emphasizes this threat, and at the time many military experts in Great Britain dwelt upon the gravity of the situation.

These are considerations that give Admiral Bacon's book a high professional and historical value. The author writes from first-hand knowledge; he commanded the Dover Patrol during the three critical years of 1915-16-17. The book not only tells deeds of daring and achievement, but also gives reasons and motives; romance and anecdote are interspersed with philosophy. The narrative ranges from hand to hand fighting in boarding encounters between charging destroyers, to highly scientific long-range bombardments by heavy ordnance.

Admiral Bacon was well qualified to cope with the naval conditions which faced him at Dover. He entered the navy in 1877, commanded the first dreadnought, was first Chief of Staff of the New Home Fleet, performed active duty with the early submarines, and was closely associated with developments in gunnery. And now he has written a book interesting to both seafaring and shoregoing readers, re-

markable for its clearness and readability.

The Dover Patrol force consisted of twenty-four different types of vessels totaling in all about four hundred, and including monitors, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, drifters, trawlers, mine sweepers, motor boats, motor launches, and air craft. The Admiral's narrative is one of ceaseless watch and ward with almost continual fighting. It covers a great variety of naval activities both afloat and ashore: "tip and run" destroyer engagements; "shoot and scoot" raiding tactics; anti-submarine net work of all descriptions; escort and convoy duty; mine-laying and mine-sweeping. Various uses of submarines are described, such as creeping along the bottom for mine cables and advancing under the enemy's nose to take tidal observations or to get other information. We are told how British "subs" fooled the enemy by a camouflage of occulting lights to make them resemble light buoys while lying at moorings ready to launch a torpedo. There is an account of a German scientific success in exploding an electrically controlled automatic boat against the monitor "Erebus". Also shooting a zareba of explosive nets by drifters is explained, and many other curious weapons and tactics.

Broadly speaking the mission of the Dover Patrol was threefold—first, to protect the trade routes passing through the Straits; second, to safeguard the cross-channel transport line; and third, to support the left flank of the Allied army.

Admiral Bacon says that his chief concern was the protection of traffic in the Downs, a roadstead anchorage off the southeast end of England which was a great terminal of shipping. All vessels, British, Allied, or neutral,

passing the Straits, whether bound for England or foreign ports, were examined here. This service dealt with no less than 121,707 vessels. Being only ninety miles from Ostend, its protection was a heavy responsibility on the shoulders of the Admiral at Dover. It seems almost incredible that the losses to this shipping were only $\frac{1}{2}\%$ of 1% by mines and $\frac{1}{1000}$ of 1% by enemy night raids. This record constitutes a monument to the genius of the Commander-in-Chief and to the ability of those serving under his orders.

The second and no less important duty of the Dover Patrol was to safeguard the cross-channel, army-transport service, and in this even greater success was attained than in protecting merchant traffic. By careful planning and tireless devotion this naval force up to the end of December, 1917, transported 5,614,500 troops without the loss of a single man. All this within three steaming hours of the enemy advance submarine base at Ostend. In addition, during the three years 1915-16-17, arrivals and departures of store-carriers, troop transports, and ambulance transports at Dover numbered over 14,800. Of sick and wounded 810,000 were disembarked. The only casualty was the mining of the hospital ship "Anglia" while under the Red Cross.

And what was the enemy doing all this time? He was not idle. The Dover Patrol did not gain its record without a heavy toll of ships and brave lives. The pages telling of these are full of adventure. It seems that the Germans had open to them five general methods of attack. All of these were forestalled by the British Navy with the result that the enemy attempted only three of them and all the attacks made were defeated. In

brief these five methods were: (1) daylight raids in force; (2) destroyer raids in low visibility weather conditions; (3) destroyer raids at night; (4) submarine attacks; (5) mine-laying.

In 1916 the German submarine mine-layers became so active that Admiral Bacon boldly decided to place a blocking mine barrage off the coast of Ostend and Zeebrugge. This looked like an extremely difficult and hazardous operation, but it worked out with great success. It required monitors on patrol by day to keep the Germans from sweeping up the mines and to protect the drifters and trawlers engaged daily in repairing and perfecting the barrage. Destroyers were necessary to assist and to screen the monitors from submarine attack. The guns of the monitors protected the small craft from cruiser attack, while the destroyers and the mine fields safeguarded the monitors from U-boat torpedoes. At night the monitors were relieved by British submarines which patrolled and guarded the barrage during the dark hours.

In addition to safeguarding the trade routes and cross-channel army transports Admiral Bacon was also charged with protecting the left flank of the army from a landing in the rear. Long-range bombardment by the monitors against Zeebrugge, Ostend, and the German batteries are fully described. It is not generally appreciated that as a result of these bombardments Ostend was made so hot, the enemy finally had to abandon it as a permanent submarine base.

Landing and mounting high-power naval guns to support the army is explained in detail. We are also told about the plans made to mount a giant eighteen-inch gun camouflaged by the Palace Hotel at Westend. This was to

bombard Bruges. The armistice arrived, however, before this could be accomplished.

As a question of strategy one of the most interesting parts of the book is that dealing with the plans drawn for a joint Army and Navy effort to turn the enemy out of his Belgian bases. This was to have been an attack by land and sea. Admiral Bacon explains that the failure of the Flanders offensive in the fall of 1917 led to the abandonment of this surprise landing on the Ostend coast, which, in itself, involved only one division of troops and was a subsidiary operation. The preparations, however, had been completed to the last detail even to rehearsals. Two huge piers had been rigged to be shoved by monitors against the enemy sea wall. Over these piers, tanks followed by infantry, machine guns, and artillery were to make a surprise attack at dawn. The author even goes so far as to sketch an imaginary battle carried out in accordance with these plans.

From the beginning of the war control of the Narrow Seas was essential to the Allies. It is interesting to speculate what a major operation against the Belgian coast on the scale of the Dardanelles expedition might have effected.

To naval men the chapter on "Operations" is a gold mine of information. Herein the author explains clearly and at length the underlying principles, the reasoning, and the experimentation followed in arriving at practical methods. This is a chapter of lessons evolved from study and experience. The success of the Dover Patrol, in a new kind of naval warfare, fought under unusual handicaps of wind, sea, tides, currents, rocks and shoals, gives these lessons an authori-

tative backing which commands attention and respect.

At the end of 1917 Admiral Bacon was suddenly relieved of his command, although by this time plans for 1918 had been laid including those for a naval attack on Zeebrugge and Ostend. The author's bitter disappointment in being deprived of the opportunity to carry out these plans can be understood. In reading this controversial part of the book, it should be remembered that there are two sides to every question and in these pages only one side is presented. But disregarding the issues raised as to what might have happened, the record of the Dover Patrol as it stands for 1915-16-17 is a proud one of brilliant achievement. Sailors the world over will render honor where honor is due and a full measure will be accorded to the Patrol and its distinguished commander, Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon.

The Dover Patrol. By Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon. Two volumes. George H. Doran Company.

A BATTLE OF PICTURES

By Walter Jack Duncan

MR. GALLATIN, in "Art and the Great War", offers the public three excellent things, none of which his title suggests. They are, namely, a digest of the proceedings of the Bureau of Pictorial Publicity, praise of England, and a personal grievance. The two former, it must be admitted, do not promise much for the general reader, but a personal grievance rouses our interest. Pain is fecund, it quickens genius; a sense of injury, of bitter wrong, frequently discovers a voice in the most taciturn of souls. But

here again, as in his title, Mr. Gallatin disappoints us. He is not taciturn, and he is no genius. His sufferings, I suspect, are not genuine. If he complains, he complains conventionally, and that is never the way with those whose natures are deeply moved.

To fuss and fume over art and artists, however, or to seem to do so, is an incident in the growth of a refined society; it is a symptom of cultivation not peculiar to Mr. Gallatin alone. To accuse artists and public in turn of deplorable ignorance, and to volunteer to correct them,—when was this not the occupation of the idle, those precious few who, not knowing how better to employ their leisure, have made the artists' business their own?

Art, like the Church, is liberal, its portals are always open. A sanctuary for serious men, those with a vocation, it also offers asylum to the weak and the destitute, poor wretches who seek refuge from the storm. Occasionally one of these, expanding in such generous company, forgets he is living on the charity of his brothers; he is not content with a bone and a seat by the fire. He aspires to take over the Management! Mr. Gallatin, I regret to say, is guilty of this presumption. Harbored by this amiable community, he elects himself Abbot, he would assume charge of the order. As we examine his volume, recently published, we may judge how well he succeeds.

But let us do him no injustice. For one thing, Mr. Gallatin served his country with distinction throughout the war. At the first call to arms he enlisted as Chairman of the Committee on Exhibitions, Division of Pictorial Publicity, United States Government Committee on Public Information,—a position he maintained till the close of hostilities. Whatever his duties may have been as a committee-

man, no one who reads his book will fancy he mistook his calling. Expert, informed, exact, his style—impressive and formal—reads for the most part indeed like the minutes of a quarterly meeting. You recognize at once the utterance of one who, speaking with authority, has much to record, and nothing to say.

Beginning with the inception and organization of the Division of Pictorial Publicity, Mr. Gallatin describes its function, records its meetings, details its activities, chronicles its successes, laments its vicissitudes, arraigns the government, praises or blames the artists, reviews their performance, inscribes names and dates, congratulates his confrères, neglects nothing and forgets nobody with a zeal and scrupulosity which, in the end, excites the reader's genuine interest and concern. Nothing Mr. Gallatin's department has done, no detail that has occupied him so long, is omitted from his inventory. Wanting the artist's intelligence, and unable to select and arrange his material, he seems to offer us the documents; he cannot use them.

But it is useless. It is worse,—it is superfluous in a subject which relates entirely to publicity; for what, I ask you, is publicity good for if it cannot speak for itself? Like fame, it needs no comment, and wants no monument. With a genius for the opportune and careless of the future, publicity lives in the present, it triumphs for an hour. It leads a short life but a merry one. True, its philosophy may not appeal to one like Mr. Gallatin whose hopes are set on immortality, but to me it seems to comprehend life admirably. Would that he were as full of joy and forgetfulness!

Now we might forgive Mr. Gallatin

for introducing the subject of pictorial publicity into a discussion on art and the war if he had done it appropriately, and not at the expense of what really attracts us to his book and is deserving of so much greater consideration. Did not he himself say in his preface: "The purpose of this book has been to chronicle the part played in the Great War by painters, illustrators, etchers, lithographers and sculptors"? "The whole civilized world owes thanks to the artists of America", so his book begins. "Future history would be incomplete without adequate recognition of the mighty concrete values which the artists wrung from the fabrics of their dreams, and devoted to the rescue of humanity from further bloodshed and sacrifice." You see, in approaching his subject even Mr. Gallatin can become rhapsodical! But his happiness, like ours, is brief. The cares of a committeeman soon overwhelm him. They are indeed onerous. Everything goes wrong. The government neglects his advice, the artists heed not his direction. It makes him "sad", as he says. So he writes to the newspapers; he writes to the President! Nothing results. Nothing relieves the gloom till he comes to contemplate England. England shines!

"The greatest possible credit is due England and her Colonies", he exclaims, "for the splendid manner in which they went about obtaining pictorial records of the war. They covered all phases of the war in a most thoroughgoing and masterly fashion." All that they did was wise, able, energetic, and complete. Compared with England "France was left far behind, and the United States is nowhere at all". Consequently they are briefly dismissed. Other countries pass unmentioned. Thus does Mr. Gallatin

make short work of "Art and the Great War".

Well, we are astonished! We will concede the excellence of England and her colonies, and we will take no exception to an American disparaging America. This is a free country. But is it indeed possible, we ask ourselves, can it be that Mr. Gallatin, who sets himself to write a book on the subject, knows nothing of the excellent and abundant work the artists of France have done and are doing as a result of the war? Except for their posters, he virtually ignores them. Truly, this is a scurvy way to treat a nation so civilized and courteous, and so famed for art and war! And in a volume that advertises itself with so comprehensive a title as Mr. Gallatin's, we might reasonably expect to be enlightened on the efforts of the enemy countries as well as those of the Allies. If this world war, as Mr. Gallatin intimates, was largely a battle of pictures, just what were the artists of the Central Powers doing all this time to defend themselves, we would like to know?

To quite disregard the Germans, whose war pictures compare favorably with those of any of the nations at war, only serves them right, I suppose. But brave little Italy,—modest, unassuming, patient mother of the Renaissance!—why should we who refuse her Fiume deny her a word on her share in war art? This is no way, surely, to consider the subject of art and the Great War. Again, just what mighty concrete values the artists of Russia "wrung from the fabrics of their dreams" (if indeed they wrung any), rescued humanity is left to conjecture. So it is with Belgium, and Serbia, and Rumania, to mention no others; nor is it otherwise with those countries not involved in the war but whose art

showed some of its influence: on all these subjects, proper to his treatise, our historian remains mysteriously silent.

I do not say this silence is due to ignorance; I attribute it to kindness. I firmly believe Mr. Gallatin knows thoroughly all that has been done in art and the Great War; I suspect he has been grievously disappointed in the general result, and out of charity, is disposed to say nothing. I am sure I have the secret of this disappointment. May I offer it?—but strictly between ourselves?

As I conceive it, Mr. Gallatin is of an open, trusting nature, one that hopes for the best. Out of the innocence of his heart he expected great things of the war, he thought it would work a wondrous and immediate change in art and artists,—he was even prepared for miracles! One might be inclined to smile at his naïveté, if all were not concerned in it. For all of us, in a way, and while the war lasted, were victims of the same fallacious hopes. In our misery we flattered ourselves that war was the chastening rod, the fire that purifies; the pains the world suffered we concluded were labor-pains, we fondly imagined we were about to bear witness to the world's rebirth. Henceforth men were to reform their ways—they would be good husbands and fathers, poets would be no longer "decadent", painters would return to nature, authors would write like Dickens and Thackeray, and the Golden (or at least the Victorian) Age would be restored again. It occurred to nobody to think that, as before the war human affairs were a mixture of good and bad, so after the world would pursue its ordinary way, and remain mediocre.

Least of all are artists altered by events. They live apart from the

world. And though its outward forms may change, the spirit of humanity remains the same; its ideal in war is truth, and in peace the beautiful. At one with this spirit and permeated by it, artists move secure and undisturbed through troublous ways. Indeed, art is the only immutable thing in nature. That is why we worship it. While ordinary men waste their talents giving expression to transient affairs, artists, true to their nature, are merely intent on expressing themselves. See, for instance, how Mr. Pennell, in the illustrations Mr. Gallatin lays before us, remains unaffected by the confusion about him, finding in it only excuse to continue picturing the "wonder of work". Steinlen is another example. Steinlen replaces his chimneys of the Paris suburbs by some smoking ruins, before which troop "refugees" that were lately his suffering masses of the *faubourgs*, and this is his contribution to war. I do not reproach him for this. On the contrary. For if he has nothing new to offer, truth is as old as the hills; he discovers in war what was familiar to him in ordinary life, and the justness of his vision is confirmed.

Even in the army itself the artist found what was familiar to him, where essentially life went on as usual though garbed in a uniform. Men rose and went to bed, they ate and they drank, they worked and they played, they fought and made love, complained and were happy. Whether he inclined to "landscape" or the "figure", "genre" painting or the historical,—even if he were a "comic" artist,—he had ample material to choose from, and could work according to his

custom. Chardin himself, in this miniature world, would have found as much to do as Detaille or de Neuville; for cutting throats and blowing out of brains, I have been told, is but a small part of the life of a soldier. However, as we always associate the theatrical with our idea of war, nothing will ever quite satisfy us in a war picture but scenes of blood and carnage.

In this respect, the work of the artists as represented in Mr. Gallatin's book does not satisfy. To tell the truth, it strikes us as "tame",—there is no other name for it. Mr. Gallatin complains of this. It is not war as he imagines it. No, decidedly not! And there, I fancy, is the explanation of the difficulty.

To the eternal credit of the artists be it spoken, they did not go to France to "imagine" the war! Nor once there, did they pander to the taste of those at home who craved sensation. Truth was their concern, not propaganda. And the truths they tell us, the facts of war as here presented, should prove instructive. In a modest and grateful spirit then let us who stayed at home receive them. Above all, let us not make ourselves ridiculous. For if we send an expedition of trained men, at the peril of their lives, into the jungle for specimens, what would be more absurd than to complain, when the first shipment arrives, that the lion doesn't roar loud enough, that the elephant isn't big as a house, and, worst of all, that there isn't a hippogrif or a unicorn in the collection!

Art and the Great War. By Albert Eugene Gallatin. E. P. Dutton and Co.

VACATION READING

BY ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

I'M not going to read a single book all summer!" The boy of sixteen who made this announcement in the summer of 1917 was driving a spirited horse over one of those willow-fringed roads which lead back from the New Hampshire coast through a lovely inland country. "You see", he continued, after waiting in vain for expostulation or comment, "I've already read three books from that old list (a long list furnished by one of the large preparatory schools of the country) and I don't have to read more than three."

"Don't you by any chance want to read a book that is not on the list?" I inquired. "No, I don't think of any. If I should *come across* another book as good as 'Ivanhoe' I'd read it. I read 'Ivanhoe' four times before I ever saw it on a list. When I called for another, just as good, father handed me 'Quentin Durward' and 'The Talisman', but I couldn't get interested in either of them. Anyway I'm sick of looking at print. Can you stand a road full of thank-you-ma'ams?" I could and did. Books were forgotten in the enchantment of that wood-road nor did we speak of them again during a week of perfect June weather, for I too have been often "sick of looking at print", and quite content as child and grown-up to go on from one vacation day to an-

other without opening a book until one day I chance to come upon something I can't resist.

On such a day—a morning in early June—I had been sent to dust a guest-room and place some roses there. Throwing wide the windows, I proceeded to my task only as far as a table on which lay a little green-covered book I had never noticed before—"The Vision of Sir Launfal". I read it through three times, and then I walked straight out into that June day—dusting and flowers forgotten—down through the apple orchard and on across open fields to a sunny pasture, there to drop down on a great flat stone beside a brook with the poem in full possession of me. The printed book had been left far behind—it so often is—nor did I feel the desire to repeat any of the lines. The beauty of the poem had shot through my consciousness and stirred a new sense of wonder and delight in a perfect June day. I was twelve years old that summer and had such an anthology as "Golden Numbers"—with its "Chanted Calendar", "Green Things Growing", "On The Wing" and all its other invitations to read poetry for the pure joy of the experience—been in existence, I might now be looking back upon it as one of my vacation books. But Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Smith had not yet begun to make sum-

mer and winter holiday with their "Posy Ring", their "Tales of Laughter", and "Tales of Wonder". Even "Timothy's Quest", so true to the spirit of childhood and to the life of a near-by township, was still to be written.

The visitors who came to stay in the guest-room brought with them copies of Sarah Orne Jewett's "Deephaven" and another book of her short stories. One of these stories—whose title I've forgotten—I still recall with a strong sense of its reality; and the impression it left with me that the lives of people who lived up and down the country roads over which I so often drove with my father, might have just such stories behind them.

That stories could be lived as well as dreamed I was now sure. Even as a child I felt this quality in Miss Jewett, the gift of giving back "the very life" as Kipling tells her in a letter about "The Country of the Pointed Firs". "So many people of lesser sympathy", he reminds her, "have missed the lovely New England landscape and the genuine New England nature. I don't believe even you know how good that work is."

The short story I remember so clearly is that of an elderly New England woman facing the necessity of giving up her old home. Surprised by the visit of a nephew and his family, she conceals her distress of mind by a camouflage of baking powder biscuits and hot gingerbread. As she puts the tins into the oven, she remembers that she has given the last drop of cream she had in the house as well as the last bit of pound cake to a little girl who had come early in the afternoon in the hope of finding some work to do in her summer vacation. Since she had to disappoint the child she must offer consolation of some kind—cream and

pound cake vanished. Moreover she expressed no regret, but cheerfully rose to meet the present emergency by crossing the railway track to fetch a fresh pitcher of cream. On her return a train stood in her path. Hastily mounting the steps to the platform she was about to descend on the other side when the train began to move; and bareheaded, holding her pitcher of cream, the hospitable soul presently finds herself inside a Pullman car, speeding on to a distant station. Of course, she finds someone in need of cream. This time it is not a child but the invalid aunt of the young lady who lends her a "fascinator" and money for the return ticket. A few days later these travelers solve their problem as well as hers by coming to stay with her for the summer. The little girl is engaged to run errands and wash dishes, and the reader is left with an all-pervading sense of the kindness of the world beyond New England, from which the travelers came, as well as with a delightful picture of that true hospitality which takes no account of age or station in life and is to be found alike in Old England and New England. Years later I was reminded of this story by certain chapters in "Cranford"—that "visionary country home" of Anne Thackeray Ritchie "which", she says, "I have visited all my life long (in spirit) for refreshment and change of scene."

"But will the girl of today read anything so slow as 'Cranford' or those charming stories of Miss Jewett—'The Queen's Twin', 'A White Heron', or 'The Country of the Pointed Firs'?" Not always, but I have so often shared my delight in these stories with groups of girls who have just begun to connect "Little Women" with the life of Louisa Alcott as they

know it in a book, and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with Kate Douglas Wiggin, as they have listened to her reading of her "Child's Journey With Dickens", that my faith is very strong in the natural appreciation of the girl of today provided she is not urged to read any given book. Put fine books in her way. Let her, in so far as may be, discover for herself those which seem to belong to her and in her own good time let her give testimony concerning them. There will be depths as well as heights in her reading as in her brother's. The perfect June day on which I discovered "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was succeeded by several rainy ones in which I discovered a barrelful of "The New York Ledger" and "Golden Days" stored away in an attic, and from the village library I read, surreptitiously, "St. Elmo", "Barriers Burned Away", and "Tempest and Sunshine". The latter was among the first of my "favorite novels of a brief period". I read most of the books written by Horatio Alger, Oliver Optic, Elijah Kellogg and other popular writers for boys. That the reading of all these books and many more "did me no harm", I can state with no such assurance as do the fathers of many boys I have known. Nor is such negative testimony of much value in the preparation of lists of vacation reading. We are slow to remember that with certain notable exceptions the children's books loved by one generation are rarely loved by the next. Poetry and fairy tales and some few stories live on with little change, but every generation claims its popular authors for both boys and girls.

It is a wise parent, scout leader, or camp counselor who reads books already in the hands of boys and girls before making a selection for his sum-

mer home or camp. Moreover, he must read with a forward as well as a backward look, if he would inspire continuous interest and respect for his judgment of books and his discernment of their appeal to the personalities of his prospective readers. No list, however carefully prepared, registers this last all-important element. Nothing short of give-and-take reading and discussion of books with children and young people will ever supply it; and no time is more favorable for such interchange than the rainy morning, the hot afternoon, or the cool night of a summer holiday.

Fortunate is the public library that stands at the meeting of vacation ways, and receives on return of its books lent for vacation reading firsthand evidence to show how these same books "got over" to boys and girls all the way from Maine to California—from Canada to Florida. Such evidence is invaluable in giving life and color to the selection of books at any season, and there has grown up in the summer city of New York as a result of it a kind of tradition that vacation reading is as much fun as anything else. That it has taken a natural place among summer sports and amusements there was convincing evidence in the summer of 1916, when children under sixteen years old were deprived of the privileges of the public library by the Health Department for a period of nearly three months. "First the movies closed, now the library. Gee! they'll be keeping us out of the river next!" exclaimed a boy on returning his books to one of the branch libraries near the Harlem river. The motion-picture houses reopened early in September for the admission of children of twelve years and older. No sooner did this become known than the boys and girls flocked

to the libraries in all parts of the city. Great was their disappointment and surprise not to be admitted there. Although it was known that the public schools would not be open until the last week in September, it was popularly rumored "If the movies, why not the libraries?" "I'm so *lonesome* for books," pleaded a little Russian girl, to be echoed by thousands of others from the Battery to the Bronx. Even the patrons of large and popular private collections of "Motor Boys", "Aviator Girls", "Elsie books", and "Alger books" had become bored. "The books we had were all alike," they said as they stretched out eager hands for the Lang Fairy Books, for Mark Twain, Howard Pyle and Stevenson, for Altsheler, Louisa Alcott, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Paul Du Chaillu and other authors not to be found in second-hand shops, on push-carts, or in the possession of their friends. The owner of one of these private libraries, who had been lending from it generously, appeared at his branch library on the opening day to ask for "Men of Iron" and for certain other books which he said "cost too much" to buy for his own library. A boy who was looking for "Hugh Wynne" remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had had nothing to read all summer except "The Ladies' Home Journal". Many and intimate were the revelations concerning the reading of boys and girls during that long, oppressive summer vacation, for although denied admission to the libraries, the children were not prevented from talking with the children's librarians as they met them in the streets. No one who spent any part of that summer in New York will ever forget it or fail to give books a different place in the vacation days of those who stay at home as well as of those who "ride away" to the coun-

try, the mountains, or the seashore. The element of companionship in books selected for vacation reading was brought home more vividly than ever before. Rows of perennial favorites stood unopened on library shelves—the very books we had so often recognized in the hands of children who, like "David Copperfield", might be seen "reading for dear life" on the doorsteps of crowded streets, on the roofs of tenement houses, on the fire escapes, in shady corners of parks and playgrounds, on the recreation piers, on ferryboats, under the bridges:—wherever it is humanly possible for children to read library books, there they are read in vacation time.

"Don't you think John ought to follow some special line in his reading this summer?", asked an anxious mother. By all means, if he has a special interest and a craving to satisfy it with books, provide him with a liberal supply of histories, books of exploration, Greek myths, Arthurian legends, Norse stories, natural histories, stories of animals, Indians—whatever may be drawing him most strongly; but don't lay out a special course of reading for John or Mary if you want them to love books and form natural associations with them. Let them choose for themselves from a large and varied collection the books they would like to take away with them, or would like to read to forget that they cannot go away. You would have liked to do that at their age wouldn't you? In the presence of books and children the anxious mother succumbed to the reminder of her own youth, and next day came accompanied not only by John and Mary but by Barbara and Michael, to each of whom is accorded the vacation privilege of taking eight books on a card. The anxious mother is no longer apprehen-

sive concerning John's future career, but lends yeoman's service in testing books from the children's standpoint, and is rewarded by being told she may choose two of each eight "to please yourself".

JOHN'S LIST

(John is just a nice all-round boy about thirteen years old.)

The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes.
The American Boys' Book of Signs, Signals, and Symbols.
The Book of a Naturalist.
The Cruise of the Cachalot.
Captains Courageous.
The Three Musketeers.
The Mysterious Island.
Kidnapped.

BARBARA'S LIST

(Barbara is rather dreamy—wants to be beautiful and popular, about twelve years old.)

Golden Numbers.
How to Swim.
Andersen's Fairy Tales. (For The Snow Queen, The Wild Swans and The Little Mermaid.)
Stories from Old French Romance.
Kenilworth.
Cheney's Life of Louisa Alcott.
Little Women (to reread).
Master Simon's Garden
or
Mary's Meadow.

MARY'S LIST

(Mary is ten years old and very practical—climbs trees.)

When Mother Lets Us Make Candy.
The Swiss Family Robinson (for rereading).
What Happened to Inger Johanne. (Delightful stories from the Norwegian.)
The Slowcoach.
Conundrums, Riddles, Puzzles and Games.
Jack and Jill.
The Peterkin Papers.
The Princess and the Goblin.
The Adventures of Buffalo Bill.

MICHAEL'S LIST

(Michael is nine years old, with a strong interest in natural history and fairy tales.)

Grimm's Fairy Tales.
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.
The Children's Book.
The Jungle Book.
Alice in Wonderland.
The Pied Piper.
The Burgess Bird Book.
Pinocchio, the Adventures of an Italian Marionette.

Michael will welcome "The Burgess Animal Book" when it is published.

He pores over Hornaday's "American Natural History" and every illustrated natural history he can find.

"I've a shrewd suspicion", says the children's librarian, who contributed the selection of books made by one family, "that each child will read the other's books. In that way the impractical ones often get the benefit of the selection of the practical minded, and vice versa. It will be good for Barbara to read "The Peterkin Papers", and it won't hurt Mary to read "Golden Numbers" on the sly—up in her tree."

There is always much rereading of old favorites in the summer vacation: "Mother Goose", "The Nonsense Book", "The Child's Garden of Verses", "Just So Stories", the "Arabian Nights", the "Fairy Tales" of the Grimms and Hans Andersen, "The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks", "Little Women", "The Last of the Mohicans", "Treasure Island", "Alice in Wonderland", "Through the Looking Glass", "The Princess and Curdie", "The Jungle Books". And from this rereading there comes an invigoration of mind and spirit which is often reflected in the speech of the returned vacation reader.

"How do you do, Miss Elegant Fowl", was the gay salute of one small boy to the librarian who received his vacation books, and well it is for her prestige that she is able to respond in the same vein. She must not become stodged with books or with theories of children's reading if she would take a natural place in vacation days as "the lady who knows all the books by heart—knows how to skip the dull parts and how to substitute one book for another when the one you really want is being read by somebody else."

"I've finished 'The Wonderful Adventures of Nils' and I want you to

send me the second volume right away," wrote Edouard from the country last summer; "I'm half way through 'Little Smoke' but I like 'Nils' the best." Edouard, whose devotion to Thornton Burgess has been chronicled in *THE BOOKMAN*, was ten years old when he discovered the Swedish classic in a selection of eight books chosen with a view to relieving the boredom of a summer vacation in a country boarding house where he was stranded with his mother and baby sister. The selection included stories of Indians, pirates, South Sea Islanders, the "Just So Stories", and Thornton Burgess's "Danny Meadow Mouse". The second volume of "Nils" was promptly dispatched by post. On Edouard's return "David Blaize and the Blue Door" lay upon my desk to be greeted with: "Here's another of those books I know aren't true but I wish might be. May I take it?" He vanished, to return next day with eyes shining over the chapter on flying. "Something like 'Nils' only a different country and a younger boy," he said, as he picked up a copy of "Lilliput Levee" which he read on the spot, chuckling delightedly. "May I take this to learn to speak in school? It would make everybody laugh except our teacher." He decided that the risk might be too great for an ordinary school day. "Lilliput Levee" must be read in holiday mood. This summer Edouard, at eleven, is still reading Thornton Burgess but is discovering Seton's "Biography of a Grizzly", "Wild Animals I Have Known", and "Two Little Savages". "The Red Fox" of G. C. D. Roberts has given him great delight. I know that he will listen fascinated to such chapters as "Bats", "The Toad as Traveler", and "A Sentimentalist on Foxes" from Hudson's "Book of a Naturalist";

and will read for himself "The Discontented Squirrel", which is in reality a very charming story for still younger children with its vivid picture of the migration of squirrels.

Edouard goes to a boys' camp this summer, and it is easy to picture him vibrating between the groups of older and younger boys at story-hour time. If the opening chapters of John Muir's "Story of My Boyhood and Youth" are read aloud he will be held with the same interest he has manifested in the lives of Joan of Arc, Mark Twain, and Cardinal Mercier. "I can tell a great man when I see him—nobody needs to point him out to me," Edouard said of Cardinal Mercier as that great figure passed down the stairway of the Library and stopped at the entrance to speak to a little girl who stood outside.

This quick sensibility of childhood to great things in life or in literature is too often forgotten by those who would bring them together by a preconceived plan. Opal Whiteley's "Journal of an Understanding Heart" in "The Atlantic Monthly", and Hilda Conkling's "Poems by a Little Girl" are stirring something deeper than surface criticism in the minds of those who have not lost their sense of wonder in the presence of childhood. I look upon their publication not alone with the joy of an exploring reader, but as most significant signs that we are moving toward a larger and freer development of writing and publishing books for children in the twentieth century.

"'The Call of the Wild' is the best book I ever read", said one of a group of boys, two or three years older than Edouard, who were discussing dog stories in a branch library recently. "I read it for the first time in Alaska", he continued, "and I know it is true to

life there. When I came home I read it again and I liked it even better here in New York than in Alaska—I could imagine myself back there.”

This boy, who has traveled extensively in South America and Europe as well as in the United States, brings to his reading at the age of twelve a background of great interest to other boys. Nearly all of the group had read “Lad” and liked it very much. One boy had read John Muir’s “Stick-eeen”, a wonderful story to read aloud. “Pierrot, Dog of Belgium” was recommended by another. “The Dogs of Boytown” was characterized as a book they would have liked better had the boys and the town been left out. The interest of this book is in its information concerning different breeds of dogs from the standpoint of a well-known writer on the subject.

“Bob, Son of Battle” and “Greyfriars Bobby” would appeal to such a group of boys more strongly two or three years later.

There is a librarian whose love of dogs and keen interest in vacation reading come strongly to mind as this article reaches, not its end, but its space limits—Caroline M. Hewins of the Hartford Public Library. Long before children’s rooms were opened in our public libraries or nature study had been undertaken by the schools and museums, Miss Hewins’s Agassiz Club and Vacation Reading Hours were established features in the summer life of the City of Hartford, radiating to other cities and country places through book-lists and articles on children’s reading of equal value to parents, teachers, and librarians. Miss Hewins’s “Books for Boys and Girls. A Selected List” is the best list I know of. The latest edition, printed in 1915, the lineal descendant of a list selected by her in 1882 in which Tom Sawyer

is given his true place among children’s books, is characterized by the same wide knowledge of books and rich experience of life. This list may well be supplemented by lists including more recent publications selected by The Bookshop for Boys and Girls of the Women’s Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, and by the new Handbook for Scout Masters, and the lists of books for Boy Scouts selected by Franklin K. Mathiews of the Boy Scouts of America. “Scouting for Girls”, the new official Handbook of Girl Scouts, contains a reading-list selected by its editor, Josephine Daskam Bacon, in conference with scout leaders and librarians.

Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Vision of Sir Launfal. By James Russell Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Golden Numbers. Selected by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Posy Ring. Selected by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Tales of Laughter. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Tales of Wonder. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Timothy’s Quest. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Deephaven. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Country of the Pointed Firs. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett. Edited by Mrs. Annie Fields. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Cranford. By Mrs. E. C. Gaskell. The Macmillan Co.

The Queen’s Twin and Other Stories. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A White Heron and Other Stories. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Men of Iron. By Howard Pyle. Harper and Bros.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Co.

The Boys’ Book of Model Aeroplanes. By F. A. Collins. The Century Co.

The American Boys’ Book of Signs, Signals and Symbols. By D. C. Beard. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Book of a Naturalist. By W. H. Hudson. George H. Doran Company.

The Cruise of the Cachalot. By Frank Bullen. D. Appleton and Co.

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. The Century Co.

The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The Mysterious Island. By Jules Verne. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

*For the adult reader.

How to Swim. By Davis Dalton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Fairy Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Stories from Old French Romance. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Kenilworth. By Sir Walter Scott. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Louisa May Alcott. By Mrs. E. D. L. Cheney. Little, Brown and Co.

Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott. Little, Brown and Co.

Master Simon's Garden. By Cornelia Meigs. The Macmillan Co.

Mary's Meadow. By Mrs. Ewing. The Macmillan Co.

When Mother Lets Us Make Candy. By E. D. and L. F. Bache. Moffat, Yard and Co.

The Swiss Family Robinson. By J. R. Wyss. Harper and Bros.

What Happened to Inger Johanne. By Dik-ken Zwiilgmeyer. Trans. by Emilie Poulsson. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

The Slowcoach. By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Co.

Conundrums, Riddles, Puzzles and Games. By S. J. Cutter. Kegan, Paul Trench, Trubner and Co.

Jack and Jill. By Louisa Alcott. Little, Brown and Co.

The Peterkin Papers. By Lucretia P. Hale. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Princess and the Goblin. By George Macdonald. Blackie.

The Adventures of Buffalo Bill. By W. F. Cody. Harper and Bros.

Fairy Tales. By Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. By Howard Pyle. Harper and Bros.

The Children's Book. Edited by Horace M. Scudder. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. The Century Co.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. The Macmillan Co.

The Pied Piper. By Robert Browning. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Frederick Warne and Co.

The Burgess Bird Book. By Thornton Burgess. Little, Brown and Co.

Pinocchio. By Carlo Lorenzini. Ginn and Co.

The Old Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. The Century Co.

The Complete Nonsense Book. By Edward Lear. Duffield and Co.

The Child's Garden of Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Arabian Nights Entertainments. Illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. Edited by Burton E. Stevenson. Henry Holt and Co.

The Last of the Mohicans. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Through the Looking Glass. By Lewis Carroll. The Macmillan Co.

The Princess and Curdie. By George Macdonald. Blackie.

The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Little Smoke. By W. O. Stoddard. D. Appleton and Co.

Danny Meadow Mouse. By Thornton Burgess. Little, Brown and Co.

David Blaize and the Blue Door. By E. F. Benson. George H. Doran Company.

Lilliput Lyrics. By William Brighty Rand. John Lane Co.

The Biography of a Grizzly. By Ernest Thompson Seton. The Century Co.

Wild Animals I Have Known. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two Little Savages. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Red Fox. By C. G. D. Roberts. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. By John Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Joan of Arc. By Boutet de Monvel. The Century Co.

Poems by a Little Girl. By Hilda Conkling. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. The Macmillan Co.

Lad: The Story of a Dog. By Albert Payson Terhune. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Stickeen. By John Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Pierrot, Dog of Belgium. By Walter Dyer. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Dogs of Boytown. By Walter Dyer. Henry Holt and Co.

Bob, Son of Battle. By Alfred Ollivant. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Greyfriars Bobby. By Elinor Atkinson. Harper and Bros.

Books for Boys and Girls. A selected list. By Caroline M. Hewins. The American Library Association.

Handbook for Scout Masters. Boy Scouts of America.

Scouting for Girls. Edited by Josephine Daskam Bacon. Girl Scouts of America.

THE MOTHER OF ART AND REVOLUTION

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

WE have had many books about the Russian Revolution, a few of which have been good. Fortunately for the reviewer, Oliver Sayler's two books, "The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution" and "Russia White or Red", belong to the good class. Indispensable requirements in the treatment of an epoch-making event like the Russian Revolution are that it shall not be handled with "authority", that the writer shall not attempt to say the "final" word, and that if he wishes to "seek out the heart of its mystery" he shall handle his scalpel modestly and with no flourishes. "We reach for the universe and get—bathos", writes H. G. Wells in one of his rare moments of self-criticism. In all respects of the discretion that an author owes to a great theme, Mr. Sayler's two books are models of appropriateness.

Of these two books I imagine that the first, "The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution", is the one that most lured the author on in his adventure. And in spite of his ancient predilection for the theatre and the joy that he had in paying tribute to the mother of modern theatrical art, I imagine it is the second book which gives him his greatest satisfaction as he looks back on it. Certainly, in the writing of this, he discovered new powers in his already generous equipment as critic and student of social events.

It subtracts nothing from the dignity of the modern theatre, which itself has its disciples, its devotees, and even its martyrs, that a cause has arisen which dwarfs the achievements and passions of that theatre. Whatever may have been the author's first intention, whatever it was that drove him forth in the summer of 1917 to wander counter-clockwise around the world, it was the Russian Revolution that in the end justified his journey. He would study at its fountainhead the inspiration of modern theatrical art, its spiritualized realism, its fanciful futurism, its music and dance and color. He started on a quest of art and found himself at the heart of intense reality.

I would not have it thought that there is anything pale in the Russian theatre as Sayler saw it. Its persistence under the abnormal conditions of the Soviet Revolution bears witness to the extraordinary vitality of the theatre itself and to the spiritual quality of the Russian social genius. Within a few days after the author reached Moscow, the Art Theatre opened again after its temporary eclipse. Thereafter, it and the other theatres of Moscow were open regularly. The author was fortunate in making his connections. He was taken into the charmed circle wherever he went. Apparently, nothing discouraged him—no impediments of language, pressure

of time, or random bursts of musketry, hindered him from his thoughtful foregathering with the men who had made the Russian theatre and quickened the theatre of the western world. He took with him his best gifts as critic—a quick eye, ready critical discernment, and an easy pen. He added to these gifts something of the historian's grasp of the unity of events.

The result is a quite unusual freshness and lucidity in the view we get of the Russian theatre. It is as if the study of the theatre itself were lighted by the fires of the Revolution. We find the great men of the Russian theatre—Stanislavsky, Dantchenko, Tairoff, Kommissarzhevsky, Meyerhold—still at work and faithful to the vision in the midst of a world on fire. The Moscow Art Theatre is the mother art theatre of the world, the one theatre which under a democratic system has done what state theatres are supposed to be able to do and so often have failed in doing. Its method, Sayler well calls the "method of spiritualized realism". Next to it is the Kamerny Theatre, the headquarters of futuristic art. And then in highways and byways there are the theatres of newer growth, of more anarchistic trend in art, if not in politics. And after Moscow there is Petrograd.

"The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution" is written by a man trained by years to the task of dramatic criticism. "Russia White or Red" is the work of the same man, who turns his pen to larger issues than those with which it is wont to deal. How is it then that quite aside from subject-matter, one prefers the latter book, considers it to be better done, and even to rise here and there to a tragic dignity? I confess that I

came to this judgment in spite of myself, for (I humbly apologize to the author, whose friendship I value) I had expected simply another work by an ill-informed excursionist. This book is a better book than the other because, granted a tutored mind, a writer will always tend to rise to his theme. To practise dramatic criticism, which seems to be the one art in which men are permitted to express judgments on things in general, there is needed clear sight, mental honesty, respect for humanity, hatred of cant and stereotyped thinking, and a ready pen not too weighted with subtleties and high meanings. Put these qualities to work on a play and they make an engaging dramatic criticism. Put them to work on a world upheaval, and they are likely to avoid many of the faults of authoritarianism, bumptiousness, and special pleading that have disfigured much writing on the Russian Revolution.

There are many reasons why I am enthusiastic for "Russia White or Red", but I can refer to only two or three of them. In the first place, since I cannot be in Russia myself, the book helps me to see what I should want to see if I were there. I see the crowded railway stations, the disordered mansions, the long queues, the home life disordered by anxiety and a new poverty. I see the hardships of the food supply and the petty inconveniences which go with the changing of order and the law. I do not see much fighting, nor are the chief actors drawn frequently onto the scene. I should not see these if I were a citizen of Russia or a random participant.

And then, this book helps me to think, and provides a canon of honesty in thinking. That is an entirely different thing from thinking for me, or showing me what to think. The Rus-

sian Revolution is so confused in a multitude of issues that it is difficult to maintain an even keel. He who shows me how to bring candor and open-mindedness to bear on this great problem has rendered no slight service. Candor and open-mindedness are the distinguishing features of Mr. Sayler's work. This is shown even in such a minor matter as the title of his book. I confess that the alternative form, "Russia White or Red", troubled me until I had read the book. But the book gives the answer. There are not two Russias today. There is only one Russia. She is confused, distracted, her transportation is broken down, her money is valueless, her people are starving. At her borders, the Allied policy—enlightened or selfish—has thrown a fringe of little states to keep her from the outside world. But Russia is a unit. Russia is not indulging in a debate in which sooner or later she will take sides. She is blundering into new paths with nothing to guide her but her own genius.

Another thing is clear. Except for the economic features, which we are tending to overdo in these days, Russia is sufficient to herself. No nation of the western world is so well equipped to live spiritually upon her own forces. This is shown in the theatre as well as in the Revolution. The Russian theatre has been source, model, and inspiration to the rest of the world. It has not received a corresponding influence from without. In the repertoires of the Russian theatre one finds a little of Ibsen, a little of Hauptmann; a favorite is the "Salome" of Wilde. But there is no artistic *drang nach osten* from the

western world into Russia. The tendency is all the other way. Even Japan has shown more of the effects of the philosophy of the western world than has Russia.

Two further points demand a word of mention. The author's statement of the position of the Czech regiments in Russia, throwing, as it does, an elucidating light on the loss of Admiral Koltchak, should be read by everyone interested in Allied policy in Russia. And no less salutary would it be for many Americans to taste the author's censure of America's pretensions in Russia, our easy disposition to take an attitude of authority on matters of which we hardly know the alphabet, "our tendency to let benevolence take the place of understanding".

The writer of these words did not get into Russia. But he did stand in her Baltic front-yard, now broken into kitchen middens, and wait for Petrograd to fall. Now and then there came word from without that Petrograd was soon to come into the hands of the opponents of Bolshevism. While we were waiting we heard a crash, and learned that Odessa had fallen. But she fell inward. Denikin advanced from the south and retreated again. Koltchak established a White capital at Omsk, and was dispossessed and led to his doom. There have been many crises, but Petrograd has not fallen. If you want to know why Petrograd has not fallen, it may be well to read these two books.

The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution.
By Oliver M. Sayler. Little, Brown and Co.
Russia White or Red. By Oliver M. Sayler.
Little, Brown and Co.

CERTAIN DRAMAS OF DAILY LIFE

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

THE drama abhors a closed door. There is no form of literature that can penetrate so deeply, so swiftly to the very heart of life lived by actual people; no form that shows more accurately the interplay of characters. You cannot fill up the interstices with description; you cannot pause over personal emotion; you cannot halt your plot by side issues, however interesting. All these are given to the novelist; to the dramatist they are denied. But he has his compensations; he omits circumlocutions. In fact, he does not have to knock on the door for entrance; he just goes in, unexpectedly and unawares; he senses a social problem at its imminent height; he stands unseen, as referee between the younger generation and the older. There are some writers solely concerned with the social or moral issues; to them the thesis is paramount. But there is another type of realistic drama much more potent—the one where character is more interesting than statement; where judicial poise is subservient to faithfulness of human reaction; where sense is not allowed to outweigh common sense.

The tragical in daily life—which is neither the old tragedy nor the thesis plea—has almost created a type of play peculiarly its own. There were intimations of it long ago in Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero; but it soon became conventionalized in society

drama—where the only doors to open were those of the drawing-room or the bedroom; and where there was no wallpaper design of varied color, but the same old primrose path of dalliance with whitewashed heroines to greet the eye. St. John Ervine is among those who have lately, through dexterous faithfulness, reached the limit of realistic portrayal in the new type of play. It is well to consider him because of the unusual performance of his "John Ferguson" by the Theatre Guild in New York last season, and because of the recent production by the same organization of his "Jane Clegg", while Mr. Ervine was visiting this country. No matter whether you read or see the former play, you instinctively turn to the repertory of the Abbey Theatre Players for comparison. An Irish drama, no matter what its political differences, its religious problems, its social portraiture, is always of the same rhythm, has always the same color for a background, and has always, criss-crossed in it like the fine veining of marble, a native humor of character,—the special genius of the present generation of Irish writers. Witness Padraic Colum and Lennox Robinson. In so far may Ervine lay kinship to local influence.

Nevertheless, after reading his plays and novels, one places him outside that literary renaissance so soulfully cham-

pioned by Yeats, so successfully mothered by Lady Gregory. This may be because his traditions are of Ulster, not of the South. It may be because of his Protestantism, his unprovincialism as a London journalist, his repertorial observation rather than poetic creativeness. "The Magnanimous Lover" and "Mixed Marriage" were produced during the Yeats-Gregory régime at the Abbey; their acceptance was an indication that the Irish theatre could not live by dreams alone. "John Ferguson" was seen at the Abbey while Ervine was the manager, and this was, as Ernest Boyd has so discriminatingly stated, when the Irish Repertory Theatre was on a new road—the road of Irish realism, corresponding somewhat to the English realism.

So, we must not regard Ervine as of the school of Yeats, nor of the tradition of Synge, nor of the Gaelic propagandism of Douglas Hyde. He is a journalist, with no idea of "reviving" anything; merely an excellent writer, viewing his country as rich in character,—which is more interesting by far to him than the fabric of legend upon which Yeats embroiders his poetic designs. You cannot compare Ervine with Synge, whose pen was moved by his spiritual nature, whose people were shaped by the hidden force of their emotions. Ervine obtains movement in his dramas through the skill and dexterity with which they are constructed. Their action is consciously external, not internal. Yet, in none of his plays can one criticize St. John Ervine for his lack of rich comprehension of the strength and weakness of Irish nature. He is merely showing the manner of his type—the manner of realistic treatment of the tragical in daily life.

Recall the Irish plays you have read

or seen since the visit of the Irish players to America. Their genius is of the same stuff; poetry is bred in their bone as music is part of their speech. Superstition and the mystic and a certain quality of humor are of them, as the color of their hair, the beauty of their skin, the flash of their eye are part of their distinctive beauty. It is not the poet who made the almond eye and the cherry-blossoms of Japan. But the poet can make the most of them in art. That is the local influence.

All of Ervine's important plays have been seen in America: "The Magnanimous Lover", "Mixed Marriage", "John Ferguson", and "Jane Clegg". They show him interested in unyielding religious training, in conflict of religious differences, in the younger generation breaking through tradition and the God-fearing dictates of parents. Both "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg" are apparent pieces of work, in the theatre and in the book. The whole vitality of the former play is dependent not on plot, but on the way John Ferguson's character acts as the ebb-tide against which the young folk beat in their efforts to reach the stream of a larger life. We know everything that is going to happen, yet there is cumulative suspense notwithstanding. The piece is excellently dramatic, despite certain prolixity of dialogue. I can think of no recent play where the dramatist more completely shows every card in his hand. Yet Ferguson's severe biblical piety, the son's young conscience torn by law, and the final crumbling of Protestant rectitude—all these are absorbing in the acted play.

Where one feels Ervine failing is in the conclusion of his story, which indicates his limitations as an artist. It may be true to life for men like Fer-

guson, no matter what bitterness overtakes them, to fall back on religious smugness; it may be true for mothers of a certain type to be calculating with the souls of their children. But we expect some spiritual reactions from a girl who has gone through dire experiences for which her brother sacrifices himself. Sympathy dwindles in "John Ferguson", and there remain the bare husks of a Puritan philosophy, neither refreshing to contemplate nor comforting to remember. We do not care for the future of any of these characters: the truism that life often hangs by the bare thread of accident strikes us with no poignancy; for it does not touch the profundities. Blame this on certain limitations of the realistic play, yet Ervine must himself be judged for his lack of interest in the spiritual outcome.

"Jane Clegg" exhibits the same mathematical precision of plot structure as "John Ferguson"; it is even more of an external piece. It is less native and racy, because it is more English. If there is a thesis to the play, it is to show the falsity of the marriage oath that a woman must take a man for worse. But there is an accumulation of circumstances shaping the hardness of Jane Clegg, the worst of all being old mother Clegg, who is forever spoiling her grandchildren, and condoning the sins of her son by copybook morality. Here the tragical in daily life is unilluminated, despite the action which drives Henry Clegg from his home. It's a clever picture, but, as in Barker's "The Madras House", there is no soft tone to the print. Jane is positive and correct in what she does, but her revolt leaves her unresponsive spiritually. Contrast her with Nora, in "A Doll's House", after the great scene with Thorvald.

I cannot rate Ervine's dramatic workmanship above his ability as a novelist, revealed, for instance, in his novel "Changing Winds"—one of the best of war stories and studies. But his plays are in many ways an indication of his journalistic development. As a boy, we are told, he feasted on the Bible, Fox's "Book of Martyrs", and "Paradise Lost"—a strong literary diet for a youth! The Bible and Fox crept into the make-up of Ferguson, but no nationalism has crept into his work, despite his coming from Belfast. It is not as an Irishman that he writes in "Mixed Marriage": "Ye cudden tell the differs atween a Cathlik an' a Prodesan if ye met them in the street an' didden know what their religion wus." Born in Ireland thirty-six years ago, there is the London cut to his mind. The interest in his dramas when projected on the stage is dependent on the way the characters are played. Fortunately, in the main, they have been well presented. But, as literature, their literary flavor is journalistic—not a bad attribute, but bad in comparison with the Irish and English writing of the recent Renaissance.

And just here is the superiority of John Masefield's "The Tragedy of Nan"—that its flavor is the richness of the soil from which it seems to spring—the elemental strain which deepens situation and struggle. The moral agony of Nan—the agony of joy in love, of pain in daily living, her bitterness out of love—all constitute a tragedy of soul rather than a shaping of plot. The style is heightened prose, like Synge's—and the poetic interplay of suggestion and response between Gaffer and Nan before she finally kills herself—so different from the scene between Clutie and Andrew in "John Ferguson"—yet both the better for pruning in the stage version—is writ-

ten with the feeling of the poet rather than with the eye of the reporter. There are two things said by Masefield in the foreword to the printed play which show the web and woof of "Nan". "Tragedy at its best", he writes, "is a vision of the heart of life." It, therefore, goes further than the realistic tragedy. Again, "Our playwrights have all the powers except that power of exultation which comes from a delightful brooding on excessive, terrible things." Andrew, in "John Ferguson", might have been the vivid picture that Nan will always remain, had Ervine what Masefield has to a wonderful degree—a "delightful brooding on excessive, terrible things".

"The Tragedy of Nan" is actable, but it is not the theatrically effective piece that either "John Ferguson" or "Jane Clegg" is. Yet its situations are almost melodramatic in their suspense. Its slowness may be because there is noble writing in the dialogue, and noble writing is not always moving in the theatrical, structural sense. Nan's brooding is a spiritual surging of youth—all warm and live and passionate. Here is no photograph, but a canvas rich in color. One sometimes, while witnessing the play, al-

most wishes that Masefield had an eye to those externals which Ervine watches so closely. It would make him swifter on the stage whenever his fine literary sense lingers. As sheer actable writing goes, Ervine is better in both "Ferguson" and "Clegg" than Masefield in "Nan". But vision brought to reality makes of "Nan" the superior play.

These three plays mentioned show to me clearly the limitations of a too real reality in drama, and the significant beauty of exultation in character portrayal. We have our choice, and I believe we have passed the point of painting the things as they are: we've gone beyond Shaw and Brieux in content if not in dexterity. The eye has too long been pampered in drama while the spirit thirsted. The era of doors that lead to conditions of time and place seems to be at an end: doors that open on drawing-rooms and bedrooms are giving place to doors that open on to human souls.

John Ferguson. By St. John Ervine. The Macmillan Co.

Jane Clegg. By St. John Ervine. Henry Holt and Co.

The Tragedy of Nan. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.

LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

THE great majority of mortals—I include myself—have been content merely to think of “Shakespeare” as the greatest of English dramatists, and to feel that the actual identity of the author was of little consequence when taken into consideration with the importance of his work. “Shakespeare”, be he William Shakspeare, Bacon, or another, having accomplished the greatest achievement in the history of literature, will always be secondary to that achievement. Yet there have always been enough inquiring spirits to keep alive the question of the actual identity of “Shakespeare”. The weakness of the Stratfordian—or William Shakspeare—theory has long been acknowledged. Among those who feel that tardy justice should be done to some person unknown for the quite evidently misplaced credit of the authorship is J. Thomas Looney, whose “Shakespeare Identified” will soon be published by Stokes. His conclusions are as unusual and startling as his investigations have been complete. “At the beginning”, the author states in his introduction, “it was mainly the fascination of an interesting enquiry that held me, and the matter was pursued in the spirit of simple research. As the case developed, however, it has tended increasingly to assume the form of a serious purpose, aiming at a long overdue act of justice and reparation to an unappreciated genius

who, we believe, ought now to be put in possession of his rightful honours; and to whose memory should be accorded a gratitude proportionate to the benefits he has conferred upon mankind in general, and the lustre he has shed upon England in particular.” This “unappreciated genius” is Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, who apparently fits the “Shakespeare” mold without a flaw. Mr. Looney has carried his investigations to the point where they deserve the serious consideration of experts. How many of the premises stated in “Shakespeare Identified” will be admitted by those who hold the Stratfordian view, is a matter for speculation.

* * * *

The author of “Uncensored Celebrities”, E. T. Raymond, will publish through Henry Holt and Company a new volume of sketches under the title of “All and Sundry”. From the American point of view the accent should be placed rather strongly on the “Sundry”, as the subjects of the sketches—with a few exceptions—are Englishmen but slightly known to our reading public. Undoubtedly the most interesting of the exceptions is the characterization—flattering or uncomplimentary, as you will—of President Wilson. Of the change in Europe’s attitude toward Woodrow Wilson Mr. Raymond very honestly says: “One feels just a little as one does on taking tea with a Bishop after he has deliv-

ered his charge. The lawn sleeves are no longer there, and the gaiters are very visible; one is conscious of the fallible human being, the more conscious because of the veneration lately felt for him in his pontifical character. Bishops ought never to take tea, or to forsake splendid generalities."

* * * *

Proceeding on the Darwinian theory that man has descended, or ascended, from the ape, it is easy to imagine that the civilization of man might easily have been instead, by a different development, the civilization of the lion or any other animal. We might have had, for instance, a world ruled by lions, by goats, or guinea pigs. Clarence Day has compared the world-as-it-is with the world-as-it-might-have-been in a rather amusing and clever fashion. "This Simian World" will soon be published by Knopf. It is one of the few books concerning this much-harassed globe, which makes me feel that things, bad as they may be at present, might have been worse. Oliver Herford set an admirable example in guying this too bothersome universe in his "Giddy Globe". When he completed his book he said: "This globe, you know, is not all it's cracked up to be. It ought to be abolished."

* * * *

Virginia Woolf, latest addition to that brightly-shining constellation of English realists which includes Walpole, Bennett, Wells, Beresford, and Swinnerton, will soon publish her first novel through George H. Doran Company. "The Voyage Out" is fearless, almost disconcertingly so. Leaning somewhat toward the introspection of Swinnerton's "September", it leaves the sense of being more vital, more powerful, equally engrossing. There is something greater than talent that

marks this book. Cleverness it undoubtedly has. But it has a further poignancy of emotion and an extent of originality which bring the conviction of genius. And her humor is based on the fundamental absurdities of ordinary people brought together under the most commonplace of circumstances. It is more than possible that those unfortunate readers who prefer their literature put up, like their medicine, in candy form, will leave "The Voyage Out" at the first port of call, if they do not indeed abandon it in mid-ocean.

* * * *

Houghton Mifflin announce as an important May publication, "The New Bee", by Vernon Kellogg of Hoover's Belgian staff. Turning to the realm of natural history, like Mr. Day in "This Simian World", Mr. Kellogg takes for his heroine a lady of the race of bees—one Nuova by name. Nuova, though a worker, finds time between seasons to fall in love (this I have always been led to believe was the prerogative of the Queen) and goes through adventures allegorical and satirical. The story as a whole is a rather clever caricature of certain types of modern women.

* * * *

Herman Klein some years ago began with Adelina Patti a record of the latter's extraordinary career. Other important matters prevented Mme. Patti from carrying out the original plan, but Mr. Klein, a musical critic and scholar of eminent ability, completed the biography, writing in full the story of her life. A generation was born, grew to maturity, and passed on to the haven of "The Lost Chord", while Mme. Patti sang her glorious way around the world. Beginning at the age of seven, for nearly sixty years her flaming genius held

undoubted supremacy in the world of music. "The Reign of Patti", soon to be published by the Century Company, shows in its meticulous characterization of Adelina Patti and in its insight into the life of so splendid a genius, the worthwhile results of years of labor.

* * * *

Those whose interest has been aroused by the rather unusual work of the Provincetown Players will I am sure be interested in the publication of eight one-act plays, by Susan Glaspell, which brought so much fame to the Little Theatre movement. Susan Glaspell (Mrs. George Cram Cook) has been one of the mainstays of the Provincetown Players. Her "Plays" are to be published by Small, Maynard and Company.

* * * *

Catherine Carswell's "Open the Door", which has just won the Melrose £250 first-novel prize in London, is announced for June publication by Harcourt, Brace and Howe. As a story of a girl's natural swing from repression to unconventional freedom, it will probably undergo a large measure of discussion and criticism.

* * * *

A new epic of maternity is to be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. It is "The Prairie Mother", written by Arthur Stringer. The author may well claim to be the Julian Eltinge of modern literature; indeed, it is difficult to believe that he has not, himself, borne twins. I find my illusions regarding the buoyant, care-free life on the western plains—of Canada—destroyed by this diary of lost fortunes, lost children, lost crops, and lost husbands. The heroine mother commands deep respect for the

dauntless courage and endurance which allowed her to write so copious a diary. There are some who—like myself—shy at any diary, some who may object strenuously upon finding the principal characters named: Dinky-Dunk (father); Pee Wee and Popsy (the twins); Dinkie (the other child), etc., etc. On the other hand, there are assuredly quite a few who will say when they reach the last page, "Oh, so grand and sad—with such a happy ending."

* * * *

That part of the late war fought in Mesopotamia has never been credited with its true importance, for like our own Revolution, it was secondary to the great events occurring in France. Much time will probably elapse before the record of the Indian Army receives the credit due its heroic action against the Turks. General Townshend, "the hero of Kut", has written a detailed and graphic story of that hundred-to-one-shot, disastrous expedition. One of the cleverest strategists of that British Army, General Townshend made a brilliant advance toward Bagdad against overwhelming numbers. At last he was besieged by a great Turkish army at Kut-el-Amara, where he and his small force kept up a courageous resistance for nearly twenty weeks. Then the inevitable surrender came. General Townshend has been severely criticized for not demanding more strongly a larger force; in "My Campaign in Mesopotamia" (to be published by the James A. McCann Company), he admits that he never, from the beginning, had much hope of success. History will no doubt show more clearly the consequences of this unfortunate but bravely-fought campaign.

—S. M. R.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in April in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
3. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
4. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
5. The House of Baltazar	<i>William J. Locke</i>	LANE
6. The Man with Three Names	<i>Harold MacGrath</i>	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
3. The House of Baltazar	<i>William J. Locke</i>	LANE
4. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
5. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
6. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
5. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
6. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
3. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
4. The Moon and Sixpence	<i>W. Somerset Maugham</i>	DORAN
5. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
6. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY

WESTERN STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. Jeremy	<i>Hugh Walpole</i>	DORAN
4. Mrs. Marden	<i>Robert Hichens</i>	DORAN
5. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
6. The Moon and Sixpence	<i>W. Somerset Maugham</i>	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
4. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
5. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
6. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 3. Abraham Lincoln | <i>John Drinkwater</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 4. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 5. "Marse Henry" | <i>Henry Watterson</i> | DORAN |
| 6. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 2. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 3. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 4. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 5. A Labrador Doctor | <i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 6. White Shadows in the South Seas | <i>Frederick O'Brien</i> | CENTURY |

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 2. Abraham Lincoln | <i>John Drinkwater</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 3. White Shadows in the South Seas | <i>Frederick O'Brien</i> | CENTURY |
| 4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 5. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 6. A Labrador Doctor | <i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i> | HOUGHTON |

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 2. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 3. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 4. Abraham Lincoln | <i>John Drinkwater</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 5. "Marse Henry" | <i>Henry Watterson</i> | DORAN |
| 6. The Seven Purposes | <i>Margaret Cameron</i> | HARPER |

WESTERN STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 2. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 3. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 5. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 6. White Shadows in the South Seas | <i>Frederick O'Brien</i> | CENTURY |

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 3. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 4. A Labrador Doctor | <i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 5. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 6. White Shadows in the South Seas | <i>Frederick O'Brien</i> | CENTURY |

THE GOSSIP SHOP

AN excellent idea, indeed! Rapidly developing—since it was lately first put into effect—into an institution, and into a force of great benefit to the cause of the dissemination of books, and to the wider and at the same time more intimate enjoyment of them.

Marcella Burns (now Mrs. George M. Hahner) it was who, at any rate in this country, began the thing—with her Book Fair at the Marshall Field and Company store in Chicago, something less than a year ago. (An interesting account of this most successful Fair was written for *THE BOOKMAN* by Fanny Butcher, of the Chicago "Tribune", and appeared in the issue of the magazine for November-December, 1919.)

A somewhat similar enterprise, though one of a happy character peculiar to itself, was the Hoosier Book Exhibit, recently given at the department store of L. S. Ayres and Company in Indianapolis, and conceived and managed by Eleanor Foster, head of the book department there. The distinctive nature of this collection and display of the works (and portraits) of Indiana novelists, poets, and humorists was in the capitalizing of local sentiment. It is probable that Miss Foster will herself, for the benefit of other communities, write for *THE BOOKMAN* the story of her "show". Its educational value, for one thing, was (we have been told by many Indianians) a godsend to them, and

henceforth permits them to mingle with much more peace of mind than before in cultivated society away from home, as they are not now subject to the embarrassment of being more or less "stumped" when asked in other states to tell all about the famous author crop of Indiana.

Still another Book Fair was given not long ago in Minneapolis.

The latest venture of this kind is the only one which the Gossip Shop has had the luck to see, so to say, "face to face". And too much, we feel, we cannot say for the admirable way in which that one was "put on", and also "put over".

The large and handsome store of Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, in the heart of St. Louis, had until recently, we understand, only a small book department, on the first floor of their building. This spring, however, the management of "Vandervoort's", as it is popularly called in its own city, quite changed this matter. The house now has an extensive, charmingly decorated, and well stocked bookstore located on the sixth floor, a floor which it shares, most appropriately, with a little (and not so little, either) world of pianos, and on which is a delightful little theatre, referred to there as the auditorium or music hall.

This bookstore was very pleasantly christened, as you might say, by the giving of an "Author's Week", April 12 to 17, in which a number of writers

of popularity and distinction delivered informal talks on books in the music room. Throughout the week, also, an exhibition of original manuscripts and illustrations was presented in the bookstore.

William Marion Reedy, a far-famed literary monument of St. Louis, and Editor of "Reedy's Mirror", presided (in a manner which in itself was worth going for to admire and enjoy) as Master of Ceremonies to each of the authors.

Among the speakers announced in the program, in the order there given, were: Robert Cortes Holliday, Editor of *THE BOOKMAN*; Mrs. Jane A. Pier-son, an active writer for magazines and newspapers; Ellis Parker Butler; Max Ehrmann, an Indiana author of a number of books; Douglas Malloch, well-known writer on outdoor life; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, Editor of the Scientific Department of "The Literary Digest" and Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Mrs. Theron Colton, of Chicago, public worker and lecturer on nature; Percival Chubb—twice President of the Drama League of America—who has written largely in the field of ethics and religion; Miss Temple Bailey, a St. Louisian by adoption, and author of "The Tin Soldier"; Mrs. Mary Dillon, Louis Dodge, Fannie Hurst, and (the "Week" closed with a Children's Day) John Martin, known far and wide as the "John Martin Book" man.

Murray Hill, who was observed in the audience on several days, may later on in some of his *BOOKMAN* papers have something more intimate to say concerning this opening of a bookstore on which we congratulate "Vandervoort's", and St. Louis.

E. V. Lucas has just been traveling across the continent from San Fran-

cisco to New York, trying to buy copies of the books of Mrs. Wharton. He has been annoyed at finding them out of stock. In a number of instances he has found this the case, and for this reason: the shortage of paper does not permit generous reprinting of earlier books not now greatly in demand. "She", says Mr. Lucas, "is about the best there is, in England or America." A full description of Mr. Lucas's picturesque luggage will appear in an early article by Murray Hill, who assisted the Gossip Shop in putting Mr. Lucas on his train at Chicago for the East.

We (the Gossip Shop) have been under a misapprehension—if that's the word. At any rate, the fact of the matter is this: we had somehow got the hunch that the bookshop not long ago opened by Doubleday, Page and Company in St. Louis was a hand-box affair, trim but tiny, like their little shop in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, New York. Were in there the other day. All wrong. Big place. Large stock. Entrance at either end. 'Pologize. Say we're sorry. Our mistake entirely. All kinds of books. Quick service. Capable people. Quite right, Sir; quite right.

A new book by Carl Sandburg to be published this fall, and on which he is now working, is to be called (he told the Gossip Shop in Chicago the other day) "Smoke and Steel".

The Gossip Shop learned from Booth Tarkington in Indianapolis a short time ago that the novel he is now writing is to be called "Alice Adams", the name of the heroine, who is "Alys" Adams (as she spelled herself then) when the story opens.

We were strolling along Washington Street one afternoon a couple of weeks (or something like that) ago, and we went into a place where many books, among divers and sundry other things, are sold. There we were informed that the book most constantly in demand at that place was Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World". Washington Street? Why, in Indianapolis, of course.

Here is a letter just received (the story referred to is quoted from William Webster Ellsworth's "A Golden Age of Authors"):

Dear Gossip Shop:

I have just been looking over the April BOOKMAN which, by the way, seems to interest me more than any other periodical;—and that Polar Bear yarn won't do. David Warfield used it or told it in a show at the Casino many years ago. It you don't believe it, ask him. It is simply dreadful to have to call you youngsters down.

Most cordially and sincerely yours,
S. H. WAKEMAN,
Oldtimer

Ellis Parker Butler has celebrated his fiftieth birthday by writing "How it Feels 'to be Fifty", just published, in which he says:

At fifty a man should feel younger and stronger and more fit than he ever felt before. I do. Most men do, I believe. Younger fellows do not even play properly. They make a sort of work of it. It is not until a man is fifty that he knows that golf and fishing and poker and pinochle are play, and that work is play, and that life itself is kind of an interesting big game, too.

At twenty my life was a feverish adventure, at thirty it was a problem, at forty it was a labor, at fifty it is a joyful journey well begun.

The Shakespearian anniversary month is notable for distinguished birthdays. Harriet Prescott Spofford celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday on the third of April, two weeks after the publication of her book of short stories "The Elder's People". On the same day in California John Burroughs was celebrating his eighty-third. His

next book is expected within the year. Edwin Markham's sixty-eighth anniversary is marked by the publication of a new book of verse, "Gates of Paradise".

"La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque" of Anatole France (who, by the way, had *his* seventy-sixth birthday in April) has been adapted for the comic opera stage. Apropos of which the "Mercure de France" remarks:

It has long been evident that laws should be passed for the protection of masterpieces against librettists. But one would never have expected that it would be necessary to protect such works against their own authors; nor would one have expected to find among these delinquents a very great writer, and one of the finest minds that our country has produced.

Professor George Baker of the Harvard "47-Work Shop" is on leave of absence in Holland and England, obtaining material for a pageant which is to visualize the story of the Pilgrims for the tercentenary exercises at Plymouth.

"In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers" by Mary Caroline Crawford, just issued by a Boston house, is among the timely volumes of interest because of this approaching celebration.

Scotsmen in this country will be particularly interested in the project of the newly-formed Robert Louis Stevenson Club in Edinburgh—that city which lacked the enthusiasm several years ago to erect a memorial to one of its most brilliant sons. The club is said to have started with 350 members and to be rapidly growing. Its aim is, of course, to buy the house in which Stevenson was born, and to use it for a museum of Stevensoniana. Several contributions of value have been added—notably some unpublished manuscripts donated by Sir Sidney Colvin.

In anticipation of the celebration, next year, of the centenary of Keats's death, a movement has been started in England to save from destruction "Lawn Bank", the poet's house near Hampstead Heath.

This house, in which Keats lived during the most fruitful period of his literary career, is about to be thrown on the market as an "eligible building site". A representative committee, which includes Sir James Barrie, Dr. Robert Bridges,—the Poet Laureate,—Thomas Hardy, Viscount Bryce, and H. G. Wells, has been formed with the object of preserving it for the benefit of the public, including Americans who visit the "literary shrines" of England.

A short-time option has been obtained to afford an opportunity of procuring the necessary funds. It is estimated that not less than \$50,000 will be needed for the purchase and maintenance of "Lawn Bank" as a Keats Memorial House. "Lawn Bank" is the house which Keats and his circle knew as Wentworth Place. In December, 1818, after the death of his brother Tom, Keats went to live there with Charles Brown, and this was his home until he left England for good two years later. It was soon after he went to "Lawn Bank" that he became engaged to Fanny Brawne. Her mother rented the cottage while Keats and Brown were away on their Scottish tour.

Within its walls or under the shelter of the trees which still flourish in its old-world garden, Keats planned and wrote. The old mulberry tree, under which he is said to have written his "Ode to a Nightingale", is still growing.

"The place of his death in Rome", state the committee in their appeal, "is piously preserved, but England has

no corresponding memorial. If 'Lawn Bank' is destroyed no similar memorial for him can be found in the land of his birth. Such an irreparable loss would be deeply and permanently deplored."

Whitman's publishers are telling the story that they recently received, from a Boston schoolma'am, a letter addressed to

Mr. Walt Whitman,
c/o Doubleday, Page & Co.,
Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

PLEASE FORWARD

The letter read:

Will you favor me by sending your autograph? I wish my sons and pupils to be interested in men *who do things* and so have secured the signatures of many famous men and women—Pershing, Carnegie, Bell, Bernhardt, Balfour, Taft, etc. etc.

Thanking you in advance for the marked courtesy, I am,

Very gratefully,

Obviously this was not a new brand of humor at the Hub, but an earnest inquiry which the publishers in like spirit referred to the dealers in rare books, MSS., and autographs.

Here is the Deep Sea Shelf—the ten most popular books of the sea—as selected by a wide ballot of landlubbers and seafarers alike throughout the country, who were invited to record their choice at the recent exhibit in New York of the National Marine League:

1. *Treasure Island* Stevenson
2. *Two Years Before the Mast*.. Dana
3. *The Sea Wolf* London
4. *Captains Courageous* Kipling
5. *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* Verne
6. *The Cruise of the Cachalot*.. Bullen
7. *Under Sail* Riesenbergl
8. *Mr. Midshipman Easy* Marryat
9. *Lord Jim* Conrad
10. *The Nigger of the Narcissus* Conrad

Besides the Perfect Ten, the following titles received the greatest number of votes:

11. *Typhoon*Conrad
12. *Robinson Crusoe*Defoe
13. *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* Russell
14. *Westward Ho!*Kingsley
15. *Tollers of the Sea*Hugo
16. *Sailing Alone Around the World*Slocum
17. *The Pilot*Cooper
18. *Dauber*Masefield
19. *Kidnapped*Stevenson
20. *The Seven Seas*Kipling
21. *Salt Water Ballads*Masefield
22. *The Cruise of the Snark*London
23. *Many Cargoes*Jacobs
24. *Moby Dick*Melville
25. *Youth*Conrad
26. *Tom Cringle's Log*Scott
27. *The Clipper Ship Era*Clark
28. *Masterman Ready*Marryat
29. *The Greenhand*Cupples
30. *The Ancient Mariner*Coleridge
31. *The Mutiny of the Blenheim* .London
32. *Victory*Conrad
33. *At Sunwich Port*Jacobs
34. *Typee*Melville
35. *Chance*Conrad
36. *The Swiss Family Robinson*..Wyss
37. *Caleb West, Master Diver* ..Smith
38. *The Phantom Ship*Marryat
39. *Out of Gloucester*Connolly
40. *Mare Nostrum*Blasco Ibañez
41. *Casuals of the Sea*McFee
42. *Two Admirals*Cooper
43. *Peter Simple*Marryat
44. *The Mysterious Island*Verne
45. *The Brassbounder*Bone
46. *The Grain Ship*Robertson
47. *The Influence of Sea Power Upon History*Mahan
48. *Cappy Ricks*Kyne
49. *Sinful Peck*Robertson
50. *Sailor's Log*Evans

William McFee proposed as "The Seafarer's Library":

- | | |
|---|------------|
| <i>Tom Cringle's Log</i> | Scott |
| <i>Two Years Before the Mast</i> | Dana |
| <i>Mr. Midshipman Easy</i> | Marryat |
| <i>Captains Courageous</i> | Kipling |
| <i>The Flying Cloud</i> | Roberts |
| <i>The Cruise of the Cachalot</i> | Bullen |
| <i>The Log of a Sea-Wolf</i> | Bullen |
| <i>The Salving of a Derelict</i> | Drake |
| <i>The Grain Carriers</i> | Noble |
| <i>Marooned</i> | Russell |
| <i>Typhoon</i> | Conrad |
| <i>Tollers of the Sea</i> | Hugo |
| <i>An Iceland Fisherman</i> | Loti |
| <i>The Sea Surgeon</i> | D'Annunzio |
| <i>The Sea Hawk</i> | Sabatini |

"Please note I do not include Conrad. He bores me," said a man who listed his opinion of sea books in the "Evening Post". And the "Line o' Type" of the Chicago "Tribune" defended his choice of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" as his favorite salt-sea yarn: "Conrad is an over-praised institution—that is true of everything that is good. He can write very well and very badly. But he knows the sea and he communicates its mystery and romance better than anybody since Homer." "Tars:" wrote one "Cyclone" to the Deep Sea Shelf, "My vote is for Holman Day's 'Blow the Man Down' and John Masefield's 'Dauber'." "A literary expert has told me that Melville had written the best sea story known to the world," said one of the "Times" staff as he voted for Melville and Dana. "These books were written by Americans—both sailors—concerning the American sailor and the American Merchant Marine. They are histories as well as novels. Melville's writings synchronized the flourishing period of the great whaling industry of New England and the supremacy of American shipping in general. Dana's story of the Cape Horn route has an interest today because of the linking of the Atlantic and Pacific by the Panama canal." So raged the opinions in what the Deep Sea Shelf called "this conspiracy against the mothers of the United States to revive youthful interest in the romance-laden books of the sea".

Enthusiastic support of the foremost men and women in Paris—American, British, French—is securing for the French capital a model American public library. It will make the best literature of America and important facts about America available to the residents of Paris, and will be

the international outpost of the American Library Association—an outgrowth of the Paris Headquarters during the war. It will be in a position to give advisory assistance and to furnish a demonstration. Information about libraries and other educational affairs in Europe will be collected and transmitted to America for our good. Several hundred thousand francs have been subscribed and a campaign is now on in Paris for an endowment. The American Library Association, New York City, is receiving contributions in America for this activity.

“Punch” again:

“It is feared that owing to the sudden appearance of summer weather last week, the Poet Laureate will once again be obliged to hold over his spring poem.”

And there is also this comment on American over-indulgence of Englishmen:

Sir Oliver's personality is like that of one of the prophets of old. Venerable, white of hair and what scanty locks of hair remain, a dome-like head, over six feet in height.

Boston Herald

“This must be the result of American atmosphere, as we are quite certain that the last time we saw Sir Oliver, his head was not an inch over three feet in height.”

“Le petit Journal” is a new semi-monthly publication of a New York house—a four-page illustrated folder consisting of selections from current French papers and magazines, a literary page, a sporting column, a column of society notes, and one devoted to feminine interests.

“Those Americans who keep track of the women authors of France”, writes

George S. Hellman (recently returned from a year in France) in a letter to *THE BOOKMAN*, “are familiar with Jean de Gourmont's volume, entitled ‘Muses d'aujourd'hui’, a book prefaced by a brilliantly suggestive essay on physiological poetry, and containing some eleven papers radiant with excerpts from the Comtesse de Noailles, Rénée Vivien, Hélène Picard, and other French poets. Published in 1910, this volume was too early to include among its chapters a critique on the work of Natalie Barney, who later in that same year appeared before the public with her first two volumes: ‘Actes et Entr'actes’, devoted largely to dramatic verse, and ‘Eparpillements’, a fascinating little volume of epigrams. If a second ‘Muses d'aujourd'hui’ were now to be written, Miss Barney would probably be given a chapter therein, despite her American birth,—so fully has this woman, to whom Rémy de Gourmont wrote his ‘Lettres à une Amazone’, been accepted as a stimulating factor in the literary life of the Paris of today.

“For some twenty years, this American has maintained one of the few real salons where French statesmen, authors, artists, scientists, actors, journalists meet to enjoy her hospitality. But she has not lost her sense of kinship with her native land. During the period of the armistice her enthusiastic cooperation in all matters relating to the art education of the American soldiers won enduring gratitude.

“Natalie Barney's interest in whatever either practically or sentimentally draws France and America closer together, is shown in her newest book, ‘Poems et Poèmes, Autres Alliances’, recently brought out in New York, on the curious bilingual title-page of which appear the names of both the French and the American publishers.

The book itself is divided into two parts—the first given over to verses in English, the second to lyrics in her adopted tongue.

"In all less than fourscore poems, this work is intrinsically the product of an American woman who has experienced, during many years, the intellectual and emotional life of the French capital. There is in America no milieu where a woman of Miss Barney's temperament and attainments could realize herself with full freedom. Ultra-modern as are these poems, they are essentially pagan in their passion for the beauty of love and for the love of beauty. They are closely allied to that Renaissance spirit which so avidly sought new experiences in all fields of man's emotional and intellectual reactions. Life is a choice of experiences, and for the person of strong will, individualistic, of dual nature, passionate, intellectual, and artistic, the choice is not always conditioned by the usual formulæ of society. In the poem 'Life' with which the English portion of the volumes concludes, the poet bids goodbye to 'old habits, old deaths', calling them 'sacred ground under my on-faring':

I have shut my eyes long enough—
Shut eyes grow blind!
Clinging to just one little human life!"

The publishers of William Roscoe Thayer's biography of Theodore Roosevelt have made arrangements with a New York house to reprint this book in a popular-price edition.

A new French monthly, "L'Acropole", is being published in Athens. Its purpose is the consideration of reconstruction activities in Western Europe and the Near East, embracing history, archæology, art, literature, drama, poetry, politics, economics, and

religion. French and English publications will also receive critical attention. Prominent members of the staff of the University of Athens and of the Académie Française have promised their cooperation in the enterprise.

"The Bad Results of Good Habits and Other Lapses" is the title of a new book by a Boston clergyman. Perhaps the accident of this author's being born and educated in Ireland accounts for the racy quality of such chapters as "Life's a Jest", "In Praise of Eve", "The Happiness of Being Grown-up", and "A Trip Around My Soul". The jacket bears the following pertinent inscription:

It has been noted that the climatic prospects as far as heaven is concerned are fine, but that judging from the good people of the present day, there is no similar promise there of good company. This book is an attempt to sell a few sites in heaven to kindred souls to whom company is of more importance than climate.

Breakfasting with Browning, walking after lunch with Carlyle, and dining at Lord Lytton's elbow are memorable experiences of his undergraduate days which W. H. Mallock, a nephew of Froude, the historian, recalls in the May "Harper's". Browning "held out both his hands to me with an almost boisterous cordiality. His eyes sparkled with laughter, his beard was carefully trimmed, and an air of fashion was exhaled from his dazzling white waistcoat." His talk was "a constant flow of anecdotes and social allusions". While he was hardly the boy's ideal of "the singer of 'Lyric Love' as 'a wonder and a wild desire'", still he left the poet's presence with a face "shining like Moses when he came down from the mount". Carlyle's déshabille impressed the boy so unfavorably that he said to himself;

"If you represent fame, let me represent obscurity." And when the philosopher blew his nose in a pair of old woolen gloves, the disenchantment was complete. "I here saw at once an illustration of a chapter in 'Sartor Resartus', in which the author denounced what he christened 'The Sect of the Dandies', as described and glorified by Bulwer Lytton in 'Pelham'." Lytton represented to young Mallock everything Carlyle hated:

I was indeed, despite my reverence for him, faintly conscious myself that his turquoise shirt-stud, set with diamonds, was too large, and that his coat would have been in better taste had the cuffs not been of velvet. But it seemed to me that from his eyes, keen, authoritative, and melancholy, all the passions, all the intellect, and all the experiences of the world were peering. To have sat by him was an adventure; to have been noticed by him was not far from a sacrament.

In Walt Whitman's Journal, July, 1881, in the prose "Specimen Days", are found quotations from several of Whitman's favorite poems which he was in the habit of carrying around in his pocket and rereading. Among these is the only quotation he ever made from an American poet—part of a sonnet on Maurice de Guérin written by Maurice Francis Egan in his early twenties and brought out in "The Century" (then "Scribner's"):

A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast:
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the figure crucified
And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

Budding playwrights who struggle with the refractory characters of their imaginations should take heart from the precepts of François de Curel. This member of the Académie Française, whose new play "L'Ame en Folie" was recently produced at the Théâtre des Arts, has imparted to readers of "Les Annales" his method

of composing. Among other confidences is this:

When I write, the entrance of a person who speaks to me does not disturb me. I am, on the contrary, delighted at having my attention diverted; I seek to retain the intruder, no matter how insignificant he may be. Upon his departure I find that my characters have progressed; my faculties of production are doubled. If I am alone for a long time I saunter to the window and amuse myself by gazing at the peasants working in the distance, at the hares pursuing one another, at the clouds, the herds, etc.,—this without giving a thought in the world to my plays. At the end of several minutes my characters arise within me, force themselves upon my notice, and lead me back invincibly to my manuscript.

In conclusion, the playwright observes:

I have almost no sensation of being the author of my plays.... After a short while, I completely forget my works. If, at the end of ten years, I reread them, I have very real surprises; I am truly astonished at hearing these personages express themselves as they do under such and such circumstances. I feel myself absolutely free to censure or to admire. I am hindered neither by amour-propre nor by modesty. I am not the author.

A new mystery play "The Bat", the joint work of Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, is soon to be produced by Wagenhals and Kemper—first in Washington and later in New York. A successful farce of several years ago will be recalled—"Seven Days", by the same authors and under the same management. Mrs. Rinehart's stories "Tish" and "Bab: A Sub-Deb" have recently been filmed.

A series of biographies of modern statesmen is shortly to be brought out by an American firm. Those who have played leading rôles on the diplomatic stage during and after the war will be included: Venizelos, by Herbert Adams Gibbons; Clemenceau, by Norton Fullerton; Woodrow Wilson, by William Allen White; and volumes on Lloyd George, Viscount Grey, and Baron Sonnino.

William Dean Howells, novelist, poet, and editor, died on May 11, in New York, having passed his eighty-third birthday on the first of March. His father—of Welsh ancestry—was an Ohio printer and editor, and the boy's education and training were acquired chiefly in his newspaper office; at twelve crying his father's paper "The Transcript" on the streets; at fourteen a reporter on "The State Journal"; at nineteen correspondent for "The Cincinnati Gazette"; at twenty-two an editor of "The Ohio State Journal"; and then assistant editor (to his father) of "The Sentinel". His first poetry, in his early teens, he put into type at the printer's case without the interposition of paper; some of these verses were printed by "The Atlantic Monthly". Moving to Boston, he enjoyed the patronage and friendship of Longfellow. A campaign life of Abraham Lincoln commended him to the President's notice and he was appointed consul to Venice, where he wrote "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys". Here he married Elinor G. Mead, a sister of the sculptor. On his return he was one of the contributing staff of "The New York Tribune", and a little later became editor of "The Atlantic Monthly"—a position which he resigned after some years to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, leaving as his legacy to the magazine "The Contributors' Club" which he had created. After a few years of conducting "The Editor's Study" in "Harper's Magazine", he for a short time edited "The Cosmopolitan". Among the honorary degrees conferred upon William Dean Howells were: M.A. from Harvard, M.A. and Litt.D. from Yale, Litt.D. from Oxford and Columbia, and LL.D. from Adelbert. He was also President of the American Academy of

Arts and Letters. The catalogue of his published works in the fifty-five years from 1860 to 1915 includes seventy-two titles. His last work, scarcely completed, was a series of papers "Years of My Middle Life" for "Harper's Magazine"—a complement to the earlier "Years of My Youth".

An Edith Cavell edition of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" comes from an English press, and is being sold for the benefit of the Edith Cavell Homes of Rest for Nurses. The volume from which the facsimile has been made was in the possession of Miss Cavell at the time of her death. Its fly-leaf has a brief summary of her arrest, imprisonment, and sentence, ending with the words written in anticipation of the event: "Died at 7 A. M. on Dec. 12, 1915."

Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas", which has been one of the best-selling non-fiction books of the last several months, has been dramatized by the author in collaboration with Laurence Langner of the Theatre Guild, and will appear next autumn at the Garrick Theatre under the title "White Shadows". Mr. O'Brien is also helping to put his story on the screen.

Another swing of the pendulum. Shelley's prose "A Philosophical View of Reform", written a century ago but never appearing in book form, is about to be issued for the first time in England and America, being considered topical in its discussion of social problems. Written in a vellum notebook, it was decorated—probably in the author's intervals of seeking inspiration—with drawings, of which we get the facsimile.

THE BOOKMAN



July, 1920

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

Richard Burton

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THE BOOKMAN



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

BY RICHARD BURTON

WHEN a mayor of a large western city says "has went" twice in a public speech, and a governor of a great eastern state in public utterance declares that "it ain't in my heart to hurt any man", it gives one a piquant sense of the democracy of language in these United States. It seems a reversion of Lowell's ideal for good English: "the speech of the people in the mouth of the scholar". We get a charming picture of proletariat and pedants amiably exchanging idiom, while school "larnin'" goes glimmering, and go-as-you-please is the order of the day. Why bother about the form of sentences, when vital questions are for settling, and when to make others understand your meaning is the main purpose of words? That, at least, appears to be the general view. No wonder Brander Matthews speaks of English as a "grammarless tongue". America has done and is doing her full share to make it so.

This popularization of the mother tongue—or democracy working out and through the daily speech of

men in a vast, heterogeneous population like ours—affords both amusement and instruction to one who wanders up and down the land, listening with both ears, and a receptive mind. City locutions, the argot of the street, the country twang, the talk with a burr to it of twenty differing occupations, the sectional varieties of the language inherited from England and infinitely twisted over here to meet our manifold necessities,—with these in view, who can doubt that Mr. Mencken is right in speaking of the "American language"? And it were more accurate to say there are a dozen American languages. The shrewd Yankee still uses his quaint understatement, the drawl of the South registers the easygoing mood of the inhabitants, and the racy brag of the plains is by no means absent from the idiom of the great West. Meanwhile, grammar has a hard time of it. Beecher, it may be recalled, once said that when grammar got in his way, it didn't have the ghost of a show: that is exactly the position of the mighty

multitude who today maltreat the parts of speech, and seek a short cut to an idea by whatever word or phrase seems handy. One recalls the cowboy who made a trip to Paris and was asked by his bunkie on returning to the big plains, how he had got along with French; to which he answered: "I got along fine, but French had the hell of a time". English has that sort of time in the United States, but the people are perfectly happy about it. Why worry? A few professors are hired, at very small pay, to do that, and the populace prefers to do its suffering vicariously.

The pundit, the pedant, and the professor who are fain to stem the turbid tide of popular vernacular may suffer pain; but they can have little influence on the situation. Even collegebred folk revert to type and use people's speech—when they are out from under the restraining, corrective monitions of academic haunts—in a way to shock, amuse, or encourage, according to the point of view. Artificial book-speech is struggled for in recitation halls; then forth issue the vital young, and just beyond the door, real talk is heard once more: the words and sentences that come hot from the heart, eagerly from emotional reactions, spontaneously representing the feelings rather than a state of mind supposed to be proper. To see a pupil who on trial solemnly declares that two nouns call for a plural verb, hasten out into the happy sunshine and immediately begin to do what the race always has done—including truly idiomatic writers—namely, use a singular verb on all such occasions, is only depressing to those who place the letter before the spirit which is life.

I happened to be reared in Connecticut, where Congregationalism is very

strong, and my father was a clergyman of this denomination. Naturally, I grew up with the idea that this particular sect was the true religious centre of the land. It was a real shock, I remember, the day I discovered that among good friends of the family were numbered Episcopalians, and even Baptists. But the complete disillusionment came when, by chance encountering statistics in a religious paper (I have never believed in statistics since), I learned that the Methodists far outnumbered the other Protestant denominations, and that the Catholics beat them all! At that moment, the ways of God with men seemed inscrutable to my young mind.

And it is exactly so about language. Carefully brought up in New England, one faces life in the confirmed opinion that Boston is the city of the law, and that nobody worth while would say, "It's me", whatever the provocation. But after meeting that idiom in writers like Stevenson, Kipling, and many others who truthfully and skillfully report the uses of polite people in the British isles, one is forced to the terrible conclusion that over there, at least, there has been a fall from grace, illustrating the total depravity of well-educated human beings. One even finds so horrid a locution as "It's them",—which is a further descent, that we know is so easy, to Avernus. Or confine the observation to our own country: I was reared where to say, "like I am", was to become *déclassé* at once. As a student at Johns Hopkins, however, I began to hear this manner of talking from college professors and Baltimore belles, if they chanced to be Southerners. This led to reflection, and, stimulated by wide wanderings in that charming section of the land, the inquirer came to realize that there is a pretty good argu-

ment for *like* in place of *as*, thus: the Bible has it, "like as a father pitieth his children"; the cultivated East struck out the word *like*, and said "*as* a father"; the cultivated South struck out *as*, and said "*like* a father"—and there you are! It is a sectional difference in idiom, and *like*, having a sort of familiar charm about it, thrived, and spread all over the West, and at present enjoys a lusty life, and will, despite all efforts to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course, being a New Englander, I don't take to it kindly myself; but I do get a naughty thrill of pleasure when it comes from the mouths of others,—especially when accompanied by the inimitable grace in utterance of southern women.

In Nashville, Tennessee, last summer I happened to run into the expression, "We didn't get to go", and at once pricked up my linguistic ears. It came from a person of excellent educational credentials, too. My only knowledge of it before was in Clare Kummer's piece, "A Successful Calamity", where it was put on the lips of a servant. But now I heard it from one whose sheepskin hangs decoratively on the wall. And was unregenerate enough to like it, and be glad that so happy a phrase lived to add savor to more conventional speech. When I was a freshman in college, our English teacher, beloved by all who had the good luck to get his ministrations, told us one day that by the time we were middle-aged, all educated folk would be saying, "you was". I am surprised that he did not lose his job. But he was wrong: having reached middle age, or worse, I find so-called-educated men and women still favoring "you were", whatever the practice of the impolite. Yet, who shall say that we may not come to even that? It is so natural, so easy, so logical, to

normalize, "I was, you was, they was"! It certainly sounds vulgar in the extreme, and personally I could not do it, not even for a prize. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Meanwhile, the masses will say "you was", if they want to, and they mostly do.

Twenty years ago, on first going West, I was interested and amused to encounter a new idiom which seemed rather a felicitous one. Students at a large state university always referred to themselves as "going to school". The word *school* was used in its broad, inclusive sense to take in the college part of schooling, instead of confining the meaning to that aspect of training which leads up to the college and university — perhaps. There was a pleasing touch of quaintness about such a term, and it reminded you that all the world's a school, and the distinctions between this or that subdivision in the preparation for life merely arbitrary and shallow—a matter of verbal convenience.

Or consider the word *them* for a moment. If we make any pretense to nice speech we are careful to give the four letters their full vocal value; or we do on dress parade. But how many of my readers (and nobody but the élite reads THE BOOKMAN, need I say) dare look me in the face and declare that in the rushing exigencies of human intercourse they do not say "I told 'em to go", and other such short cuts to the communication of thought? In public utterance, in the starched self-consciousness of the drawing-room, on formal occasions in general, I grant you that we all say *them*. But in the innumerable rapid-fire moments of life, which means about three-fourths of it; in business, pleasure, and the pursuit of happiness, I think

it will be well to own up that *'em* is a constant phenomenon. This is not to defend it, but for the pure joy of telling the truth. The Elizabethan dramatists were more honest, even in the written word; for open their plays in any edition not doctored up for college consumption, and you shall find their pages crowded with *'ems*, which simply registers the contemporary fact that that was the way people really spoke. And the philologist is aware that of old the sound represented by the letters *em* was the regular pronunciation, and not the sound *them* at all; so that there is an ancient reason for the apparent modern corruption. The contemporary person, however, who says "I'll get *'em* right away", doesn't do it for any such kowtowing to the past, but because it is crisp, concise, and above all, easy. Economy has always been a law of language; the anxious pedagogue has a tendency to call it slovenliness; but the vast company of those who make speech quite independent of grammarians and all their kind, will go right ahead complacently violating what is mentioned as proper, not even making any difference between a proper and an improper noun, or any other parts of speech. It is all very sad and amusing.

When, with the United States in view, you come to consider the onslaught upon American English sustained by the attack from the fifty tongues of Zangwill's "Melting Pot", you fairly gasp before the situation. That Tower of Babel incident seems like a linguistic tempest in an old-fashioned teapot, in comparison. Who shall inflect the verb of the future or parse the parts of speech, when the changes have wrought their full effect? The cities with their swift attritions and steady tendency to disin-

tegrate any speech that is deep set in grooves, will be always held back and modified by the wholesome archaisms of the countryside, which always favors the old, and as a rule preserves the fine, full-flavored effects once in fashion but now become rustic. Out of the blend, an amalgam must come. The changes will include the actual choice of words and the arrangement of words in the sentence; and the speech-tune, or manner of speaking, will be part of the revolution, the result of which no man can foretell. Education will have its work cut out for it as never before, since it has to face a polyglot problem such that, to hand on English as it has been inherited from the past, becomes a gigantic task, a task never equaled in magnitude and difficulty in earlier days. English has to be intelligibly spoken, not alone as a practical convenience in the interchange of thought, but as a unifying power in Americanization.

And just because of the immense importance of this ideal, we must not be pettily linguistic, but rather take a broad, generous, human view in respect of language use; remembering that language was made for man and not man for language. Standards must be maintained, but not to the exclusion of human sympathy, human comprehension, human touch. Language as it is formally reflected upon by specialists is one thing; language as it is in the making by the people at large is another. Speech, the truly vital speech of any nation, is a quick, hit-or-miss product of the emotions. It is made on the run, and can never be restrained within the careful, neat parterres of precise rules and regulations. It is a wild flower growth, not the artificial result of the gardener's

cultivation. If the Creole, the Scandinavian, the Pennsylvania Dutch, and the East Side Hebrew can contribute an occasional felicitous flavor, the sturdy English tongue, which has weathered many a storm, may decide to incorporate such additions or modifications, let the learned say what they will. A borrowing of this sort is not necessarily vulgar or corrupt, though it may be, and sometimes is; in which case, it should be strangled.

The King James version of the Bible became a people's book largely because it used the plain speech of men, and so freshened literary parlance. The same was true of Luther's translation of the Scriptures. A generation ago, certain great Norwegian writers, moved by the same instinct, turned to the so-called Landsmal or folk speech in order to reinvigorate their tongue; and reading the vernacular of Ibsen and Björnson today, we get the benefit of it. In short, that

is the history of all language shaping. It comes from the people, and the people keep it alive by their unconventional manipulation, whenever it is in danger of becoming too dry, formal, literary, and hence dead.

So it is in the United States. We must keep it respectable, but we must also keep it fresh, changeful, happily sensitive to anything that is expressive and aquiver with life. Nor need we be too much alarmed when we see sectional English, warm on the mouths of men, or set upon the printed page by the more adventuresome writers, freshening the flow of speech as it always has done in this world, and improving a thing that might otherwise become static and stodgy, by the introduction of picturesque local elements. The patois of today may and often has become the accepted speech of a long tomorrow. Chaucer wrote in a dialect; but he became the first great English poet.

THE ROMANCE OF JEFFERY FARNOL

BY J. P. COLLINS

SOMETHING of the utter weariness of Faust must needs ensue upon a surfeit of modern fiction. Now that Atlas is settling into his stride again, we begin to see that the majority of the younger novelists have come through the war rather badly. They were well enough for a prewar public accustomed to regard the printed word as the first and last thing worth considering. They stuck to the rules and followed their models conscientiously. They strained their eyesight through the spectacles of *Empire à la Kipling*; they dazzled themselves with the flying films of science under the rod of Mr. Wells. The world went very well then, in a way. Reviewers perspired; "libraries" and advertising agents flourished; but the Muses languished, and no wonder.

Then came Thor with his hammer, as foretold by the prophet Heine, and where is that party now? There is evidence that some of these half-budded fictionists have escaped into the journalistic haven; others mope among the ruins of official propaganda; others again have descended into Parliament. There is hope for some, a livelihood for most, and experience for all,—which is just as it should be, for experience above everything is what these paper-wasters lacked. They had been cosseted and dandled into literary articulation, and

had perished at the first encounter with realities. It is true that the deliverance is incomplete. But the mischief is out, and one hopes the public has learned to distinguish at last between writers who have been suckled upon print and swaddled into authorship, and those who have seen the world and found something to say.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol is a healthy example of the point at stake. There are few of our novelists as independent of place or period, though some admirers would territorialize him in the county of Kent, and others might pin him to the era of the gay Prince Regent. But the characteristics common to his work are racial and permanent, and he would probably admit that his best asset has been a knock-about experience of life. After all, this is no new doctrine. Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness, and plenty of sound romancers have learned in the school of adversity how to keep their readers in good spirits. Worldly prosperity, as William James declared, lacks "the great initiation", and what holds good in the spiritual sphere holds equally true of imaginative writing. Certain good fairies round Mr. Farnol's cradle were none the worse for seeming otherwise. Besides a father who could infect the household with his love of books, and a mother who was all affectionate en-

couragement, he had this advantage in disguise, that he was born amid dingy surroundings and had to rough it. Only a loyal Midlander like the present writer, who knew Birmingham in the 'seventies and 'eighties, is likely to strike the right balance of allowances and perceive what such an environment meant. London caught our author young, but he was to have another spell of Ironopolis before he turned out into the world, like the younger Weller, to play at leapfrog with its troubles. He was luckier than some of us, for he got a chance of trying engineering; and luckier still, perhaps, that he soon left it behind. One of his few successes was to scale a factory stack for a wagered florin, and those who know what "Brum" could produce in the way of chimneys will see that here was a youngster nothing could daunt.

On the other hand, no factory of brass or iron could hold a lad who was drawing audiences with story-telling when he was not drawing caricatures. Farnol's vein of artistry was irrepresible. He tried ironwork, carpentering, jewelry, the brush, and goodness knows what else. At Westminster Art School he made a lifelong friend of Yoshio Markino, the Japanese artist; but he was shaping for deeper moorings still. He married the daughter of an American scene-painter, Mr. Hawley, and went west with them to pursue his studies in comparative indigence, or what would have proved so but for his father-in-law. Through him Farnol obtained a post in the scenic studios of the Astor Theatre, and after a deal of windmill work, proceeded to paint miles of chequered panorama as a background to prevent the fine aroma of the stage from evaporating before it crossed the footlights. In between whiles he found

time to write a tale which three American firms refused, one on the express ground that it was "too English and too long". Time has brought revenges, especially in America, but not before this bad rebuff was beaten by a worse. An actor colleague took the manuscript to Boston to try its luck there, but Boston lost a chance of joining the chorus of negation. For the actor brought it back, grubbier than ever; it had lain at the bottom of his trunk, forgotten and undisturbed. Not even Peter, its hero, ever had better occasion to rail against the "cussedness" of fate.

That tale was "The Broad Highway", and even broad highways will sometimes turn. Luckily this one, like the bells in the nursery ditty, led the author back to London. His wife, rescuing the manuscript from perdition, sent it to an old friend of the family, who in a long and busy career of sporting journalism had kept his soul alive for literature. Beneath the 'prentice hand he caught the gleam of real romance, and Shirley Byron Jevons was never the man to let good work or good enthusiasm die. He offered it to Mr. Rymer, of Sampson Low, a kindred and discerning spirit, and thus the firm that found "Lorna Doone" had lit upon another gem of price. Their admiration was infectious. Mr. Jevons sent me an advance copy when I was in charge of the literary pages of a well-known daily, with just a line to say that here was a feather for the cap of my native town. Once the first chapter was read, the recommendation was needless. I flung the bush away to enjoy the wine the more, and in real sincerity gave it all the praise I could on the day of publication. The worst to be said of the story of Cleone was that she hardly hove in sight until the book was nearly

halfway through. But in launching the reader upon chance adventures in oldtime taverns and the margins of the Kentish roads, the author had followed the vogue of Fielding and Smollett, and where shall you find better models? What is more, he had made his tale a parable of existence, where your way winds through a forest of characters before you chance upon the sunshine and the ordered landscape of your choice,—if ever. And the closing chapters that go to the winning and deliverance of Cleone mount as near to rapture as any reader well may ask, short of the eloquence of "perfect music married unto noble words".

America was just as instant to greet the new novelist, and Mr. Jenkins, of Little, Brown and Company, worked as hard for the book as Mr. Jevons and Mr. Rymer. The result is that Mr. Farnol has never looked back; and in a short time he was placing serial rights with "McClure's" at fabulous rates before title was fixed or the scenario dry upon the paper. What was the reason for this simultaneous success upon both sides of the Atlantic? America was producing first-class novelists of her own, and this newcomer had never stirred a finger to touch any of the soft spots with which she is accredited. Indeed there is something truly Midland in the sturdy independence with which he followed his bent from first to last, and studied neither markets nor fashions in the framing of his work. The short cut is boldest and best in the long run. He has had no need to make a set bid for western readers, because he has gone to the true source of romance for all his wizardry of scene and character, of situation and conceit. He has drawn upon the main stops of simple emotion, and has

needed no others. Consciously or otherwise, he has been guided by Wordsworth's doctrine,—

We live by admiration, hope, and love,—

and the rest is simple. That is why the past seems merely a backcloth for projecting his creations to the focus he requires; and if ever he writes of the future, he will be well advised to remain as simple and as bold as before, and as true to the primary colors of good and evil.

There was a time when I used to think that Farnol took his cue from an American book, "Monsieur Beaucaire". The times agree, for Booth Tarkington's book came first by a decade, and there is internal evidence that "The Broad Highway" was preceded in the writing by "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish", which I take to be the slightest thing that Farnol has done, and the most reminiscent of the stage. But whether this conjecture is a right one or not,—and there is nothing belittling about it, for "Beaucaire" is admirable feigning,—there is nothing derivative about Farnol save that he has gone, as already said, to the primal sources, where Spenser and the Elizabethans went, the idyls from Theocritus to Morris and Maeterlinck, the pastoral players and the gentler of the minstrels, and the authors of "Roland" and "The Romaunt of the Rose" and "Aucassin et Nicolette".

Give an audience their fill of love and fighting, of injustice and suspense,—of well-planned rescue and cunningly-contrived surprise, and they will not greatly disturb themselves about the rules of probability or the "supercheries" of scholarship. The more he plunges into the unfathomable wealth of the dark or twilight ages, the more Mr. Farnol may be

trusted to perceive how they have been misdescribed by ignorance, libeled by neo-sectarianism, and obscured by the crude light of the "revival of learning". The ages that built the cathedrals we behold and the abbeys that have perished, that built up a peerless code of chivalry, that waged the crusades against terrific odds of distance and of nature, and crossed the known world in every direction with a never-ending come-and-go of seafarers and merchants and craftsmen, of pilgrims and gleemen and scholars, could hardly have been the vast slough of barbarism that our present-day ignorance and pride pretend. Mr. Farnol is not above crowding his chorus with the self-colored villain beyond redemption or the pantomime monk with the venison pie. His Latin gives one the shivers. He mixes his *thee's* and his *ye's*, and precisians may murmur at his forms of archaic diction. But he never plays down to modern complacency or bigotry, and he does not burden our credulity without compensation. If, as Roosevelt said, imagination in the historian is quite compatible with minute accuracy, most readers would say that occasional inaccuracy in detail need not disturb imagination in romance. If Farnol makes a slip in the way of detail, or lapses into excess, he preserves the most important thing, and that is atmosphere. Above all, he keeps a gentle undertone of sanity alive and resonant, whatever be the key or movement. There is always a note of gaiety reigning through his work, like the glimmer of daylight through the tree-tops, to remind you that somewhere through his favorite "boskage" the open country is awaiting us and the smiling sunset of a happy ending.

One faculty Mr. Farnol has had in his favor all along, and without it he

might have failed, charm he never so wisely. The canakin may clink, and the tucket resound, till the galled jade wince, and all that; you may embroider your dialogues with time-honored proverbs and snatches of old rounds and ballads; and deck your marginal characters with every sort of ejaculation and eccentricity, but without a healthy sense of humor it all rings hollow. The greatest addition to the annals of our time, Hardy's "Dynasts", never rises to its real dimensions on the horizon of our admiration until it brings into its survey the element of wayside comedy, and indulges the play of homely wits upon the cosmic issues going forward. Here, thanks to his first-hand study of the English roads, Mr. Farnol has been able to enliven his canvas with genial oddities like the Ancient and the Bos'un and Black George. They sweeten the diabolism of gentry like Chichester and Sir Maurice Vibart and Duke Ivo, and persuade us that even in sinister times the good greenwood harbored simple souls pervaded by a cheerful and reckless equanimity. There is no doubt they make enormously for Mr. Farnol's widespread popularity. Mr. Balfour a few years ago put in a wholesome plea for a gayer note in our romances. And this power of keeping a blithe heart beating through a stirring tale is more needed nowadays than the "lovely and immortal privilege" Leigh Hunt spoke about, "that can stretch its hand out of the wastes of time and touch our eyelids with tears".

Our author, with a decade of good work to his credit, is still a young man as writers go, and it is idle to pontificate about a man who may yet surmount his own high-water mark. There are Noctes Farnolianæ to come

perhaps which may dispense with the highborn heroine, endowed with glamorous beauty and a commanding temper which beats itself away upon the hero's constancy of purpose. They should certainly excel minor work like "Mr. Tawnish", "The Chronicles of the Imp", and "The Geste of Duke Jocelyn", which are the leisure rambles of a summer afternoon compared with the fortunes of Beltane or Barnabas. Only last year "Our Admirable Betty" reassured us that the author's powers remain as fertile as ever while his grip grows firmer. This sufficiency appeared in the film version of "The Amateur Gentleman", recently produced, which showed with all the present imperfections of the cinema, what a rich field for strife and surprise the Farnol novels are. He has acquired unmistakable skill in the use of what the engineer calls "baffle-plates" and artists call the conflict of emotion.

It is rumored among the gossips that Mr. Farnol is at work in a new vein which should suit him to perfection. Should he succeed, he will deserve well of us all, and if he fails, he has plenty of admirers to welcome him

ashore. But he will not fail, we may depend, for want of hard work, intensity of realization, or that vivid and devil-may-care imagination which is the province where he most excels. To frame a tale of derring-do with splendid seriousness is something, to call up a vision of womanly virtue tried and resurgent, or to interest us in the commerce and traffic of the countryside in the green heart of a typical English shire. But without the sure touch and penetration of the artist, without the easy swing of a protean narrative, the retention of the reader's interest, and the atmosphere that blends all truly, toil is apt to be thrown away. The worthy Sir Egerton Brydges was just such an example of unattaining effort. His romances are dusty and forgotten now, and hardly repay the turning over; but he had the root of the matter in him when he wrote that "nothing is so happy to itself and so attractive to others as a genuine and ripened imagination that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness". And if those are not marks of the Farnol romances, then they are beyond analysis.

MURRAY HILL ON HIS TRAVELS

INDIANAPOLIS, *June*, 1920.

I'VE been searching all about and I can't find that thing to save my life. Well, no matter. I only thought of it, anyhow, because it reminded me of something else. You see, when I got into town they were putting on another one of those why-Indianapolis-is-the-best-city-to-live-and-do-business-in-of-any-place-on-earth campaigns. Nicholson wrote a thingumbob on the theme, which was got up into a circular. That was what I was looking for—the copy I had of this circular. Perhaps not so good a publicity circular, but certainly a more authentic piece of literature, is another document on the same theme, which I have in my hand. It was written by one Martha Rosalind Long, a very youthful person to whom I have the honor to be a cousin. It was written to fulfil an assignment given to all the students in the grade schools of the city. It opens thus: "I am going to talk stern to you just as I would if we were eye to eye."

I wish I could tell you all about Christian Science, but (I've just been glancing at my watch) I doubt whether I have time. Anyhow, this I must say, I have been much strengthened by it; and I recommend, to all young men, the study of its doctrine—cultivated, that is, as it was by me. Christian Science (as I grasp it) is a tall, rather slender, firmly-built young lady, with abundant dark hair, a fair and honest face, musical voice, decidedly capable,

somewhat serious-minded, born in the north of England, "translated" (as she puts it) to this country as a child, and now (so she declares) "a Hoosier". Perhaps there is some confusion in my mind between the charm of my priestess and the tenets of her faith. However that may be, as on pleasant afternoons we walked by the sparkling, rushing waters (of the exceedingly stagnant and murky canal which plies toward Indianapolis), I received (in what I was told were "elementary" lessons) the knowledge that the power was mine to make and to keep myself whole.

Two things about the principles presented to my mind somewhat troubled me. For one thing, they seemed to supply nothing beyond a working philosophy for living this life; and has not man always sought from anything like a religion some answer to the immemorial and eternal question of (as Francis Hackett, in one of his excellent articles, puts it) "where do we go from here?" Also, it struck me that "Science" was somewhat lacking in emotional quality—that, as a subject of communion, it did not altogether fulfil the occasion: a man and a maiden, newly acquainted, strolling beneath budding trees along the tow-path of a quaint canal.

It's a bright little park (Monet-blue on misty days), the handsome, long, low Federal Building to the south of it, and from the north, nestled in a row of other structures, the

pretty little building of the Bobbs-Merrill Company brightly overlooks it. And there, when fortune favors you, you may find as agreeable a gentleman as you would care to see. I have never "got" exactly what the official title is of Hewitt Hanson Howland in relation to this company, but as well as I can make out he seems to run the editorial end of the business.

He is a type I greatly fancy; a bit of a dandy. And much did I relish again the just-stepped-out-of-a-band-box effect of this young man as we made our greetings. I suppose some who look at the pleasant grey of his neatly-barbered hair might say that now he is not so much a young man as he once was. Pooh! Smart, slender, alert, flexible, what have a few years, more or less, done to Hewitt, other than to add still more lustre to an impeccable polish?

To dinner, then, with Mr. and Mrs. Howland at the University Club, and afterward to an excellent amateur performance of "The Misleading Lady", given by the Dramatic Club of the city. A sister, Mrs. Howland, of Irvin Cobb; but an *altogether* different type of beauty, *quite* dissimilar in the charm of her very pronounced appeal.

The club: one of the oldest institutions in Indianapolis. Performances given four times a year. A dance afterward. No admission charged to members or for guests. All affairs financed by club dues. Tarkington president when he was about twenty-four. There tonight—with that beak of his, shoulders hooked up, in his dress coat, standing a bit up the stairway (in the intermission) looking a good deal like a huge and curious bird out of the Bronx zoo.

"Yes", said Nicholson,—we were again at luncheon,—“they were the aristocracy of Indiana.” He meant

the Protestant minister pioneers (they were generally Methodists) and the families they reared. Booth Tarkington was of this sturdy stock. And so,—though a gentleman very cleverly introduced me the other day as one “born in Indiana but who had never been west of the Hudson River,”—and so can this be a boast of mine. Nicholson cannot, as he should be able to do, claim a Hoosier minister grandfather. But his “folks” (as he would say) in early days came over the long trail from North Carolina, through Kentucky, to Indiana, a hardy and (as was the habit of strong men of their time) a God-fearing lot. An Episcopalian was Nick, first by inheritance, and then by baptism, at about the age of two. I have been at some pains to state this matter clearly in order to explain the measure of my interest in the discourse this day of Meredith Nicholson, and his curiosity as to things spiritual.

“At any rate,” he was saying, “our grandfathers, yours and mine, *believed* in something. They believed in hell, for one thing. Nowadays there is little in the churches, the Protestant churches, but uplift, social service sentiment, and that kind of thing. You go to a minister today and he rather apologizes for his Faith.

“You say to him: ‘I’d like to belong to this church, but there are a number of things in Scripture teaching which I have great difficulty in accepting.’ And he replies: ‘Oh, well; God does not require us to believe more than we can.’

“No, Protestantism has done its work, has had its liberalizing influence, has made its great contribution to the world, and can never again be anything like the force in history that it was.

“Indeed, the only church at hand

which stubbornly stands for a definite faith is the Roman Catholic. Gives you a great sense of power. The mothering of the world—you've got to admit there's something very appealing in the idea."

Now, I will talk with any man on any subject (except baseball, which, to my mind, ought to be abolished), and if I will walk a half-mile to talk with a man about painting, and a mile to prove him all wrong about literature, twain will I walk (in the rain) to hear him out on the subject of religion. So we fell to.

Mr. Nicholson, he declares, could tell the priests of America a thing or two about how to take advantage of the present spiritual unrest. For one thing (it is his opinion), the church over here should technically be much more separated from its head at Rome, as "it is now practically an independent institution, anyway". He recited the scenario of an essay he said he would write if he ever got time on some such subject as "How Much Can Man Believe?" Quoted Newman, Matthew Arnold, and Emerson in a breath.

Today he inscribed his check: "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds." I observed the tall negro who attended us puckering his lips and knitting his brows as, slowly withdrawing, he earnestly endeavored to dig some meaning from this line. As he neared the cashier's desk a message of some kind from it seemed to have reached his mind, as he suddenly relaxed in a gesture of mirth, and, with a gleaming grin, slapped his thigh.

It was, indeed, a great pity—a great pity that I should not be able to stay over next week in order to see the performance of "Bubbles", advertised as "A Musical Froth Benefit of the

Boys' Club", and in which Nick was to be a "black-face" and do a song turn. Rehearsing for the event now he was every day at noon in a room he had obtained for this purpose at my hotel.

"You see that lady going there," he suddenly said; "she teaches classes in ballet dancing, and has a long waiting list. Put *that* in your book: they teach the ballet in Indianapolis—long waiting list."

* * * *

Startling! Stunning! Elevator man in this hotel looks exactly like James Whitcomb Riley. "Sure," said our publicity man, "had feature story, with picture, in the papers when we got him. He never saw Riley."

Had promised to communicate with Tarkington to make an appointment to have a little visit with him. No telephone number listed. "Information" refused information. Ran into a friend of his (he must have been a very good friend, with a jealous regard for Tark's elaborately fortified seclusion) who gave me a number. "Hello! This Mr. Tarkington's house?" "Naw, stockyards." Tried another number suggested to me. Got Fort Benjamin Harrison.

Admirable journal: "Annals of Medical History". Recommend it to all students of literature. Read in a recent number of it, while waiting in his office for him, several poems by Dr. McCulloch (fine one entitled "Campagne"), and an excellent article, "The Sterility of Catherine de Medici". McCulloch, when he turned up, told me he had just put Tarkington to bed with a severe attack of indigestion. Had the night before eaten some lobster, or something.

Most extraordinary thing! I had been deriving considerable entertain-

ment from the effect about me of my sensational illness. It had become the literary event of the season in the Wabash valley. I remember an English novel I one time read in which was a little boy who had never seen the sea. This situation with him had become noised about in the train as he was on his way to the coast. When the spectacle which he had never beheld came within view excitement became general. The revelation of his answer awaited with bated breath, he was asked from every side: "How do you feel now?" So with me, my inner workings day by day a subject of keen and popular attention—how did I feel now? *But*, I had no notion of the possibility of my starting an epidemic, of my taking it up making acute indigestion the fashion.

Yes, Hewitt declared *I* had done it. He looked wan. Had been laid up for a couple of days. Bad case of indigestion.

Easter: first thing I saw, in a front room of the Nicholson house, was an extraordinary collection of musical instruments, conspicuous among them a bass-drum, the other engines of sound unfamiliar to me off the vaudeville stage. Wouldn't that flabbergast you! I thought. If he hasn't, in addition to suddenly taking to traveling about with a professional dancing partner (about which I had been hearing much) and rehearsing to be a "nigger" minstrel, gone and become what Riley's poem calls a "little man in a tin shop"!

I was shown by the maid into a room opening onto the opposite side of the hall, and examined this apartment while I waited. Walls lined with books; large oil painting of Tark, overcoat on, crouching in a chair (in effect the work of a promising student); among the framed photo-

graphs two of Henry James, and one of a figure (that of his father, presumably) in the uniform of a Union officer of the Civil War.

There is a daughter, Chelsea-china-shepherdess type, newly turned twenty, engaged (though I heard that her father was horrified at the idea of anyone being engaged before at least thirty or so), and two sons, each in the neighborhood of two-thirds grown.

Said Nick, as he finished his soup: "Now a good deal has been written about old tombstones, and the inscriptions on them, and so on; but a good and a new idea for an essay" (he is all the while throwing out to me most generously ideas for essays) "would be this: go to a costly bridge, or some other civic monument, read on the handsome bronze tablet there the names of the honorable councilmen who caused it to be erected, and then look up how many of them are now in jail."

About those feet. It may be funny that some of our recent literary visitors from London had such large feet that no shoe store over here could fit them with overshoes. But what happened to Nick? With his long, narrow feet, into a store in Boston, or Philadelphia, or some such place, to be told that they did not "cater" to "the Southern trade".

Dancing! Learned it at forty-eight. Didn't learn before because he didn't believe he could. They tried to teach him in early life by the counting method. And he never could learn anything that went one, two, three. Discovered only lately that, with the right partner, you could learn to dance by just pitching in and beginning right off to dance, without any one-two-three business at all. Highly recommends it for one subject to in-

digestion, as he is. And, by the way, had he told me that he had just had a bad attack? Pretty near in bed with it.

"Meredith," said Mrs. Nicholson, "you know it is Easter."

"Why, yes," said Nick; "of course I know it is."

"Wasn't it at Easter," she asked, "that you declared you were going to enter the Catholic church?"

"Well," said Nick, as though thoughtfully feeling about in his mind for an explanation, "I guess it's because I've been so busy I didn't get around to it." Then, brightening up: "I'll enter at Whitsuntide."

Well, I declare! Not Nick, after all, but the younger son it was who belonged to that layout of tom-toms in the front room. And after dinner this locally celebrated trap-drummer (as I learned he was) gave a very finished performance in all the high complexity of his art: victrola turned on, leaping from place to place, pounding with a variety of sticks on this and that, in effect all at once.

Excellent study—superstitions. What's that fellow's name? Frazer, or something like that. Wrote that enormous book in a number of huge volumes, "The Golden Bough, a Study in Magic and Religion". Grand book! Can be read in for weeks at a stretch. You never tire of it. Full of fascinating stuff about the superstitions of all sorts of primitive peoples. Nothing, however, in the book about two dollar bills.

I had been in Indianapolis only a short while when it struck me that there were an extraordinary number of two dollar bills in circulation there. When I put across a counter, or gave a waiter, a twenty dollar bill I'd get in change maybe nine two's. Because I wasn't "on", this was.

Nick (like a sensible man), won't walk under ladders; he is depressed (and rightly enough, too) if he sees the new moon in the wrong way. Indeed, his spiritual life, so to say, is rich in superstitions. And he won't, if he can help it, accept a two dollar bill. A young woman cashier (superior sort of person) looked at him pityingly just the other day, and said: "Well, I should think *you* would be above that!"

But he knows what all wise men know in Indiana, that a two dollar bill brings terribly bad luck; a truth which was discovered on the Western Circuit, and, figuratively speaking, is graven on the stone tablets of the law of all book-makers. Mr. Gates, a few days later, imparted to me the knowledge of how to take off the curse of having a two dollar bill. You tear off one corner as soon as you receive one. But I found all corners already torn off those that came to me.

No sensitivity whatever as to editions in books, has Nick. He enjoys, and values, those in the fairly comprehensive collection he has solely for, apparently, their substance, the literature that is in them. As to editions, he says, he simply likes to have a book of "handy", comfortable size. Innocent, quite, of the instinct that knows that of every book in the world there is only one edition a copy of which is right to have as one's own.

Among many other things, he reads contemporary "realism" a good deal. And he broods upon some "serious" things by his hand to come. But his heart lights up most when he beholds that sort of "imagination" which soars above the things that never were on land or sea. And, "my idea of the novelist is still pretty much the old idea of the story-teller at the bazaar".

What he feels is best, after all, "the Arabian Nights kind of thing".

* * * *

This was the night I was to dine with Tarkington, at seven. I did some letter-writing, and then went downstairs to look around there, at six. And there I found him, in the billiard-room, hard at his favorite game of sniff and smoking one of those huge cigarettes of his branded in large "caps" "B. T." He was got up in a light-colored suit, with a dappled effect, which, at least in a sitting posture, didn't fit him very well as the coat humped a good deal in the back between the shoulders, and buttoned in front fell across his middle in heavy creases, like the skin of a hippopotamus. He wore (what I do not remember to have seen on him before) glasses—spectacles with tortoise-shell rims to the large round lens, and flat gold shaves (or what the opticians, I believe, call temples) over the ears; a heavy ring with a dark flat stone of ample size set in it, a gold-faced stick-pin to his tie, very blue socks, and grey spats which seemed rather large for him. He said he would be up at once. I asked him not to hurry, as it was only a little after six, and said that any time he cared to come up, he would find me contentedly occupied with reading or writing. In reply to this he exclaimed, "Fine!"

At dinner, he began the conversation by telling me that he had found a good aid to keeping mentally fit in knocking off work at about five in the afternoon and coming down to rest his mind by playing sniff for an hour and a half or so. He was working, he said, on some motion-picture scenarios, boy stories, which his contract called for in the amount of a certain number of them at a time, there referred to as a "lot". Then he fussed a good

deal about the way the motion-picture people tampered with his stuff, writing into it things which they thought he would have put there if he well enough known the game. For instance, incorporating into his story scenes in which the Penrod-like boy's dog saves from death by drowning the town banker's daughter, and so on. When he had got wind of such action on their part he had at once telegraphed the picture men to stop, he wouldn't have it. They thereupon suggested that they send on from Los Angeles a "lady writer" to help him go at the business in a professional manner.

I noticed that Tarkington ate rather rapidly. I like to eat rapidly myself, largely, I think, because I am impatient to come to the smoking and real talking part of the meal. But as Dr. McCulloch had instructed me to eat slowly, I had some difficulty in keeping my host anywhere in sight. He drinks near-beer with his meals, and when playing at sniff.

After dinner, we went into a sort of lounging-room upstairs, that is on the same floor as the dining-room, and away from the general gathering places below. Here we were quite alone.

I told Tarkington, now for the first time in some detail, the story of my recent arrival in Indianapolis. And, in turn, he related to me, in greater detail than I had ever heard it before, an account of his own dramatic collapse, a number of years ago. He was, it appears, out for an automobile drive with his sister and nephew, when there came upon him a mysterious tightening about the heart, and he began to have much difficulty in getting his breath. He sat hooped up in a corner of the machine, and felt a decided disinclination to talk. When

his nephew would exclaim, "Oh! Uncle Booth, look at that!" or, "Uncle Booth, don't you think," etc., he would mumble something which was not much of a reply. Finally, so intense grew the difficulties within him, he leaned over, and, wishing not to excite his sister, in a low voice directed his chauffeur to turn and make for home.

When he had got well across the lawn, he gave up, and fell, landing on his back close beside some shrubbery. He quite firmly believed that he was going, as the hotel people say, to "check out". Still he thought that if only he could get some sort of stimulant he might have an hour or so more. Prone as he was, however, he knew that nobody would be likely to see him, and so, as he had not the breath to yell, he raised his right arm and waved it. A colored woman in the next yard caught the signal, and called to him: "You ought to tie a piece of red yarn 'bout yo' wrist." I asked him what on earth was her thought in that? He said: "I haven't the slightest idea."

He acknowledged that, as with me in somewhat similar case, he had no fear whatever of the death which he believed to be imminent, but that, curiously enough, like myself again, the turn of his thought was a raging anger. Though (he immediately added), frequently, when there was no reason to believe that he might not attain to a hale old age, he had, when reminded of the subject of the close of life by something he was reading in a book, newspaper or magazine, had a horrible dread of, as he put it, annihilation. And, too, he reminded me, we are all, when they are seriously ill, fearful of the death of those for whom we greatly care.

His anger, at this terrific moment

was directed entirely against one object—his small nephew. The car, it seems, had been turning about, and had stopped again before the Tarkington house. The child saw his uncle's waving arm, and reasoned, apparently, that he must be endeavoring to attract someone to him. But—in the jumble of lap-ropes on the floor of the car had disappeared this small person's ball, which rummaging about himself he had not been able to find. And, as he desired it immediately, he was afraid his mother might see his uncle's gesture of distress and leave him before the ball was found. And so, he clung to her, and cried out again and again: "Mother, you can't leave this car until I get my ball!"

Mr. Tarkington, hearing this, and perceiving the situation, stormed within: "And so I'm to be let die here on the grass all on account of a damned little ball, worth about fifteen cents!"

Found, finally; carried in, and reclined upon a couch in his library, he was there, flat out, for a week, attended by Dr. McCulloch. For about a year was scared of motor-cars, and never went any distance in one, as far as forty miles, without an apothecary shop in his pocket.

Dr. McCulloch, coming through the room on the way to his own quarters (he lives at the club): "This looks bad for literature."

Mr. Tarkington: "We've only been talking medicine." Holding out his cigarette case, especially designed to accommodate those dreadnought-calibre smokes of his: "Sit down."

But no, the doctor would not sit down; he must go in and rest up in preparation for a speaking tour to begin tomorrow. He had been reading Brand Whitlock's volumes on Belgium—"Fine book!"

He *did* take a chair, however, and the conversation fell into bonuses for ex-soldiers, taxes and politics, political events, European and international. Of the Soviet government of Russia, Tarkington declared that it was an autocracy and the least democratic government in the world. Indeed, on all of these subjects, he had an abundance of ideas, spoke copiously and with much conviction. In the course of this talk, he said, concerning something or other: "It's us that pay." That's exactly what he said: "It's us that pay"; and he said it twice.

McCulloch left us as another gentleman passing through the room paused at Tarkington's side. He had recently returned from New York, and spoke his appreciation of the opera version of "Beaucaire" then there going. Tarkington, evidently, had liked it very much. Its strongest appeal to him seemed to have been as a series of beautiful pictures, "like Rawlinson's prints", he said, "or Gainsborough paintings". I didn't myself see the Rawlinson idea, as consummate draughtsman though he was, Rawlinson was Hogarthian in his subjects, and in his manner much too burly, too, for rendering the crisp and fragrant story of Monsieur. The Gainsborough notion is an intelligent one, but (to reverse Whistler's celebrated remark, "Why drag in Rembrandt?") in this case, why leave out Watteau, and Fragonard?

Speaking of the stage (the gentleman had gone), Tarkington got onto the subject of plays, and associated with that, the matter of "teaching" short-story writing. He has a youthful friend or relative, who, as he puts it, writes these things "marketably well". She is told by some sort of an instructor she has, that this or that story should not go as she has it; it

should be "like Shakespeare—as in 'Hamlet'".

"And these people," declared Mr. Tarkington, "who have always got Shakespeare on the brain, don't know any more about him, what he was driving at, than a goat. If he was here now they wouldn't *get* him, wouldn't see what he was up to. *Take 'Hamlet'*—Why doesn't the prince kill the king? He's got him there where he wants him. 'No,' he says; 'the king is praying; he killed my father with all his sins upon him, I'll wait.' Well, why don't he kill him afterward? The king is still there, soused all the while, and around with women.

"Because Shakespeare knew his business. He's got a whole lot more up his sleeve yet, and he wants to pull it—two acts yet to go. And he knows his audience, down to the ground. No man ever knew that better. He's got to put something into their minds to make 'em think the king *can't* be killed right off the bat, so his audience won't walk out on him. And he frames up this praying business. Of course, later on it don't apply a bit, but he knows that having once got it over they'll continue to think of it until he is ready to turn the big trick. Oh! he was the Belasco of his time all right."

Then, the subject of our diseases popping up again for a moment, he told me the strange story of the unwritten check. He declared that either one of us could bring on another one of our seizures by overmuch thinking of the matter. The effect of the mind on the physical machinery of man was the moral which pointed the tale that follows:

Tarkington was in New York, when he got a message from Washington inviting him to luncheon with President Roosevelt the next day but one. Roosevelt had just read Tarkington's then

newly published volume of political stories, "In the Arena", and wished to discuss the book with the author of it. Tarkington was suddenly panicky to discover that he had not a frock coat with him. He beat it to Brooks Brothers to get one. And there found he didn't have "on him" the money to pay for it.

He asked for a blank check; no, he asked if they had a Corn Exchange Bank check—the bank where he had his account. That is, he intended to ask for such a check, but in some way he got the thing a bit twisted, and asked for an Exchange Corn Bank check, or something like that. They could only give him an ordinary blank check. The man who presented it to him, followed him to the desk where he was to make it out, and overlooked him as he began. Tark began to feel highly uncomfortable. The idea began to go round in his head that he had balled up the name of his bank. That was why this man was observing him so closely. He suspected, this man, as Tarkington put it, there was "something phoney" about this business. Tarkington's hand began to shake with nervousness. Made several attempts to fill out a check. If the man would only go away, thought he could do it. Got worse. Said to himself, "Sure this man thinks I'm some kind of a crook, or something." Gave up. Told the man that if he would fix up

the check otherwise, he'd sign it. But when the check was given to him ready to sign, couldn't write his name, merely made wild scratches. Fled—saying, "I'll go over to my club and send you a check from there." When he got to The Players, he was right enough again. "But", with a croaking laugh, "bet that man was mighty surprised when he saw a perfectly good check come along!"

We have not yet, however, got to the real punch of the story. A year later, Tarkington was in Naples, and, as he was about to make out another check, the thought came to him, strong, "I hope I don't make an ass of myself here, the way I did that time in New York." And, by jinks, he did!

He spoke of Nick's taking to dancing, "at about the time I quit—too old". He said: "I was always the dancing man. Nick wouldn't." Then one night Tarkington was at a dance, but no longer dancing, at a place where he had danced for a long string of years. Slowly it came over him there was something queer about the thing. He tried to fathom the impression. The room was the same; the scene was the same; many of the people were the same. Suddenly he realized the cause of the weird effect. He saw what he had been looking at without knowing it. *Nick was dancing!* "And dancing darn well."

MURRAY HILL

REDUCING THE HIGH COST OF COLLECTING

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

WHEN I first joined the staff of the New York "Tribune" as a cub reporter, eighteen years ago, that ancient upholder of Republicanism (or is it upholder of ancient Republicanism?) ran a daily department called "The Passing Throng". This department consisted of three or four brief interviews with men or women at the moment registered at the city hotels. I was never sure just why the department existed, unless it was to make me miserable, for I was almost immediately assigned to the task of gathering these "passing throngs", as the interviews were known in the office. Presumably some massive editorial brain supposed that the feature would curry favor with the hotel men, please the person interviewed, and interest the city readers. As a matter of fact, it annoyed the hotel clerks, infrequently did more than surprise the persons interviewed, and interested the city readers not at all—for if there is any one thing your true New Yorker doesn't want to read about more than another, it is news or opinions from anywhere outside of New York.

As for me, it was my horrid task daily to trot up and down the line, from the old Everett House on Union Square, to the Netherland at the plaza, asking each haughty clerk whom he harbored of interest, and sending up

cards innumerable by disgusted bell-hops who knew I wasn't good for a tip. It was seldom enough that anybody yielded me readable copy, and after a bit I woke up. Instead of scanning the hotel registers, I scanned the local papers from various parts of the country, purloining them from the exchange editor's basket. When some snappy item caught my eye in "The Westerly Sun", for instance, it was quite simple to invent William Pease, of Matunuck, Rhode Island, to come to the Waldorf and tell me about it. My "passing throngs" began at once to grow more readable, and I had more time to go to the theatre. The managing editor complimented me, and the night copy-desk winked. Inspired by my success, I boldly inscribed the first page of my copy, "W. P. E. Fakeit", and the desk man never told. Such is newspaper life in the great metropolis.

But once, before my bondage was over, I saw a name on the register of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel which made my pulse jump—"Bernard A. Quaritch, London". (It may be the initial was not signed—I don't accurately recall.) For once I blessed the passing throngs. Here was an excuse to see and talk with a great man! I sent up my card. Yes, he was in. Would I come up? I went. Naturally, he was not averse to being inter-

viewed, having come to America with a trunk full of treasure to dispose of. As I remember him, a shortish, fat, friendly man, with a bald forehead, shrewd, twinkling eyes, a dark moustache, and the hint of several chins. He was rather formal for a few moments, but he knew booklovers, as well as books, on sight; and before long a big trunk-like case was opened, and he was showing me the treasures which, he said, he had brought over "to pry a bit of cash out of your American millionaires with". What were they? Honesty compels me to admit I have now forgotten, because one so exceeded all the rest in my interest at that time. It was a poor-looking book, too, thin, bound in paper. Once it had lain in front of the elder Quaritch's shop (am I right in this?) and gone begging for a buyer at a few pennies. Now the son was bringing to America one copy, for which he would get, he said, \$450 (and that was eighteen years ago). Yes, of course I might hold it, and look into it, too. So I took into my hand the first edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat", and Bernard Quaritch smiled a friendly smile.

Can you imagine going back to the New York "Tribune" office after that, and writing a "passing throng" about it? I had to. After all, Quaritch was a dealer, and expected the publicity in return.

"Who the —— ever heard of Quaritch?" said the night city editor, tossing over my copy to the desk with orders to reduce it one-half—"or more".

Iram indeed is gone with all his rose, which means the night city editor is dead, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel is an office block, and that particular copy of the "Rubaiyat" no doubt reposes in Morgan's or Huntington's library, and I am still too poor to be the

owner of the like; but the love of first editions persists, and the original issues of great books bring an ever greater price, and the magic offspring of genius and print lure still their lovers as of old.

Witness—"The Amenities of Book Collecting", by A. Edward Newton. Mr. Newton confesses himself a minor collector, as it were, because of poverty. He has to think twice before spending eight or nine hundred dollars for a book, and he doesn't tell his wife till he's spent it. At that, he appears to have amassed a considerable number of rareties, and still to be living on most amicable terms with his spouse. He appears, also, to read his books, and he has almost persuaded me to try again to get interested in Boswell's "Life of Johnson". (Yes, dear reader, I blush with shame, I stammer with mortification, I am covered with confusion as with a garment, but the truth cannot be hid that I have never been able to get through Boswell. I feel toward that book much as F. P. Adams feels toward golf—it will be a fine thing to take up when I am old.) But, for all its charm, all its wealth of anecdote, all its flavor of ancient calf, Mr. Newton's book gets my goat,—“to use a vulgar expression”, as Godwin added after he had thoughtlessly exclaimed “God bless you”. Not, let me hasten to explain, because of anything its delightful author has done or written, but because what he has done—and the consequent opportunities it has given him to write—depends, in spite of his modest affirmations of poverty, on the possession of a considerable, a very considerable amount of what, to use another vulgar expression, we may term this world's goods. The direct implication is that to be a book collector, you must also be a banker, a

manufacturer of boots, a maker of munitions, the great-grandson of a farmer on Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, or a New York taxicab driver. Now, the unfortunate fact remains that the great majority of the real lovers of books—I think I may make this statement without serious challenge—are none of these things. The great majority of the real lovers of books, like the great majority of men in general, not only wouldn't dare to spend nine hundred dollars without asking their wives, but they couldn't if they had the courage. The great majority can never hope for a First Folio of Shakespeare, which, as Mr. Newton truthfully assents, is the bed-rock of every great collection. Neither can they hope for incunabula, or New England Primers or illuminated manuscripts or firsts of Blake or the manuscript of "The Eve of St. Agnes", or some thousands of other items of like interest and value. Therefore, the implication is, they can never be book collectors.

In a sense, of course, they cannot. More and more, as the years go on, the precious items of the past—the first editions of the great classics, the known letters and manuscripts—soar upward in price till they vanish into the libraries of the very rich, where skilled librarians are employed to tell the Great Men what they own. And somehow, in spite of Mr. Newton's loving absorption in his library, I cannot myself visualize these Great Men sitting down with their treasures, as Lowell, for instance, sat with his books overlooking Mt. Auburn, or Norton sat at Shady Hill. More and more the rareties of literature are taking on the character of gems or Ming vases, and becoming private museum possessions, which can only be had by the millionaires and go, as it were, into glass

cases. Yet shall we say that no man can collect books who cannot afford a First Folio, that no man is a collector who hasn't dealt with Quaritch and G. D. S.?

I, for one, will not admit it. Take the matter of association books, for example. It would be thrilling beyond words to own Keats's copy of Chapman's "Homer", no doubt, and there be those who would be equally thrilled by Dr. Johnson's dictionary, presented by himself to Boswell, let us say. But because you cannot achieve these thrillers from the past, is it less collecting, is it not, indeed, more collecting, and less acquiring, to achieve a presentation copy from Galsworthy or Harold Bell Wright, or some other living author whom you admire, or some lesser luminary of the past, connected with your own interests? I have a little brown book, the poems of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, presented by him to Harriet Beecher Stowe. I paid something like two dollars for it. It is precious to me, however, not alone because of the exceeding beauty and melancholy charm of some of the poetry of this almost unknown and neglected American, but because he belonged to an old New England family, and gave this copy to a far more famous New Englander, who evidently pasted in the back—a genealogy of the Beecher family! (There is something deliciously New England about that!) I have an inordinate passion for Keats, I respectfully admire Sam Johnson. But, please, may I also be interested in Frederick Tuckerman of Amherst, Massachusetts, and in the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

Once I had to spend a night in Chattanooga, Tennessee, for lack of a train to my ultimate destination in the Tennessee mountains. I wandered forlornly up and down Chattanooga's

main street till suddenly a second-hand bookshop caught my eye. "Salvation!" I cried, and rushed within, to the astonishment of the proprietor, who was dozing in his chair. Here I found fourteen volumes of the *Variorum Shakespeare*—fine, clean copies, inscribed by Dr. Furness to William Everett. Opening them, I discovered scores of marginal notes, in pencil, made by the recipient, many with his well-known explosive vividness of expression. I bought the fourteen volumes (which, as a matter of fact, I needed in my library) for a dollar each less than the retail price. Now, when I have occasion to consult the wisdom of the past regarding Hamlet's mental state, let us say, I have the stabilizing advice of old Dr. Everett, who trots down the margin by my side ever and anon exclaiming, "Damned rot!" Usually I agree with him.

Working on the same newspaper for which William Winter wrote theatrical reviews, I was able, by connivance with the proof room, to save many of that caustic old gentleman's manuscripts from the waste-paper press. He wrote a wonderful hand, like none other I ever saw—each letter separate, and all practically illegible, yet the whole looking as if it were engraved on copper. There used to be an office legend that a sheet of his copy once blew out of the window and landed in front of a Chinaman, who exclaimed joyously, "Me got letter from home!" (Witter Bynner makes each letter separate, but they are luminously legible, even when the poem is not!) "Es Lebe das Leben" may not be a great play, even in Mrs. Wharton's English version—certainly W. W. said it wasn't. But it makes an interesting item, with his manuscript review inserted. So does his life of Mansfield, with manuscript reviews of

that actor's performances inserted, as well as a letter from Mansfield himself. These books and manuscripts may never be worth anything, by comparison with the items in Mr. Morgan's library, but they are the best I could do on \$35 a week, and, for me, at least, they have their value.

The many scholastic generations of Harvard men who knew the privilege of walking up the wooded drive of Shady Hill, will remember the library of Charles Eliot Norton. Professor Norton's library, one gathered, largely consisted of association copies, but Professor Norton wasn't a collector. Rather he was like the old New Englander who was showing a New Yorker his mahogany.

"What a fine collection of old furniture you have!" the latter exclaimed.

"Pardon me", said the Yankee, "but in this part of the world, we do not collect old furniture—we have it."

Professor Norton had books. They came to him naturally, with long and loving inscriptions from the authors, who were his friends. Since many of those authors have become more or less classic,—Lowell, Ruskin, Rossetti, Holmes, and the like,—these volumes they gave must now be precious, in the auction-room sense, each with its rich association value. Others, no doubt, have no intrinsic value, and no association value except so far as they were Professor Norton's. In other words, much of his library was the accumulation of contemporary product, and Time did the weeding.

It takes more money to collect the precious products of the past, but, after all, it takes more taste and flair for literary values to collect the products of the present, to collect books which are not vouched for by the comforting criticism of Time, but which you yourself must select. Anybody

can realize the value today of a first of Blake or Keats. But in their own generation, when these firsts came from the press, how few were the men who would have picked them for immortality! Witness, later, the fate of Thoreau and of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat". I say the man who buys carefully from the contemporary book lists, following chiefly his own literary tastes and instincts, and being always careful, of course, to secure the true first editions (not always simple, now that books are often issued almost simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic), and who further secures for these books when possible some association value, even if so slight a one as an author's inscription or autograph letter (the latter neither difficult nor expensive to buy from the dealers in most instances), is a true book collector, and in some ways a more commendable book collector than the millionaire cornering the diminishing supply of incunabula. Much of his collection, of course, Time will prove of inconsiderable value, however fine his taste. But a minimum of it will be a precious legacy to rejoice the hearts of the auction fans of the future.

Authors are as a rule, I think, poor collectors, lacking interest in the possession of books, and understanding of what makes a book valuable from a collector's standpoint. If it were not so, an annual meeting of the Authors' League might develop into a mutual inscription writing bee, and the values of some hundreds of books be greatly enhanced at a sitting. Yet it is quite understandable why authors should lack interest in books—they know too well how they are written! There is no reason, however, why authors should lack interest in fine printing; rather every reason why they should

possess it. They should be among the first to encourage the modern presses which strive for a handcraft standard of type, press work, paper, and binding. They should be glad to give of their best as a text for the issues of such presses, and to collect the products. In my own small library, some of the most interesting items I have are the Riverside Press books printed by Bruce Rogers a few years ago, and the books printed by Updike in Boston, at the Merrymount Press. Some of Updike's New Year's cards, too, issued to his customers, with colored wood-cuts by Rudolph Ruzicka, are gems, and as an example of American printing at its best, the prize certificates printed for a certain golf tournament by Updike, during a war year when no cups were awarded, are worthy of preservation in any library. With the exception of Bruce Rogers's "Song of Roland", which cost \$30, all of these books were, when first issued, within the means of any man who buys books at all. Some of them have since risen considerably, of course—but it is part of the game of contemporary collecting to know what to buy on issue.

Perhaps the simplest of all forms of book collecting, and yet one in which all the elements of good taste—love of clean printing, passion of possession, and good fellowship with literature—may be employed, is the accumulation of a working library which satisfies one's practical demands, business or æsthetic, and at the same time contains only good copies. For instance, suppose the man assembling such a library wishes the works of Dickens. He can go to any bookshop and buy a set of Dickens, which will be quite worthless, probably, from any decent standard. We are supposing that he

is not rich enough to buy the novels in their original sets, of course. Is there no middle ground? Certainly there is. Let him acquire his Dickens in some Chatto and Windus set issued around 1860, say, when the plates were still in good condition, the paper clean and strong. He wants Chatterton, let us suppose—because I did, once. So I went to a dealer in Cornhill, and he found me a two-volume edition issued about 1830, as I recall (the books are not by me), which was excellently printed, on fine paper, touched with a flavor of the past, and selling at an extremely reasonable price. So with all the classics. Somewhere there exists an edition without the excessive value of the first, but with the merits of good type and paper and proper flavor. To achieve this edition as a part of your working library is, perhaps, a minor form of collecting, but it is no less a real one, and can give infinite pleasure to the booklover of humble means, enabling him, also, to pore hopefully over catalogues and bring home treasures from the auction rooms.

The collector of humble means! How quaint and pathetic a person he sometimes is! You remember the girl, of course, who did not want to give her friend a book for Christmas, "because she has one already". Like that friend, the humble collector sometimes has but

one book, or maybe two, which by any stretch of the imagination could be called valuable. Yet the love of bibliophilic treasures is in him, and the dealers know him well, as he pores over their cases out on the sidewalk, where the books are labeled five cents—ten cents—twenty-five cents, always hoping against hope that a gem will have dropped into this ash-heap by mistake. Stranger things have happened, you know.

One such collector I once knew well. I think he epitomized all book collectors, rich or poor. Tall and thin and shabby, he was a newspaper reporter in the old days in a provincial city, where the salaries for such as he were fifteen dollars a week. He had a wife and two children, and you may be sure those fifteen dollars were sorely needed at home every Friday night. Yet one Friday he took me out to watch him buy a birthday present for his spouse. He led me through winding streets to an old bookshop, and laid down fourteen dollars of his precious fifteen for a thin little Elzevir (then more highly esteemed than now), which he had long coveted. Carefully wrapped up, he took it proudly home to his mate.

She was the sort of woman, I am sure, who kissed him with a smile, before she turned away her worried face and struggled with her tears.

THE LONDONER

Henry James's Letters—The Rewards of Æsthetic Epicureanism—Literary Snobbery—Novelists as Playwrights—Barrie's New Play—A New Play from Bennett also—Allan Monkhouse—Novel Competitions—A Short-Story Competition—A Pseudonymous Prize-winner—Save Us from Our Friends.

LONDON, May 1, 1920.

I SUPPOSE that there can be no question as to the book which has most excited literary opinion in London during the last few weeks. The newspapers have perhaps devoted more space to the life of Kitchener and to the various crimes which have been recently committed; but everywhere I have been I have heard only one book discussed, and that book is the "Letters of Henry James". It has given the quidnuncs something to talk about, and too many of the letters are addressed to living people for any lack of interest in their immediate subject-matter to be possible. And yet the private, as opposed to the public, verdict has been curiously divided. Personally, I found the letters something of a shock. The first thing which struck me, on a casual glance, was the abnormal and rather gross personal "affectionateness" of some of them. Such subscriptions as "Ever your fondest of the fond" are, to our taste, lacking in reticence; and the tone of the letters is similarly florid and verbose. The correspondence with Wells, over the latter's pseudonymous book "Boon", to which I have already referred in these causeries, is remarkable as revealing the sharp conflict between

the æsthetic ideals of Wells and James. Those who recently read Wells's preface to Sir Henry Johnston's novel "The Gay-Dombey's" will remember how our foremost literary surprise-packet expressed loathing of the professional novelist, and they will therefore accept without question the fact that Wells long ago grew out of the admiration which all must at one time have felt for the consummate literary skill of James's literary method. The controversy over "Boon" was clearly a great and horrid surprise to the older writer. It need not be so to us. No two men were more unlike than James and Wells. Wells looks on the novel as a great receptacle for his latest understandings; James, as his editor admits, "found a livelier interest always in the results and effects and implications of things than in the groundwork itself; so that the field of study he desired was that in which initial forces had traveled furthest from their prime, passing step by step from their origin to the level where, diffused and transformed, they were still just discernible to acute perception."

* * * *

No wonder that when Wells cruelly likened the art of James to the dexterity of a hippopotamus picking up

a pea James was wounded to the heart. It was a dreadful blow to his self-esteem and to the affection he had always felt for his brilliant young contemporary. He had never been popular, but he had always consoled himself with belief in the rottenness of popular taste and in the sanctity of literary "art". He had often enough bewailed Wells's lack of this "art", this savor of the remote and secret joys of the epicure. He himself was the epicure. No sloven could ever win his approval. Always he sought the hidden flavor, the exquisite relish which a fine taste alone could appreciate. It was, perhaps, a kind of snobbery, comparable to his distaste for Dostoyevsky, Tolstoi, Ibsen. But it was sincere and loving. He really did tremendously care for fine flavors. After all, the controversy will persist. We shall always have it with us, as long as writers are not standardized. There will always be among us two great schools, those who care most for what is written about, and those who care most for the manner in which the subject is treated. The pity is that Wells, who is a much better artist than his opponents care to admit, should have been provoked into ridiculing a man who so much admired him and who had given so lavishly in praise of all that he could appreciate of Wells's work. The rights or wrongs of the controversy do not interest me. The controversy itself, illuminated as it is by extracts in these volumes from Wells's replies to James's pained letters, has immense personal interest.

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Letters to all sorts of other people make the book full and rich reading. One regrettable feature is James's discontent with the rewards of his own care and skill. It is clear that he was impatient with the public for not lik-

ing his work. He complained often of the lack of appreciation, ignoring the fact that whoever deals in the recondite must submit to a popular indifference. It is the robust writer who, among the good writers, reaps the rewards of popular support. There are plenty of sentimental or salacious novelists who sell better than Wells, but I never heard of Wells protesting against their greater monetary rewards. His own have been in accordance with the essential merit of his work, which, whatever its faults, has always been among the most brilliant, as it has always been the most original, of his time. The prime fault of James was that he was not in a true sense original. He was a commentator. He did not enjoy life as Wells enjoys it. He relished its aroma.

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Nowhere else in the letters does his dissatisfaction with the earthly rewards of his art appear so clearly as in those which refer to his determination to write for the stage. He conceived the notion that one had only to write bad plays in order to enjoy popular favor. He set himself to write bad plays. The result was horrible. I have seen only one of his plays; but that was enough. It was called "The Reprobate". Anything more terrifying I cannot conceive. A hippopotamus picking up a pea was nothing to its laborious facetiousness. And James was genuinely disturbed at his non-success. He was puzzled by it. One would suppose that he had a complete inability to grasp the fact that for its capture the stage requires a kind of sincerity no less than the novel. It is a thing which I am never tired of saying, that writers are bad because they are born so, and that any writer who deliberately sets out to give the public what it wants must fail unless he him-

self likes what the public wants. Deliberate artistic prostitution is always half-hearted. There are more unpublished books and unproduced plays in which a refined author has attempted to write "down" to a hypothetical public than there are good books or plays in the same state. The thing is simply "not done"—with success. James never learned the lesson. He never succeeded, in spite of all his singularly pertinacious efforts to secure the production of his plays, in persuading anybody that his cumbrous manipulations of stage puppets were worth the pains of rehearsal and presentation, even by the private societies which exist for the production of plays disdained by commercial managers. It is a curious fate, that a man with so much real insight, and with so keen an eye to the faults of his contemporaries, should have been so obtuse regarding his own shortcomings. Perhaps we are all like that. I should not wonder.

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The theatre, of course, has its fascinations for all writers. The thing seems so simple, and the rewards are always supposed to be so enormous, that it is not remarkable that so many modern novelists and journalists should try to write plays. I suppose I have seen as many bad plays during the last few years as anybody. They are legion. They pop up everywhere, and pop down again. One recently established dramatic company has achieved peculiar fame for the celerity with which it has substituted one bad play for another in the theatres which it controls. The thing became laughable, or would have done so if it had not, at the same time, been so pathetic. Bad plays abound. Some of them impose on the public for a time. But only for a time. And if the plays are

not so wholly and utterly bad that they appeal to the lowest intelligence through being a reflex of that intelligence, they come off with a swiftness and secrecy quite startling. The London public is always supposed to be very gullible. It may be. But poor plays, even supported by famous actors and actresses, fade away before the listlessness which they evoke. When even good plays fail, why should poor hybrids, made by writers who despise the people for whom they are writing, have any success? Just as any normal man resents patronage in another man, so mankind in bulk recoils from that patronage which consists in imagining that it will swallow anything dramatic if only it is of inferior quality. Sanity dislikes snobbery in any form; and a kind of snobbery was what kept Henry James out of the theatre.

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Few novelists are good playwrights. There is a lot of silly assumption in the idea, but it is fundamentally true. The suggestion is that the two arts are so different, and there is something to be said for that belief. For one thing, I believe that in a novel surprise may rightly be considered essential, that information may be withheld for many pages with gain to the structure of the book. In plays the audience must from the outset learn exactly what is going forward if interest is to be maintained. The characters in the play may be as ignorant as the author pleases; but the audience must not be regarded as tools. They must be aware of everything. They must not be played with. That is one thing. But what makes most novelists bad playwrights is that they will not take the trouble to be good ones. They despise the technique of the drama, which seems to them clumsy

and stupid, lacking in finesse, and full of stumbling-blocks. Nothing could be more futile than contempt for the medium in which one hopes to achieve success. If a technique is not worth mastering, then success in it is not worth expecting. In any craft the same point holds good. If we will not take the trouble to learn how verses are made, then we must not expect to be regarded as poets. After all, only those can override rules who know them inside out. Amateurishness in anything is the supreme hostage to failure.

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Only two men that I can recall have been equally successful in the novel and the play. They are Barrie and Bennett. I deliberately leave out Galsworthy, who has never yet had a "run" in the English theatre. I have just seen Barrie's new play, "Mary Rose", a deliberate "fantasy" such as Barrie only can write. It is obviously made for the theatre, is ingenious rather than poetical, and dexterous rather than profound; and yet it held my attention throughout. For one thing, the rather creepy atmosphere which it endeavors to create is certainly obtained in the theatre, whether by means which one can commend or not. And for another it deals with a truth, sentimentally and emotionally, but still suggestively. The "truth" is that we all grow old, and that we all grow forgetful, even of those we have loved. For the purposes of his fable, Barrie shows us a girl stolen away from her kin by the seductions of a fairy isle, kept enthralled for quarter of a century, and then restored. She is the same; but her people are all twenty-five years older. The reunion is poignant in its suggestion. It is not developed; but the reality is there, and one is conscious of its force. I am told

that the play is shamelessly sentimental, that it is dull, that it is bad. I admit that it is sentimental, that it is calculated rather than inspired; but I do not agree that it is dull, and as Barrie, of all living dramatists, is the only one who would have had such a play produced in London, where managers are extremely doubtful of the chances of anything which they cannot understand, I feel that some remarkable credit is due to him. If the play is a success we may presently see a genuine "fantasy" on the boards. Barrie may have given a fillip to the drama by showing that the theatre can be effectively used for themes too long banished from its boards.

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By the time this causerie is in print we shall probably have had an opportunity of seeing in London a new play of Bennett's called "Body and Soul". The play is not, as its title may suggest, another "Sacred and Profane Love" (which I understand is having a great success just now in New York), but is more in the vein of farcical comedy. In fact it is satirical, and I think will provoke a good deal of laughter here. It is extremely "up-to-date" in the subjects of its satire, and very daring in its directness. I shall hope to be present at the first performance, particularly in view of the fact that some of the subjects of the satire are bound to be present on that occasion. I hope no rumor as to the precise nature and personality of its subjects will leak out untimely.

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Another novelist-dramatist of whom we ought to have heard more in the past and of whom we ought to hear something in the future is Allan Monkhouse. Monkhouse is or was the literary editor of "The Manchester Guardian", a position of great respon-

sibility. He has been seriously ill for a long time, and has only just begun again to contribute with any frequency to the columns of the "Guardian". And he has long been known to those with any knowledge of these matters as a dramatist and novelist of genuine distinction. Unfortunately he is not one who produces rapidly, and the long intervals between the productions of his plays and the publication of his novels have prevented Monkhouse from being as generally known as the quality of his work demands. He began long ago, with a novel and a volume of essays, and his plays include two, "Mary Broome" and "The Education of Mr. Surrage", which have for years been familiar to all who follow the repertory movement in this country. He belongs to what is called the "Manchester school", although that is a very unfair description of Monkhouse to those who associate that school only with the work of Stanley Houghton and Harold Brighouse. The truth is that he is a Manchester man, in the sense that his work on the "Guardian" has kept him from London; and his work has always, as far as I know, made its first appearance through Miss Horniman's seasons at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. This is what links him to the "Manchester school", and not any intrinsic resemblance to the characteristic works of other Manchester dramatists. He is not, that is, the satiric portrayer of local matters and foibles. He is a psychologist of the James type, with a keen insight into human nature; and his work is full of extraordinary delicacy likely to make it less popular with the vulgar than with those of refined taste. It may lack corpuscular matter—I think sometimes that it does;—but it is far from anæmia, and its quality is exceptional.

A novel of Monkhouse's, entitled "True Love", is shortly to be issued in the United States—if it has not already appeared. This is a really brilliant story which centres about the staff of a paper easily identified as "The Manchester Guardian". The intrigue does not concern me. What I should like to emphasize is the peculiar quality of the love passages between the hero and a German woman, an actress. The quietness of these passages may make them too subdued for proper recognition, but in my opinion they have a quality which few novelists of our time can exceed. They are lyrical. The book is not the best that Monkhouse has written. I am told, though I have not read it, that one called "Love in a Life" is the best; but of those I know (and these are all except "Love in a Life") the most notable is "Dying Fires". In this, as in the new one and in "Men and Ghosts", the characters are very few, and the study of these is intensive; but the quality of Monkhouse's work lies principally in the subtlety with which he indicates the delicate movements of the human spirit in its gradual smoldering toward passion. The passion is always there, and apparent; but the steady growth to overwhelming power is slow and subtle. It is a remarkable gift, and one which I should much like to see appreciated to the full by Americans.

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As I have indicated, Monkhouse is not a young man, and indeed I am not very cheerful regarding the prospects of the youngest writers. They may come on, but those of any true promise (those, I mean, who show any sign of power to stay the course of a long apprenticeship) can almost be counted on the fingers. It is amusing to watch the desperate efforts of publishers in

England to discover new talent. Everywhere one sees advertisements of "Great Novel Competitions", with prizes of value to aspirants. Several of such competitions are in progress. One of them I reported, with the prize-winner, in a recent letter. But there are others. I can imagine the onerous task of the judges. Fancy going through tens of manuscripts, and even hundreds, in search of a book which is not only good according to literary standards but likely to repay publication as a "prize-winner"! The task is Herculean. I have myself just received a bundle of short stories upon which I have to adjudicate, and am appalled by the prospect of going through the various items. It is a genuine task. Fortunately I am the sole arbiter of their fate. What happens when one has to work in conjunction with others I cannot imagine. You may suppose that the duty is less onerous if the responsibility is shared. Perhaps it is. But in those cases one's name is often printed, and one has to stand the racket of subsequent publication. That is not my case. The only thing I dread is having to read the manuscripts and award the prize. But I can recall a recent competition in which two eminent novelists and the editor of a weekly journal were judges. The manuscripts were first of all sifted by a subordinate. The best were picked out by him and sent to the Big Three. The prize had ultimately to be awarded to a short story which proved to be not a short story at all, but the mere clever creation of an atmosphere. And, as all the entries were anonymous, it was found on research that the preliminary survey had cast out tales by some of the most highly reputed authors of the time. At least, so I was told. Let us hope the story was not true. I believe it to have been

true. And I am almost sure that it was.

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Another short-story competition has recently been decided. It was promoted by Messrs. Newnes, big magazine publishers here, and the judges were Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir H. Rider Haggard, H. G. Wells, and three magazine editors. There were between three and four thousand entrants. Doyle plumped for three, Haggard agreed with him about two, but gave first place to one which Doyle did not mention. Wells gave first place to Doyle's No. 1, and second place to Haggard's No. 1. His third was unplaced by his fellow novelists. All the other judges went straight for Haggard's first choice, two of them, however, putting second the one which Wells liked best. The result was that the first prize of £250 went to Haggard's choice, and the second of £100 to Wells's. The winner was Oswald Wildredge, with whose name I seem to be faintly familiar. The second was "Herbert Tremaine", a very talented woman who has published, under this pseudonym and under her own name, some remarkable novels. One or two of these have certainly appeared in the United States, but how many of them I do not recall. The book of hers which attracted most attention here was a pacifist novel called "The Feet of the Young Men". This, in spite of the opinions to which it gave voice, was received with favor by many who did not agree with its thesis. It was a success, though a second attempt in the same vein was a comparative failure, under the title "Two Months". It was less good than some of its more distinguished but less provocative predecessors. In my opinion, the author's best book was also her first, and it was published by Holt's in about

1910 under the title of "At the Sign of the Burning Bush". When that book came out it was very heartily attacked by, among others, "Claudius Clear" in "The British Weekly"; but Claudius Clear did not fail to point out the exceptional talent of its young author. Unfortunately the author did not continue the use of her own name, and it is for the reason that she would hardly thank me for mentioning it that I have refrained from doing so. In America the identification will not matter; but I hope English journalists will oblige me by not "copying".

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I gather that America may be a little impatient with her literary "young visitors" from England. At any rate, one who was announced to be going to the States told me today that he was a little discouraged by a cutting from an American paper asking whether there was to be nobody in London this summer. Those who have been to America are now returning, full of health and enthusiasm, and full of gratitude for all the kindness which has been shown them. I have already seen, in order, Walpole, Cannan, and Ervine. All appeared rosy and well, and all had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I think I must come to America myself. I am not so fat as I once was, and I could do with some of this

kindness. In England we are kind, but not so kind. And at the moment we are exceedingly full of scrutiny of our young writers. It is an English habit, to begin to decry anybody who has made any headway. We are very kind to first novelists, to the second works of our young authors, even to the third works. After that, we either "find them out", or ignore them. It is a bad sign if we keep on being kind. It shows that we have heard that they are unsuccessful, and need encouragement. Directly we understand that success is assured for them we begin pulling to pieces the young writers we have made. It is a pleasing task. You see, once a man has made a name here it takes years to rob him of success. Practically it can't be done. So we can attack a writer with a clear conscience. Look at the case of Compton Mackenzie. We all know that nothing can injure him; and so all our reviewers are giving him fragments of their minds, in the hope that in this way any success he has will not spoil him. They have just begun again with his new novel, "The Vanity Girl". There is no malice in it, and no jealousy. It is all for his own good. And to the onlooker it is extraordinarily funny. I hope it is as funny to Mackenzie. I do him the justice of believing that it is.

SIMON PURE

CHARLES ARLINGTON SMITH

(Being Some Personal Recollections)

BY CARL GLICK

IT is impossible for me now to say when I first saw Charles Arlington Smith. I know that I had seen him and talked with him many times before I learned that he was *the* Charles Arlington Smith. Before my acquaintance with him began, I had known him only as Mr. Smith.

He is, as you probably don't know, the most prolific writer in the world. And he holds, so I have been told, and readily believe, the record for having written more than any other living writer.

He was in the elevator with me one evening as I was on the way to my apartment. One of those strange, occult desires to start conversation came over me. I turned to him.

"It seems to me," I said, politely, "that I have seen you before some place."

If I had known who he was, I would not have spoken to him in this fashion.

But he blushed modestly, and replied, "I have been elevator boy here for the past five years."

"An enviable record," I replied, as we reached my floor.

He held open the door for me. "But I may quit any day now," he went on.

"You have another job?" I asked.

"No. But you see, I'm a writer. And any day now I expect my stories

to begin to sell. And when they do, I'll give this up." He made a gesture that included the elevator, the apartment building, and myself.

I showed an interest in him. Encouraged, he went on with his story.

"I've been writing now for five years," he said. "I write a story every day."

I was awed. "How do you keep it up?"

"That's just it," he replied, smiling proudly. "I have a system."

"But where do you get the plots?"

"I have a new plot each week. You see on Monday I do the story as an adventure tale. On Tuesday the plot is a love story. On Wednesday, it is a psychological study. On Thursday it is an essay. On Friday it is a mystery story. On Saturday it is a character study."

"But how long are these stories?"

"Five thousand words each."

"You mean to say you have written five thousand words a day each day for the past five years?"

"Yes. But don't count Sunday. I rest then."

I added and multiplied on my cuff. "Why man," I exclaimed, "that makes a total of 1,560,000 words."

"I know."

"But have you sold many of these

stories?" I asked rather incredulously.

For a moment he looked rather sad. "Only one, once. That was the first one I ever wrote. It encouraged me to keep on. It was published in 'Risqué Tales'. Maybe you read it."

"No," I replied. "But probably my wife did."

Just then the bell began to buzz.

"Somebody wants me," he said. "I'll tell you more about my stories later. Good night."

I knew I was dismissed. He dropped from sight. I was truly impressed. How such a stockily built, fat little youth,—he couldn't have been more than twenty at the time,—could show so much perseverance, was truly amazing to me.

Sometime later I saw him again.

"Would you like to see my stories?" he asked.

I thought of the 1,560,000 words.

"I'm afraid I couldn't read them all now," I answered rather dubiously.

"I'll show them to you. They are in my room downstairs."

I allowed myself to be led into the basement. It was a new experience to me. I had never been in the basement of an apartment-house before.

Charles Arlington Smith lived alone in a single room. In a corner was a huge pile of manuscripts,—the work of five years.

"There they are," he said with a wave of his hand. "And here is my typewriter,—my envelopes,—stamps,—dictionary,—and eraser. You see, I have everything that an author should have."

I saw!

Then he handed me a card. On it was printed his name in full, "Charles Arlington Smith". And down in one corner above the address was the

single word "Author", trimly inscribed.

"Pretty neat, isn't it? The idea was original with me. The others have copied it."

"What others?"

"The superintendent's wife. She writes plays. But she doesn't write as fast as I do. She only does a play a month. Then the postman writes, too. He is doing essays. And the woman who does the scrubbing. She writes poetry. That's all good. But I'm going to stick to stories. There's more in it, if they ever begin to sell."

"Well, good luck to you," I murmured. "You should win out some day. Such perseverance as yours is entitled to success."

"Thanks," he said, as he grasped my hand.

This was fifteen years ago. Charles Arlington Smith still runs the elevator in our apartment. Time has dealt gently with him. He has grown a trifle more slender. It is vastly more becoming. His eyes are dreamy. He seems lost in thought. Often he forgets and takes me beyond my floor. But I am never out of patience. He still writes his five thousand words a day. He has now written, so he confesses to me, 6,240,000 words.

"Surely the editors ought to buy something I have written," he said rather pathetically.

"I am afraid", I replied, "that you are one of those souls that will have to die to be appreciated."

"I'm afraid so. But if anything ever happens to me, you'll see that the editors get my stories, won't you?"

"I surely will, Charles Arlington Smith. But I hope you live a long, long time yet.... Careful, you are taking me past my floor again."

LINCOLN'S RELIGION RESTATED

BY LUTHER EMERSON ROBINSON

NOT many characters in history have called out so large a body of interpretative literature as has grown up about the name of Abraham Lincoln. The stream of books still flows, for the definitive words have not all been written. No aspect of his life has excited more earnest controversy than his religion. Attempts to classify his faith have stretched between the most sharply contrasting poles of belief. Tested by the commonly invoked New Testament standard, some of those who knew Lincoln long and "intimately" have lustily contended to prove him an "infidel". Others have as energetically insisted that he was a Christian of reverent and unmistakable type. His belief in predestination, which Herndon called "fatalism", is pretty generally conceded. This feature of his religion is asserted to have been lifelong, and so ultra-orthodox that "it went the full length of current superstition". He has been variously claimed by atheist and Baptist, by Roman Catholic and Methodist, by Spiritualist and Quaker. Universalists and Unitarians have thought that he best fitted their tenets. The debate has been wide enough to maintain that Lincoln must have been connected with the Freemasons. It is apparently one of the benevolent penalties of his great and engaging personality that it was sufficiently

latitudinarian to embrace the possessory rights of almost any segment of faith or opinion which might profit by the claim.

The subject is, of course, elusive enough to warrant an argument; and Lincoln's legacy is great enough to make it important to know the facts about his belief. Many books and articles, containing the fruits of more or less intelligent research, have endeavored to give a touch of finality to the dispute. So complex and devious is the psychology of the human mind in its attitude toward religion that the earlier findings were not sufficiently conclusive. Gradually and more scientifically, the sifting and synthesis of external testimony and internal evidence from Lincoln's authenticated works have made possible a more convincing report of the matter. By far the most satisfactory study of Lincoln's religion thus far published has come from the pen of William E. Barton, under the somewhat too comprehensive title of "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln". This book is so important in its field that it must be regarded as necessary to any library, public or private, fittingly equipped for the critical consideration of Lincoln's religious history. The author's contribution in this volume is one which students of Lincoln have many times felt was needed toward a dispassionate and

scholarly investigation of this side of the great President's thought and character.

That Lincoln was in large measure the product of the pioneer conditions which surrounded his boyhood and young manhood is a commonplace of interpretation. The educational limitations of his frontier environment, the stimuli of the plain folk who made up its sparse inhabitants, the infrequency of communication between points and with the more highly developed eastern states, the almost universal resort to hard manual labor in getting a start in the world, the checkered social and religious atmosphere growing slowly out of the diversity of beliefs and customs brought by immigrants into the western communities—these circumstances induced among the settlers an attitude of free thinking and action in religion and morals while they were absorbed with the more immediate demands of breaking up and cropping the new lands, building houses, and laying out towns and villages as centres of distribution. Mr. Barton gives necessary attention to these stimuli as they molded the soul of the young Lincoln. He pictures the light and shade of the conditions which impressed Lincoln's childhood and youth in Kentucky and Indiana as well as his facts will warrant. Lincoln's schooling, of course, was so meagre that his biographers have given all the exposure possible to the scanty opportunities he found for self-instruction. The social life of the frontiersmen was somewhat leavened by the "camp-meetings and revivals" conducted among them at intervals by the Hardshell Baptists and the New Lights and by the later influence of the Presbyterians. How much preaching the young Lincoln heard in Kentucky and Indiana is uncertain.

One general effect of the pioneer preaching was to convict the popular conscience of the doctrine of predestination and the dogma of eternal punishment. Lincoln's faith was tinctured by the one, but his skepticism rejected the notion of eternal punishment.

Lincoln's religious environment in Illinois is not so difficult to reconstruct. His young manhood at New Salem forms an important chapter in his career. Mr. Barton's early professional life as a minister in rural Kentucky and Illinois enabled him to observe certain religious customs and beliefs, surviving from the pioneer period when Lincoln's mind was in the making, and his record throws an interesting side-light on the social conditions prevailing among the poor white class from which Lincoln sprung. An interesting custom was that of "deferred funerals". The advent of a preacher in the backwoods was rare, and there were instances where a settler would have the funerals of two deceased wives preached "at once". The author records the fact that a Berea College professor, as late as 1919, was engaged to preach the funeral of a boy who died ten years before.

For the facts both of his education and his religious reactions, diligent recourse has been made to the testimony of those who knew Lincoln at New Salem. Here Mentor Graham came into his life and instructed him in Kirkham's grammar as well as in the elements of surveying. Here he continued to read and reflect upon the Bible. Shakespeare, Burns, and Byron were among the poets he discovered. Newspapers were an important part of his mental dietary, and by chance Blackstone's "Commentaries" was made to supplement the Statutes of

Indiana, which he had read before moving to Illinois. He reacted, too, to religion. For him, as for the average family, there was in his surroundings little suggestion of other-worldliness outside of the occasional camp-meeting and its sequential public baptism at the nearest creek or the funerals of those who died in the neighborhood. These events and the "occasional visitations" of the circuit riders to preach in the school-house or in the cabin of a receptive settler, contrasted piously with the Sunday hunting and fishing, "breaking young horses, shooting at marks, horse and foot racing, and the like".

As a young man lusty of life Lincoln shared in Indiana and Illinois the untutored freedom of acting and thinking common to his neighborhood. His penchant for reading brought him into contact with Volney's "Ruins" and Paine's "Age of Reason" as well as with the Bible and the poets. To reenforce his contention that Lincoln was an infidel, Herndon asserted that while at New Salem Lincoln wrote an essay to disprove the Bible as God's revelation and Jesus as the Son of God; that Lincoln's employer, Hill, snatched this little "book" and threw it into the stove to prevent its publicity from injuring the young man's political prospects. With the keenness of a trained advocate, Mr. Barton shows that Herndon actually knew very little of the New Salem Lincoln, that he depended upon hastily gathered hearsay evidence, and that what Lincoln actually wrote was a "little manuscript", which he showed to Mentor Graham, containing "a defense of universal salvation". As Graham wrote, Lincoln "took the passage, 'as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,' and followed with the proposition that whatever

the breach or injury of Adam's transgression to the human race was, which no doubt was very great, was made right by the atonement of Christ."

But this was not "the book", says Mr. Barton, which Hill burned. Again, upon Mentor Graham's better testimony, he shows that Herndon did not know that the object burned in Hill's store was a letter Hill had written to McNamur about Ann Rutledge. This letter was found by some school children, who gave it to Lincoln, the postmaster, in Hill's store. "Some of the school children", wrote Graham, "had picked up the letter and handed it to Lincoln. Hill and Lincoln were talking about it, when Hill snatched the letter from Lincoln and put it into the fire. The letter was respecting a young lady, Miss Ann Rutledge, for whom all three of these gentlemen seemed to have respect."

Lincoln, then, did not, like Shelley, write a youthful essay to disprove traditional orthodoxy, but to give it as he believed a more rational interpretation. However, the storm of controversy over Lincoln's faith came, soon after his death, to centre upon a point of pure theology. J. G. Holland, editor at the time of "Scribner's Magazine", went to Springfield to gather materials for his biography of Lincoln. Among others, he interviewed Newton Bateman, State Superintendent of Education, who had known Lincoln long and intimately. Holland published as Bateman's words a confidential comment Lincoln had made to the latter during the presidential canvass of 1860, in which he expressed deep disappointment that a majority of the ministers of Springfield were reported as favoring Douglas for president. In this comment, Holland reported Lincoln as saying:

I know there is a God, and that He hates

injustice and slavery.... I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same; and they will find it so. Douglas don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright.

Then the theological storm broke loose. Lamon's "Life of Lincoln", based upon Herndon's notes and papers, soon followed and boldly challenged the veracity of Holland's report of Lincoln's words. The dispute focused upon the sentence, "I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God." "Lincoln", wrote Lamon, "never in all that time let fall from his tongue or his pen an expression which remotely implied the slightest faith in Jesus as the Son of God and the Savior of men." Herndon, also, strongly condemned the statement ascribed to Lincoln, and called upon Dr. Bateman to confirm or deny Holland's language. Herndon did not deny that Lincoln was a deist, but he was certain Lincoln had never acknowledged Jesus as the Christ of God. Lamon concluded that Bateman's memory had played him false or that he had thought it no wrong to employ a religious fraud to set at ease the public desire to be assured of Mr. Lincoln's orthodoxy. He maintained that Lincoln held all truth to be inspired, whether Newton's discoveries, a Baconian essay, or one of his own speeches.

Herndon wrote that his several attempts to get a statement of the case from Bateman for publication were unavailing, but that he had preserved notes of his interviews with Bateman, which one day would set the matter right. Meantime, the world could take

his "word" for it that Holland was wrong. "If Bateman is correctly represented by Holland, he is the only man who will say Lincoln believed Jesus was the Christ of God, as the Christian world represents. Sometime my notes will show who is truthful, and who is not. I doubt whether Bateman is correctly represented."

These notes, as Mr. Barton remarks, have never been found. Bateman refused to respond to Herndon's inquiry. Later on he wrote, confidentially, that his conversation with Lincoln had turned upon the application of "moral and religious truth to the duties of the hour, the conditions of the country, and the conduct of public men—ministers of the gospel. Neither was thinking of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, Unitarianism, Trinitarianism or any other ism." Subsequently Bateman said to I. N. Arnold, who was preparing a Life of Lincoln, that Holland's report of the conversation in dispute was "substantially correct". Mr. Barton, however, concludes with Lamon and Herndon that Lincoln did not say, "I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God." Lincoln could not have used such language, Mr. Barton writes, "with nothing to distinguish the view of Lincoln as Unitarian or Trinitarian". He is the more confident because Nicolay and Hay did not mention the incident, because Bateman did not refer to it in his subsequent lecture on Lincoln, and did not protest against the criticisms of Lamon and Herndon. Bateman and Holland, he feels, each incurred his "ratio" of error: five years had elapsed since Bateman had the words from Lincoln; besides, he was tempted "to enlarge upon the incident" as a concession to the desire of "Christian people for a clear statement" of Lin-

coln's faith. Holland's discrepancy, he believes, arose from his being a writer of fiction as well as of history: thus, naturally, "he did not fail to embellish the story as Bateman told it to him". Finally, Holland, "probably did not write it down at the time, but recalled it afterward from memory". Although neither Holland nor Bateman intentionally falsified neither "cared, probably, to face too searching inquiry as to how the enlargement had come".

From our own knowledge of Lincoln's words referring here and there to his confidence in the Bible and its two supreme personalities which he recognized as giving it validity, it is difficult to see how, as a matter of logic, the author finds it necessary to conclude with Lamon and Herndon that Lincoln was not correctly quoted in the phrase, "Christ is God". It would have been obviously dishonest for Bateman gratuitously to offer the phrase to a biographer as Lincoln's own words, and just as dishonest for the biographer to insert it for the sake of embellishment. The phrase is quite *en rapport* with its context, particularly with, "I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same"; also with "Douglas don't care . . . but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care." If Bateman felt that neither he nor Lincoln, in the interview, was thinking of theological distinctions (such as Herndon was metaphysical enough to insist upon), but only of the application of "moral and religious truth" to public men and questions, why not take him at his word? It is more than likely that Lincoln used the words in question without consciously distinguishing his view as Unitarian or Trinitarian. Bateman was probably too self-respecting to engage in controversy with

Herndon. Like Dr. Smith, whom Mr. Barton justly credits for influencing Lincoln's religious convictions, Bateman simply did not care to make Herndon his medium of communication to the public. He had confided to Holland the substance of an intimate personal talk with Lincoln, and felt that Holland had quoted him substantially as Lincoln had spoken to him. Herndon had read the words with a metaphysical coloring out of character, as far as he knew, with Lincoln's thinking; whereas, Lincoln had only implied his impression of the practical identity of Christ's teachings with God's will and character.

John G. Nicolay, Lincoln's private secretary, stated that "Mr. Lincoln did not, to my knowledge, in any way change his religious views, opinions, or beliefs, from the time he left Springfield to the day of his death." If this impression is substantially correct, what, then, was Lincoln's religious view?

On the matter of Christianity, Lincoln at no time declared himself with more perspicacity, perhaps, than in the letter he wrote to Reverend Dr. Ide and others, May 30, 1864:

I can only thank you for thus adding to the effective and almost unanimous support which the Christian communities are so zealously giving to the country and to liberty. Indeed it is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise with anyone professing Christianity, or even having ordinary perception of right and wrong. To read the Bible as the word of God himself, that "in the sweat of *thy* face shalt thou eat bread", and to preach therefrom that, "in the sweat of *other men's* faces thou shalt eat bread", to my mind can scarcely be reconciled with honest sincerity. . . . When, a year or two ago, those professedly holy men of the South met in semblance of prayer and devotion, and, in the name of Him who said, "As ye would all men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," appealed to the Christian world to aid them in doing to a whole race of men as they would have no man do unto themselves, to my thinking they contemned and insulted God and His church far more than did Satan when he

tempted the Saviour with the kingdoms of the earth. The devil's attempt was no more false, and far less hypocritical. But let me forbear, remembering it is also written, "Judge not lest ye be judged."

Lincoln was no literalist in his interpretation of the Bible. The dogmas of the virgin birth and eternal punishment did not appeal to him as fundamental to the validity of the Bible as a divine revelation of religious truth. In the growth and composition of the book he was disposed to recognize the man-made element, but apparently this did not destroy for him its unique importance as a spiritual and ethical guide for humanity. In Chambers's "Vestiges of Creation" he discovered and accepted the principle of natural evolution. He did not unite with any church, but the evidence seems indisputable that he declared himself willing to join any church that asked assent only to the two great commandments. Like his education and his political history, his religious experience was a persistent evolution in search of the faith that best satisfied the demands of unselfish reason. The impact of pioneerism left its accent in his manners and

sympathies. Nature made him a great gentleman and bestowed upon him a mind of superior powers. Emerson felicitously spoke of him as "an entirely public man". As such, he carried his unbroken and unfinished intellectual and spiritual development into his practice of church attendance, into his practice of daily prayer and meditation, and into his public policy and utterance. His was the almost perfect union of the western mind with the Hebraic spirit. These elements of his genius found their highest expression in his Second Inaugural, a state paper combining both history and religion into a masterpiece of pure literature.

Mr. Barton's volume is richly as well as carefully documented. He surpasses his predecessors both in the assemblage of external and internal evidence bearing with finality upon the much mooted question of Lincoln's religious faith. His book is so well done that it is likely long to remain the standard work on the subject.

The Soul of Abraham Lincoln. By William E. Barton. George H. Doran Company.

A SIERRA POET IN THE MAKING

BY HERBERT COOPER THOMPSON

JOAQUIN MILLER, "poet of the Sierras", has come in for a revival in California. A magazine of San Francisco has not long since issued a memorial number (it is seven years since his death), and collectors are paying increasingly high premiums for his manuscripts and first editions. This is, to some extent, a tribute to his unique personality, for it is certain that he has, in death, lost none of his grip on the imaginations of those who knew him or knew of him. Tourists still make pilgrimages, as in his life, to the strange collection of cabins in the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay, where he made his home.

Miller, besides his magnetism, admirable character, and whimsical originality, was a picturesque figure. Tall, powerful, with keen eyes, strong, handsome face and flowing beard, he made an imposing appearance on all occasions—a fact no one appreciated better than he. Cowhide boots, in which he stalked to fame in London's drawing-rooms in the early 'seventies, soft shirt, slouch hat, and corduroy clothes fulfilled the popular notion of the way a "poet of the Sierras" should look. Yet he was no mere "faker". He came honestly by his far-Western garb. He crossed the plains to Oregon during the gold rush, as a lad of ten; and before he finished his schooling, he had worked in the mines, fought

Indians, and shot a deputy sheriff. Charles Warren Stoddard later wrote of him: "Never had a breezier bit of human nature dawned upon me this side of the South Seas than that Poet of the Sierras when he came to San Francisco in 1870." And a British reviewer in the days of his early fame correctly said that his superiority over Byron in certain respects lay in the fact that his materials were derived not from a morbid imagination, but from his own actual experience on the borders of civilization.

An episode in his early career relating to his fight with the deputy and other early reminiscences, hitherto unpublished, have been given to me by one of Miller's boyhood companions and newspaper associates, Colonel William Thompson of Alturas, California. And I am also heir to a number of backless ledgers in which the young poet scribbled at verse and political speeches and jotted personal notes while practising law in Canyon City, Oregon. These bits I here offer to his admirers.

"I am a genius," Miller declared to Thompson during his struggling years. "The world does not appreciate me, but it will yet recognize and honor my name." He did not say this boastfully. He said it because of his absolute faith in himself, although it well

illustrates his characteristic simplicity and the child-like vanity of the man.

Miller was never a boaster as a boy, yet he allowed no one to excel him in feats of daring, whether swimming rapids or breaking a colt. His erratic moods, high spirits alternating with fits of depression, natural brilliancy, and love of the spectacular marked him apart from most of his fellows. In the mines of northern California, to which his love of adventure led him as a youth, he was known as "crazy Miller". There he made a living at the menial tasks assigned to boys, wrote poetry, preached, and finally got into serious trouble with the sheriff. He also did his first Indian fighting there, when a party of miners set out to punish a band of raiders. Despite a painful wound in the neck from an arrow during this fight, he used his rifle until the Indians fled in a rout. A miner who was present said afterward to Thompson that young Miller was alike fearless and indifferent to danger.

Miller worked at the mines for a rascally pair who promised him in reward a horse with bridle and saddle; but just before the expiration of his time, as a ruse for escaping payment, they discharged him for incompetency. The boy, without money to take the case to court, settled his grievance by running away with the horse and equipment. Friendly Indians gave him a refuge in the mountains. But his late employers obtained a warrant for felony. He was caught, despite the efforts of the Indians, and lodged in jail. Sympathetic miners, feeling the injustice of his treatment, helped him to escape. After some months in central California, laboring on ranches, he attempted to return to his Oregon home. Unfortunately, he was recognized in the mountains near the mines.

The sheriff was notified. Two deputies left in chase. Miller saw them coming as he was crossing a bridge and hid in the brush, from which he opened fire with a revolver, wounding one deputy and killing the horse of the other. In return, he received a bullet in the fleshy part of his forearm.

Although the two deputies gave up the chase, Miller knew that a full posse would soon be on his trail. He rode straight on until, late at night, he arrived at a toll bridge, which was closed. Breaking the padlock, he threw open the gate, then doubled back and followed the river on the rear side in the hope of baffling his pursuers. This brought him to Klamath Lake in southern Oregon, which he crossed in a canoe hired from an Indian, swimming his horse.

The sheriff of Klamath had as deputy a notorious gun-fighter named Bradley, who undertook to capture Miller. He discovered the right trail, and even the Indian who paddled the fugitive across the lake. The chase continued well into southern Oregon, where Miller waylaid the deputy, covered him with a revolver, and forced him to give up arms and mule. The man was then left to find his way back afoot. As his own horse had given out, Miller shot him and proceeded on his fresh mount. But the mule also broke down under the hardships of mountain scaling and had to be killed. Miller then pushed on toward Canyon City in eastern Oregon, tramping across mountain and desert. By chance he met Thompson, who was coming down from the mines in a wagon. During the ride to town, Miller told his story and showed the wound in his arm, which he had bound with a strip of shirt. Thompson later verified Miller's story.

A sequel followed some years later

when Miller went to Canyon City to practise law. Bradley, who was living there as a miner by day and gambler by night, hearing that his old adversary was coming, announced his intention of shooting him at sight. Miller, warned of the threat, went straight to Bradley's cabin. When Bradley opened the door, Miller held out a brace of revolvers and said he could take his choice of a weapon, if he had none of his own. Struck with admiration at Miller's audacity, Bradley held out the hand of friendship. It was accepted. And when Miller ran for judge of the county, Bradley was one of his staunchest supporters.

Unfair and distorted versions of this escapade in California followed Miller to Oregon. His life among the Indians also caused speculation among the gossips. But he obtained the best education the country afforded, taught school, ran an express, read law, became a county judge, and established himself as a respected citizen.

At this time, the settled and orderly section of Oregon extended south from Portland to Eugene City, at the head of the fertile Willamette valley. Miller entered Columbia College at Eugene. It was housed in a single building of wood. One day a fire broke out during class. All the students fled except Miller, who remained behind, throwing out books. He was in the second story when the building collapsed, and he saved himself only by jumping to the ground.

Miller obtained the money for his first journalistic venture from an express business in eastern Washington. Preceded by a reputation as a fighter, he was never once molested by the desperadoes in the wild region through which he drove, nor did he ever lose a dollar of the heavy remittances of bul-

lion and gold dust that he carried for the miners at the "diggings" there.

As a Southern Democrat, in the heated days of Civil War, he narrowly escaped imprisonment for disloyalty during his newspaper experience at Eugene. After suppression and warnings, he founded a purely literary journal; but as he could not resist politics, this also was suppressed. Finally, he quit in discouragement.

It was at the close of the Civil War that Miller went to Canyon City to practise law. There he entered politics and secured the county judgeship. Yet, as his journals of this period show, he practised steadily at poetry. Apparently, poets were not regarded highly at Canyon City, for I note in a "Preface" to a collection of manuscript poems in one old ledger: "These pages, like their young writer, were born and raised on the highest mountain of the frontier; where painted savages are oftener met than savants and where rhyming is considered a mild type of insanity." The poet was born in Indiana, "raised" in the valleys of Oregon; and in 1869, the date of this preface, he was 28 years old.

Among the manuscript poems that follow is "Loua Ellah", which later appeared in his first booklet of poems, "Specimens". There is also an ode "To the Poets of California" beginning, "I am as one unlearned, uncouth." This ode, under the title of "To the Bards of San Francisco Bay", excited ridicule among the men it was meant to compliment when its author made his disappointing pilgrimage to the City of the Golden Gate.

In another ledger, we find some of his political speeches. "I ask for the nomination, first, because I am competent to fill the place; second, because I desire it," he says of the judge-

ship. Some of his notes are biographical. For instance, he purposes to reside at Canyon City and strive to win the judgeship, which pays \$1,200 a year. "I will spend all the money I can raise at it, and if I fail, will send my family away and try another county."

"Romance in Real Life" is the heading to several pages of bitter reflections written in the August of 1865. Once he says, "I have no friend on whose judgment I can rely or in whose secrecy I can trust." We find that he "sincerely deplored" but one act of importance in his life, and he was "about to undo that act". He "assumed a duty". Whatever his resolution was, it is easy to infer that the trouble was domestic.

"Joaquin et al." is the curious and unconsciously humorous title of his second book of poems. It was written at Canyon City and printed in Portland, Oregon, in 1869, under the name of Cincinnatus H. Miller; but in an autographic inscription which I have in my volume, he signs himself "Hiner". He was known to his friends as Hiner—a family name he later changed to Heine, in honor of the German singer. After the success of the poem "Joaquin" he was called "Joaquin" Miller by public and friends.

Miller served four years as judge at Canyon City. During this time, he led a company of irregular volunteers against the Snake Indians. His leadership, on one occasion, saved his men, who were caught in an Indian trap. Under his plans, they successfully broke through the surrounding lines and escaped.

Defeated for reelection, he returned to Eugene. His reputation as a poet was still local, when George Francis Train, a popular lecturer of the period who was then touring Oregon, chanced to read one of his poems. Train re-

cited this from the platform in Eugene and publicly declared Miller a genius.

"You see, men of genius appreciate me," the poet remarked to Thompson after the lecture, in a voice shaken by emotion. "I am going where others besides Train can and will appreciate me, for I *am* a genius."

He then laid plans for his journey to London. Just before he left Eugene, he spoke so extravagantly of what he expected to accomplish in Europe, "where they appreciated genius", that even so old and intimate a friend as Colonel Thompson feared his wits had been touched.

Prior to his lionizing in London, Miller did not in town wear the miner's costume by which he was later distinguished. On the contrary, far from being rough in dress, he was, in the slang of the period, a "dude". He kept as close to fashion as his opportunities allowed, affected the niceties of the city and wore kid gloves.

The last time I saw him, he talked of pioneer days in a way that showed his heart was sincerely with the old West. This was only a few months before his death, as he lay helpless in bed in one of his hill cabins. A small cloth cap sat queerly on his head, his beard and long, thin locks were frosty white. He complained of a numbness of the legs, which prevented him from rising, but his mind was keen, and he was interested in a project for increasing his "forest". With his own hands, he told me, he set out fifty thousand trees; this was the first time he had passed this task to others. His daughter, whom he called "Babe", now directed a topknotted Korean at the task. As he talked of the early days and his projects, he seemed to me a typical old pioneer. Never did he look

more the part of the "poet of the Sierras".

I brought the conversation around to his days in London and asked him

about his friends, the pre-Raphaelites.

"They are all dead," Miller remarked, adding with a solemn shake of his head, "We all die."

BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I am a disappointed story-teller;
The book I worked on with such zeal and zest,
Has proved too good to be a real Best Seller,
And yet not bad enough to be suppressed!

A FOREIGN MISCELLANY

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

THOSE who imagine that a man must pass a pretty inactive and occasionally dull time in his library or at the bookshop, are more often mistaken than they think. Of course, only too much of what's written adds to the gloom of the nations—never, naturally, anything that you or I write. Yet under certain conditions there's almost as much excitement in a heap of books as there is at a football game, and I'm not so sure but that the excitement is not fairly the same in both instances. We assemble to cheer our favorites, but like true sports are ready to yell lustily for a good play from the opposite side. We are on the lookout for "discoveries",

and produce candidates for the "great American novel" with quite as much gusto as a sporting editor arranges his "all America" elevens; we watch the advancement of a promising chap from his first good play (on the footlights or the gridiron, as you like it) and pride ourselves upon having predicted his "arrival". And though this element may be non-literary, it surely contributes its share to making literature safe for enjoyment.

All of which is preliminary to the remark that this trying to keep up with several literatures at a time—please note that I said trying, for nobody really does it, or expects to do it—is a pursuit that makes the blood

run faster. Is this volume of mad poems the work of an impostor, or is the apparent lunatic destined to be the initiator of a new and permanent "ism" in poesy? Is that thin little brochure which you're tempted to thrust aside possibly the first opus of a critic who in a few years will hold you in awe lest he comment adversely upon your own work? Of course, you read the foreign magazines, and every once in so often you encounter the blazoning-forth of a second Maeterlinck (you, who don't care a fig for the first one!) or an authentic descendant of Whitman, or a poet-playwright who with his initial work dethrones D'Annunzio, Sem Benelli *et al.* And when these books arrive, you read them first, being but human. As you read, you make up your mind that you're going to show these foreign critics a thing or two and teach them to hold their tongues about second Shakespeares and the like; their praise determines you to find fault, which is so much more easy than finding virtue. Wasn't it the brilliant Remy de Gourmont who spoke of one of Verhaeren's critics in this wise: "An unnamable critic notes some of the fiery errors of Verhaeren; a few 'out of a hundred others'. It is thither, toward the fault, the stain, the wound, that the mediocre spirit flies like an insect, with certain aim; he looks at neither the eyes nor the hair, neither the hands nor the throat, nor at the charm of the woman who passes by; he sees the mud with which a churl has bespattered her gown; he enjoys the sight; he would like to see the stain grow until it devoured both gown and flesh; he would have everything as ugly, filthy, and despicable as himself"? And then there is the opposite tendency to be on guard against: seeing only good in the literary universe. In

fact, a certain Spaniard whose name I can't recall said that there was never a really and wholly bad book. Optimist!

Wherefore let us approach rather humbly a list of books chosen, from various tongues and climes, not at random, but with that sense of fallibility and literary excitement which may be gathered from the preceding paragraphs. First, from Italy, where a rival to Benelli and D'Annunzio seems to have arisen. For Ercole Luigi Morselli, whose tragedies "Glauco" and "Orione" have lately been published, directly upon the marked success of the first-named play at both Rome and Milan, has been called that and more by the independent, dynamic spirit Giovanni Papini, who is himself fast attaining to the intellectual leadership of Italian youth. Morselli is a young man, on the sunny side of thirty-five. He has been known for his "Storie da Ridere...E Da Piangere" (Tales Over Which to Laugh...And Weep) and for the satiric and generally successful book of contemporary fables called "Favole Per I Re D'Oggi" (Fables for the Kings of Today). For an appreciation of his plays, a perusal of the second-named book is instructive; it reveals just that combination of the ancient and the contemporary that strikes the reader of his tragedies; it reveals, too, a certain cynical outlook upon life, a philosophic scorn of man the individual that so often companions a love of him in the abstract. (Was it not Mephisto, in Sir William S. Gilbert's little-known and not at all unsuccessful adaptation of "Faust", entitled "Gretchen", who inveighed against the holy tribe

Who pray for mankind in the aggregate
And damn them all in detail!)

Morselli's tragedies are singularly free of scenic trappings and rhetorical

inflation. There is a beautiful simplicity to his language which one need not be an Italian to appreciate. He writes a prose that is akin to poetry without being of that vapory, deliquescent variety considered by some "poetic". He knows the secret of a broad, rhythmic action in which the pictorial, the dramatic, and the vocal blend into a meaningful harmony. Out of two classic myths he creates two modern symbols. Glaucus is a Sicilian, in love with Scylla, and hears the sirens and tritons summon him to that wealth and glory of which he dreams; to him glory is even more than Scylla, and so great is her love that she helps him rob her father, that the foundations of his venture may be assured. Off fares Glaucus on his eager quest, resisting temptation on the way, returning successful only to find Scylla dead. Just as "Glaucus" symbolizes, in its beautiful simplicity, the great cost at which fame is purchased, so "Orion" reveals in similar, though less effective fashion, the littleness of man before the powers of nature and of death. Orion, earth-born, and defying all earth's creatures, after slaying the monster of the forest, dies from the sting of a scorpion that he deems beneath his notice. Morselli, in these plays, has renewed eternal truths for us. That is perhaps the essence of enduring art. His possible importance to the history of Italian and European drama may be gleaned from Papini's straightforward comment in a recent issue of his magazine "La Vraie Italie", published in French:

Morselli does not follow pedantically the elaborated myths and the learned reconstructions of the Hellenists. He is not a patient and boresome archæologist like D'Annunzio; he cares very little for erudite bric-à-brac, for local color, for the scenery and supernumeraries that serve to conceal the impotency of the impotent. He penetrates to the very core of the psychological action and into the very

souls of his personages.... He transports us into a magic world which is almost outside of time, but in that mythical and prehistoric world we see men who suffer, love, who betray, who take pleasure with the puissant frankness of elementary humanity. He uses the myth so as to obtain a superior lyric freedom that shall permit him to depict life in its very essence. He thus stands apart from all the makers of classic pastiches with which our literature has been infested from the sixteenth century to D'Annunzio and Benelli.

Of Grazia Deledda there is not much to say at this late date. She is too little known in this country, perhaps because of her distinct regionalism,—a phase of art that must likewise keep more than one good Spanish novelist from reaching a wide public here. Her latest book, containing two novellettes, presents no new aspect of her labors, but it does suggest a Russian influence which Spaniards and Italians are quick to deny on the part of their writers. This habit of crying "influence" at authors is one that is happily, among the more discerning critics, giving way to a deeper appreciation of the creative impulse and its workings; yet the interpenetration of nationalistic strains as exhibited in outstanding writers of the various countries is a literary fact (though it be often overstressed) which bespeaks a growing intellectual internationalism, except in those cases, of course, where servile imitation betrays itself.

From Spain we may soon expect an outpouring of Galdós literature, owing to the death of that great author in the early days of January. Galdós was of the race of the giants; though I could not on the instant tell just why, he has always been associated in my mind with Thomas Hardy, perhaps because of the architectural structure of his works, his intellectual bravery, his Prometheanism, his noble pessimism. Certain portraits of the men, when placed side by side, seem to show

a spiritual resemblance, though such a fact would have but a personal significance at best. Nothing new on him has reached these shores as yet, with the exception of a small pamphlet which is of more than passing value because of the intimate notes it contains.

Volumes by Spanish Americans, on the other hand, though not presenting many new names, are as plentiful as ever. They range all the way from selections of anthological excerpts, through the novel, poetry, political essay, and biography. Among the most interesting, as much for the purpose behind them as for their intrinsic merit, are the books that come from the Cuba Contemporánea publishing house, Havana, under the directorship of Carlos de Velasco, who is not unknown in New York City. "Cuba Contemporánea" is incidentally the name of this firm's magazine,—an organ of excellent appearance and of pithy content which should be known to every person interested in the intellectual phase of Pan-Americanism. Recent publications of the firm include: a timely translation of Dumas's "Question of Divorce"—timely because it is only recently that a divorce law has been passed in Cuba, where certain ecclesiastical influences are at work to nullify its full effects; and an important collection of the letters of Estrada Palma, first president of Cuba, written from the Catalanian prison to which he had been sent during the years 1877 and 1888. The letters at times reveal that anti-ecclesiastical strain which is fostered by the firm. Most plainly of all, that strain comes out in Carlos Loveira's novel "Los Inmorales".

While it is true that a literal translation of "Los Inmorales" would bring down upon the book the fate of

"Madeleine" and "Jürgen", perhaps it will not be *lèse-Comstock* to speak about the book as a whole, which is not devoid of merit despite certain deficiencies of structure and movement. Spanish Americans, when writing novels, seemingly find it impossible to leave out politics and social problems. Historically there is ample justification of such an attitude toward the art of fiction; but when one reads novel after novel in a vain attempt to escape, the theme begins to lose impressiveness unless handled by such a master as Rufino Blanco-Fombona or, to go back a generation, Alberto Blest Gana. Loveira's book, then, fulfils the purpose of the Cuba Contemporánea firm at the same time that it provides a readable piece of fiction; it is an evidence of ardent Cubanism, so to speak, and launches a dart in the direction of those institutions upholding rigid, inflexible marriage laws to the point of refusing divorce on any grounds whatsoever. The hero, Jacinto Estébanez, and the heroine, Elena, are both married, but not at first to each other. Neither is a model of the Sunday school type, and even in a society that freely admitted divorce à la Reno, they would hardly grow wings. What Loveira probably intends to show is that, in a world that does not countenance divorce, they are much worse off than they would otherwise be.

As soon as they are brought into each other's lives and are led to unite destinies, they commence to be shunned by individuals who are no better than they, nor worse. If Loveira's depiction of social conditions in Chile, Panama and Peru is photographic, there is altogether too much room for improvement in those countries. Spanish Americans, judging from the novels available, are far more honest (and harsh) in treating of their environ-

ments, than writers of our own part of America; hypocrisy, indeed, is sometimes forced upon us by the censorious intrusion of crabbed spirits into realms where they are blind to nothing but the scabrous, the pornographic, and the lewd. We are fast being forced into logophobia, a fear of mere words in themselves; and it is humiliating to think of what laughter must have greeted certain recent events in the world of letters hereabouts when the news became known in Paris, say, or even Madrid.

At any rate, Loveira struggles against no such external prohibitions; the suggestion of his novel is one of non-conformity to the tribal impositions of society. Not necessarily non-conformity for its own cantankerous sake, but for the principles at stake. And if this be no great novel, it predicates a great attitude. Loveira, though seemingly a radical, has observed the proletarian movement closely and has learned to distinguish between the genuine spirit and the self-seeking agitator, of whom his hero early falls a victim. The novel is valuable for its first-hand knowledge of life among a certain stratum of the laboring element, and also for its glimpses into the contradictions and the incongruities of a social life that reeks with foulness beneath its glittering exterior. He manages somehow to convey the feeling that his protagonists' tribulations are not due solely to their erroneous social or anti-social views; society's oppositions he succeeds in endowing with a fate-like character of persecution; not often does he frankly become the preacher, using his engineer hero (he is himself, or was, an engineer) to voice the author's antagonism to Catholicism and its views upon marriage.

From a Mexican poetess, María En-

riqueta, comes, by way of her first novel, an almost opposite view of things, written in a charming, simple, appealing manner that engages one's attention from the start. The novel, indeed, is stylistically just what one might have expected from a knowledge of her poems, which I have before likened to those of Sara Teasdale in our own tongue. "Jirón de Mundo" (which may be freely rendered "A Little Corner of the World") is the story of a convent-bred girl who cannot bear the outer world when she is plunged into it, and who seeks the bosom of the sanctuary once again when life overcomes her. The plot of the tale is somewhat strange, and for that reason worth dwelling upon for more than a moment; its working out, however, is marred by an excessive use of coincidence, though much can be forgiven because of the fine study of the tender, simple-hearted convent-girl, Teresa.

Teresa is an abandoned child; conventual life seems to hold little attraction for her, and has been varied by notes received from an anonymous invalid desirous of exclusively spiritual correspondence with a sympathetic soul. At last, however, the right opening for escape presents itself in the shape of an offer of a position as governess to a sick child; the employer, Dr. Santiesteban, lives near the convent, and has, besides the little child, a grown-up daughter Laura and a student son, Antonio. Teresa, being beautiful as well as religious, works havoc where she has meant to spread only cheer and restore health. She seemingly alienates the selfish Laura's "gentlemen" friends; wins the love of both widowed father and student son, and when at last openly accused by the daughter of having been instrumental in banishing Laura's suitor

and of having designs upon the wealthy son, she can bear it no longer; and in proof of the fact that her affections are centred elsewhere, she throws upon the table a bundle of letters from her mysterious correspondent. And now comes the great climax. That correspondent is no other than Dr. Santiesteban himself, under the pseudonym Mauricio. This is the climax not only of the story of Teresa's life, of the doctor's career, but of Laura's furor. Finding her father in the act of declaring his love to Teresa, she at once assumes that it is Teresa who, having failed to catch the son, has sought a larger fortune in the parent. The scene she creates proves too much for the father, who dies in Teresa's arms. This world is too much for the girl; she returns to the *Sacro Puerto*.

The experienced novel-reader may, even from this fragmentary account, discern the technical faults of the tale; the poetess-novelist does, however, produce a certain atmosphere and provide a restful, if not convincing, tale for the discriminating fiction lover.

Once again the surroundings undergo a decided change when we take up Enrique Gómez Carrillo's autobiographical account of thirty years of his life. An eventful thirty years indeed, requiring three parts so far, the third of which is now running in his lively magazine "*Cosmopolis*". It is a pity that our own writers, when discoursing of themselves and their experiences, cannot impart the charm that this veteran traveler, journalist, and editor casts over his pages. Gómez Carrillo is one of the foremost names in Spanish-American letters; to the average North American he means nothing at all. His autobiography reads like a straight piece of fiction,

and it is hard to believe that the man has not permitted his literary propensities to guide his recollections. Surely this is one of the most interesting novels written by a Spanish American in many a moon. You may pick it up without any thought of learning about the author,—with the direct purpose of enjoying a well-told tale,—and you will not be disappointed. These men are so frank in their manner, so human in their attitude, so unexpurgated (yet by no manner of means vulgar) in their narrative, that one readily forgives the touch of "literature" because the breath of a greater honesty has blown across the pages. Gómez Carrillo writes a musical, compelling prose,—a prose which in the hands of the modernist Spanish Americans is quite as ductile as the writing of the leading French stylists.

Among reprints or new collections of established writers are groups of poems by that strange Uruguayan figure, Julio Herrera y Reissig, and Blanco-Fombona's admirable novel "*El Hombre de Hierro*". Herrera y Reissig is even today, some years after his death, a puzzle to many of his continental readers. Everything about him,—his career, his poetry, his prose, his æsthetics,—was touched with rarity, complexity; and he is as a writer difficult to approach unless you have something in your personality that vibrates in sympathy to his haunting note. He is certainly no writer for the crowd, and will never be popular, though he has been recognized as having had an important influence upon the multifarious development of Spanish-American letters of the recent active and ebullient years. Some day, perhaps, a literary psychologist will come along to explain why epochs of transition and of so-called decadence produce such strange figures as

the Baudelaires and the Verlaines in France, and such equally strange personalities as the Silvas, the Casals, the Herrera y Reissigs in southern America.

If southern modernism produced its frail, psychopathic geniuses, it has given us on the contrary such robust spirits as Chocano and Blanco-Fombona. This Parisian edition of "The Man of Iron" is the third publication of that notable Venezuelan tale, in which the irony of a humble, honest, meek soul's existence is treated with a rare appeal, a rigid economy of words and characters, a glowing humanism and artistic independence. It should be of interest to readers of this nation that the same author's "The Man of Gold", a novel with all the irony and artistry of its predecessor, is soon to appear in English. Blanco-Fombona is without doubt one of the great present leaders of Spanish-American thought; as a man of action and a man of the pen, directing what is perhaps the chief publication centre of the standard works by Spanish-American writers, he has, from his present abode in Madrid, shed new light upon almost every field of the new republic's activities.

While we here, just awakening to the culture of the southern continent, may be inclined to rebuke ourselves for our negligence, we should not forget that Spain itself was quite as much in need of enlightenment, and that even now, in that country, knowledge of Spanish-American art and letters is by no means general. Several important libraries of publications have of late sprung up and are performing valuable service; in addition to Blanco-Fombona's enterprise is the series headed by Ventura Garcia Calderón, brother of Francisco Garcia Calderón. The latter is by some looked

upon as the present leader of Spanish-American thought and the logical continuator of José Enrique Rodó. In his new book "Ideas and Impressions" he treats of several topics directly concerning our own nation; though he is here but less harsh than many of his continental brethren, I understand that he has changed his views of late, as a result of the recent war, and that he looks with far more favor than before upon this nation. The change of attitude is of great significance; our southern neighbors study us far more closely than we study them, and it is good to see ourselves through the eyes of others.

From Spanish America to the East Side of New York is a far jump geographically, but not quite so far when considered on the literary map. The East Side has always been a hotbed of literature; "isms" bubble here in unending effervescence and world-movements are quickly noticed, discussed, assimilated, fought, and settled. Open the new 1920 Introspectivist anthology, for example, and read the introductory statement of this new group. Another "ism"? Perhaps, if you like labels. But in reality there is nothing new in the statement, except the youthful spirit of the signers. The manifesto, which is moderate and tolerant in tone—surprising qualities from youth!—is surely a grandchild of the symbolistic pronouncements in France, though brought down to date in the matter of free verse and the rest. There is the same assertion of personality, of the individual seeking only within for themes, of nuance in art, of untrammelled individuality.

And best of all, the poems that follow upon the manifesto do not shame the statement. There are promising poets in this collection, particularly Lewis, Leyeless and Glatstein. That

they do not deal high-handedly with their immediate predecessors, and that they most sensibly do not draw up a set of iron-clad rules to which every adherent must subscribe, speaks well for their progress. The literary "schools" of the future—if future individualism will allow schools!—will doubtless be a friendly association of congenial spirits, not a close corporation of self-appointed, dogmatic apostles. In order to progress from the past, it is by no means necessary to deny that past; nor can denying it abolish it by fiat. It is only when the past tries to rule the present that it should be taught its place; and as far as art is concerned, it is often possible for past, present, and future to be coeval. Indeed, are not past, present, and future really coeval in the individual?

An important collection,—important both because of the writer represented and the distinguished editor of the books,—is the twelve-volume edition of the works of Isaac Leib Perez, —the greatest name in Yiddish literature and regarded as one of the greatest writers produced in any tongue during the nineteenth century. It is particularly appropriate that David Pinski should edit this collection. Pinski was associated with Perez in the old country; he was his friend and collaborator; he is today one of the Yiddish authors revealing the finest grasp upon the artistic side of his profession; writing, to him (and no pun

intended), is almost a rite; it is a pity that his numerous activities as man of business, as editor and as Zionist leader, should prevent him from producing more original work. Some day that part of New York which has appreciated the production of Benavente's "Bonds of Interest" and recently thronged to the same genius's "The Passion Flower",—which applauded St. John G. Ervine's "John Ferguson" and similar plays,—will discover the author of "The Treasure" and a score of one-act plays that should long have been known to the discriminating playgoers of the metropolis. Of the Perez volumes, two have so far appeared. Their style does justice to the noble figure they commemorate.

Glauco; Orione. By Ercole Luigi Morselli. Milan: Fratelli Treves.
 Il Ritorno del Figlio; La Bambina Rubata. By Grazia Deledda. Ibid.
 Don Benito Pérez Galdós. By Rafael de Mesa. Madrid: Juan Pueyo.
 La Cuestión del Divorcio. Traducción del francés. Havana: Sociedad Editorial Cuba Contemporánea.
 Cartas Familiares y Billetes de Paris. Version Castellana de la 2a edición portuguesa. By Carlos de Velasco. Ibid.
 Los Inmorales. By Carlos Loveira. Ibid.
 Jirón de Mundo. Novela. By María Enriqueta. Madrid: Editorial América.
 Treinta Años de mi Vida. By Enrique Gómez Carrillo. Madrid: Juan Pueyo.
 Los Parques Abandonados. Sonetos. By Julio Herrera y Reissig. Buenos Aires: Ediciones Selectas "América".
 Las Pascuas del Tiempo. By Julio Herrera y Reissig. Madrid: Editorial América.
 El Hombre de Hierro. By Rufino Blanco-Fombona. Paris: Garnier Frères.
 Ideas é Impresiones. By Francisco García Calderón. Madrid: Editorial América.
 In Sich. (Yiddish anthology of a new "introspectivist" group.) New York: Meisel.
 Die Werk von Itskhok Leibush Perez. Zusammengestellt unter der redaction von David Pinski. (The Works of Isaac L. Perez, edited by David Pinski.) New York: Verlag Yiddish.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

By Constance Murray Greene

IF "Invincible Minnie" had been written by a man instead of a woman he would probably have been lynched before this. The creation of Minnie equals if it does not surpass anything that our literature offers in the way of womanly viciousness, and would be insupportable coming from a man. As it is, however, these terrible revelations regarding womanhood are very pleasing—a triumph of provocative and thirst-producing reading so far as further work by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, whose first novel this is, is concerned. It is good to find women who are courageous enough to lay bare the fullest horror of their sex, and let no one take up the defense of these monsters whom they portray. As a modern essayist has said, "some of the wickedest women in the world have been mothers". Which being true, prevents even Minnie's maternity from touching the properly minded person. This book is not for sentimentalists.

If you admit that such women as Minnie exist, the question is immediately hurled at you, whether they have masculine counterparts; and the next thing is to ferret out the man who can put one into fiction. It will be difficult to discover whether there actually are such people as Minnie because their greatest strength would lie in

their ability to delude those nearest them. And it is this also which makes Mrs. Holding's book such a firebrand. You may have had a Minnie in your home for years without knowing it; but having chanced upon this book, the world will be changed. Death would be preferable to discovering a Minnie in your midst.

For this woman revealed to us is that most terrible of all,—the cold, plodding, self-deceived devil:

Minnie had, one might say, no sex at all, no trace of passion—she had nothing but her instincts and her cool temperament to protect her.... Hers was a conscience which imperiously required satisfaction, but as she was always certain that all her aims were beyond reproach, her conscience never refused to sanction whatever means she employed in arriving at them. She was more than a Jesuit. She did not so much believe that bad means were justified by a worthy end; she was simply convinced that no means used by her were, or could possibly be, bad.

As a foil for Minnie, slovenly, lacking in charm, intellect and honor, we have the sister Frankie, strong, eager, alluring, and it is in the completeness of this contrast and the preserving of Minnie's invincibility in the face of it, that Mrs. Holding has made her tour de force. Only a degree less arresting than her character building, however, is the author's method of telling the story. After a normal start—man riding up to the house and confronting the girl—the only normal thing about the book perhaps, there follows a series of leaps and bounds backward and forward, a zigzag of results followed by causes. This makes it impossible for the most infinitesimal bit

of boredom to attend the reader's progress and offers him a chance to decide for himself, when he has seen the result, whether the cause is worth following up.

With us there was no doubt after the second page that the book would prove utterly captivating, for there Mr. Peterson is described as having a "long yellow moustache, standing out fiercely like a cat's"; and reading on a matter of two or three pages, we encountered that "ridiculously coy old skeleton", the Defoe horse. It is inconceivable that a person capable of immortalizing horses and moustaches at a stroke could fail to do superlatively well with human beings.

Invincible Minnie. By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. George H. Doran Company.

NEW GRUDGES FOR OLD

By Robert Livingston Schuyler

DURING the dark days in the spring of 1918, when we were holding our breath while Ludendorff threw the German dice for the last time, Owen Wister made up his mind that we ought to leave off hating England. This conclusion he set forth in an article written in May, 1918, and published the following November in "The American Magazine". To emphasize and substantiate it further is the purpose of his book, "A Straight Deal or The Ancient Grudge", recently published.

The same conclusion had already been reached by many other Americans who had been brought to a realization of the disadvantages of continuing to cherish the old national animosity toward England, now that we were

associated with her in war against Germany. Even before 1914 a few Americans had come to perceive the futility and the danger of perpetuating the ancient grudge and were exerting themselves to improve relations between the two English-speaking peoples. Their arguments were temperate and their intentions benevolent, but they made little impression upon American public opinion. Mr. Wister was not one of them. A few years before the war, he tells us (page 205), he declined an invitation to join a society for the promotion of more friendly relations between the United States and England because he was still thinking of George III and the "Alabama", still nursing the ancient grievance. From this frame of mind mere reason and knowledge would probably never have converted him. It required the "Hun" to do that; that is to say, it required a new and overmastering animosity to displace the old one. It must be admitted that Mr. Wister made a good exchange, for the grudge against Germany is, as grudges go, a very good one indeed, since it is to be eternal. Germany is at heart "an untamed, unchanged wild beast, *never to be trusted again*" (page 44). The italics are mine; they throw a flood of light upon Mr. Wister's point of view.

American enmity toward England, we read (page 8), rests upon three foundations: our school histories of the American Revolution, "certain policies and actions of England since then, generally distorted or falsified by our politicians", and "certain national traits in each country that the other does not share and which have hitherto produced perennial personal friction between thousands of English and American individuals of every station in life".

The discussion of the last of these foundations, contained in the chapter entitled "Rude Britannia, Crude Columbia", is the best thing in the book. By anecdote and illustration Mr. Wister shows, in felicitous manner, why Englishmen and Americans so often rub each other the wrong way. A reading of this chapter might save Americans intending to visit England some unpleasantness.

Unfortunately Mr. Wister is not as good at history as he is at anecdote, and he is, therefore, not so happy in dealing with the other two of his three foundations. He is quite right in holding our school histories responsible for much of our traditional anti-English bias, but his own interpretation of the Revolution is as distorted as theirs. He concludes,—apparently from a reading of Mr. Sydney George Fisher and Mr. Charles Altschul, who are the only authorities on the Revolution and the treatment of it in our text-books to whom he refers,—that our quarrel with England "rested in reality upon very slender justification" (page 89); and he ventures the suggestion that the writers of our school text-books adopted a strongly anti-English tone because they "felt that our case against England was not in truth very strong" and "that they needed to bolster our cause up for the benefit of the young" (pages 88, 89). But if our cause was indeed so weak as to require such Prussian-like manipulation of history, Mr. Wister leaves wholly unexplained the sympathy felt for us in England, which he not only mentions but exaggerates and exploits to show that only George III and his friends and the Hessian hirelings were against us.

In chapters X-XIII the author essays the somewhat ambitious task of setting his fellow citizens right on

those events in the history of Anglo-American relations from the Revolution to the present which, "distorted" or "falsified", have contributed to our anti-English "complex". Mr. Wister is too good a writer of fiction to be quite satisfactory as a historian. He relies too much upon imagination and invention; he deals with historic personages as though they were characters in a novel, to be managed as the requirements of the plot dictate. Here are a few of the liberties which he takes with history. He makes Spain and the United States "recent friends" in 1783 (page 109). He makes England's victory at Waterloo "a threat to all monarchical and dynastic systems of government" (page 116). He makes Metternich organize the Holy Alliance in 1822 in order to put an end to representative government (page 117). He implies that Canning proposed the Monroe Doctrine (pages 117, 119, 120); and makes the Monroe Doctrine, from the date of its promulgation to the present, rest "upon the broad back of the British Navy" (page 120). He makes Great Britain and the United States settle the Maine boundary by arbitration (page 127). He makes England propose the compromise by which the Oregon dispute was adjusted (page 128). He makes Great Britain and the United States agree in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty "that both should build and run the canal" (page 129). He makes Queen Victoria avert war between Great Britain and the United States over the Trent affair (page 160), though it is generally understood that it was Prince Albert who softened the tone of the British dispatch that might have precipitated hostilities. But then Prince Albert was a German, and Mr. Wister could not, for obvious reasons, permit him to have a hand in

preventing war between our British cousins and ourselves. Queen Victoria, too, was somewhat German, to be sure, but not so German.

The fact is that this book of Mr. Wister's, like his earlier "Pentecost of Calamity", is a product of war psychology. Passion and hate and ignorance presided at its birth. At the same time that he tries to allay one international animosity Mr. Wister does his best to perpetuate another. It is a case of off with the old hate, on with the new. In pleading for better relations with England he urges his readers "never to generalize the character of a whole nation by the acts of individual members of it" (page 20), after which sensible advice he tells them that "the eyes of the Hun, the bird of prey, had been fixed upon us as a juicy morsel" (page 34), that "the only sure thing is, that the Germany of yesterday is the Germany of to-morrow. She is not changed. She will not change" (page 46). Could generalization and the personalizing of a nation be carried further? One wonders whether Mr. Wister would continue to be pro-English if by a miracle he should cease to be anti-German.

A Straight Deal or The Ancient Grudge. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co.

MR. ADE ON PROHIBITION AND OTHER THINGS

By Gertrude M. Purcell

IF you have to be burned at the stake", decrees our latter-day Æsop, "be a good fellow and collect your own firewood." Good advice for the average citizen who sits down to

make out his income tax blanks. Clearly, the only thing we are *not* to do, in this age of governmental heckling, is to collect our own firewater.

Which brings us to Prohibition. Somewhat wearily we see that this threadbare subject has its quota of "Hand-Made Fables". Let us announce the unpleasant truth, and get it over,—the fables on the lingering thirst and the boundless Sahara are, to borrow one of Mr. Ade's own epithets, distinctly *blah*. The desire to skip leaps upon us when we encounter the typical "Old Soak" reminiscences.

Barring his treatment of this arid topic, the rest of the book is sheer delight, from the typist who was "more of a Blonde than a typist", to the lady whose "costume would have been a Siren Whistle if Colours could have been converted into Sounds".

The best of these canny satires are "The Man who Wanted His Europe" and "The Uplift". In the latter, a man returns to America after twenty years. He finds that "the Female seemed to have come into her Own and then kept on Coming...she knew a great many Things that had been Kept from her Grandfather".

"Many are wise to Europe, but few have the Manhood to speak out," warns the moral of "The Man Who Wanted His Europe". "Be on the level with yourself. If you will not walk across the Street in your Native Town to look at real Specimens of Art imported by some generous Millionaire, don't kid yourself into thinking that you will blossom into a Ruskin fan when you go abroad. No matter how many Miles a Man may Travel, he will never get ahead of Himself."

Slang is slang, but Mr. Ade frequently overreaches himself. He becomes neo-Dunsany in his manufacture of epithets: "He was a Flumpie,

which is a Cross between a Gugg and a Yap."

Distinctly blah, Mr. Ade, distinctly blah.

Hand-Made Fables. By George Ade. Doubleday, Page and Co.

SWINBURNE AND PETER PAN

By Raymond M. Weaver

QUEEN VICTORIA and the Red Queen that Alice found in the looking-glass were both great queens. Victoria would doubtless have found the Red Queen a little gaudy—and they would doubtless have exhibited together the hostile amenities of women with strong minds. But Victoria used to indulge earnest conversations with Gladstone—an indulgence that vastly heightens her comic charms. It is reported that on one occasion when Victoria and Gladstone touched upon poets-laureate as a detail of state business, Victoria enriched the canons of criticism by the pronouncement: "I am told that Mr. Swinburne is the best poet in my dominions". Some malicious wit had evidently been trying to tamper with Victoria's sense of respectability. No "proper" age, as a matter of sober fact, has ever left behind it so much that is fundamentally improper or morally vicious as has the Victorian: and there is adequate irony in the fact that the most courageously "proper" of queens should have singled out for second-hand primacy among poets a man who so flagrantly violated—except in his excessive drinking—all of the sacred conventionalities of the reign. Gladstone doubtless aided the

queen to a more orthodox evaluation of Swinburne: perhaps he told her which of the "Songs before Sunrise" she should not read. And he may have reported by hearsay some of the items of Swinburne's life.

Swinburne's "Life" has since been written, with some attempt at fulness, by Edmund Gosse; a bulk of Swinburne's letters have been collected and edited. Except to tickle the pruriency of lovers of gossip, or to whet the cravings of clinical psychologists, it is not obvious why further personal details of Swinburne's life should be printed and sold. Coulson Kernahan—author of an earlier book on Swinburne and his group entitled "In Good Company"—now comes forward with a second volume on the same subject: "Swinburne as I Knew Him". Thanks to the admissions of Mr. Gosse's "Life", Mr. Kernahan feels now justified in dropping his earlier reserve for a more contemporary "wise frankness". Those who read into this admission, however, a promise of lurid revelations, have mistaken either Swinburne's indiscretions or Mr. Kernahan's wisdom. "Though I have written frankly of Watts-Dunton, as well as of Swinburne, and have not sought to paint him as other than he was, and so not without human failings", is Mr. Kernahan's amiable admission, "my affection for him, and the honour in which I bear him, have only deepened with the passing of years."

The book leads off with four unimportant letters from Swinburne to his cousin, the Honorable Lady Henniker Heaton. This flat introductory flourish heralds ten thin gossip essays. The first, "The Story of a Dear Deceit", recounts how Watts-Dunton, by rhetoric and sentimentality, reformed Swinburne of an ambitious consump-

tion of brandy and left him with a taste for beer to solace his final years. And Swinburne's later writings suggest the danger of tampering with a poet's drinks. The second sketch, "Oh, Those Poets", gives another example of Watts-Dunton's insight into and patience with Swinburne's petulant excitability: on this occasion Swinburne having literally, in his thin, reedy, and shrill voice, "talked himself drunk". "George Borrow in a Frock-coat" is Watts-Dunton, "an eminently respectable suburban solicitor, conservative of habit and tastes" who used to bore his friends—and Swinburne in particular, with the mild delusion that he was at heart "half a gypsy and all a Bohemian". The tenth and last "chapter" wears unabashed the caption "All my memories of him are glad and gracious memories". Mr. Kernahan here contemptuously equates the "artistic temperament" with "erratic mediocrity": terms too trivial to compass Swinburne's "genius". Swinburne is pressed into the congregation of "the great" and in peroration is pronounced "the divinest and most majestic singer of the Sunrise and the Sea, yet, none the less, an immortal youth, a Peter Pan of poetry who never grew old, but remained in love with Life, in love with Love, and in love with Song, to his own life's end". This "immortal youth"—who in writing about a harlot composed a learned and sympathetic and indecent parody on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin—must have been a naughty and precocious child. Mr. Kernahan, who finds Swinburne and Peter Pan well-mated playfellows, is an original and diverting critic. But poor Peter Pan!

Swinburne As I Knew Him. By Coulson Kernahan. John Lane Co.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By Wilbur Cortez Abbott

WHATEVER reservations one may have as to the completeness of her account, however he may differ with some of her conclusions, no one can deny that Mrs. Webster has written an extraordinarily interesting book about the French Revolution. In the main her thesis is that this great movement was not, in any real sense, a popular uprising; that it was produced, especially on the side of its more terrible episodes, by a relatively small group, centring in the king's cousin, the Duke of Orleans; and that it was a true conspiracy, instigated by him and his followers, aided and abetted by Prussian influence, and sympathized with, if not actually helped, by certain radical elements in England. And not the least interesting of her conclusions is that the elements of unrest in the world today—"the subversives", the "*enragés*"—are not unmindful of the same methods and the same support as that given to their forebears of 1789.

Her thesis is not wholly new, but nowhere, perhaps, has it been worked out in such detail, with such completeness, and with such a single eye to its overwhelming influence and conclusions. It may be—it is—but one side of the truth, but it is a stronger case for that and it produces thought. There is no one, looking on the world and its peculiar phenomena today, who will not be interested—and, it may be, better informed—in reading this terrible story.

What remains to be said is this. It is all but inconceivable, even taking into account the political inertia of the masses, that a system so deeply

rooted as French monarchy was—according to her account—could have been overthrown by such a conspiracy as that of the Orleanists, had it possessed true elements of strength and direction. It was no less the weakness of monarchy than the strength of conspiracy which brought about the success of the French Revolution, as of any such government and any such movement at any time. It may be, as she declares, that it was the humanity of the king, refusing at the most terrible crises of his career to permit the shedding of blood, which was the underlying reason for the success of the revolutionaries. But that declaration is, itself, a confession of weakness on the part of monarchy, as well as of a monarch, who, however amiable, was not essentially a ruler of men, much less a statesman. For to meet a threat of force with even the most amiable of sentiments and the most humane of dispositions is not only unkingly, it is often less than kind.

Yet this is a book to be reckoned with by anyone who wishes to recognize and understand the springs of popular movements, then or now. It is, quite frankly, an anti-revolutionary work. It attacks the revolutionary leaders in France more bitterly, and with more substantial proofs, than any volumes since Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution". It is not merely historical, it is at times polemical. It overstates its case in an endeavor to emphasize the dangers and the downright wickedness of revolutions and revolutionaries. It is, perhaps, too long. Certainly it is prejudiced. But it is a good piece of work, and good reading, for all that, and any account of the French Revolution must reckon with it and the material on which it is based. That material is, for the most part, not new.

It is derived largely from one set of sources, and those least favorable to the Revolution. But it is there; a great deal of it is unquestionably true; and the facts which it records are hard to evade or to explain away.

And the book has a value and a significance at this time beyond even the terrible story which it tells. It is part of a well-defined, if unorganized, literary movement opposed to the unparalleled revolutionary propaganda which has deluged the world with books—and blood—in the past few years. Whatever good they may accomplish, however they may be glorified, the fact remains that revolutions, like those of France in the eighteenth century, and of Russia in the twentieth, are terrible things. And there is coming to be a suspicion in many minds that the results of these catastrophes might conceivably have been attained without such vast expenditure of life and property. As Macaulay says of the Revolution of 1688, bloodless as it was, its chief praise lies in the fact that it was the *last* of such events which took place in English history. And he was the historian of revolution.

The French Revolution. A Study in Democracy. By Nesta H. Webster. E. P. Dutton and Co.

NEGOTIATING WITH PRINCES

By Maurice Francis Egan

THIS book is a jewel. Among the mass of indefinite views, and in the bewildering vistas of ill-defined opinions on diplomacy, de Callières's volume "On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes", with its admirable

preface by A. F. Whyte, is a very precious addition to the small number of books on the management of foreign negotiations in these days worth careful preservation. Originally published in France in 1716, it is the best treatise on the principles of diplomacy that has yet appeared in English, and Mr. Whyte's preface not only interprets it but adds new touches to the value of its content.

On all sides, among intelligent and thinking people, there is a demand for the correction of the faults in our foreign service,—a demand which is growing and which is bound to become irresistible—but the popular idea that any man who has served a political party with energy ought to be eligible for the foreign service is still very prevalent among persons who either do not take the trouble to think or take idle speculation and the absorption of ready-made opinion for the processes of real thought.

To the eager mind there is not a dull page in this excellently translated volume. It is as opportune as it is interesting. For example, let us take Mr. Whyte's lucid paragraph on diplomatic secrecy. The manner in which the majority of our compatriots talk of what is called "secret diplomacy" is more than sufficient to make the judicious grieve and the irritable curse; and the number of foolish articles written by ignorant idealists,—and the ignorant and the thoughtless are through their fluent vocabularies injuring the cause of idealism,—fill many pages that might, in this moment of the shortage of paper, be left blank for better things.

In his introduction Mr. Whyte says:

In the customary argument against diplomatic secrecy, however, there is some confusion in thought. It is against secret *politics*, in which the national liability may be unlimited, that the only genuine protest can be raised; for

such policies are the very negation of democracy, and the denial of the most fundamental of all popular rights, namely, that the citizen shall know on what terms his country may ask him to lay down his life. But this justification of popular control does not presuppose the publication of diplomatic negotiations. On the contrary, it rests on the assumption that the People and Parliament will know where to draw the line between necessary control in matters of principle and the equally necessary discretionary freedom of the expert in negotiation. It follows, therefore, that the case for reform is only weakened by those who make indiscriminate attacks against the whole Diplomatic Service—how richly deserved in some cases, how flagrantly unjust in others—and especially by those who profess to believe that the machinery of diplomacy could be made to run more smoothly by publicity. The modern Press is not so happy a commentator as all that; and we may here recall Napoleon's apposite reflection: "Le canon a tué la féodalité: l'encre tuera la société moderne." If it is necessary for the public welfare that foreign policy should be known and intelligently discussed by the people whom it so closely concerns, it is just as necessary that the people should not meddle with the actual process of diplomacy, but, having made sure of getting the best of their public servants in their Foreign Service, should confidently leave such transactions undisturbed in the hands of the expert. In all the activities of government that is clearly the proper division of labour between the common people and the expert adviser; and in no department should it be more scrupulously observed than in foreign affairs.

We have recently felt the truth of this. The vacillations on the part of men who tried to adapt the new and unworkable "democratic" system of managing affairs by natural intuition, and by subservience to inexperienced opinion, corroborate the truth of Mr. Whyte's distinctions. There is no question that diplomacy is one of the highest of political arts; and so important is the character of the man chosen to represent his country, that the government which sends him abroad undertakes the responsibility for whatever good or evil may follow his appointment. De Callières emphasizes the fact that wherever the negotiator is to blame, the true responsibility for the evils occasioned by his failure must be borne by the

government that sent him. He adds that men of small minds should content themselves with employment at home, where their errors may be easily repaired, "for errors committed abroad are too often irreparable".

The story of a Grand Duke of Tuscany who complained that the envoy sent to Rome by the Republic of Venice had neither judgment nor knowledge, nor even personal attractiveness, is well known. The Venetian to whom the Grand Duke of Tuscany complained said, "I am not surprised. We have many fools in Venice." Whereupon the Grand Duke retorted: "We have also fools in Florence, but we take care not to export them."

Some of de Callières's recommendations will hardly meet with popular approval in our country. For instance, he recommends that one of the best means of gaining the good will of a prince is to allow him to win money from the envoy at cards. It is necessary then that the envoy should be supplied with money for losses in such a good cause. Our own State Department, however, has never permitted any disbursement of this kind to be set down against a contingent fund! Still, however, in spite of the growing determination of the American enemies of tobacco to include cards as evils which they are to exterminate, the game of bridge yet remains as an almost necessary accomplishment of ambassadors, even to the most democratic of nations.

Of a successful French diplomatist, de Callières writes: "My friend used to say in jest that he had played the fool at foreign card-tables in order to prove that he was a wise man at home. His jest bore a truth within it which I hope every negotiator will lay at heart!"

There is scarcely any principle that ought to govern a modern diplomatist

which this very prudent and experienced statesman does not inculcate; and at the end of the volume, one is impressed not only by the good faith and the common sense and experience of de Callières, but by the good judgment of the Regent, the Duke of Orleans, who encouraged such a minister.

In closing this treatise, which always ought to be a part of the preparation for every American who intends to enter the diplomatic service, de Callières says that if a diplomatist should lack due recognition, "he may find his own recompense in the satisfaction of having faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties laid upon him. It has often been said that the public service is an ungrateful task in which a man must find his chief recompense within himself. If I am held to agree to this, I cannot allow it to be used as a discouragement to young men of good birth and ability from entering my own profession. Disappointment awaits us in all walks of life, but in no profession are disappointments so amply outweighed by rich opportunities as in the practice of diplomacy."

On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes. By Monsieur de Callières. Translated by A. F. Whyte. Houghton Mifflin Co.

CHES PLUS PERSONALITY

By Moreby Acklom

IT is not everyone that can make the subject of chess interesting for the uninitiated; in fact, the only writer than I can recall who has ever managed to make the subject of chess enjoyable to the general public is H. G. Wells, who once wrote a delightful

little humoresque chess story in the early nineties of last century, when he was contributing anonymously to the now long defunct "Pall Mall Budget".

Capablanca's book is not intentionally humorous, though it contains the elements of humor. It is primarily the frank, naive revelation of a personality, and as such is of general interest to all who are concerned with the natures of their fellow human beings.

Capablanca's career has been a meteoric one. With the simplicity of greatness he is quite willing to admit that he is out of the ordinary, and I think that no reader will disagree with him. At the age of four he corrected his father for a wrong move when he stood watching a game between him and a friend, with the result that he was taken down a few days later to the Havana Chess Club; there the strongest local players found it impossible to give this infant the odds of a queen. Under doctor's orders he gave up chess until he was eight years old, and then again took to frequenting the local chess club. At the age of eleven he beat everybody in the club except the champion, Corzo. However, some of the admirers of this juvenile prodigy thought that in a regular match he would beat Corzo, so a match was arranged, in which he won the four games required to capture the match, after losing two and drawing six with his opponent.

From then on his career has been a long series of triumphs in the chess world, details of which are to be found in this refreshing little book, which probably contains more real information on the science of chess than a dozen of the more weighty tomes put together. Capablanca has taken part

in the following Masters' Tournaments: New York, 1911; San Sebastian, 1911; New York, 1913; Havana, 1913; New York, 1913; St. Petersburg, 1914; New York, 1915; New York, 1916; New York, 1918; and the Hastings Victory Chess Congress in 1919. Out of the 139 games which he has played in these first-class tournaments, he has won 99, drawn 32, and lost 8, finishing first in seven of the tournaments, and second in the remaining three, this showing being made, it must be remembered, against men in most cases old enough to be his father (and if not, grandfather), who have spent their lives at the game and know by heart the moves of every important *partie* ever played.

It is not much good going into details of the various games given in his book, for that would appeal solely to the chess-player, but it may be said that Capablanca's comments on his own and his adversary's play throughout the book are of a most original and illuminating sort. He never hesitates to say, "This was wrong", "This was an error", "This ought to have been so-and-so", even when dealing with the most world-renowned of masters.

The conclusion one draws as to the reasons for Capablanca's success are, first, that he has an extraordinary congenital facility for intricate combination of the algebraic sort. This is what made him find his first triumphs in the end-game, which is a matter of almost pure mathematics. Second, that he seems to have an uncanny knowledge of what his opponent intends to do next, and also what his opponent expects him to do. The only person who seems to have really surprised him in the course of a game is Marshall. And this was only fair, since in 1909 Capablanca, a mere

stripling of twenty, had profoundly surprised Marshall (talked of as a coming world's champion) by beating him in a match 8 to 1, with 14 draws.

Perhaps the finest game given in the book is a Ruy Lopez played against Marshall in the Manhattan Chess Club Masters' Tournament in 1918, in which one of the most superb exhibitions of brilliant attack on the one hand, and courageous acceptance of the attack and even more brilliant counter-attack on the other, resulted in a victory for Capablanca.

After closing the book one cannot help wondering with what sort of feelings Capablanca may be watching the career of Samuel Rzeschewski, aged eight, who is at present making things warm for the chess players of Europe.

My Chess Career. By J. R. Capablanca. The Macmillan Co.

MAETERLINCK'S DOGS AND ANOTHER

By Walter A. Dyer

ONE is naturally moved first to speak of Maurice Maeterlinck, though he is not the subject of these remarks. About his name is built up the publicity for a volume that might otherwise pass unnoticed. He has been much in the public eye over here, through his opera, "The Blue Bird", his not entirely successful lectures, his quoted views on the all-popular subject of spiritualism, and his recent volume of essays, "Mountain Paths". But to many of us his fame rests most securely on his classic essay, "Our Friend, the Dog". Through a dog we come closest to the human side of the

poet. For Maeterlinck had a little French bulldog named Pelléas, and the death of that beloved animal was the inspiration of one of the loveliest bits of dog literature in any language.

Dogs have been the companions of man in all ages and all climes, but investigation and inquiry lead to the somewhat remarkable conclusion that the sentimental attachment of man to dog is almost exclusively an Anglo-Saxon trait. Tell a Russian or an Italian, or even most Frenchmen, about your dog with that pardonable enthusiasm of yours, and you will note a certain lack of comprehension. Search literature and you will find the dog sentiment expressed in its most idealistic form only in English. With us alone has the dog been accepted as a personality.

Maeterlinck, a Belgian, is the one noteworthy exception that comes to mind. And even Maeterlinck's sentiment is employed largely as the basis of a philosophy.

Madame Maeterlinck also philosophizes, but the soul of her book is not philosophy. It is sentiment, not overdrawn except in the eyes of those who cannot comprehend it, and, as true dog sentiment always is, lighted by the humorous smile and touched with pathos. Dogs' lives are so short!

Madame Maeterlinck tells of the various dogs that from time to time honored her household with their presence—Louis the Debonnaire; Raymond the Clown; Adhémar the Misunderstood; Achille the Impulsive; Gaston the Highwayman; Delphine the Maternal; Jules the Sponger (most delightful of all), and Golaud the Superdog, best loved by his mistress. It must be admitted that they appear to have been less the dogs of Maeterlinck than of Madame. The poet-philosopher figures somewhat re-

motely in the book, hovering vaguely in the background, permeating the atmosphere somewhat dilutedly, and alighting adroitly on the title-page.

Let those who suppose that all dogs are more or less alike, that a formula can be devised to fit all dog natures, read Madame Maeterlinck's sketches of these various canine individuals. Let them read also of Sigurd, the golden collie of Professor Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley College. Here, forsooth, is no gushing account of the charms of a beloved pet, but a genuine character study. It is a study sympathetic to the point of favorable prejudice, to be sure. But Sigurd's failings are not hidden; it is an honest delineation.

Sigurd was a beautiful dog whose presence long added life and color to the Wellesley campus and companionship and joy to the pedagogic home of the author and her friends. It is the biography of a dog, filled with amusing and pathetic incidents. But it is so much more than that. Professor Bates wields no amateur pen; she writes with no unscientific half-knowledge. She has, in short, made literature out of a dog and enshrined one lovable member of that remarkable race in a work as thoughtful as it is

delightful. Sigurd, I believe, will take his place among the canine immortals, along with Greyfriars Bobby, John Muir's Stikeen, and the great dogs of fiction. It is not a book for those whose interest in dog literature is derived from Jack London, but one is conscious of an overwhelming temptation to send copies of it to those elect among his friends whose appreciation of graceful writing is second only to their sympathetic understanding of dogs.

Professor Bates rounds out her volume with accounts of some of her other bird and animal acquaintances that are scarcely less entertaining. And the whole book is lightened by that quality without which all such writings are in danger of descending to the merely sentimental—humor. Witness the moment when the dignified members of the Wellesley faculty were confronted with the problem of feeding a fastidious baby vireo, gravely consulted the authorities, and learned that the case called definitely for "masticated insects"!

Maeterlinck's Dogs. By Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated with drawings by the author. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Sigurd, Our Golden Collie, and Other Comrades of the Road. By Katharine Lee Bates. E. P. Dutton and Co.

MR. PROSSER UPON ARISTOTLE

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

I WAS sitting at my desk yesterday when Prosser breezed in. Prosser is a Successful Author. He makes a mint of money writing scenarios for the movies. He sat down and answered my first remarks without listening to them. He had something on his mind. I waited for him to unload. Prosser believes in direct methods. His training has taught him to go straight to the point. Presently he burst out:

"I know where O. Henry got his plots."

I was interested. "No! Where? Are there any more of them? Is it a mine?"

"Sure!" he grinned. "A gold mine. Anybody can get them."

"Tell me," I pleaded.

When Prosser talks, he always walks. My apartment is not large. The living-room is the biggest room in it, but even so, when Prosser plunged six paces one way, hands under coat-tails, eyeglass string a-flutter, he had to turn and plunge back. I moved two chairs and a table and let him oscillate.

"You've heard of Aristotle?" he demanded.

I admitted that I had.

"He was a dramatic critic," volunteered Prosser. "I picked up his book at the library. It's great stuff. That's where O. Henry got them. His plots

I mean. He must have read that book."

"What in the world are you talking about?" I exclaimed, bewildered.

"I'm telling you, ain't I? It's all in the book. He's doped it all out. He gives the whole thing away. Aristotle I mean. Anybody can do it."

I began to see daylight. "You mean the method? What Henry James calls 'The Pattern in the Carpet'?"

"Henry James nothing!" roared Prosser. "You're barking up the wrong tree. No wonder your stuff—Well, we'll leave that. I'm talking about action. Action, my good woman, is what the public wants."

Prosser provoked me. I *am* a good woman, but I don't like to be called one. I said stiffly that I failed to see any connection between O. Henry and Aristotle.

"Then you haven't read him," said Prosser promptly. "I mean Aristotle. Look here." He tugged a sheaf of papers out of his coat-tails. "I copied down a lot of it. Listen to this: 'Tragedy then is an imitation of some action that is important, entire, and of a proper magnitude.' Do you get that? He says 'Tragedy', but he means a play or a story. It's the same thing. He says that a play consists of a plot, and the manners or characters of the persons, and the sentiments, which is what they say. 'But

of all these parts the most important is the plot. Because Tragedy is an imitation not of men but of actions'—(do you get that?)—'of life, of happiness and unhappiness, for happiness consists in action, and the supreme good itself, the very end of life is action of a certain kind—not quality.' *Do you get that?* 'It is by their actions that men are happy or the contrary. So that the action and the plot are the end of Tragedy, and in everything the end is of principal importance.' He goes right to the heart of the matter. He was some writer, that old bird!" exulted Prosser. "And listen to this: 'Further—suppose anyone to string together a number of speeches in which the manners are strongly marked, the language and the sentiments well turned, this will not be sufficient to produce a play; that end will much rather be answered by a piece, defective in each of these particulars, but furnished with a proper table and contexture of incidents.' What's that but the movies?"

"But where is your O. Henry?" said I.

"I'm coming to that. He says then that the plot is the soul of a play, and that poor writers fall down in the construction of one, and that the parts of the plot which are most interesting are *revolutions* and *discoveries*. There's my O. Henry!"

"But I don't see—" I objected.

"O you don't, you won't," retorted Prosser. "You see well enough. *Revolutions. Discoveries*. The unexpected. The reversal of all that you thought was coming. Charlie Chaplin! O. Henry! The climax. The punch. The real thing."

"Perhaps I see," I said meekly.

"I looked up one or two of the plays he tells about," Prosser went on. "There was one, 'Ædipus Tyrannus'.

Did you ever read that? 'Ædipus the King', it means. That's a darn good title. You see him first, prosperous and powerful, and yet in the end he goes smash,—smasher than the Kaiser. And it all unrolls backward. You'd think the fellow that wrote it had seen 'On Trial'. Same scheme exactly. And there was another I liked. The villain at the end is exulting over the corpse of his enemy, and when he draws down the shroud it's the body of his own wife. *Revolutions. Discoveries*. That's what."

"You seem pleased with *your* discovery," I said.

"I am," said Prosser. He paused by my desk and punctuated earnestly with a bediamonded finger. "We fellows always knew that the highbrows were dead wrong; that they were letting buckets into empty wells; we just felt it without a college education, but we couldn't prove it to them. And now here's one of the highest of them, telling them that they are a pack of fools. And I'm glad to know that I've been on the right track. I've been doing a little of Aristotle's kind of thing, myself, ain't I? But now, watch me!"

"But suppose somebody else uses the idea?" said I. "Suppose I use it, now you've told me?"

"O you never would!" said Prosser, not unkindly. "Besides, I don't care who uses it. Let the best man win! So long!"

A little of his dynamic atmosphere remained behind. What if Prosser had really stumbled upon it, the essential thing, the ultimate result, brass tacks? And if so, why shouldn't I use it? Why shouldn't I go ahead and beat him to it? But the impulse died. Prosser was right. I never would. I am passing the idea along to the rest of you,—and may the best man win!

HOW OLD IS SHERLOCK HOLMES?

BY BEVERLY STARK

IT was many years ago that Conan Doyle, for the moment grown weary of his most widely known creation, sent Sherlock Holmes to apparent death in an Alpine pass, only to bring him back for a series of new adventures. In many cases the exact period of these adventures was indefinite, but "His Last Bow" established the fact that Holmes was alive and in the full vigor of his powers as late as August, 1914. It is to be assumed that he is still of the earth today, and that, as the brains and energy of the British secret service, he was a conspicuous factor in bringing the Great War to a victorious conclusion. It is to be hoped that eventually the story of these exploits will be told. In the meantime an obvious question is: "How old is Sherlock Holmes?"

Here and there in the course of the forty-odd tales involving the eminent practitioner of the science of deduction there is a vast amount of personal information, but on the point of his exact age there is a certain latitude for conjecture. The first story written introducing him was "A Study in Scarlet". 1880 was the approximate date of the adventures of that tale, for Dr. Watson, falling in with Holmes and sharing the apartment with him in upper Baker Street, was recovering from the wound received in the Abyssinian campaign of

1878-79. But in the course of confidences when the association became more intimate, Holmes told the story of several achievements that had antedated by some years "A Study in Scarlet": for example, the "Musgrave Ritual" affair, and "The Adventure of the Gloria Scott", the latter the first case in which Holmes exercised professionally his unusual powers. Assuming, as it is reasonable to assume, that the year of the "Gloria Scott" episode was 1875, and that Holmes, then completing his course in the university, was in his twenty-first year, the date of his birth may be placed as about 1855—making him four years older than his creator (who was himself still in his twenties when he invented the vehicle by which he was to express his entertaining theories)—and his present age as five and sixty. No longer in the flush of youth, but still in prime vigor, provided he has shaken off the deplorable habits that in the early days so irritated the obtuse but conscientious Watson.

Whether or not Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sees fit to chronicle the activities of Sherlock Holmes during the Great War is a matter for him to decide. But his is a definite responsibility in the matter of certain tales to which he made tantalizing allusion in former stories. Of one of the titles mentioned he made subsequent use,

telling the story of "The Adventure of the Second Stain", though not living quite up to the promise at which he hinted. But readers have almost the right to insist that some day he clear away the mystery obscuring the alluring suggestion of "The Affair of the Netherland Sumatra Company", "The Loss of the Sophy Anderson", "The Arnsworth Castle Affair", "The Darlington Substitution Scandal", "The Case of Vamberry, the Wine Merchant", "The Adventure of the Paradol Chamber", "Ricoletti of the Club Foot and his Abominable Wife", "The Tankerville Club Scandal", "The Affair of the Amateur Mendicant Society", "The Adventure of the Grice Patersons in Uffa", "The Camberwell Poisoning Case", "The Dundas Separation Case", "The Affair of the King of Scandinavia", "The Trepoff Murder", "The Affair of the Reigning Family of Holland", "The Tragedy of the Atkinson Brothers at Trincomalee", "The Manor House Case", "The Adventure of the Old Russian Woman", "The Tarleton Murder", "The Case of Mrs. Etheredge", "The Affair of the Aluminium Crutch", and "The Adventure of the Tired Captain". Probably it was in a spirit of lightness that Conan Doyle flung out these titles. But in thus whetting expectation he assumed an obligation that he can no more dismiss than Frankenstein could rid himself of the monster that he created.

Upon one occasion Sherlock Holmes alluded to a strain of French ancestry, which may account for a popularity in France as great as his popularity in England and the United States. But for a full realization of the hold which the name has taken upon the imagination of the world, to understand that never since the beginning of time has a character of fiction had

such instant significance to millions of people, it is necessary to turn to Spain and the Spanish-American countries. Barcelona is the birthplace of an Iberian Sherlock Holmes, the surname being pronounced in two syllables. The fabrication of his adventures is an industry of the city, employing the imaginations of a score of hack writers. The paper books, with gaudily colored covers, are printed by the millions, distributed to news-stands throughout the peninsula, and sent overseas to Cuba, and Central and South America. In the crude portraits of Holmes that appear at the top of the cover-pages there are the features familiar to English readers, but somehow the artists have twisted them, subconsciously probably, until the face is the face of a Spaniard. The nature of these lurid tales of Spanish fabrication may be indicated by a translation of some of the titles: for example, "Blackwell, the Pirate of the Thames", "The Seller of Corpses", "Jack the Ripper", "The Bloody Hammer", "The Red Widow of Paris", "In the Pittsburgh School of Crime", and "Sherlock Holmes and the Opium Smugglers".

Russia, as well as Spain and the lands of Spanish influence and tradition, has had its transplanted, adopted, and adapted Sherlock Holmes. One year before the war the empire of the Czar saw the publication of more than a thousand sensational novels, classed as "Nat Pinkerton and Sherlock Holmes Literature". Among the titles of the tales of the Doyle hero told with a Slavonic twist were "The Stranglers", "The Hanged", "The Expropriators", and "The Disinterred Corpse". A Russian critic at the time found in this taste the expression of a national sentiment. Sub-

sequent events have invested his words with all the dignity of a prophecy. The taste, he held, was significant of a revolt against three great ideas that had at different times dominated Russian literature: the quiet pessimism of Turgenev, the Christian non-resistance religion of Tolstoi, and the familiar Russian type of will-less philosophy. The then new craze for Sherlock Holmes stories, the critic thought, foreshadowed a complete change in the Russian reader, the

decay of the literature of passivity, and the rise of a new literature of action and revolt. It was thirty-odd years ago that Conan Doyle, a medical practitioner without any practice to speak of, and a struggling author without an audience or a market, succeeded, after much peddling, in disposing of the manuscript of "A Study in Scarlet" for the sum of twenty-five pounds. How little did he dream that he was building for the downfall of an empire!

THE WONDERFUL AGAIN

BY H. W. BOYNTON

AFTER all, a good yarn is as far as ever from being disqualified by allusions to the tired business man or the silly season. Unmeaning "realism" is, we know quite well, much sillier than well-reasoned romance. Fact may be stranger than fiction; but it is also, left to itself, infinitely duller. The big realism which arranges and interprets fact thereby embodies a deeper and richer kind of truth (perhaps) than the best of romantic inventions. But that doesn't stultify our delight in the kind of truth we find (like a quarter on the doorstep) in the "Monte Cristos" and the "Treasure Islands" of all ages. It is one thing to chaffer for our money's worth at the counter where the staples are dispensed, and another to step gaily up to the booth where we are promised a prize in every package.

That is a lively spot just now, with some very good people taking in the

money. Mr. Henry Milner Rideout was once a Harvard instructor, but when he gave up daily-theming for story-telling and even when, a little later, he signed up on the bark Romance, it does not seem to have occurred to him to throw all his literary breeding overboard. The ditty of Autolycus beckons us to our present journey along the "foot-path way" of adventure:

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

However, literary allusion is far more rare with him than with the star Saturday Evening Posters, whose quaint usage it is to lug in bookish locutions and recondite names, especially names from classical mythology, to flatter if not enlighten the million. Mr. Rideout's merit is elusive. I lay down "Tin Cowrie Dass" or "The Foot-Path Way",—not so different in matter from the usual modern kind of thing:

foreign setting, native princes, secret service agents, lovely maidens and the rest,—I turn the last page and lay down the book with the sense of having enjoyed a modest work of art instead of having been merely diverted by a pretentious bag of tricks. I like his story, but I like still more his way of telling it, his freedom from the slipshod smartness now fairly encouraged as normal by editors still getting pay-ore from the vein (or the tailings) of the Kipling-O. Henry tradition.

Talbot Mundy is, to speak rudely, a from-Kipling of exceptional quality. "The Eye of Zeitoon" has most of the Kipling tricks and some of the Kipling virtues. The writer has a gift of his own, a gift of sententious verse which is often more than verse. One of the intercalary bits (mere verse this) expresses, I suppose, his sense of the world's present need of the spirit of healthy romance. It begins:

Oh, all the world is sick with hate,
And who shall heal it, friend o' mine?

And ends:

Oh, for the wonderful again—the greatly
daring, friend o' mine!
The simply gallant blade unbought,
The soul compassionate, unsought,
With no price but the priceless thought
Nor purpose than the brave design
Of giving that the world may gain!

A tale of four young men, English and American, whose joint adventures begin in a khan outside of Tarsus, and take them within the mountain fastness of an Armenian hill-people at the moment of a Turkish outbreak against the ill-fated race. The story has a timeliness from its championship of the Armenian character and potentialities. As a yarn, it drags at times, its briskness of style being in odd contrast with the sluggish action.

The heathen Chinees seems to have been the favorite figure of mystery in recent adventure stories. The idea

seems to be that East is East and West is West; and that what is more, China is China. Be careful how you ramble at large in the interior of the celestial republic; and look out for your laundryman,—he may be the head of a Tong, or a sorcerer or something. "The Chinese Label" and "The Golden Scorpion" are more or less hair-raising tales of the yellow man in, as the phrase goes, our midst. San Antonio is the convenient scene of the international action of "The Chinese Label", with its Turko-Chino-Mexican villainy, the Italo-Armenian adventuress (quite a nice one), the smuggled diamonds, and the masterful American secret agent. There is also a charming girl provided for the hero. The whole affair is treated lightly, without pretense that it is anything more than an amusing yarn; and this is refreshing. In like comfortable key also is set the narrative of "Sailor Girl", which is a tale of white rascality and heroism in the China Seas. Still there are plenty of Chinks in it, one in particular who is not to be sneezed at. A satisfactory adventure-comedy-romance, stirring enough but never distressing. There are perilous moments, but the reader feels himself in capable hands, and "should worry". A jolly and virtuous gambler is the original figure of the piece.

"The Golden Scorpion" and "Hills of Han" are more heavy-handed romances of the yellow man and the white. The former is a frank melodrama of intrigue. The Yellow Scorpion is a Master Mind who plots satanically for world-domination and comes mighty near pulling it off. He is a picturesque Johnny Chinaman in a green veil. As for his methods, let no reviewer profane them by summary. We may hint that they are super-modern and scientific—very hor-

rible indeed, though duly frustrated by Scotland Yard and M. Gaston Max of Paris (*mon Dieu!*). There is also the adventuress-heroine Miska (more sinned against than sinning) and a genuine thug from the place where they make them (*Jey Bhowani! Yah Allah!*) Also Le Balafre, a thoroughly reprehensible character who only gets what is coming to him, in the cheerful end. "Hills of Han" is modestly entitled "a romantic incident", which is a good enough name for the contraption.

My reaction against Mr. Merwin and his kind of work is that it pretends to be going deeply into the springs of human character and action while its real basis is the same as that of Sister Scheherezade and Brother Dumas, who needed no springs. Mr. Merwin's specialty is the humorless hero of the single-track mind, with or without genius. In the present tale there are a pair of him, like the two little Evas who used to draw us to the village Opera House when Uncle Tom came round again. There is a strong, silent missionary, six foot five, and there is a strong, silent, and systematically unpleasant grass-widower journalist who makes and unmakes love to the missionary's daughter according to the dictates of his gloomy egotism. Neither has the slightest sense of humor or, to tell the truth, much real stability of character. Both are fond of saying (to poor Betty) that they don't care what happens to them. And it is hard to forgive the story-teller for expecting us to care what happens to the Doane of Chapter VII and thereafter. "Real life", perhaps, that chapter; but at least utterly out of place in "a romantic incident". For in a romance you have to believe in human dignity and decency or there is "nothing in it". As for the

Chinese atmosphere and personnel of the story, one may accept them as sound—if that matters in a story of this kind, and if atmosphere and personnel can be sound when the action is unsound or patently artificial. All this, you may say, is the breaking of a butterfly on the clumsy wheel of criticism. Mr. Merwin has hatched some delightful butterflies; but "Hills of Han" is not a butterfly; it is a sort of gilded bat with the butterfly label.

Egypt is the scene of "The Fortieth Door"; and here is a "romantic incident" carried through from start to finish without a false note, though some of the harmony toward the end is, as it were, a trifle close. The final rescue of the heroine comes perilously near farce. The young American would seem to have had his business well enough in hand by that time to conclude it in some less sensational and doubt-provoking way. Still, it wouldn't do for him, in the interests of romantic precedent, to steal a bride from the harem (*Abdollillah!*) with too great ease and simplicity. Mrs. Bradley, like Mr. Rideout and Mr. Merwin, has done more serious work than this; and perhaps the trouble with this story is that we have a sense of Mrs. Bradley the interpreter more or less contesting Mrs. Bradley in her present rôle of entertainer. She means to spin a yarn, but she can't help making her people more than half real,—which is rather a nuisance than otherwise in romance. Perhaps it is her consciousness of this that in the end brings her to overdo the business of the escape—to balance matters for the reader who may have thought there was not enough doing. A rattling good story ought to rattle all the time, I suppose.

The rest of our yarns depend less on outlandish setting and atmosphere.

Most of them, however, contrive to get the effect of remoteness. The semi-tropical Florida in which the action of "The Plunderer" goes on is as strange to us as if it were not technically under our flag. That action concerns the fortunes of a pair of honest (and husky) young Northerners who venture to buck a bogus land company which is profitably disposing of Florida swamp to small customers who are never permitted to see what they have bought. At the head of this unseemliness are a United States senator with a beautiful and virtuous daughter, and one Garman, a blond beast of a man who virtually rules that neck of the Florida woods. Young Payne, romantic hero, and Higgins, his pal and comic relief, have their hands full, satisfactorily, for a proper length of time; whereupon the hero does up the villain (lumberjack style) and the kiss curtain comfortably falls. The tale opens with a frank "come-hither" gesture, we step gaily with our guide over the border of humdrum and reality, and there we are.

"The La Chance Mine Mystery" invites us to the other extreme of the great American outdoors, the land of frozen lakes and trading posts, and of the starving wolf-packs which play no small part in this story. A lot of rough weather and beasts and men, of violence and chicanery, with the one girl, again the heroine under suspicion of being the adventuress, and the one noble youth who thinks he must not love her because she is (maybe) pledged to another. Oh, yes, and a villain who handily passes away of heart-failure when his dirty work has gone far enough: nothing here for the lovers of lumberjack combat. However, a fight with wolves and quite a bit of gun-play provide as many thrills as most readers will require. The tale

is well told, skilfully setting forth a highly improbable action without letting us acknowledge to ourselves, while it is going on, that it is absurd.

"I'm glad to be able to tell you", says the hero of "The Vanishing Men" when he sets out to solve the mystery upon which happiness for him and the ravishing Brena dutifully hangs, "that I am not a Master Mind, or a great Analyst or any other kind of a red or yellow bound sleuth. I didn't even look for wireless apparatus in Central Park before I joined the army. Spies and mysteries bore me to death." He is only a millionaire who can ride, shoot, play tennis and the cello, and is a very fair poet at odd moments. His creed is to "live for the sake of living", and in a general way he is looking out for the right girl to help along the process, without very much hope of finding her. Enter Brena, surrounded by mystery. A beautiful creature, half-Greek, half-Irish, and somehow reminding some people of an Inca princess. The millionaire and she promptly love each other, but Brena doesn't mean to let matters go beyond that first long kiss. There is something wrong about her, she doesn't know what. Two men who have come into her life, one of them a husband, have suddenly vanished, been wiped out. Whether she is, citizenly speaking, a jinx or a vamp—that is the question that worries her, us, and the millionaire. The whole problem is put and solved in an original way, and some readers will be grateful for a mystery story without the old properties and machinery. "The Vanishing Men" is a yarn without a detective or a secret service agent or a murder or a robbery or a hidden treasure or an act of violence.

Many of the familiar materials are present in "The Secret of Sarek", in-

cluding the Master Criminal and the Master Sleuth. We who recall the earlier exploits of M. Arsène Lupin realize comfortably from the outset that the Master Criminal, whoever he is, hasn't more than the ghost of a show. Still, we are sure that we and M. Arsène are going to have a fair run for our money. At the centre of the problem is the usual beautiful female with a shadow upon her past. The principal scene is an island under a curse, seat of an ancient cult of which, but for a few persons, only a vague legend remains. But there is a tradition of hidden treasure, and in particular of a mysterious talisman, a "God-Stone which gives life and death". And there is a prophecy connecting the recovery of the treasure and the God-Stone with various portents including "thirty victims for thirty coffins" and "four women crucified on tree". Clearly an unhealthy place, Sarek. How everybody gets together there, and how and why the prophecy is fulfilled without too great discomfort for the people we care about and to the proper confusion of the villain and his minions, is the substance of an amusing tale. Utterly preposterous, thank heaven!...

"The White Moll" presents a female counterpart or version of Jimmy Dale, by the author of that popular hero of underworld adventure. The setting is the metropolitan jungle which serves as well for romantic adventure, under the hands of a deft story-teller, as any far-fetched wilderness. The gunmen and gunwomen who may at any moment be passing us on our daily walk have, as it were, a more intimate charm than the desperadoes of foreign parts or of our own more or less fabulous plains life. The White Moll and her Adventurer possess, as we are to discover in due course, their own rea-

sons for implication in this melodrama of the underworld, which leads us through strange byways to the appointed end. If a thrill on every page is any consideration, here you have it.

In "The Doctor of Pimlico" we seem to take a step backward into the near past, when a detective story was measured frankly by the intricate construction of its plot, and the style might be as crude as you please. Once more, in this fabrication, the ancient ingredients are trotted out and remixed to taste—to somebody's taste, I suppose. Ho! for the Master Criminal posing as an honest citizen, with a gang of international outlaws as his tools: and ho! for the Maltwood-Fetherston sleuth who is also a person of double life. Why shouldn't a professional writer of mystery stories be able on occasion to make life miserable for a real criminal against whom the Pinkertons or Scotland Yard have pitted themselves in vain?

"Taxi", "Wanted: A Husband", and "The Gate of Fulfillment" belong rather to the order of romantic comedy than to the order of mystery-adventure. But mystification, at least, plays a considerable part in their action. Viewed seriously, "Taxi" is a piece of sheer absurdity; but it is not written for the serious view. Still, merely as a piece of deliberate nonsense, I don't find it remarkably successful. Its gaiety is not quite spontaneous; and if we are once more to be amused by the urban gambols of a young aristocrat in disguise, the trick must be skilfully done. We imagine this author saying, "Come, I'll have a try at that kind of thing"; and that kind of thing is all he has succeeded in producing. "Wanted: A Husband" is a comedy built frankly on a novel situation. The nature of it is suggested in the "want-ad" printed on the book-

jacket: "Unmarried lady on honeymoon desires temporary husband. Must have tact, amiability, capacity for self-effacement, and British accent. Apply Parlor Car 13, G. C. Station." Thenceforth the questions for the curious reader are, What led up to the printing of such an advertisement, and, What came of it? And these questions Mr. Adams proceeds to answer with, as it seems to me, somewhat laborious sprightliness. But it may be my mood or capacity that is lacking, and not Mr. Adams's pen. The situation in "The Gate of Fulfillment" is also precipitated by an advertisement, too long to quote, in which an invalid gentleman of Boston or vicinity calls for a lady of transcendent virtues and accomplishments to act as his secretary-companion. A certain lonely and cultivated widow in the Middle West answers it, not to the invalid-gentleman's satisfaction. But her acid retort to his snub rouses his interest, and a correspondence begins which presently grows warmer and yet warmer, till it has become more than friendly on both sides. Meanwhile the widow has slicked back her hair and taken the actual job in the character of a prim spinster. She plays her part so well, on the surface, that the invalid-gentleman doesn't realize

that he is presently half in love with the person she really is: he depends for more than his bodily comfort on "Miss Pratt", while making ardent epistolary love to the Margaret Bevington who signs the letters. It is a great relief to him in the end when he finds that he loves one woman instead of two, which has been inconvenient and more or less disturbing. The story is told through letters: a method theoretically discredited, I believe, but always effective when it is well done. The style is pretty flowery in spots, less acceptable than Mr. Adams's; but the "idea" is quite as good as his.

The Footh-Path Way. By Henry Milner Rideout. Duffield and Co.
 The Eye of Zeitoon. By Talbot Mundy. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
 The Chinese Label. By J. Frank Davis. Little, Brown and Co.
 The Golden Scorpion. By Sax Rohmer. Robert M. McBride and Co.
 Sailor Girl. By Frederick F. Moore. D. Appleton and Co.
 Hills of Han. By Samuel C. Merwin. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
 The Fortieth Door. By Mary Hastings Bradley. D. Appleton and Co.
 The Plunderer. By Henry Oyen. George H. Doran Company.
 The La Chance Mine Mystery. By S. Carleton. Little, Brown and Co.
 The Vanishing Men. By Richard Washburn Child. E. P. Dutton and Co.
 The Secret of Sarek. By Maurice Le Blanc. The Macaulay Co.
 The White Moll. By Frank L. Packard. George H. Doran Company.
 The Doctor of Pimlico. By William LeQueux. The Macaulay Co.
 Taxi. By George Agnew Chamberlain. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
 Wanted: A Husband. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin Co.
 The Gate of Fulfillment. By Knowles Ridsdale. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

DIETARY LAWS OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

HAVE you ever seen a child with book indigestion, with a mental rash due to the reading of oversaccharine stories, with a coated tongue caused by a degradation of taste? Such ailments are found every day among boys and girls. Yet we are blind to these insidious diseases. There is no reason why laws should protect the food one eats, and fail to protect the books one reads. The chemical action on the brain of a bad book is just as harmful as the disintegrating force of an ill-smelling cut of beef in the stomach. The only difference is that in the latter case we are quick to note the danger; while in the former case we are not clever enough to measure the harm. Nature, strange to say, has not protected the brain with any apparent guardian at its portals; whereas, there are an infinite number of fortresses at the entrance of the stomach. There is no mental nose to cry "Halt".

Here, then, is a new subject for the immediate consideration of quantitative and qualitative chemists. Did they ever consider that a book was possessed of calories and proteins to as pronounced a degree as food products; that there are bacteria multiplying as rapidly in innocuous or insurgent literature as in a stagnant swamp; that, in many stories for the young, the waste material predominates so enormously as to enervate the

nervous system? The brain gets worn out by such dead weight. What a parent reads naturally affects the first literary reaching-out of a very young child, just as much as what a mother eats affects the mother's milk. More and more, there is a crying need for an Institute of Bookteriology, where a parent may go and see the test-tubes of literature, find a record of the temperatures of adventure stories, and other important things pertaining to reading of children.

I can imagine no better opportunity than to be able to say to a Book Chemist: "Let me see tube 10,578, containing the essence of 'Percy's Reliques'. My boy's imagination is not gaining strength; his blood is not warmed to the pitch which makes his courage equal to the emergencies of life. The doctor has prescribed an undiluted dose of 'Chevy Chase', of 'The Jew's Daughter', of 'Robin Hood'. Please tell me what are the ingredients of this ballad dose?" Then you would be handed a card on which would be tabulated the percentages of solid matter, of spiritual reactions. In this way you could see for yourself the kind of books which are energy producers, muscle formers, and you would then go to a bookstore with more confidence, with an assured feeling that the Pure Book Law was on the road to being an established fact.

What a hub-bub there is in a family

when the Grade A milk, or the whole-wheat bread, or the dressed beef is not up to standard. The papers hear about it, and there is a congressional investigation! But how about the bichloride of mercury stories swallowed by the child without causing any consternation; how about the adulterated sweet romances the girl gorges herself with! You really don't care about these! But, let me assure you, the proper blend of a juvenile story is of as vital importance as the proper blend of adult tea. The science of Bookteriology is an urgent necessity.

Let us forestall a systematic dietary study of books by a few notes made in the vital realm of the nursery. It is just as well to follow closely the tried science of food analysis. There is very little difference in philosophy between the two. What the child eats affects his physical development; what the child reads either enlarges or stunts his mental development. So there you are.

It is essential that parents familiarize themselves with a knowledge of what is the proper brain nutrition for children of different ages. They must understand the fuel values of books, their building-up power, and the amount of energy they infuse in character. Note, therefore, the following:

The fuel value of a book depends upon the amount of actual nutrients in the stories. Without too much experiment, but a great deal of observation, it is possible to see: a. That the warmth of the Bible unadulterated, is greater than any of its retold forms. b. That Shakespeare himself is more easily understood than the over-detailed prosing of Shakespeare, unless it be Charles Lamb, whose love for the plays made him desire to inculcate the same love in children. c. That the ballads, with their spirited swing, are more energizing than their bare story robbed of their rhyme, rhythm, and reason.

If you wish to test this out yourself, you only have to place a good copy of collected Ballads, one or two of Shake-

spere's chronicle plays (not school editions), and some of the militant books of the Bible in a room with a boy or girl, and, granting a healthy atmosphere, interest will incubate quickly. People often say that "Pilgrim's Progress" is food caviare to the young. This is merely because the appetite has been sated and the imagination dulled by more filling but less efficacious food. Which brings us to an important fact:

It must be thoroughly understood that appetite satisfied by quantity is not the same as appetite appeased by quality. The latter is the healthy condition. Seven of Altsheer's books, read in succession—"The Young Trailers", "The Texan Scouts", "The Riflemen of the Ohio", "The Free Rangers", and so on, are surpassed by feasting on *one* book like Noah Brooks's "The Boy Emigrants" or "The Boy Settlers". Have any set of "Desert Isle" stories ever surpassed the red vitality of "Robinson Crusoe" or "The Swiss Family Robinson"? Has the raciness of Fenimore Cooper been overshadowed by any of the Indian tales of Kirk Munroe or of W. O. Stoddard? We know that there are different degrees of excellence in the cuts of meat, the older slices, like "The Last of the Mohicans" or "The Deerslayer", being not quite as succulent to modern taste as Stoddard's "The Red Mustang", "The Talking Leaves", "Two Arrows"; but in the long run Cooper "keeps" better (to use a refrigerating term).

This matter of energy in books is a most important consideration. The children's classics persist from generation to generation because of their *carrying* power. But the average modern book for boys and girls moves only when it is commercially pushed. It is worth while observing that:

The energy given off by the Puritan mind, after training in the "New England Primer", could be counted upon in the formation of action for good; but the lukewarm morality of the present juvenile book does not create sufficient friction in the mind to give young readers any comprehensive understanding of conduct as good or bad. The end justifies the means more often than is healthy.

In the young, the delicate tissues of imagination should not be allowed to become threadbare in spots, for fear of their being moth-worn through life.

They should be strengthened and made humanly pliable by the calories and proteins of real book foodstuffs. Which brings us to this almost self-evident principle:

The waste of juvenile mind materials can be prevented by determining the proportions of calories and proteins in such stories as "Rob Roy" and "Redgauntlet", for instance, by Walter Scott, as compared with the same ingredients in any one of Henty's historical stories. In the bookstores the latter is offered as "just as good", but don't you believe it!

The question of digesting a book is one that has not received sufficient consideration in the nursery. If a story is appetizing and wholesome, well-flavored with a style which is a part of its vigor, then there is a rapid flow of interest which will be the mental saliva for its immediate consumption. Such literary food is easily chewed, and is preferable to the emasculated editions put forth in packages of "just as easy". Malnutrition is caused by the latter. Stories that are boiled down are often boiled away; stories that are steeped in sensation, should be roasted by the critics before they get near the nursery. There are, therefore, different ways of preparing book food for girls and boys, according to their ages. It is apparent to any discriminating person that:

A baby does not need as many calories as a boy of twelve, either in food or in books. Hence, library lists for different ages. But even infants may suffer from malnutrition of the mind, eye, and ear. The old time mother's lullaby is better than the ragtime cradle song by Irving Berlin; "Mother Goose" better than "Foxy Grandpa" and "The Katzenjammer Kids"; the reticent coloring of Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, Boutet de Monvel better than the colored supplement of the newspaper. An infant read to, shown pictures, sung to, is storing up experience. We ask, Is syncopation psychologically as comforting as the old folk songs? And reading through books of jingles, we wonder what has become of the recipes for the verses our great-great-great-grandauthors use to write. For bottle literature commend me "Mother Goose"!

While we are on the subject of babies, it is just as well to remark

that habits of literary diet are early formed and easily formed. Hence, it is important that book feeding be early determined. Not many meals a day in the first stages, for throughout the infant years we believe it as necessary to get away from books as to get to them. We therefore recommend the reestablishment of the Children's Hour. This has been wrongly interpreted by the influx of Bed Time Stories. One might just as well have Ulysses and Armada Stories for the bath. Or perhaps the "Water Babies"! To put a child to sleep by reading to him means that you are feeding him when his literary digestive organs are at their lowest ebb. Grownup selfishness invented such sedatives for the mind. But the boy to whom Uncle Remus recounted the adventures of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox was alert and on the lookout for adventure—he didn't wish to be soothed to rest; neither was Charles Perrault's son anxious to fall asleep just at the exciting point in the story of "Sleeping Beauty" or "Cinderella", when first told to him in the days of Louis XIV. It is a common dietary law that one should not be too stimulated before sleeping. But it is a pernicious literary custom to dilute stories for bedtime—the "pap" literature which our kindergartens heretofore encouraged, and which our mothers are now buying as so much literary "dope" for the young. Brain energy should be conserved. Which suggests the following:

To oxidize a book in the mind, there is required the full development and flow of appreciation. Otherwise, if a child feels forced to read a book, mental energy is wasted. It takes just as much physical exertion to read a poor book as to read a good one, without the stretching process which the best invites. Any test will show that the eye strain, attention and time given to the reading of the average college story by Pler or Barbour or Heyliger are equal to the energy used up in the reading of "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford".

But there is no question as to which is the superior article. This same conservation is imminent in the classics. The taste for Plutarch has been dulled by the boneless retelling; the liquid fire of Homer has evaporated, and there are the dregs of an occasionally simplified "Iliad" and "Odyssey"; the green freshness of the Greek god legends has become the dried serenity of the school leaflet.

While it is true that fever heat in the brain has landed many a boy in the Children's Court, and while educational methods have advocated literary leeches to suck the savage blood from our racial legends and legendary history, still the cause for abnormal juvenile temperature must be laid at the right door; for the literary inheritance of the race must be protected. King Arthur has never yet made a thief; but, as told in versions "just as good" as the "Morte D'Arthur", he has never inspired the boy with chivalry. It takes the Boy Scout doctrine to make the modern knight. The unnatural caloric heat of the dime novel, of the kinetic moving-picture, has produced an unnatural tension on juvenile nerves. King Arthur in search of the Grail must compete with desperadoes robbing a stage coach. In other words, to the modern child, the force of action, of external suggestion, exceeds the force of character in his literature. What are all the winged beings of the air, Queen Mab threading her way with gossamer lightness, Lucifer in his Miltonic descent from heaven, beside the modern adventure of the aeroplane? In other words, our literature, as it is taught in the schools, creates the idea that there is no "pep" in ancient literature. The question is, therefore, how can we peptonize good books so they will be in favor again, and win out in this competition with the yearly democratic mass of juvenile stories? The safe road to follow is to delete from our schools the deadened study of the big books of the ages, and substitute

instead appreciation, as a fine, a necessary art. "Hamlet" or "Julius Cæsar", with notes, means the notes with "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar" left out; required class reading produces an unhealthy mental sweat from which the child will have dire after-effects.

A continued diet of one type of book is likely permanently to injure the taste. Too many weepy stories depletes the tear duct, and blinds the young reader to the real tragedies of life, such as one finds in "King Lear", and other essential book stuffs for a later culture. It is imperative to vary the appetite, to offset any special tendencies in juvenile readers by other healthy books. The boy who would build flying machines all day, must be made to fly an hour or two in imaginative literature; a girl who would learn how to sweep a room in a manual school of training must be also taught to sweep her brain of cobwebs. He who dwells too much in the realm of make-believe is likely to have an inflamed imagination. Anyone can tell without asking to see his tongue what was the matter with the boy who contemplated a primrose by the river's brim: he was suffering from imaginative adenoids—a growth which is liable to take root when the child is given his first picture-books, especially the kindergarten species of picture-book.

How often have you met with the statement, "The writer knows a boy who is made seriously ill by eating eggs"? Why, I know many boys whose digestions are irretrievably impaired by the mere shell of a story, without any food stuff in it: causing a literary flatulency which is liable to run its course through old age. Such books are themselves diseased and should be guarded against.

The bacteriology of children's books

IN A CITY PARK

is another branch of the subject demanding the utmost consideration. The "success" germ stimulates a false flow of youthful enthusiasm and emulation; the "snob" virus circulates freely through the plot of many school stories; the "social bee" stings the mind of many a girl reader, resulting in an exaggerated point of view. These germs are due to errors in writing; such book errors may produce mental gastric trouble.

From this discussion, it will be seen that, as soon as experiment is carried far enough, an exact science of Book-teriology will be the result. Even now, the specialist in the children's room of the public library can give parents many simple home remedies

for such juvenile book ailment: "abnormal taste", "adventurism", "sensitive nerves", "rashes", "practical restlessness", "movie thirst", "brain anæmia", "moral deterioration",—all caused by the parent's not attending to the dietary laws. The best medicine-chest a mother can have for such infant troubles is a book in the nursery, with a carefully chosen row of red-blooded, energy-creating poems, stories, legends. Looking on the books in the nurseries of many homes, at their low degrees of calories and vitamins, I feel like marking the material found there, "Poison, poison!"

IN A CITY PARK

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

WE laughed together in the sunset glow
On the cool slope. Across the grassy flat
We saw him coming toward us, in his hand
A bunch of late wild violets held tight.
Slowly and wearily he walked and fanned
His wistful sallow face with his straw hat.
He looked long at us—then upon a stone
At the hill's foot, he rested with his head
Bowed in the shelter of his hands, alone,
While the sky darkened and the moon shone white.
I wanted to go down to where he sat
And say to him—*Brother, I know; I know!*
I would have gone, had I not also known
That hidden face could not be comforted
Save by God's patient ministers, the years.
When he went away into the night
My heart went with him step for step; I knew
That from the same eternal spring, Life drew
Our laughter and his tears.

LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

WHILE the three hundredth anniversary of the Pilgrim landing has brought forth many and various books on those pioneer days, thinking men and women of today are more apt to read with serious interest a book which applies our past history to our present needs, a book like "The New Frontier", by Guy Emerson. For, in the last analysis, the history of the past can be important only in so far as it bears on our present needs and future hopes. Mr. Emerson is, apparently, a very modern, hard-working, quick-thinking young man. The youngest bank vice-president in New York at the time of his election to the National Bank of Commerce in 1916, he had already done big things in national affairs. He was the founder of the Roosevelt Non-Partisan League and secretary and moving spirit of the Liberty Loan publicity campaign in the 2nd Federal Reserve District. His first literary endeavor, "The New Frontier", soon to be published by Henry Holt and Company, is quite evidently the product of a close study of affairs governmental and—to use a clumsy term—sociological. In it he points out a rather original analogy between the wilderness our forefathers had to combat and the new and trackless frontier of national and international problems upon whose borders we now stand. In their conquest we will, he claims, need the same imagination and originality of treat-

ment, the same keenness of mind and stoutness of heart that brought our grandfathers and their grandfathers before them through to victory. Undoubtedly Mr. Emerson is right—everyone will agree with him there. But unfortunately the pioneer's moccasin will not accommodate the corns and bunions of our present woes. The author is a pronounced liberal and sets as his axiom, for both men and governments, "Keep the middle of the road". He is again undoubtedly right, but where, alas, is the middle of the road? To the liberal it is between the radical and the conservative; to the conservative, between the liberal and the reactionary; to the reactionary, between the conservative and—let us say—the founding of Christianity. This new frontier has neither roads nor trails. While there are many who will not concede to Mr. Emerson his conclusions, his major premises are, praises be, unassailable. The United States of today *has* the stamina of the old pioneers; its hundred millions do still seek the same liberty of person and spirit for which they sought; we *will*, by the grace of God and much struggle, assure the continuance of the same high principles which were their goal in other, simpler days.

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Working toward a solution of the same problems considered by Mr. Emerson, but more concretely, Otto H. Kahn is publishing through George

H. Doran Company a book on "Our Economic and Other Problems". Mr. Kahn limits himself to a careful study of the nation's present ills, and goes with characteristic directness to the sorest points. Speaking of the railroads he says, "When the Government undertakes business, the result usually is that it does indeed become an 'undertaker'.... The two things, i. e., private management and permanent Government guarantee of earnings, are simply not reconcilable. The railroads cannot eat their cake and have it. You cannot rent your house to some one and then expect to be master in your house.... Why unnecessarily bid up the price against ourselves by extending the scope of governmental activities beyond the field which naturally belongs to them?" He is no less frank in his attitude toward our present system of taxation. "Wrong economics, however well intentioned, have been more fruitful of harm to the people than almost any other single act of government.... Enterprise is hampered by the taxation now in force and thereby production retarded.... The excess profit tax and, by reason of the kind and manner of its graduation, the income tax, instead of promoting restraint in expenditures, are rather breeders of extravagance.... It lays a heavy and clumsy hand on successful business activity. It is grossly inequitable in its effects. It puts a fine on energy, enterprise and efficiency. It is bound to operate unfairly, freakishly, and unevenly, and greatly enhance the cost of things.... A small committee of well-informed men of different callings, approaching their task free from political, social and sectional bias, would not find it a formidable undertaking to evolve a measure which, while fully responsive to the dictates

of equity and social justice, would produce no less revenue than the taxation now in force, and yet would be far less burdensome upon the country, less hampering to enterprise and less productive of economic disturbance and dislocation." His chapters on the League of Nations, capital and labor, and living costs are equally to the point. (I personally regret that a eulogy on Edward Henry Harriman and several chapters on the Arts should spoil the continuity of an otherwise right-to-the-spot book.)

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Two books of fiction whose only claim to conjunctive consideration is their "oppositeness" are "A Mating in the Wilds" by Ottwell Binns (Knopf) and Catherine Carswell's prize novel "Open the Door" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe). They will not both appeal to the same class of readers: indeed, I cannot conceive of any one person enjoying both. "A Mating in the Wilds" is a romance of the Hudson Bay Country, a very poor romance, combining all the stereotyped thrills of all the northern stories written since the Glacial Era. The end is obvious, a case of "the queen to play and mate in one move".

"Open the Door", as I said, is the opposite of Mr. Binns's story. "A Mating in the Wilds" shows clearly the sugary influence of the *cinema Americana*, while the other is the undiluted product of the school of English realism. It is, briefly, the story of a girl's pendulum swing from the conventionality of a too narrow childhood to the unconventionality of a too liberal womanhood, with successive swings from one to the other until she finds at last her "point of rest". As a story it is assuredly "true to life", it is not occupied with sex to the exclusion of everything else, and it

opens up a new line of thought—that the road to true knowledge sometimes parallels the “primrose path”. For a beginner Miss Carswell has done Joanna well. She shows with convincing logic her development from a self-engrossed girl, through the phases of a strange marriage and a strange relationship to a married man, to a final understanding of the world and her rightful place in it. Miss Carswell suffers from the error of many beginners, that of becoming so interested in her characters that she cannot forego the pleasure of putting down on paper every minute, dull or not, of their lives.

* * * *

Charles Scribner's Sons announce a new book on Bolshevism—that much bedraggled subject—by no less a person than Miliukov. “Bolshevism, An International Danger” deserves special attention because of the prominent position of the author in Russia's struggle for liberty. Miliukov has stood out during these turbulent years as one of the few Russians with vision enough to comprehend the true condition of affairs. In the preface of his new book he says: “The truth is that Bolshevism has two aspects, one international, the other genuinely Russian. The international aspect of Bolshevism is due to its origin in every advanced European theory. Its purely Russian aspect is concerned with its practice, which is deeply rooted in Russian reality and, far from breaking with the ‘ancient regime’ reasserts Russia's part in the present.”

* * * *

The statement that “while it is all right to call a spade, a spade, it isn't necessary to call it a bloody shovel”, applies to George Creel's story of “The War, the World and Wilson”, announced for publication by Harper

and Brothers. Mr. Creel's progress through life—and literature—resembles closely that of a tank which, spouting fire and smoke, shot and shell, goes forward over trench and wire, trees and streams with a deadly persistency that only complete annihilation can stop. There is nothing half-way in his defense of Wilson's war and treaty policy, nothing to relieve the steady roar of his attack on all who are unfortunate enough to oppose the President. A feeling of warm personal regard for Mr. Creel cannot prevent me from believing that he would be a better friend to Wilson if he were less of an enemy of all critics of the administration, both within and without the true fold. Here is a sample of his high explosive: “The Allies owe us an amount well above ten billions of dollars. Without a League of Nations...the United States will never receive a cent of interest, much less a dollar of the principal.... The defeat of the treaty was the bitter and unchanging resolve of Senator Lodge and his fellow partisans from the very first. The ten months of haggle had no other purpose than the poisoning of the public mind by every variety of falsehood, every appeal to prejudice that could be devised by unscrupulous minds.” Mr. Lansing, he says, “was never anything but a disappointment. The President might have endured dullness, but Mr. Lansing's utter inability to think in terms of the twentieth century made his elimination desirable.” He damns General Wood in a few brief remarks. “It is by his uncanny ability to create these exaggerations (regarding his achievements) that Wood rose above the average to which he seemed doomed by his mediocrities, and is today a national figure. It is doubtful if in all history there is a

record of anything so utterly incredible as the story of Leonard Wood." Keynes's "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" he calls "a brutal attack on England's Allies". The din of the whole book, as I have said, is terrific, numbing the brain and leaving one with a sense of monstrous calamity and senseless destruction.

* * * *

Clement Wood, already well known as a poet, has written his first novel, "Mountain", soon to be published by E. P. Dutton and Company. It is a powerful story of the greed and exploitation, the futile effort and misplaced courage incidental to a great strike. Mr. Wood writes well. He knows his people intimately, particularly the colored men and women whose destinies are caught up in the fate of the "mountain" of iron ore that is the basis of the story.

* * * *

The first detailed treatment of Einstein's theory of relativity as applied to space and time is scheduled for July publication by the Oxford University Press. It is written by Moritz Schlink, and translated into English by Henry L. Brose. Of the importance of Einstein's analyses it is only necessary to say that all the fundamentals of Newtonian physics as applied to time and space must be retaught; and the present work deals not only with the fundamental principles of the theories themselves but with their effect on our present conceptions and with their practical application.

* * * *

John Lane Company expect to publish next month a long novel by Dolf Wyllard entitled "Temperament". The story is very similar to "Open the Door" by Catherine Carswell, being centred about a girl who considered

the world well lost for the sake of a love unsanctioned by society. To my mind it savors too much of the conventional tragedy of unconventional love. Why should unmarried women always die in child-birth in stories of this type?

* * * *

A story of buried treasure called rather misleadingly "Follow the Little Pictures" is to be published soon by Little, Brown and Company. The plot is based on the legend of a large chest of gold which, originally intended as a present to the young Pretender in 1745, was hidden by Hamish Tanish in Scotland when the plans of the young prince went awry. For an hour's relaxation "Follow the Little Pictures" is excellent reading.

* * * *

"The Invisible Foe" by Louise Jordan Miln is interesting from a publishing viewpoint in that it is the effort of a publisher to put out new fiction at a "popular" price. Frederick A. Stokes Company will retail this book at a dollar and a quarter. Whether this innovation will be successful from a financial standpoint remains to be seen; as for the book, it is by the author of "Mr. Wu", and concerns after-death communication.

* * * *

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish next month a new novel by the author of "The Branding Iron". This latest story of Katharine Newlin Burt's, "Hidden Creek", follows closely the lines of her other book. Miss Burt has another claim to fame, that of having begun to write—like Daisy Ashford and the young hopeful whose story has been appearing in "The Atlantic Monthly"—at an age when most children were being taken for the first time to kindergarten.

—S. M. R.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in May in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Portygee	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
2. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
3. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
4. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
5. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
6. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
3. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
4. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
5. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
6. Woman Triumphant	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. September	<i>Frank Swinnerton</i>	DORAN
4. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
5. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. The House of Baltazar	<i>William J. Locke</i>	LANE

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Briant Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
4. A Man for the Ages	<i>Irving Bacheller</i>	BOBBS-MERRILL
5. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
6. The Haunted Bookshop	<i>Christopher Morley</i>	DOUBLEDAY

WESTERN STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. September	<i>Frank Swinnerton</i>	DORAN
5. A Man for the Ages	<i>Irving Bacheller</i>	BOBBS-MERRILL
6. The Moon and Sixpence	<i>W. Somerset Maugham</i>	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. The Portygee	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
4. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
5. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. A Man for the Ages	<i>Irving Bacheller</i>	BOBBS-MERRILL

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 3. A Labrador Doctor | <i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 4. Father Duffy's Story | <i>Francis P. Duffy</i> | DORAN |
| 5. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 6. Now It Can Be Told | <i>Philip Gibbs</i> | HARPER |

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 2. Now It Can Be Told | <i>Philip Gibbs</i> | HARPER |
| 3. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 5. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 6. South | <i>Sir Ernest Shackleton</i> | MACMILLAN |

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. White Shadows in the South Seas | <i>Frederick O'Brien</i> | CENTURY |
| 2. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 3. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 4. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 5. "Marse Henry" | <i>Henry Watterson</i> | DORAN |
| 6. An American Idyll | <i>Cornelia S. Parker</i> | ATLANTIC |

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 2. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 3. White Shadows in the South Seas | <i>Frederick O'Brien</i> | CENTURY |
| 4. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 5. Father Duffy's Story | <i>Francis P. Duffy</i> | DORAN |
| 6. An American Idyll | <i>Cornelia S. Parker</i> | ATLANTIC |

WESTERN STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 2. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 3. White Shadows in the South Seas | <i>Frederick O'Brien</i> | CENTURY |
| 4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 5. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 6. The Seven Purposes | <i>Margaret Cameron</i> | HARPER |

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace | <i>John Maynard Keynes</i> | HARCOURT |
| 2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 3. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 4. White Shadows in the South Seas | <i>Frederick O'Brien</i> | CENTURY |
| 5. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 6. An American Idyll | <i>Cornelia S. Parker</i> | ATLANTIC |

THE GOSSIP SHOP

RECENTLY the Gossip Shop has been looking over book affairs in San Francisco. We were struck at once by the number of bookstores in this place for anything like a city of its size.

We wandered first by chance into the place of Paul Elder and Company—commonly called “Paul Elder’s” in San Francisco. It is a shop of the pleasant attractiveness of design which we would expect to find inhabited by the man who got up the format of the Paul Elder books—though we do not mean to at all imply that the atmosphere of æstheticism is here laid on with a trowel. In Mr. Elder’s guest-book we signed our name thus, “Murray Hill, New York City, In good health”, on a page already inscribed as follows:

Yone Noguchi. Nakano. Happy to return to California.

Hugh Walpole. Garrick Club, London. Delighted to be here *at last!*

Coningsby Dawson. New York.

Oliver Lodge, England. Full of admiration for this great State.

We referred to Mr. Elder’s place as a shop. He has the whole of a little building. One of the upper floors is constructed as a lecture room. Here have recently appeared, in Saturday afternoon talks: Peter Clark Macfarlane, Dr. Henry Frank, and Frederick O’Brien, among others. One afternoon during our stay in San Francisco Robert Cortes Holliday talked in the Paul Elder gallery (to a capacity house) on authors he has met, and

gave other gossip of the publishing offices.

Coningsby Dawson, by the way, we are informed, has just bought a place at San Diego, California.

Theodore Dreiser, we hear, is at the present writing in Los Angeles.

To continue about San Francisco bookstores: we found our way next to the place of A. M. Robertson, here commonly called “Robertson’s”, and the proprietor of which is popularly hailed as “Alec”. Good bookstore. Mr. Robertson is, to some extent, a publisher as well as a bookseller, and is particularly interested in issuing books about California.

The book division of the excellent department store here called The White House we pronounce upon in the most favorable way. And we also highly approve of the friendliness and good book-sense of its buyer.

The Emporium, another large department store, also has a book division of considerable size. The Methodist Book Concern has extensive quarters out in the neighborhood of the San Francisco Public Library. A startling feature of this place is a mammoth electric sign, mounted on the roof and extending across the length of the building, which reads: “House of Good Books”.

Across what in London would be called a little court from Paul Elder’s (and what in Indianapolis would be called a little alley) is the Old Book Shop. A place of really distinctive

character, dealing mainly in collectors' volumes. Then there is Newbegin's, new books and old books; then there is John Howell, rare books; Potter Brothers Company, wholesale and retail agency for several New York publishing houses; the Holmes Book Company, marked-down bookstore; the sizable French Book Store; and various smaller dealers in foreign books. In Berkeley a gentleman of the name of Mr. Somers runs a store several rooms in size, dealing in both new books and rare books. And in Oakland, we understand, are still other places.

We were much pleased to discover the popularity in San Francisco of several writers who are personal friends of ours; among them: Messrs. Walpole, Morley, McFee, and Holliday.

Amy Lowell has recently been made honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter of Columbia University. On this interesting occasion she read before the chapter her new 8,000-word poem "Many Swans Sun Myth of the American Indians" (to be printed soon in "The North American Review"). This poem is based on an Indian legend in the original Kathlamet text, which it seems is very hard to get at in translation—for only three people in the world speak Kathlamet (the Gossip Shop has their addresses). While the symbolism of the poem is Indian, the framework and the incidents are the poet's. The work has the unique quality of Miss Lowell's other legends: it is the work of a sophisticated poet but at the same time has childlike naïveté and very real passion. When Miss Lowell was a "little girl", the Indians sweeping along the streets of a New Mexico town impressed her unforgettably. Also she had two sun-strokes

while in the town—and, altogether, she said she loved that sort of thing.

Miss Lowell has just attended by special invitation the Diamond Anniversary of Baylor University, Texas, and has been the recipient of its Lit.D. (her first degree). Moreover with her were Harriet Monroe, Edwin Markham, and Vachel Lindsay.

In a few months Miss Lowell's collected prose essays (of which "Casual Reflections on a Few of the Younger English Novelists" appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* for April, 1919) will be published; also a book of her collected legends. Her "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" is out of print. An English publisher is bringing out "Salmagundi" with other poems to follow.

Already news comes from Paris of much ado over the sixth Dante centennial which falls on September 14, 1921. Church and state bestir themselves to honor "Noster Dantes". It is said that Ravenna, the city of the poet's death, will be the centre of the religious ceremony, and that Catholics throughout the world will observe the day. In a recent number of the "Revue Universelle" is a study of Dante by Cardinal Mercier, and other publications are reported to be forthcoming—notably "L'edizione critica della Divinia Commedia" which Giuseppe Vandelli was working on in 1907. A new translation of the "Divine Comedy" by the scholar and poet André Pèraté has also been announced. The Librairie de l'Art Catholique expects to issue shortly a bulletin of unpublished works on Dante; and the Willard Fiske Dante collection at Cornell University (said by a French expert to be the finest in the world), is already preparing to issue a supplement to its first Dante catalogue of

1900, anticipating the coming anniversary.

It is said that Johan Bojer's two weeks' visit in New York is to result in a novel of American life, and in the early Broadway production of "The Power of a Lie", "The Eyes of Love", and "Sigurd Braa".

In the current number of "The Dublin Review" (and reprinted in "The Living Age") is an article on Herman Melville in general and "Moby Dick" in particular, by Viola Meynell (daughter of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell and author of "Second Marriage" recently published in America). After quoting freely from the text of "Moby Dick", Miss Meynell comments:

What is quoted here is but a hint of the Shakespearean grandeur of Ahab.... If these quotations did not make the reader tremble with what is given to him, it is because in the book alone and not to be pulled out by finger-falls, that revelation awaits him.... Readers of the book will see that this is the greatest of the sea writers, whom even Conrad must own as master. Barrie confessedly owes him his Captain Cook. Great isolated fame Herman Melville must have in many an individual mind which, having once known him, is then partly made of him forever. But how little "Moby Dick" is known, is exemplified by a writer in the "Times" Literary Supplement who, in a clever article on Herman Melville, did not even mention this book, as if his fame rested on that better-known and comparatively how insignificant alone, "Typee" and "Omoo". Though "Moby Dick" has been published in England and has been included in Everyman series, it is at present out of print.

Even a Melville fan must smile a little at such fever-heat of enthusiasm.

The first edition of the much-discussed "Poems of a Little Girl", by the eight-year-old daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling, is for grownups. The portrait on the jacket of the book is that of a thoroughly normal little girl; but the frontispiece by James Chapin (who we recall did the Robert Frost and other frontispieces) is an

attempt to follow the old masters, and metamorphoses Hilda into a pathological child. On looking at the two pictures, one thinks: if this is the effect of writing, don't write! It is surmised that a second edition, for children, minus the frontispiece and special introduction, and with line drawings, would be welcome. It would make a charming book for Christmas and birthdays. Children love "Little Snail" and "Velvets" and some of the others, we are told.

Two German novels written before the war and at that time suppressed by the imperial censor, have now been brought out. "Der Untertan" and "Die Armen" deal, respectively, with the middle class and the lower classes of Germany. They are the work of Heinrich Mann, a delineator of German character, whose novels have a widespread sale in his own country.

Readers of Georges Duhamel's war books will be surprised to learn that his latest work is a satirical comedy. "L'Œuvre des Athlètes", recently launched with success in Paris, has provoked comparison of the author with Molière.

The play portrays the havoc wrought in a placid middle-class family by the arrival of a cousin who proceeds to establish in their midst a salon of "serious thinkers". One by one the family succumb to the dictator, the only member preserving a sane balance being the son of the house. That luckless soul, unable to endure the snobbish atmosphere engendered, is forced to flee to Patagonia.

Announcement has been made of the Pulitzer prizes in letters, of \$1,000 each (awarded by the School

of Journalism of Columbia University), for the year past. Albert Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall" is considered "the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people". "The War with Mexico" by Justin H. Smith ranks as "the best book upon the history of the United States". And the award for "the original play, performed in New York, which best represents the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners" goes to Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon", which was brought out in book form closely following its production. The prize for the best novel is this year omitted, since in the opinion of the judges none of the volumes under consideration merits this distinction.

That serious-minded person who writes page 36 in "Land and Water" each week, has been of late reading the fashion magazines. He devotes his attention in a recent issue to a burlesque of caption writing for fashion-plates, presenting a party of refugees from bolshevist Odessa, all wearing Messrs. Orange's spring fashions. "The little blocks of affected prose underneath disgusting pictures of incredibly ugly women with no noses, only one eye, attitudinizing, and all scratching" are bad enough, he concludes, if they stick to prose. But lately they have blossomed into vers libre, like this:

On one side, the tulle whisks and flares,
Licked by little plumes of flame.
And everywhere groups of bead petals
Shower their fringes of flame, frosted dull.

The writer is afraid males may catch the plague, and reflects that it would be dreadful if one had to read pagefuls of poetry before one bought one's trousers. Like this:

Brown, brown are the dainty trousers
With a little stripe
A stripe of Green,
Green, because of the spring,
Green, because it is the time of Youth.
The bottoms of course are turned up.
And like a necklet of lovers' eyes
The braces' buttons
Circle the top
In a Wistful ring.
Messrs. Thompson and Smith
Have done this thing.
The price is ten guineas
And they are cheap at that.
Who could resist their lure?
Sing hey, for Spring, Ting-a-ling.

This page "More Atrocities" elbows J. C. Squire on one side, and Hilaire Belloc on the other.

Though heralded two months ago by a reviewer, the anthology of "The Great Modern American Stories" edited with a "reminiscent introduction" by William Dean Howells has just put in a belated appearance—due to the printing plates being sidetracked between Albany and New York (doubtless to the chagrin of the enterprising publishers). This volume is the third to appear in the Great Modern Story Series of French, English, American, German, and Russian collections.

Of freshest interest in the volume is Mr. Howells's chapter of introduction in which he recalls the days, more or less distant, when he first made acquaintance with one and another of the two dozen tales he has now brought together. Hale's "My Double and How He Undid Me", read at twenty, caused him, sick, to laugh himself back into health. H. J.'s "A Passionate Pilgrim" was a "young" work proffered to the "Atlantic" under-editor. Mary Wilkins's "The Revolt of Mother", Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Courting of Sister Wisby", and Alice Brown's "Told in the Poorhouse" he groups together as the work of "the unrivalled sisters three...great ar-

tists working always in simple and native stuff". Edith Wharton's "The Mission of Jane" he presents to "such elect as could rejoice in the portrayal of the perfect and entire dullness of Jane and her equally dull admirer". Cable's "Jean-ah Poquelin" he recalls in a dramatic reading by Mark Twain,—the best reader he ever heard, but of "transcendent bashfulness". Aldrich's "Mlle. Olympe Zabriski" is second choice after that author's "Marjorie Daw"; Mr. Howells confesses that he is not immune to the trials of the anthologist to whom the publisher refuses open sesame in the use of copy-righted material.

Opinions, of course, differ as to the choice of stories in the anthology. Brander Matthews looks in vain for something by Irvin Cobb in the selection. "Surely", he says, "the tale of Judge Priest's officiating at the funeral of the fallen woman is not inferior in beauty to 'Aunt Sanna Terry' or to 'Mlle. Olympe Zabriski', clever as that is and brilliant as it is in its metallic lustre."

A letter from Joseph I. C. Clarke has just drifted into the Gossip Shop, in which he tells of a literary adventure of his in what he calls "Conradese" or "volcanoes and cigar ends". Mr. Clark has filled the shoes of both editor and author:

Dwelling temporarily in midland Cuba, one solaces a hot afternoon with a turning over of the books in the airy parlor of the *casa de vivenda*. Here I came upon "Lord Jim" by Conrad, and then "Victory" by the same exalted spinner of deliberate yarns. So, a pleasant time with two old friends. The next day arrived with the mail a pile of magazines. I opened "Harper's" for March and lighted on a phrase: "*marooning himself on that infernal island and seemingly content to spend his days there.*" Well, well, I thought, the school has loosed itself upon the world. Conrad out of Stevenson with Kipling trimmings. But no: it read on like pure Conrad of the later type,—not quite so deliberate perhaps. Who knows?

Conrad gone a step further backward toward Stevenson? I turned over the pages of "The Judgment of Vulcan" to the beginning; there I found another man's name.

That evening I was haunted by the thought that the "Vulcan" story was more than an echo of Conrad in the tropical seas, so I took it up and read it again. At its very beginning I found this:

"By day the Pacific is a vast stretch of blue, flat like a floor, with a blur of distant islands on the horizon—chief among them Muloa, with its single volcanic cone tapering off into the sky. At night this smithy of Vulcan becomes a glow of red, throbbing faintly against the darkness, a capricious and sullen beacon immeasurably removed from the path of men. Viewed from the veranda of the Marine Hotel, its vast flare on the horizon seems hardly more than an insignificant spark, like the glowing cigar-end of some guest strolling in the garden after dinner."

My mind turned back to that passage with an insistence that would have pleased Conrad. Taking up "Victory" before smoking my own last cigar for the evening, I came suddenly on this:

"His nearest neighbor—I am speaking now of things showing some sort of animation—was an indolent volcano which smoked faintly all day, and at night levelled at him, from amongst the clear stars, a dull red glow, expanding and collapsing spasmodically like the end of a gigantic cigar puffed at intermittently in the dark. Axel Heyst was also a smoker; and when he lounged out on his veranda with his cheroot, the last thing before going to bed, he made in the night the same sort of glow and of the same size as that other one so many miles away."

I slept more comfortably for finding this. How often does the same doubt, the same semi-certainty assail the readers of manuscripts nowadays. All varieties of style are pounced upon, and the excellence of the imitation is apt to be startling. It was one of my troubles years and years ago when I edited a literary paper; it was one of the great worries of the staff. Let an article or story appear with some streaks of new light in it, and in about three weeks to a month would come a flood of wonderful imitations. What must it be now? My sympathies to the editor of "Harper's". Let the author of the "Vulcan" story consider "Lord Jim".

A fable recounting the story of the war has recently appeared in France: "Le Responsable", by Léon M. O. Gurékian. Herein England is the elephant, France the bull, Italy the fox, Germany the wild-boar, Austria the wolf, Turkey the mule. Russia re-

mains the bear, but the United States becomes the pelican. Serbia and Austria are represented by the squirrel and the ermine.

G. B. S., it seems, has spoken on the ethics of the filming of plays, apropos of his own recent noble refusal of \$1,000,000 for the motion-picture rights of all his plays:

I am not yet convinced that a film version of a play does not seriously deprecate the value of the acting version. It has done so in several cases known to me and if I go into the filming business at all I shall possibly write specially for the screen.

What will a boy enjoy reading before his teens (*not* what do his parents and teachers think he should read)? An expert has made out the following list of twenty-five books, with the note that he has omitted "Robinson Crusoe" and other pedagogical favorites:

The Story of a Bad Boy Aldrich
The Young Trailers Altsheler
For the Honor of the School Barbour
Track's End Carruth
Boys of '76 Coffin
Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel Chittenden
The Boy Scout, and Other Stories Davis
The Hoosier Schoolboy Eggleston
High Benton Heyliger
On the Trail of Washington Hill
A Boy's Town Howells
Boy Life on the Prairie Garland
Tom Brown's School Days Hughes
The Jungle Books Kipling
The Boy's King Arthur Lanier
Careers of Danger and Daring .. Moffett
The Land of Fair Play Parsons
Men of Iron Pyle
Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children Bishop
Hero Tales from American History Roosevelt and Lodge
Paul Jones Seawell
Black Arrow Stevenson
Penrod Tarkington
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer . Twain
Being a Boy Warner

What the boy will like to read during his early teens is suggested in another list of twenty-five titles, with

the same skilful eluding of the academic:

The Perfect Tribute Andrews
The Sun of Saratoga Altsheler
Guynemer, Knight of the Air ... Bordeaux
That Year at Lincoln High Gollomb
The Sign of Freedom Goodrich
Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt Hagedorn
The First Hundred Thousand ... Hay
Whirligigs Henry
The Varmint Johnson
The Border Legion Grey
The Long Roll Johnstone
Captains Courageous Kipling
George Washington Lodge
Boys' Life of Edison Meadowcroft
Wild Life on the Rockies Mills
The Story of My Boyhood and Youth Muir
Abraham Lincoln, Boy and Man Morgan
Campus Days Paine
The Oregon Trail Parkman
An American in the Making Ravage
The Making of an American Rils
Kidnapped Stevenson
Ramsey Milholland Tarkington
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn Twain
The Forest White

What the same boy will be required to read and discuss during the last two years of his college course (if he happens to be a candidate for general honors at Columbia University) is, experimentally, as follows:

Homer	Shakespeare
Herodotus	Cervantes
Thucydides	Bacon
Æschylus	Milton
Sophocles	Molière
Euripides	Hume
Aristophanes	Montesquieu
Plato	Voltaire
Aristotle	Rousseau
Lucretius	Adam Smith
Virgil	Lessing
Horace	Kant
Plutarch	Schiller
Marcus Aurelius	Goethe
St. Augustine	Macaulay
The Nibelungenlied	Victor Hugo
The Song of Roland	Hegel
St. Thomas Aquinas	Darwin
Dante	Lyell
Petrarch	Tolstoi
Montaigne	Nietzsche

News comes from England of a boom in the Tarzan novels. It seems that the ape-man went over very

quietly at first but that he soon caught on, and is now being shown around the country in films.

Much lively comment has been provoked in French literary circles by a discussion in "Le Figaro" of the nouveau-riche bibliophile, by Eugène Montfort. We quote a portion of M. Montfort's lament:

Nothing is so depressing nowadays as a glance at the catalogue of a rare book dealer. The prices are absurd, totally out of proportion to the value of the books (i. e., literary and commercial value). They produce in one a two-fold melancholy conviction: first, of the materialistic spirit of the dealer; second, of the ignorance and stupidity of the purchaser.... Upon examining these booksellers' catalogues, one discovers the bibliophilic discredit into which have sunk the great authors of the nineteenth century. One can buy an original edition of the "Physiologie du Mariage" or of "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" for fifty francs. Our nouveaux-riches will have nothing to do with Balzac and Victor Hugo. These authors are too old-fashioned for them. What they want (and this taste is ingeniously fostered in them by the dealers, since it can more easily be satisfied, and to advantage) is the modern authors, the most modern, those of the day, even those of the morrow,—writers whom their wives or their daughters may hear discussed in the salons. Most amusing of all is their choice of authors, a proof of the degree to which the purchasers are exploited by the dealers.

A copy of the original edition of "Visage émerveillé" by Mme. de Noailles may be had for the trifling sum of thirty-five francs; "Les Déracinés" and "Colette Baudoche" by Barrès, for twenty-five francs; "La Terre" by Zola, for thirty francs, and "Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre" by Mirbeau, for twenty francs.... On the other hand, if you are an admirer of "Les Cahiers d'André Walter" by André Gide, you can secure a copy on Holland paper, but it will cost you six hundred francs.... We do not for an instant suppose that an author or a group of authors has formed an alliance with a syndicate of booksellers.... It is simply a matter of speculation among the dealers.

A story of how an editor got rich has been wafted to our ears, and we pass it on for the edification of that deserving profession:

He started poor as a proverbial church mouse twenty years ago. He has now retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

This money was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort to give full value, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle, who left the editor \$49,999.50.

In Congress the other day a list was submitted showing the vocations of persons having the largest incomes in the United States prior to 1918. Authors were not at the top, but they made a fair showing. Out of fifteen authors, editors, and reporters, one earned \$500,000; one \$300,000; one, \$250,000; two, \$200,000; and eight, \$100,000.

These figures should interest political economists (like Mr. Keynes whose "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" is said to have broken all sales-records for serious books, and who is now writing a second volume dealing with the financial problems of the treaty).

In "La Poésie Scientifique, de 1750 à Nos Jours" M. Fusil traces the reaction of poets to scientific discoveries and hypotheses. The author defines "scientific poetry" as that which presents the "emotional side" of the facts of science.

John M. Siddall, the busy editor of that energetic periodical, "The American Magazine", was the other day waylaid by that dallier, the Gossip Shop, to sound his ideas on the moot question as to what opportunities the popular magazines offer to young writers today. Whereupon Mr. Siddall vouchsafed the following:

"The big thing, it seems to me, is that writers get through the popular magazines a great and inspiring audience. And in order to appeal to that audience they *must* write live human stuff, full of real interest. If they

don't—their contributions won't be printed. For that reason the popular magazines force writers to think about life, not about trivialities and the small subtleties that receive only academic interest from a few readers. There is no opportunity for a young writer to achieve a wide reputation, based on good workmanship and knowledge of the *real* drama of human life, equal to that offered by the magazine with a wide circulation.

"This whole thing comes right down to the question—what is the use of writing anyhow? It seems to me that there is little use of writing unless you make the effort to get your message to as many people as possible. Here is where some will differ with me. They think that certain ideas are so wonderful that the 'general run of people' won't 'get them'. I have absolutely no sympathy with that notion. I believe that the very best ideas in the world will reach the many if those ideas are clearly expressed. And when they *are* clearly expressed I believe that you have the greatest writing. This does not mean that all the widely read stuff in the world is good and worth while. Human beings read all sorts of things—just as they eat all sorts of things—some that are substantial, and some that are froth. But to say that only a few enjoy the substantial is bosh.

"In our egotism we continually exaggerate the superiority of our own intellects over those of our fellows. We think that we know it all—and particularly do we think that we comprehend things better than our neighbors. Yet the great experiences of life are common to all. And the great experiences of life are what give us such understanding as we have. Does anybody think he has a patent on love, hate, aspiration, struggle, courage,

cowardice, depression, exaltation—and all the rest? Yet these are the materials out of which the greatest writings are made.

"Normal, healthy human beings come nearer being equal in understanding than we realize. The great difference between people is in their ambition—not in their intelligence. I see people who are a thousand times as ambitious as others—people who achieve ten thousand times as much as others. When it comes down to understanding the essential things of life, however, I see variations, but I do not find them overwhelming.

"Getting back to the popular magazines—every new generation of writers reworks the same human materials in fresh terms suitable to its own day. Literature always has a timely flavor. Even Dante in 'The Divine Comedy' is journalistic; to understand him you have to learn by hard study about people and events familiar to the people of that time. The matter of preservation for future readers is always in the lap of the gods.

"The first test of a writer is to grip and hold the people of his own time—the more of them the better. The popular magazine now offers an opportunity for this initial test such as never existed before and with chances of returns in both money and esteem undreamed of in the past."

One of the recent articles on Mrs. Humphry Ward (and their name is legion) devoted its first several hundred words to the prestige of the Arnold family-tree in its various and sundry ramifications. The most youthful scion of that house to take up its famous tradition of letters is Aldous Huxley, grand-nephew of Matthew Arnold and, logically, nephew of Mrs. Ward. Mr. Huxley's first book to be

published in America, "Limbo", a collection of short stories just out, indicates that he may prove worthy of his forebears. It has this provocative comment in "The English Review":

The Varsity still lies across the pages of these stories—patent-leather erudition, that is; but there is more than this...he is poet as well as sociologist. He has perceptions. He is a reformer; plays curiously and effectively on man's dual personality.... Mr. Huxley is the new European. Like all these young war writers, he has no illusions. Will they create? This writer, at least, opens with definite promise.

That even the mildest of feminists, on reading Le Clerc Phillips's article in the May BOOKMAN, "Women of Mark and Their Education", feels moved to rise and speak out in meeting, is the declaration of Clara F. McIntyre of the University of Wyoming, who has jumped to the conclusion that the author is a man, and demands: "What of the men of mark?"

One may say (Miss McIntyre adds) that Mr. Phillips's main conclusion—that the higher education of women does not produce literary genius—is so sound as to be almost axiomatic. But what eludes me is his excuse for pouncing upon this obvious truth and serenely ignoring another equally obvious,—that the higher education of men, also, fails to produce literary genius.

Moreover, by his description of the "pale, earnest, and bespectacled young women from Girton and Newnham", the writer gives his paper the sound of something distinctly out of date. At least, it is so by American standards. If he had the pleasure of attending a "formal" at almost any college or university in the country, he would find there an array of charming—and reasonably plump—femininity which would do honor to a débutante ball. In fact, the danger in our institutions of learning no longer lies—if it ever did lie there—in the tendency of young women to become unattractive and neglectful of social duties in their strenuous devotion to study, but rather in the inclination to turn a college career into a season of social triumphs.

He says we have had no great woman novelist since George Eliot. Very true, but have we had any man novelist whom we could put side by side with Dickens and Thackeray? The great three of the mid-nineteenth century are still the great three, although many able writers, both men and women, have followed.

As for education George Eliot, probably, of the three, knew the most of books, though, it is true, she did not read her books in the shelter of university walls. Thackeray had the conventional university education, but we cannot help feeling that his books show more reflection of his life as a law student in the Middle Temple and as a student of art in Paris. And Dickens,—we all know the conditions from which he pulled himself up; his desultory reading, his hard schooling in the city streets.

Go back to the other "big three"—to Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. Fielding was the only one who had a university education, and that was incomplete. Smollett was apprenticed to a medical practitioner and sailed as a surgeon's mate. Richardson claimed only a common-school education, and yet, though it is old-fashioned and almost forgotten today, "Clarissa Harlowe" is one of the great books of the world. To be sure Fielding gives a broader, sounder, saner view of the world than Richardson or Smollett; but we cannot tell how much his academic experience had to do with it.

The two most important of the later men, Meredith and Hardy, are not of university training. Meredith, we are told, was mainly self-educated; he attended for a while a German school near Coblenz, and was articled to a lawyer. Hardy had private tuition in Latin and Greek, and attended some evening classes at King's College, London. We know that Stevenson was his own best teacher; that Scott received only a small share of his rich equipment of historical and literary lore in university classes.

Among the men writing novels today, as among those of the past, we find diversity of training. Arnold Bennett's "higher education" consisted in the study of law, a study which he abandoned, however, to take up editorial work. Galsworthy was an Oxford man. Mr. Wells received a college education—but one which was scientific rather than literary—at the Royal College of Science.

Mr. Phillips quotes us many famous French women who reached literary distinction without education in its formal sense. We can quote him in turn at least two famous French men whose distinction owed nothing to regular university training: Dumas, who was apprenticed to a notary, and, like the poor apprentice of romance, went to Paris with twenty francs in his pocket; and Balzac, who studied law for three years.

The Poetry Society of America offers the William Lindsey Prize of \$500 for the best unproduced and unpublished full length poetic play (that is, a play that will occupy an evening) written by an American citizen. No

restrictions are placed upon the number of acts or scenes, or on the nature of the subject matter. The judges of the contest will be George Arliss, Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard, Clayton Hamilton, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and Stuart Walker. The contest closes July 1, 1921.

The prize of \$500 for the best volume of poems written by an American citizen, which the Poetry Society has for the past two seasons given through Columbia University, will this year be awarded directly by the Society. As the prize is not competitive but in the nature of an award, books need not be entered for it as in the ordinary prize competition. The judges for the present season are Professor John Livingston Lowes of Harvard, author of "Convention and Revolt in Poetry"; Edwin Arlington Robinson; and Alice Corbin Henderson, associate editor of "Poetry".

A sometime sophomore at the University of California, Hazel Havermale, in a letter to the Gossip Shop, gives her impressions on once seeing Rupert Brooke plain:

"It was during 1914 that Rupert Brooke came through California on his way home from the South Seas. I was a member of the small sophomore class in verse writing. We used to meet in a hideous, little room in rickety, old North Hall and used to have our 'efforts' read by a patient and enthusiastic young instructor who was always appearing abruptly with some newly-discovered poet under his arm. Not usually, however, was the appearance of the poet in more than octavo, and so when he walked in upon us one spring day with a tall young man under his arm, we knew he had brought us a live poet.

"The two men walked down the

small room to the low platform and Brooke was seated with his face to the light. I remember noting that his yellow-brown hair was overlong and was brushed back from a thin face burned brown by tropical sunshine, a face from which a pair of eyes—light eyes, looked out calmly. We were all a little superciliously conscious of his soft, blue collar and general air of comfort; I remember that at that time we were absorbed in the theory that a poet should never be distinguishable from the multitude by his dress. I remember, too, that almost none of us had ever heard his name, and when the instructor presented Rupert Brooke of England, it made little impression on our sensibilities.

"He sat down at the desk, an ugly, yellow-varnished affair, and opened his small volume and began to read. At first the English intonation struck strangely on our western ears, but soon the mellow tone became even and flowing and we listened. He read 'The Fish', 'The Great Lover', and a number of others; he read some lovely things written while he was in the South Seas, poems, full of *tiarés* and murmuring seas, that I have never seen published. And all the time his body slid lower and lower in the cane-bottomed chair and his arms came down and down on the desk until his chin was resting almost on his book and his head was scarcely visible above the rim of the desk.

"It is not within my knowledge whether or not Rupert Brooke was in the habit of reading his verse publicly, but certainly his manner that time was tinged either with a real embarrassment or diffidence. His voice flowed on and on, and sank to a lower and lower key, as we sat forward to hear him. He did not often raise his eyes from the pages, but occasionally

a flickering smile played over his face when he came to a line one could see he thought either good or humorous. When he read 'Menelaus and Helen' he frankly grinned. Certainly Brooke loved some of his verse, whether he loved to read it or not, and 'Grantchester' was the crowning and final performance. That he read with a gusto and feeling that had something of the homesick boy in it.

"The hour came sharply to a close; our instructor thanked him and he bowed in a half-offish and half-shy English manner. We walked out. I don't know why there was an awkward moment for us as we left. It seemed as if someone ought to say something; it seemed an abrupt ending and somehow ungracious. Only one of our number had the urbanity to wait and be presented as our instructor and Brooke came down the little room; the rest of us fled out and scattered to our various ways. I went to the library and thought I'd look up his book, but it was already gone. In fact, that small volume of his was worn and stamped many times before I got it several weeks later."

Frederick Niven has dropped into the ears of Simon Pure, who has passed the news on to the Gossip Shop, that he is off to Montreal and New York on his way to the western states, British Columbia, and Alaska. Mr. Niven, always original, is not lecturing. He is visiting old familiar haunts again. It is good to think that he does not get his material for his American books from the London movie shows or from a Pullman car window. As "Who's Who" says of him, he is a rolling stone, keen on all methods of travel, and his favorite recreation is seeing new places and revisiting remembered ones. His life up to this

time has spanned a goodly segment of the globe, for he was born in Valparaiso, Chile, and educated in Glasgow. The scene of his new novel "A Tale That Is Told" (to be published in America in the fall) is not, like "The Lady of the Crossing", laid in America; it is a story of Scotland.

A friend of the Gossip Shop (Mary Blair of Highlands, California) writes her idea of Mr. Noah Webster at the ouija board, thus addressing W. R. B., after reading page 484 of the January BOOKMAN:

Do the dwarves ride over the rooves?—
O no!

The dwarfs ride over the roofs!
But if Mr. Benét
Elect to say

Anything that he likes in his own good way,
We never shall ask for proofs:
So the dwarves in scarves may infest the
wharves
(For they never, no, never, do things by
ha(r)ives!)

Let 'em stamp their hooofs
And gnash their tooofs
Who meticulously demand as troofs
That dwarfs ride over the roofs—
O no!
That dwarves ride over the rooves!

"William—An Englishman", which a year ago won the French Academy prize of 20,000 francs as the best novel of the year published in any language, comes from a New York house (a strike delay). The author, Cicely Hamilton, is a London actress, journalist, and feminist lecturer. The book is an exquisitely satirical account of a young nonentity on the way to being a socialist; of his marriage to another nonentity, a young suffragist; of their honeymoon into Belgium where they wake overnight to the cataclysm on their doorstep. The rest is war, and the story closes sans heroine, sans hero, sans everything. But nothing is painful. It is told with a beautiful heartlessness.

THE BOOKMAN



August, 1920

HEAVEN'S LITTLE IRONIES

James Lane Allen

THE SHINING HOUR

William McFee

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

Compton Mackenzie

THE WIFE OF HONORE DE BALZAC

Princess Catherine Radziwill

JAPAN---REAL AND IMAGINARY

Raymond M. Weaver

*Murray Hill on His Travels—Humor in Literature, by C. S. Evans—A Bonus for
the Poet, by Constance Murray Greene—The Socialization of the Library,
by Arthur E. Bostwick—Shakespeare? by Edwin Bjorkman—
Current Taste in Fiction, by John Walcott—The Londoner
—A Shelf of Recent Books—Gossip Shop*

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THE BOOKMAN



THE SHINING HOUR

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

THE destroyer, driven by her three powerful turbines, moves forward in a series of long vibrant lunges. As she careens in each of her rhythmical pauses, there mingles with the interminable hum of her revolving rotors the complaining sough and hiss of the white spume flying from her high-flaring forecastle, and overflowing with a dazzling commotion the opaque blue of the heaving sea. Far forward, in the shadows beneath that same forecastle, screened from light and weather, and the flat white tops of their saucy caps catching the pale glow of a dirty electric globe, sit several bluejackets, the blue-grey smoke of their cigarettes vanishing like strips of impalpable gauze overside. On the bridge a solitary gleaming figure in oilskins and peaked hat maintains itself in equilibrium with the intelligent precision of a motionless pendulum. Nearer, the torpedoes in the sinister hooded tubes strain slightly at their lashings between the huge squat cowl, with their wired orifices, which lead to the forced-draft fans of the bright,

clean, silent stokeholds. The three short and flattened funnels are raked, so that, viewed from astern they have an air of haughty and indomitable endurance, like that of a man driving a team at furious speed and leaning back in derision. And from their throats pour torrents of hot gases visible only by the tremulous agitation of the atmosphere to leeward. At intervals, as the slim ovalled stern rises higher than usual, the sunlight glints on the bronze hand-wheels of the after gun and gives a delicate sheen to the green-painted depth-charges in their cradles by the rail. And there is an ominous roar from the white effervescence below, a roar which dies away immediately the stern subsides, and one can see again the emerald and jade and cream of the wake stretching like a floating ribbon to the limits of vision.

And as we proceed, to use a naval euphemism for any adjustment of position, whether carried out at one knot or one hundred, the scene through which we are passing changes with

that fabulous disregard of rational probabilities which is experienced in dreams. The islands of the Ægean seem to be playing, as in mythological times, some ponderous and mysterious game. They come and go. They execute protean transformations of outline and chameleon changes of lustre and hue. As we speed westward the sun behind Olympos seems, like King Charles, an unconscionable time dying: and then, as the course is changed to the northeastward he drops with disconcerting suddenness and a polychromatic splash into a transfigured ocean. And a staid and respectable cargo-boat, doing her twelve knots perhaps, heaves into clear view, slides past, and vanishes with the indecent haste of a funeral reproduced on the cinematograph.

Such is life at thirty-five knots.

On such an occasion, too, as has been described, a benevolent and keen-eyed aviator, had he been passing overhead, might have seen, huddled upon the after deck of the destroyer, a figure in naval uniform with his oilskins up to his ears, keeping a watchful eye upon a khaki-colored sea-bag and a couple of battered suitcases which threatened at every swing to come adrift and slide over the smooth linoleum-covered deck into the sea. And being familiar with that part of the world and the naval habits pertaining thereto, this aviator would have surmised that the figure would be, very likely, a Lieutenant of Reserve on his way home, who had been granted a passage on a destroyer to enable him to join another warship which would consent to take him to Malta.

And his surmise would have been perfectly correct.

But what this benevolent aviator would not have divined as he swept over and on, and ultimately picked

up his next landmark, which was Mount Athos, would be that the Lieutenant of Reserve had made a vow to write an article before he got home, and that he was feeling depressed at the extreme unlikelihood of his ever doing so if his transit was to be conducted seated on a bronze scuttle and holding on to his worldly possessions as they slipped and swayed.

Another thing the aviator would never have guessed was that this Lieutenant of Reserve, addicted as he was to literature, had never been able to take it seriously. It was almost as if he and literature had had a most fascinating intrigue for a good many years yet he had always refused to marry her! He had never been able to settle down day after day to a humdrum ding-dong battle with a manuscript, every week seeing another batch finished and off to the printers: a steady, working journeyman of letters. He had heard of such people. He had read interviews with eminent votaries of this sort of thing and had taken their statements (uttered without the flicker of an eyelash) with a grain of salt. He had always been ready with a perfectly valid reason which excused his own failure to do such things. He was a Lieutenant of Reserve and it was impossible, with the daily duties and grave responsibilities of such a position, to concentrate upon anything else.

All nonsense, of course, as anyone who has seen a Lieutenant of Reserve at work could tell you. Besides, it is well known that men at the front wrote poems "under fire", that army officers sat amid shot and shell and calmly dictated best sellers. It is equally well known that, with practice, any naval officer of average intelligence can be educated to fire a fifteen-inch gun with one hand and write a

villanelle with the other. As for aviators, they may be said not only to "lisp in numbers" as was said of Pope, but they take as many flights of fancy as they do over the lines. So there is no real reason for a mere Lieutenant of Reserve failing to turn out a monotonously regular ten thousand words a day, let us say, except his own laziness and incapacity. And this particular Lieutenant of Reserve felt this in his heart; and so, as soon as the cares of office fell from his shoulders he vowed a vow that each day he would do a regular whack at this proposed article, that each day he would improve the shining hour.

Moreover, and above all, there was the great example of Anthony Trollope. Possibly the reader has heard of that eminent best seller of a past age, whom nothing could dismay. For Trollope's chief claim to the pop-eyed reverence of posterity seems to be that he reduced writing to the methodical precision of a carpenter planing a board. His slogan was not "art for art's sake", or "quality not quantity", or anything like that at all. It was not even that ancient piece of twaddle "*nulla dies sine linea*". It was "a page every quarter of an hour". For years the Lieutenant of Reserve had been haunted by the picture evoked by that simple phrase—the picture of a big beefy person with mutton-chop whiskers and a quill-pen, sitting squarely at a table with a clock before him; and four times every hour would be heard the hiss of a sheet torn off and flung aside and a fresh one begun. It is no good arguing that they didn't use writing blocks in those days. A man who worked his brain by the clock would no doubt invent a tear-off pad for his own use. I have seen him, in nightmares, and heard the hiss. And nothing could stop him. At sea

he was just the same. The ship might roll, the waves run mountains high, sailors get themselves washed off and drowned, engines break down, boiler-furnaces collapse and propeller-shafts carry away—*n'importe*. Wedged into his seat in the cabin Trollope drove steadily on. Every fifteen minutes, *click!* another page finished. If a chapter happened to be completed, half-way down a page, he did not stop. On! on! not even when a novel was finished did he waste any time. He took a fresh sheet of paper perhaps (with a steady glance at the clock) and went right on at the next one.

There was something heroic about this, one feels, but there is an uneasy feeling at the back of one's mind that the man had mistaken his vocation. Why did he do it? Had he a frightful vision of a public at its last gasp for lack of nourishing fiction, and so toiled on with undiminished ardor, hour after hour, day after day? Had he committed some dark and desperate crime, and so was seeking to do penance by thus immolating himself upon the altar of unremitting labor? Otherwise, why did he do it? For the theory that he liked doing it or that it was a perfectly natural thing for an author to do, is untenable. There is a story that he did not believe very much in inspiration, or rather that he did not believe in waiting for it; and one is bound to admit that his novels seem to prove it. But if a man does not believe in waiting for inspiration, what is his idea in writing at all? It is like a man saying that he does not believe in waiting for love, that one woman is very much like another as far as he is concerned, that those who express finical preferences are not serious citizens concerned only with keeping up the birthrate....

Nevertheless it must be admitted

that the Trollopian tradition has its fascinations for those who, having some turn for writing, are preoccupied more with the fact of achievement than the fun of the thing. The great point, they feel, is to get it *done* (and paid for). They compose direct onto a typewriter, it is rumored, and even employ a secretary to take it down. And when the shift is over, one supposes they go away and play golf. No doubt in time the secretary is able to cope with the work unaided. It is difficult to see why not.

To the Lieutenant of Reserve, however, these considerations were not of much importance. This humdrum method of intensive quantity-production might destroy the soul if persisted in for years. He had no such intention. He merely wished to see whether it could be carried on for a short while. And when he and his baggage were tumbled off the destroyer into a picket-boat and carried aboard of a sloop-of-war bound for Malta, he began to nerve himself for the trial. The time had come, he felt, to improve the shining hour.

For of course, with that curious self-deception that seems to give an air of unreality to everything an author says to himself, he was quite sure he knew what it was he had to write. Quite sure. It was to be an article of, say three or four thousand words. There was to be no nonsense about "getting stuck" in the middle of it, or changing it into something else and making it longer. He would write it in his bunk, pad propped up on knee, for there is always too much noise in these ward-rooms with the gramophone in one corner, the paymaster's typewriter going in another, and half-a-dozen men playing cards in between. And smiling a little, he requested a mess-rating to show him his cabin.

A sloop, the uninitiated may be informed, is not a vessel primarily designed to encourage the production of literature. She is, on the contrary, a slender, two-funneled, wasp-waisted affair of undeniable usefulness during what were known as "hostilities". She is subdivided into minute spaces by steel bulkheads with dished and battened rubber-jointed doors. The ordinary pathways of humanity are encumbered by innumerable wheels, plugs, pipes, wires, extension rods, and screwed down hatchways. And when it became necessary to send home Lieutenants of Reserve and many other ranks and ratings, so that a grateful country might pay them off and leave them to shift for themselves, the Navy found it increasingly difficult to find passages for them, and decided to go into the passenger business itself. And the world having been made perfectly safe for democracy, it was felt that anything savoring of comfort would be out of place in their ships. The stern, iron-bound and rock-ribbed veterans who were coming home would scorn the soft delights of a wire mattress or shaving glass. These ammunition-chambers, for example, are the very thing. Fix 'em up. And in a few hours four bunks would be fitted up in a space about the size of an ordinary office strong-room. There is neither light nor ventilation; but no matter. Give 'em a couple of electrics. They're only here for a few days anyhow.

And here we are! There are three other Lieutenants of Reserve in the other three bunks and the conversation is general. The gentleman below me, who is smoking strong Turkish cigarettes, has just come down from the Black Sea where he has been employed resuscitating a temporarily defunct Russian cruiser. Some job,

he avers. The Russians may be great idealists and artists; they may even have a knack at the ballet and show us a thing or two about novel-writing, but they are out of their element as sailormen. You cannot navigate a ship with the wild, free movement of the figures in a Bakst design. You must cultivate a different attitude toward material forces in an engine-room than is adumbrated in modern Russian fiction. This is corroborated by Mr. Top-Bunk on the other side. Fine job they'd given him, a respectable engineer. Did we know Novorossiisk at all? Yes, we chimed, we'd loaded grain there in the old days. Up the River Bug, wasn't it? Yep. Well, a place not so far up, Ekaterin-something. They'd mussed up the electric-power plant. We had to get it going again. To begin with, these idealists, these makers of a new and happier world, had let the boilers go short of water, had brought down the furnace-crowns and started a good many stays. Also they had cut a good deal of indispensable copper away from the switchboard and, presumably, sold it. Or perhaps they were merely putting their theories into practice and dividing up the plant among the community. However, it didn't signify, because while we were making up our plans, on the boat, and trying to figure out how much of the original wreckage would come in again, one of the local enthusiasts felt he couldn't wait any longer for the Millennium and flung an armful of hand-grenades through the shattered windows of the power-house. We could imagine what happened among those dynamos and turbine-cases.

Mr. Lower-Bunk on the other side doesn't say much except that he'd been mine-sweeping. He says very little all the way to Malta. Sweepers

very rarely have much to say. They have a habit of quiet reticence, engendered by the curious life they lead, a life balanced on the very knife-edge of disaster. They generally get grey over the ears and their movements are deliberate and cautious, after the manner of men who dwell in the presence of high explosives. It occurs to me suddenly that these men are all about to vanish, to disappear from public view, and we shall have no record of their spiritual adventures during the last few years. In a month or so at most they will have doffed their naval uniforms and (much to their relief) put on civilian garb once more. I say we shall have no record of their spiritual adventures. We have tales of their doings as heroes, no doubt; but that is not the same thing. I suppose, if the truth be told, a good many of them have had no adventures of this description. A surgeon with whom I sailed, a dry satirical person of exceptional mental powers, once enunciated to me a particularly brutal theory to account for this gap in our literature. Just as, he asserted, just as below a certain stage in the animal kingdom the nervous system becomes so rudimentary and mechanical that pain as we know it is non-existent, so, below a certain social level in civilized life the emotions are largely an instinctive response to unconscious stimuli applied to actual cases.

This mine-sweeping Lieutenant of Reserve for example, who lives in a diminutive brick subdivision of a long edifice in a long road a long way out of Cardiff, and who enjoys having his tea in the kitchen with his coat off and the cat on his knee, according to my surgical friend, is unable to comprehend within himself the emotions inspired by the fine arts, by great literature or by great beauty.

Now this seemed to me unfair, and I adduced as an argument the fact that these people often appreciated fine literature. Nothing could have been more unfortunate! I had delivered myself into his hands. He simply asked me how I knew. By what method of calibration were we to gauge the ability of these people to appreciate anything of the sort? Did I ever hear these people *talking* about books, or art or beauty? I was silent, and he went on as though he enjoyed it. Reading, he informed me, was no evidence whatever. Reading the written characters in a printed book implied no comprehension of the moods inspiring the book. Universal education had taught these people to go through the various external mental processes, and no doubt the words did convey some rough and ready meaning to their minds, just as a monkey who has been taught to ride a bicycle had some sort of crude conception of momentum and equilibrium. But as for actually entering into the full intention of the artist, why, look at the books they generally read, look at the pictures they preferred, look (and here I got up and walked away) at the women they married!

I mention this surgeon because I met him again in Malta. After four days of ceaseless and intolerable rolling, pitching, and shaking, during which, I calculated, Trollope would have written a novel and a half, but which added not a word to my article, we raised Malta, and passing under the great guns of the fortifications, anchored in the Grand Harbor of Valletta. And I met him in the Strada Reale. Sooner or later one meets every man one has ever sailed with in the Strada Reale. The paymaster who was so rude to you about an advance of pay in Scapa Flow, the airman who

cleaned you out at poker at Salonika, the engineer who tried to borrow from you in Bizerta, the senior naval officer who refused you leave in Suez,—you will encounter them all sooner or later in the Strada Reale. And after I had deposited my baggage in one of the vaulted chambers which pass for bedrooms within the enormous walls of the Angleterre, on the Strada St. Lucia, we adjourned to the great square in front of the Libreria and sat at a little table.

And the thought that comes to me as we sit at the little table,—just out of the stream of cheerful people who pour up and down the Strada Reale and seem to have no other occupation, and in the shadow of the great honey-colored walls of the Governor's Palace,—is that the Surgeon will not only prevent my getting on with my article but will probably adduce half a dozen excellent reasons why it should not be written. He has a thin chilly smile which is amusing enough in the ward-room but which acts like a blight upon one's inspiration. He is not satisfied with proving that everything has been done. He goes on to show conclusively that it wasn't worth doing anyway. The tender shoots of fancy, the delicate flowers of thought, perish in the icy wind of his mentality. The fact is, it is not necessary for him to confess that he has never written a line, couldn't write a line, and never intends to write a line. It sticks out all over. He lacks that naïveté, that soft spot in his brain, that shy simplicity, which brackets the artist with the tramp, the child, and the village idiot. He is "all there" as we say, and one must not be afraid to confess that an artist is very rarely "all there". I do not offer this explanation to him, of course. His enjoyment of it would be too offensive. And when I tell him

of my misgivings about Trollope, the smile irradiates his thin intellectual features. He fails to see why a man shouldn't work at writing precisely the same as he works at anything else. "If he's to get anything *done*," he adds.

"But don't you see", I argue weakly, "the artist isn't particularly keen on getting a thing *done*, as you call it? He gets his pleasure out of doing it, playing with it, fooling with it, if you like. The mere completion of it is an incident. Can't you see?"

But he couldn't. These efficient people never can see a thing like that. They mutter "amateur", and light a fresh cigar. They are like first-class passengers on a liner,—bright, well-

dressed, well-mannered, and accomplished people, being carried they know not how across a dark and mysterious world of heaving waters. They can explain everything without knowing much about anything. They are the idle rich of the intellectual world. They—

"What did you say was the title of that article you were going to write?" asked the Surgeon.

"Well", I said slowly, "I *was* going to call it 'The Shining Hour', but I don't know if after all..."

"Well, why don't you get on with it then?" he inquired, and he snickered. "It sounds all right," he added, and finished his Italian vermouth. "Have another. It may give you an idea!"

HEAVEN'S LITTLE IRONIES

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

SCENE: *A pleasant day of unending summer in Paradise—not what we should have called summer, should have called a day. A quiet hour of the endless afternoon, if it was afternoon, if there were hours. A landscape—not actual land of course—stretching away in enrapturing vistas of white and rosy clouds unaqueous and banks of pearl, so to speak: mother of pearl, perhaps, immortal mother of pearl. Vales of eternal verdure, certainly not grass, either. Here and there crags and veins of gold, real gold—as a concession and everlasting appeasement to a goodly number of the saints.*

Two shapes reclining on a lovely knoll of the near landscape, enjoying their virtues and the forgiveness of their sins, without which forgiveness they and their virtues might have been elsewhere. Consciousness of indestructible safety enabling them to take life—that is, take eternity—easily. Their long white pinions folded lazily.

1ST S. How peaceful it is!

2ND S. And yet a thought disturbs me!

1ST S. What?

2ND S. Dread of the shape that wanders forever through Heaven with its sorrow.

1ST S. Oh, yes! The shape that sooner or later approaches everyone and pours out its tale of woe.

2ND S. Sooner or later it will pour out its tale of woe for us—and all over us. I wonder we have escaped so long.

1ST S. How strange that any sorrow ever got into Heaven where we thought there should be none!

2ND S. It ought to be in Hell where there must be shapes enough for it to torture. Satan could use it as a slow pestilence worse than flame. Why should it be allowed at large here, forever to bore us to death where we cannot die!

1ST S. If it ever accosts us, we'd best say little. Let it pour out its sorrow and pass on.

2ND S. And we'll disturb ourselves with no sympathy for it. After all the difficulty we had in getting here, we want to be happy. I do!

1ST S. How peaceful it is!

[Around a nearby bend of the landscape of cloud and pearl and gold a third shape comes slowly into view, wandering solitary, its wings long stiffened with disuse. Thus of old, in the brevity of the course of time, Hamlet in sable was seen to tread the stage with memory surcharged and with a thought too great for his frame. A flock of snow-white shapes, flying low and catching sight of this wing-folded solitary wandering one, scatter in different directions, hurrying each on

quickenèd pinions to escape in the delectable roominess of the infinite.]

1ST S. There it is now! It has discovered us! It starts this way.

2ND S. Heaven forbid! No, Heaven allows it! Then let's be off!

1ST S. Why not suffer it to speak now? Then we shall no longer have to dread it. We'll say little and it will not linger.

2ND S. I am not sure but I'll speak my mind to it.

3RD S. [*Approaches and reclines unmasked in front of the two.*] I believe I have not seen you before. There are so many, infinite and infinite numbers. My memory is not clear as to all I have met. I wish to miss none.

2ND S. You have never seen us. But we have heard of you. Oh, yes! We have heard of you!

1ST S. You are not unknown to us.

3RD S. That is not wonderful. How could you not have heard of one whose sorrow fills all Heaven.

2ND S. There are no sorrows in Heaven! Through some crack, it seems, a bore got in.

3RD S. I know I am in Heaven and I know I have a sorrow! You shall hear and judge for yourselves.

2ND S. I heard enough of other people's troubles when I was on earth: I am here for a rest.

3RD S. You never on earth heard of a trouble such as mine!

2ND S. So they all said. I take your word for it! Please withhold the proof!

1ST S. Would it take long for you to tell us?

3RD S. Long! Certainly there is plenty of time here! No one can complain of lack of time, not here!

2ND S. All our time is taken!

1ST S. Tell us briefly—so many are waiting to hear!

3RD S. Yes, they are eagerly wait-

ing to hear me! I can tell you in a breath—that old expression! Just as I had gotten ready at last to write the Great American Novel, I died!

2ND S. You call that a sorrow?

3RD S. Why, yes, I call it a sorrow! What do you call it?

2ND S. I am not calling names in Heaven, but I'd never call it a sorrow!

3RD S. You were a disagreeable man on earth, I can see that!

2ND S. I certainly hated bores, God be praised!

1ST S. You mean that you are forever unhappy because you were brought to Heaven on a given date, instead of being left longer on earth to write the novel you speak of?

3RD S. Why, of course! Could Heaven make up to me for a loss like that—leaving my great work unwritten on earth? I should have gotten to Heaven anyhow: the work would have made me immortal. I should have had Heaven and my masterpiece both!

2ND S. Has it ever occurred to you that your death was arranged and timed to keep you from writing your novel: God is merciful?

3RD S. The redeemed sometimes drop curious remarks! You were a bad man; you had a sharp tongue and a sour temper; you were *mean*.

1ST S. Are you sure that you would have written the Great American Novel, even if you had not been transferred prematurely to Eternity where there is no taste for fiction?

3RD S. Why, yes, I am sure! Did I not know? Did I not feel it in me? Was it not there clear in my mind, ready and waiting to be written?

1ST S. But were there not others, many others, who thought the same thing?

3RD S. Impostors! Idle dreamers! Failures! Taking advantage of the sheeplike simple people! You see that

had been the faith and the hope of the nation—that such a great work would appear in the fulness of time. They fed upon it; it was their green pasture. So long it had been prophesied! It had become a vision in the eyes of the whole people. From time to time false prophets arose, declaring that the Great American Novel had at last appeared. There were lying publishers who proclaimed this—knowing they lied. There were lying critics who announced that they had discovered it, working in collusion with the publishers and knowing *they* lied! You will find none of them here—those lying publishers, those lying critics! At last the hour of fulfilment drew nigh. I was the chosen one—when I died!

2ND S. Who chose you? Yourself?

3RD S. Hell will get you yet!

1ST S. Of what was it you died—prematurely, as you think?

3RD S. I do not know in the very end. The last I remember was I had indigestion. I do not know how I ever came to have indigestion. I ate very little and what I did eat always agreed with me. I saw to that. I never committed the slightest indiscretion in diet. I saw to that. It was part of the care I took to keep myself in perfect condition to write my great book. I did everything, I overlooked nothing,—

2ND S. Except the great book!

3RD S. Have I to remind you that in Heaven no one ever interrupts anyone?

1ST S. It was indigestion, then, as you were saying.

3RD S. After the indigestion started, I think I remember there was trouble with the circulation—which was blocked in the brain—

2ND S. Don't you suppose it was the Great Novel that blocked the cir-

culation, filled up the arteries, split their walls, cracked the skull! The kernel growing to be too big for the shell of the too small nut?

3RD S. I refuse to take further notice of you! You do not belong here: God understands that.

1ST S. Aren't you afraid that in time—in eternity, that is—this subject will get on your nerves?

3RD S. Do you forget that I haven't any nerves?

2ND S. I do not forget that you have heavenly nerve.

1ST S. I mean, will you not grow too fondly wedded to your sorrow?

3RD S. I shouldn't think it exactly delicate to speak of being fondly *wedded* to anything, not here! I am content to say that I am gloriously eternalized with my glorious grief and disappointment.

2ND S. Then be gloriously eternalized with it and be gloriously begone! Fly away with you! We're trying to get a little rest.

3RD S. [*Rising and withdrawing a short distance, turns and speaks dryly.*] You two are the only ill-mannered ones in all the heavenly host. God is indeed merciful—to let you be here. I leave you alone with Him gladly. [*Walks away, the stiff edges of its pinions cutting little furrows across the cloudy floor.*]

2ND S. [*Calling after it.*] Thank you! We are glad to be left alone with Him!

1ST S. I do not mind telling you that I was the head of a great publishing house. We examined a number of his things which were submitted to us from time to time by an agency for unsuccessful authors. There was nothing in them. We finally declined even to look at any more.

2ND S. Don't I know? I do not mind telling you that I was a great

successful critic. From time to time his things came to me from one publisher after another who had brought them out against hope. Don't I know? I had to read them and review them.

1ST S. Here he is now, making Heaven ring with what he would have done if he had not died!

2ND S. One of those failures who blamed others because they failed, who thought themselves martyrs to every circumstance. He, after having been martyr to everything else, at last thought he was a martyr to the providence of God! Nothing else would let him succeed and finally God wouldn't!

1ST S. He got all his happiness in life out of being miserable; now he feels himself infinitely blessed in the possession of an immortal sorrow!

2ND S. Heaven has its little ironies. Here are you, a publisher who wouldn't touch his stuff. Here am I who couldn't read it and wouldn't praise it. Here are we, a great successful publisher, a great successful critic, and we are nobodies. How could a publisher be much of anything in Heaven? How could a critic? But he—he whom we despised and rejected will plainly strut in Paradise forever.

1ST S. I'll admit that once or twice I announced to a waiting world that I was bringing out the Great American Novel! But I don't like to go into that: it was what made it difficult for me to get here.

2ND S. I might as well admit I gave out two or three times that I had discovered the Great American Novel. Perhaps I wasn't quite sure enough—that was forgiven me. Perhaps my

motives were not as pure as pearl: that was pardoned.

1ST S. How natural after all that the only country heard of in Heaven should be the United States! The American Invasion! Not Heaven itself could keep some American from reaching here with a boast of a greatest thing he was going to do!

2ND S. Yes! No matter when the final curtain had rung down on human affairs, there would have been many people in the United States to complain that Judgment Day occurred just as the greatest country in the world was about to get into action: that now it would never be known what the United States could really do!

1ST S. Shall we fly awhile?

2ND S. I have nothing else before me.

1ST S. [*As they take wing.*] Once to have been a publisher who was not an angel; now to be an angel who is not a publisher! I am not dissatisfied. But it was a pleasant thing—that: being lord of creation.

2ND S. To have had one quill and no wings; to have a pair of wings and not a quill! I do not complain that here there is nothing to complain of. But as you say—it was a pleasant thing—that: being judge of all the earth.

1ST S. If I could only bring out something here once in a while—just to show them!... [*Shaking its pinions as the act of a creature that is forbidden to crow but retains the gesture.*]

MURRAY HILL ON HIS TRAVELS

INDIANAPOLIS, *July*, 1920.

NOW I have a theory of human life. It has been steadily growing on me for a number of years, the conviction that there is a truth in it. As I look back into my own life I cannot see that I ever did anything of my own volition. Of course, at the times when I have been confronted with two, or more, courses of action, I have always believed that, weighing the matter in my mind, I myself made a decision, based on my reason and experience. And now when such a situation arises I continue to think the same. But curiously enough, I recognize afterward that I did no such thing.

Anyone (it seems to me) can act only in one way, that is, in accord with his heredity, environment, and character. When he chooses (as he thinks he does) one way rather than another, and when the decision (so to call it) is a close one, it is that there is within him something, the weight of a grain or two of which turns the balance. He could not possibly have acted other than he did, as all his thoughts and actions can only be in character. I should think that any serious novelist would back me up in this idea, for having given a figure in his story heredity, environment, and character, doesn't he (the novelist), knowing his man, know beforehand exactly what he will do in any given situation?

Mr. Tarkington (frowning): "Y-yes; of course."

Mr. Hill: "And can the novelist, if he has any artistic conscience—can *you* make a fictional character do this or that, as you select, in order, say, to lead the story to some kind of an ending you fancy?"

Mr. Tarkington (frowning harder): "Not now. I used to write stories that way. Used to get stumped, and" (broad grin) "try to think up what I'd have happen next. Now" (in deadly earnest) "I can only work from the inside out. The whole thing turns on character. And in that kind of writing about the only thing you can choose is your setting, the place where you are going to lay your story."

"You follow the lead of your characters," he said. "They drag you on, and about the only fun you get out of the thing is the way it is done—now and then a paragraph pleases you by the way you have turned it."

He spoke of the novel he was now writing, to be called "Alice Adams", the name of the heroine, who is Alys Adams when the story opens. He "hated" it, that book, and all the people in it. And he didn't think anybody would ever read it.

"But that", I said, "is precisely what you told me about 'The Magnificent Ambersons' when you were writing it. Enough people read that."

"I know", he said, "but this is much worse. The people are such a rotten, insignificant lot, and nothing ever happens except a continual piling up of petty detail. Nobody will want it."

There's another idea of mine. The young lady of whom I have spoken tells me that we no longer say, "the older I get", but "the longer I live". Well, then, the longer I live, the more clearly do I see that my life has been all of a piece.

Misfortunes and troubles a many have
proved me;
One or two women (God bless them)
have loved me.

I don't know where I got that jingle, maybe's it's Henley. And doubtless, I've got it pretty much twisted. Anyhow, I've had, in full measure, my share of that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, and so also have I had many a black eye given my spirit. But, I see it now as plain as print, all that has happened to me, which frequently at the time of its occurrence I thought was lamentable, has proved to have been a series of most successful contributions to the march of my years. For, more times than one, when my life has appeared to me (and to all observers) to have been quite wrecked, this has but been like (as many believe of that) death in this: it was the pains of birth into a better world.

This turns up in my mind the subject of jobs, and concerning them my theory. I hold, and I hold it strongly, that (contrary to general belief) it is well for a man (a man, that is, of good calibre) frequently to be fired. Of course, in the day of the decline of his powers, such an incident might turn out to be a very sad thing. But when health, and lust, and envy, and pride are yet strong within a man, such a happening is a jolt in an upward direction. This belief, at any rate, is the result of my observation—and experience. I thank the mysterious and beautiful stars that I have been "canned" from a number of "punk"

jobs, where otherwise I might be now.

But that is not all that I think; I have yet other "thinks" coming. My life, as I said, has been all of a piece. Every part has exactly dovetailed into the whole, like a picture puzzle rightly put together. Without this there could not have been that. And what is more, everything that has occurred to me has occurred at the time proper for the best results from it.

We frequently hear said, by persons who have waited long for it to come down heads, "Now, why couldn't this have come to me ten (or something like that) years ago?" Nay! believe you me, 'twouldn't have been so well. They would not then have been prepared to receive it to the best advantage.

In fact this (whatever it was) *couldn't* have come to them before it did. Because, if anything can be more clearly seen than a pike-staff on a hill, it is that our lives are the product of a preordained design, in arrangement the result of consummate art, and to wise ends which we wot not of. I waved my cigarette, for (you will admit) I had spoken remarkably well.

"Exactly the opposite", said Tarkington knitting his brows, "of the Conrad philosophy." Deep were those great perpendicular lines in his forehead which speak of his habit of intense concentration. "Yes," he said, "it does seem that the palette is scraped, and often the scraping is harsh, always to make one a better workman.

"And, perhaps," he added, "if Conrad would look more into himself, instead of looking on at the world around him, he'd get that idea more."

I clapped my heels against the sides of the hobby-horse I had mounted, as Sterne would say, and on I galloped.

And I knew that certain things must have been laid up in store for

me, before they happened, for of them I have had strange premonitions. One instance, this: one time, a young woman whom before I had never seen (nor of her had I ever heard) walked rapidly past me. I hardly saw her then, as toward her path it happened my back was partly turned. I *felt*, rather than saw her, go by, but within me somewhere I got a sort of electric jolt. I turned quickly then to glance after her, but she had passed behind a stairway. For long, I forgot the matter, and it was only long afterward that I remembered it—sometime after, a couple of years later, this young woman had come as closely perhaps as anyone could come into my life.

Then take the matter of this present trip of mine. How do you explain that? I know not how many months before I was suddenly shot, so to say, off into space, an idea had (fathered by I know not what) taken birth in my mind. Flickering at first was its life, then stronger and stronger it grew, until there no longer remained doubt that an event of consequence to me was approaching. I was only slightly mistaken in the matter of the time of its occurrence.

The idea was this: that this coming autumn (though it came in the spring) something new in my career was to happen to me for my good. I didn't know whether (as has several times happened to me before) someone was to come along and handsomely present me with a much better job. Or whether I should suddenly be moved to strike out and get one. Or what. But I reckoned up my years to my coming birthday in July; and I knew, as well as you know that you are sitting there, that a time was near at hand when whatever force it is that controls my life had decreed that I must be moving on.

A funny thing, too, this: oh! some months ago it was, that the thought began to dawn on me that it was about time for a fellow in the fading of his thirties to think about unlocking the accumulated riches of his life and to write his autobiography. I determined to begin, but the days, and the weeks, went by, and I never found the time, or in my little leisure had I the strength, to make a start upon the thing. But all the while I knew that pretty soon I should write an autobiography.

Then, on a sudden, in pops this man who owns THE BOOKMAN (along with considerable other publishing property) and says, in effect (though unless he's a clairvoyant, he couldn't have known a bit of what was in my mind), clear out now, go write your old autobiography, and don't let me see you around here for at least three months. So came to pass that which was, as my friend James Huneker puts it, on the laps of the "Gallery Gods". And if, after its fashion, this book isn't a (spiritual) autobiography, what, I'd like to know, is it?

This brings us to another thing. I am writing this book because I've *got* to, not because I particularly want to; I'd much rather (this summer weather) be loafing around and inviting my soul, or enjoying in greater number the multitude of social invitations so kindly extended to me. And the force pressing upon me which drives me to write the book, comes not from without (I could get by, doing scrappier stuff, much less in amount and easier to do), but from within. It may be a "punk" book. Whether or not it is that, indeed, is little on my mind. The point is, that I can have no peace with the world, or myself, or the devil until the darn thing's done.

So when we say that heredity and

environment and all that sort of thing fixes up our affairs for us ahead of time, we do not mean that we can let up striving any the less.

"Sure", said Mr. Tarkington, nodding, "you don't just go and lie down on a sofa."

"Get up!" said I, to my hobby-horse, and on we cantered.

Now, when my most interesting young feminine friend, the Christian Scientist, promulgates the doctrine that the matter rests with us (as we have the power) to shape our environment, rather than that we must remain in the clutch of it—how am I going to get around that? 'Tis simple enough!

Why does one man born in a squalid, debased, and illiterate environment remain in it? And why does another man entered in the same sort of show drive his way out of it? Because in the one man there was implanted a mysterious something which drove him to force his way out, and in the other man (heaven alone knows why!) there wasn't.

"Decided long before they were born," agreed Mr. Tarkington.

In the matter, however, of whether your pain is in your finger or in your mind, he was somewhat inclined to think that "they" are pretty much in the right about it. For pain could only be a thing you were conscious of—a sensation.

And so the talk turned again.

It is, at any rate (to use an excellent phrase frequently employed by my excellent friend, Royal Cortissoz), a "ponderable idea". That is, *I could not*, you see, have died that April day on Illinois Street. For no man can die until his course is run, until (in other words) he has no further need of this world. There was, presumably, yet much for me to do and to learn. Non-

sense! Why is a tiny baby snatched away? Why the senseless, as it seems, loss to us of such brilliant young minds as Rupert Brooke, Joyce Kilmer (my more than brother), and unnumbered others? Why does a man at the height of his powers meet, as we say, an "untimely death"? Why does another, never (as again we say) "of much account", linger on to ninety years, a score of them bedridden? Why disasters, by battle, by sea, starvation, fire and flood, to wipe out human lives to the number of the population of cities? Why does one man bear, as the term is, a "charmed life", and walk all unscathed through a boiling furnace? And why does another ("fated", as we sometimes feel) get plugged at the first shot? I hasten to assure you, I do not know.

Tarkington, who had been rather slouching forward, quickly straightened up at the words, "I do not know". Perhaps he was astonished that I admitted there was anything I could not tell him.

A number of years ago, I had the good fortune to be about a good deal with the late John H. Twachtman. I remember one time, when somebody said to him of such or such a painter, that he had never done but one good thing, and that was "by accident". "No beautiful thing", was Twachtman's reply, "was ever made by accident." Quite so! And may it not also be that no man ever, in the newspaper headline phrase, "meets death by accident"?

"That is my position exactly", said Tarkington, going back to the concluding words of my preceding paragraph, "in all this spiritualism business: we don't know enough about the thing to know anything about it."

He even startled me by the extent of his reading in the more important

literature of the subject, which (so well has he coordinated it) he briefly reviewed in a lump. He has seen tables moved without any explainable agency. Asserts that because you cannot explain why a table should want to cut up, it does not follow that it is inspired to do so by the dead. Has heard various kinds of "raps", coming from no source discernible to him. Regards that as evidence only that raps can come, or be made to come, in a manner mysterious to you and me. Has seen "messages" "received". I do not recall whether or not he said he had ever seen any of the filmy apparitions which are taken to be "spirits". But 'tis no matter about that.

His conclusion is simply that there is in the world some force, or power, or what not, which we do not now understand, and which "we are yet a long way off from knowing anything about". As to "communications" he made the remark, highly interesting to me, that we should not scoff at them because they may be, to us, silly, foolish, and without any point—because we cannot possibly know what a plane of intelligence exists among spirits departed from our sort of life; if such spirits there be. Finally, he affirmed that so far in all our contact with these phenomena there has never been established a case of "identity"—not one. "But", with an upward flinging gesture, "of course, if we could find only one, it's all off—that would be enough."

A clock struck twelve.

And so, to modernize young Franklin P. Adams's great friend (and constant source of copy), Pepys, in a cab with my host back again to my lodgings.

* * * *

The barbers in this shop (this is the following day), as is frequently the

case in Indianapolis, are what is generally called "colored" men. The barber I drew was a man after my own heart, that is, he was (what Carlyle, I believe it was) called a communicating animal. I told him, by way of starting the ball, that I had recently come from New York. He said that when they used to have excursion rates with stop-over privileges, he had been in the habit of spending a couple of weeks in New York every summer. He added that he didn't know whether he would care to go there now, as since the country had gone dry he probably would not have so gay a time as formerly.

He was not averse to prohibition, he said, as he thought it was rather good for him,—at any rate it caused him to save more money. For the past five years, he told me, he had been pretty straight, but there had been a time in his life when the situation was, as he put it, "perilous". He was the kind of man, I say, that I love, for he talked (as I do) about himself, open, frank, his life an open book to any that would listen.

Shaved, he asked me if I would have a face massage. I did not feel that I stood much in need of such a thing, but I was not willing to part quickly with the society of a fellow of such golden talk as his. He explained to me the ritual of his domestic life on Sundays. He and his wife—there were, he said, only two of them—went to church in the morning. Then they came home and read the papers, or perhaps took a "nap". They usually had friends in to dinner, and afterward cranked up the victrola. In the evening they usually started out for the "picture shows", and sometimes did three of them before again going home.

Now as I sat in the barber chair and

this dark-skinned and very real gentleman attended me, I envied that estimable man. His life was wholesome and fine—and he was happy. Whereas, I, God help me! as far back, nearly, as my memory can reach, I have been storm-tossed and miserable; I have found for my soul no abiding city. There was a day (as George Moore says of himself) when my dream was painting. I came to draw with more than passable art, but always I hungered after perfection; and in this world but a very few things done by men in a generation attain to that. Then after some years, it was literature that claimed me. And I came to write, as I believe, with more than passable art. But I was possessed by an illusion. I thought that the pursuit of truth and beauty, and to seek for the accomplishment of fame, was enough; certainly it is a long and a hard, a very hard task for a man to set himself. And, indeed, there have been men, great artists among them, who have lived by these things, and, though absolute perfection has mostly ever fled before them, have died reasonably content with their achievements.

In the delectable and enduring novel by the Reverend Laurence Sterne, "Tristram Shandy, Gentleman", when the messenger arrives to announce that Bobby is dead, the fat scullion exclaims: "So am not I!" Well, as to being content with the pursuit of literature, there came a time, not so long ago, when I had to say to myself, so am not I. I had even attained to (what for years I had night and day burned to have) something of a literary reputation. I confess that in my heart this is little to me now. I am ambitious in the sense that I cannot write anything at all without doing it as well as I am able. And to

be able to make anything like literature, and to read with gusto great literature, is well enough, for contact with literature at its best is, of course, capable of a vastly ennobling influence on the mind. But literature, books and writing, began to fail me. There was in this world, I came to know, something else, something more, of which my spirit had need. As time went on, great need. So it was I came to think much on religion. Perhaps I should have turned, as a frustrated child to its nurse, to the church. But what church? What could I believe? Had I,—and this, it seems to me, in such matters a very necessary thing,—the religious temperament? And how would I work in church harness? To these questions I have no answer yet. But in this I have faith: as the melons ripen on the vine, and fruit upon the tree, so in due season shall my soul reach its destined maturity.

In seeking for one interest which I had not, and which might be the thing which would give me the new zest in living that I needed, the most curious, and even comical, ideas occurred to me. One of these ideas, though I did not think it comical at the time, was this: I have never paid any particular attention to how I got myself up in the matter of dress, whether or not my suit was well-pressed, my shoes newly polished, and so on. I have worn the same sort of collar, and had my hair cut and parted it in the same way, for years and years, regardless of the changing fashions in these things. And whenever, at periods remote one from another, I bought a new necktie, I had been in the habit of saying to the haberdasher man, "Gim'me a tie just like the one I have on." Also I have associated much more with men than with women,

and the conventions of polite society have been to me of little moment.

Well, I got a great notion that a very spirited thing for me to do would be suddenly to become very fashionable. I never, I believe I can say, have done anything in my life that I did not do well. And my idea was not to become merely very respectable, mildly fashionable. I was to be a regular sensation. I was to out-fop Max Beerbohm. I regretted that I lived in America. I wished I were a Londoner, so that I could wear a top-hat and a cutaway coat in the daytime, on weekdays at business. I would be equally perfect in the art of dress with young Wales. I brooded a good deal on this matter, and then the mood passed. I was afraid that here again another fine art would, and that perhaps soon, fail me. Indeed, I saw, written on the wall, that the spirit of man could not live by art alone.

However, as in the matter of my double-barreled suitcase, I'll take no further thought as to this. For now I know that on a day appropriate to the transaction, when I shall be, it may be, going along the highway on quite another errand bent, I shall, like Paul, suddenly see in a window of my mind, that which I need to fulfil my soul's good.

But I must return to my friend, my barber. I say "my friend" not lightly, for those that one has are taken, or drift whither away; or again by some mischance of misunderstanding, the bonds are loosened or broken; and it was the wise counsel of a very wise man when Samuel Johnson cautioned us to "keep our friendships in good repair". He told me, my barber, that he had been experimenting with making "the stuff" at home now. He had produced several concoctions, not bad; but the best of all he had made, and

that was very fine, was some apricot brandy. But this he kept for himself alone; he gave none of it away, for did he stand his friends a treat from his store it would become noised about, "Jim has something great up at his house, you'd better look in." No, indeed, he gave his friends "a little cake or something", but he kept his bottle for his own pleasure. A good man, and a shrewd one. I wish him well.

Then I went out from that barber shop where so much wisdom had been given me. And all the air was ringing with the gay sounds of a busy, prosperous, happy, beautiful city. The streets were filled with my own kind, people, hurrying to and fro. Motor-cars were parked in battalions everywhere. After several blocks of peering into faces, I came and stood before the office building of the Indianapolis "News", and read, amid a throng likewise engaged, the bulletins posted in the windows there. I read the weather forecast, about what Marshal Foch was up to now, the present doings of the Marion County Grand Jury, and the latest activities of the Sinn Feiners. Then I came upon a sheet racy of the soil. It said: "Four horses and a cow burn to death and auto destroyed when barn burns in Edgemont Street today."

Well, I thought, being at the gentleman's front door, I'd go up and see the editor of the paper, Louis Howland (brother of Hewitt Hanson), whom I had met one time before. I diffidently asked the office boy, following my custom in the East (where it is no slight trick to break into the sanctum of the editor of a great newspaper) if he thought it would be possible for me in time to see Mr. Howland. With a large, open-hearted gesture toward the proper door, he replied: "Walk right in."

I found him, himself typing an editorial on yellow copy paper. A fine Johnsonian figure of a man, with a graying shock of hair, not too well-dressed—for which (among other things) I greatly liked him. I was further attracted to him when I found that he belonged to the brotherhood: had died several times from acute indigestion. A memorable figure, type in the tradition of our line of great editors, and esteemed in his profession, I believe, as one of the best editorial writers in the country.

While I was in the shop, why not look in at what those there call the Idle Ward and see my old friend "Bill" Herschell? Whose name when printed, but never otherwise, is William. A journalist-poet of city life and homely things, and far from a bad one. A jovial human being somewhat on the Don Marquis order, only louder.

He made me known to "Kin" Hubbard, a sharer of these quarters, who seventeen years ago created "Abe Martin", and has kept him going strong ever since. And here I got quite a shock. I suppose I had fancied there would be something at least a shade homespun in himself in the originator of the Brown County philosopher with the bark on. The immaculate gentleman with the aristocratic face, whom I met, took from his upper waistcoat pocket a pair of these fly-open kind of shell-rimmed glasses, and adjusting them to his patrician nose, conversed with a sort of quiet, old world dignity. In the open air, and in theatre lobbies, he carries, according to Herschell, a "blonde" cane.

* * * *

The presence of Riley is still strong in the community of his friends and neighbors. Tarkington, Hewitt Howland, and numerous others, frequently interlard their talk with such remarks

as, "As Riley would have put it," or "As Riley used to say."

"Speaking of 'out-fopping' Beer-bohm," remarked Dr. McCulloch, as he reclined on a couch in an inner office, "reminds me. It was many years ago. Riley took it into his head to out-fop Amos—Amos Walker, one of his early managers. He quarreled with him later, as he did with all his managers. Well, Amos was the most perfect ever seen: spats in season, tail coat, neatly striped grey trousers, ornamental vest, with little vines on trelises climbing up, beautiful tie, stick-pin with a bird's claw clasping a stone.

"Amos used to go round to the old Meridian Club, forerunner here of the present University Club. There one day he saw for the first time some of the old boys playing dominoes. He stood for quite a while behind one of them."

(Amos it appeared stuttered in his speech. I cannot undertake to render Dr. McCulloch's inimitable imitation of the stutter.)

"Finally Amos said: 'Might I ask what the game is you're playing?'"

"The player before him turned his eyes slowly upward. 'Dominoes,' he uttered.

"'New game?' inquired Amos.

"'Oh! no,' replied the player, 'very old game, must be fifty, a hundred years, maybe centuries old.'

"'Well,' said Amos, 'when I was a young man I joined the army, not so much perhaps from patriotism, as because of a love of excitement. But,' he added, 'that was before I had ever seen this game played.'

"When Amos died", continued McCulloch, "several mutual friends went to Riley and said to him: 'Now this quarrel between you and Amos has been a cause of deep distress to a

great many of us—to your friends and to Amos's friends. But now that Amos is gone it should be all over, forgotten. Why don't you go see Amos's widow, and make peace with her?"

"Silence for a good while. Then Riley said he would. So he went to Amos's house, up the path, and knocked. Amos's widow opened the door, and, when she saw her husband's old enemy, gave a backward start.

"Riley bowed low, and taking from his buttonhole a flower, one such as he always wore, with an outstretched arm presented it to her, turned, and in silence walked away."

* * * *

At the Club I was winding up the last of my correspondence from Indianapolis. Tarkington entered the room, and when he saw me, dropped on a seat nearby. "Somebody it was," he said, "I can't remember who he was, who said something like, *all nature* works for the good of a few great men." Whether he was ironical, or humorous, or serious, I cannot say—there was nothing in his face to show.

* * * *

It is, as doubtless you know, bad luck to leave a city without dining at your last dinner there with a beautiful woman. And that, of course, explains my misadventure. I had, indeed, taken the precaution to arrange for such a

dinner, but, at the last moment, the lady failed me.

I wound my watch the night before my departure very thoroughly. So thoroughly indeed did I wind it, that (though I had not noticed this in the morning when I arose) when, at about the time I felt I should be returning to my hotel to pack my bag, I looked at it, the thousand-times-confounded thing had ceased to go.

It was dramatic! A taxi whirl to my hotel. "What time do you go, Sir?" said the bell-boy, as we flung everything handy into my bag. "Twelve two," I sputtered; "strap it!"

"It's nearly that now, Sir," said the boy; "I don't think you can make it."

Make it? Dramatic? It was tragic!

You see, it was like this: I was not this time to ride (like Routledge) alone. No: I was to have the society, for something like seven hours, of an exceedingly good-looking and highly intelligent young woman. "The train", I declared, "will be a moment late. It *has* to be. Shoot!"...

"Three second ago," said the gate-man; "next train for St. Louis a quarter to midnight."

Well (it took me several hours to come to the philosophic conclusion) perhaps it was better so. One can't tell what havoc might not be wrought in the mind by the society, for seven hours at a stretch, of such a young woman.

JAPAN—REAL AND IMAGINARY

BY RAYMOND M. WEAVER

CONTRITE and rigorously controlled thinking is an activity that the human animal indulges only upon compulsion: Aristotle's malicious dictum that "all men desire to know" is too patent wit to be deplored as pathetic fallacy. Philosophy, which is but misery dissolved in thought, the intolerable concrete rendered abstract and vague; theology, which has treated the unknowable with such minute exactitude; history, which in its recent innovations has become proudly unreadable in its best attempts to be merely accurate: these bear elaborate witness to man's epicurean delight in comfortable absurdity. But despite the Pragmatists and the German Historians, man still draws his chief solace and dignity from myth. The audacity of science would sweep the sky of heavenly battlements and flaming angels, and the earth of El Dorado and the Hesperides. But man will not be cheated of his dreams. The eighteenth century, with all of its common sense, made Cathay synonymous with its romantic and irresponsible desires. But within the memory of living man, a fabulous island kingdom east even of Cathay, blazed from without its shadow on the world's rim and made a spectacular entrance into the comity of nations. Europe and America at once evinced an insatiable taste for the marvelous. The myth-making faculty settled avidly upon this last outpost

of receding wonder, and gave local habitation to its wildest exercise in the name Japan.

With a resolute disregard of blatant fact that is one of the prime glories of the creative imagination—when not a devout betrayal of intellectual incompetence, — tourists, missionaries, celebrities on peregrination, novelists, and manufacturers of verse began fulminating on cherry-blossoms and the yellow peril. The business tact of the printer's devil abetted the spread of this profitable myth. For the edification of Occidental credulity, Japan was allowed an infallible rightness in all matters of art under the sun; the Japanese were made the *non plus ultra* of refinement of manners, of delicacy, of charm, of deportment. Stories became current of Japan's unique line of absolute monarchs: a line unbroken for over twenty-five hundred years, and conspicuously divine in its first ancestors. From the remotest ages, our gaping admiration has been assured, perfect concord has ever subsisted between beneficent sovereign and gratefully ruled subject. Never, we are informed, has Japan known the shame of treason, of rebellious acts, common in less perfect lands. The Japanese, so goes the authentic account, sharing in some degree the supernatural virtues of their rulers, have ever been distinguished by a high-minded chivalry called *Bushido*,

unknown in inferior lands. As for the country itself, with its infinite variety of natural beauty, it has exhausted the vocabulary of guide-book superlatives. It is the "Land of Flowers"; it is the "Kingdom of the Gods".

Such, in outline, is the Japanese Myth: a myth that has established itself in popular English text-books, in current literature, and even in grave books of reference. Few Occidentals, it is true, take this myth with any worshipful seriousness: except to Japan's Pacific neighbors, Japan is of no more vital practical interest than is the Land of Cockaigne. If we learned tomorrow that Japan had overnight sunk to the bottom of the sea, it is doubtful that many of us would eat a worse dinner for the news. The Japanese, it is true, take themselves a little more seriously. The ruling bureaucrats have found our indolent credulity both pleasing to native vanity and useful as a diplomatic engine; they have caught the habit of branding as "Anti-Japanese" any disquieting concern for "that complex, fragmentary, doubt-provoking knowledge which we call truth".

Converts to the Japan Myth will find little to offend against orthodoxy in "The Story of the Geisha Girl" by T. Fujimoto. "Japan is the country of *Bushido*—the country of Mount Fuji—the country of cherry-blossoms and at the same time must be said the country of *geisha* girls", is Mr. Fujimoto's ungrammatical enumeration of the verities. Mr. Fujimoto writes to correct the libelous ignorance of those who "misunderstand these girls to be equivalent to those in a lower kind of the female professions". Yet there are no austerities in Mr. Fujimoto's handling of these vestals of pleasure. Mr. Fujimoto's linguistic atrocities would inspire Olympian mirth in a

country lawyer's parlor; though there are some who may view his cavalier contempt for the traditions of English speech as epic and upstart insolence. It is not a conspicuous tribute to Japanese intelligence that no foreigner of any other nationality would be permitted to expose himself in print on any supposedly serious topic with Mr. Fujimoto's swaggering linguistic incompetence. The book is sufficiently inconsequential in structure not to tax even the intelligence of a Daisy Ashford. There is a perfunctory historical introduction, followed by trivial and chaotic details of *geishadom*, spliced in among what purport to be *geisha* autobiographies. These autobiographies are in the luscious vein of Bertha M. Clay's "Wife in Name Only". "Though I despised men of base intentions, I was a young girl of passions," confesses one female Rousseau with a plurality of adventures in "holy love". The "holy love" of the maiden was not always without effect upon the census. "I loved him heartily," she remarks of a student she supported for four years, "and was so infatuated with him that at last I gave birth to a girl." There is a whimsically irrelevant closing chapter on "Double Suicide", and two appendixes. The first appendix gives samples of the words of *geisha* songs. These songs show none of the salacious innuendo of over-sophistication, but rather the chaste indecency of a primitive folk. One song begins: "Don't mind her innocence; she will soon arrive at puberty." The second appendix treats of the geographical distribution of *geisha* in the manner of the "Police Gazette". Not the least astonishing part of the volume is the index. A specimen is:

Assassin, 71, 75
Backbiter, 116

Bamboo blind, 136
Cake-box, 126
Callosity, 30
Canonicals, 124
Caterpillar, 91
Chambermaid, 11
Claws, 109
Crocodile tears, 133

The two pages of index read like a stately parody of the verse of T. S. Eliot. This volume as a whole is almost redeemed by the prodigal wealth of its sustained stupidities: it is a book to enamor the misanthropic of life.

Such volumes as this of Mr. Fujimoto work in the end to try the faith of even the most devout believers in the Japan Myth. But the impact of contemporary events—the Shantung decision of the Peace Conference, the revolution in Korea, the boycotts and unrest in China, the riots in Japan, and the disquieting conditions general throughout both the east and the west:—these are beginning to pain a growing minority with new ideas. We have been brow-beaten long enough, so says the congregation of heretics, with tales of the fabulous prettiness and unparalleled morality of things Japanese: tales compared with which Gilbert's "Mikado" seems a good, solid, sensible picture of Japan. Nor are these unsentimental doubters enemies to the peace of the world. In April, 1916, Mr. J. W. Robinson Scott said in the "Taiyo", the leading monthly magazine in Japan: "Experience of the last few years has shown that the best friends of Japan are not those who speak only smooth things of her. Those are her friends who tell her that Japan is at the parting of the ways." Japan, in her touchy and immoderate pretentiousness, is not eager to be told that in her imitation of western ways, she has mostly imitated the worst western things of our worst period: the inhuman commercialism

of Birmingham; the inhuman militarism of Berlin.

In the recently published "Letters from China and Japan" of Professor and Mrs. John Dewey, it is the impression of Professor Dewey, surely one of the most illustrious of living thinkers: "On the whole, America ought to feel sorry for Japan, or at least sympathize with it, and not afraid. When we have so many problems it seems absurd to say they have more, but they certainly have fewer resources, material and human, in dealing with theirs than we have, and they have still to take almost the first step in dealing with many of them. It is very unfortunate for them that they have become a first-class power so rapidly and with so little preparation in many ways; it is a terrible task for them to live up to their position and reputation and they may crack under the strain." The woefully undeveloped commercial ability and industrial efficiency of the Japanese; the limits of their financial power; the Prussian hypocrisy of their despotic government, representative and parliamentary only in superficial outward visible form; the imperfect control which they exert over an industrialism which may yet sap in no small measure the vitality of the nation; the lessened degree to which religion and old codes of honor are controlling the social ferment: these are not myth, but aching reality. Baron Shibasawa, an illustrious financier, and one of the most universally respected of Japanese, in November, 1916, in an address after a banker's dinner in Tokyo, said: "I myself am inclined to regard Japan's future with pessimism. Not without great achievements in the field of material civilization during the Meiji era, the moral culture of the Japanese people was

sadly neglected during those years." Such admissions are hardly usual from scions of the Sun-Goddess. But the west is beginning not to accept Japan on her widely-advertised airy and official evaluation. In the end, the most enduring weary of *Bushido* and cherry-blossoms. We have had enough of the Hearn—*and* the friends of Japan must wish an immediate annihilation of the Fujimoto ilk. There are cynics who would say that this last extermination would considerably lessen the problem of Japan's over-population. Japan is something more than a mood of style, a mannerism of art, an occasion for hysteria.

"Have We a Far Eastern Policy?", by General Charles H. Sherrill, while not emancipated from many of the established superstitions, still makes pious protestations of unbiased honesty, and on the basis of an insight gained during ten months spent around the shores and upon the islands of the Pacific, embarks upon an amiable journalistic attempt to cut the Gordian knot of Oriental politics. General Sherrill values Japan as "the bulwark of decent civilization against the Bolsheviki in Siberia and as a profitable friend and ally in the vast field of Asian markets". General Sherrill's book is not strangled in subtleties, not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. He is not one whit awed by the fable of Japanese inscrutability. "International politics are but external products of the internal development of a people," he says, and "cannot be properly understood by foreigners unwilling or unable to learn of that internal development which reveals itself in the nation's daily life." With jaunty willingness and no touch of misgiving as to his own ability, General Sherrill then pro-

ceeds to interpret the revelations of Japan's daily life.

Forty-three pages of "Leaves from a Note-Book" do not inspire a sublime confidence in General Sherrill's technique. Under the spell of the Myth, he says the trivial and hackneyed things about lanterns, and clogs, and Japanese umbrellas and the rest. The babies, in approved style, he finds "dainty little creatures, always neat and spotlessly clean". Mrs. Dewey evidently fell in among a lower lot of young ones. "The children up to the age of about thirteen appear never to wipe their noses," is Mrs. Dewey's report. Chapters on "Some Old Kyoto Gardens" and "Japanese Pilgrims" undertake prettily to exhibit the Japanese manifestations of "those two fundamentals which in any nation command its finest minds—religion and æsthetics". Chapters follow on the White Peril, the Yellow Peril, the Philippines, Japanese military and anti-American jingoes, China, Australia, and "Some Conclusions". The conclusions give with benevolent and enviable self-assurance "a Far Eastern Policy that is fair to all because it honestly takes into account the viewpoint of all concerned". We are counseled, with optimistic vagueness to study ourselves and our Pacific neighbors, and to balance our "inequalities with the same whole-souled interest in their satisfactory combination that the Japanese show in their arrangement of flowers"; to expect that the "Ladies' Agreement"—the withholding of passports from "picture-brides"—will solve the problem of immigration in California; to realize that to wet-nurse China is dangerous nonsense and bad business. General Sherrill's ten months in the east seem to have been insufficient to awaken him to an adequate sense of the in-

tricacy of problems that with such bland simplicity he has undertaken to solve.

"Japan—Real and Imaginary", by Sydney Greenbie, is less audacious, but a far more solid and valuable work. Mr. Greenbie's book is an important contribution toward a temperate and unhysterical understanding of the average Japanese. Mr. Greenbie came to Japan after a wide traveling in the Pacific, to land upon the shores of the Flowery Isles with seventy-five cents in his pocket, with no letters of introduction to the mighty or the august,—and with the whole of the Japanese Empire at his feet to be taken and enjoyed. Much of Japan Mr. Greenbie did not see. His experiences were largely in Kobe where he earned his living as business-man, journalist, and teacher. He was graced with no interviews with the Emperor, nor was he lionized by prominent men; it is unfortunate for some of his conclusions on feminism in the east that he failed to know any of the best kind of Japanese women.

In so far as Mr. Greenbie keeps safely within the limits of his experience—and Mr. Greenbie is not prone to affect omniscience—his observations are painstaking and highly informing. Mr. Greenbie has too good sense to try to exhaust all possible discussion of Japan. His book is of conspicuous value for the shrewdly observed wealth of detail it gives of the everyday life of contemporary Japan. The faults of the book are patent enough. With so much matter, it is to be regretted there is not more perfect art. The book is made out of magazine articles: a mode of manufacture that has resulted in unprofitable repetition. And even within the separate articles it is Mr. Greenbie's temptation to be wordy. But despite

these faults, Mr. Greenbie's book is to be imputed to him for righteousness. It is impossible to read "Japan—Real and Imaginary" without growing to the realization that the everyday Japanese, with a juster sense of his relative importance in the universe, might say with a truer humility than Petrarch in his "Letter to Posterity": "I am only a poor mortal like yourself". Mr. Greenbie has gone far in establishing the humiliating reality of the brotherhood of man.

"The Far East Unveiled" by Frederic Coleman, despite the title, which prepares one for something in the style of Mme. Blavatsky, is an unusually meaty and competent work. The sub-title, "An Inner History of Events in Japan and China in the Year 1916", gives a juster idea of the scope of the book. Mr. Coleman departs from the classical traditions of the academic historian who in his study rakes through dusty records of the past to build up sweeping generalizations on his meagre findings. Though Mr. Coleman writes with an extended familiarity with the east, he rigorously confines his work to the limited space of less than a year, and to the actual evidence of his eyes and ears. In Japan, China, Manchuria, and Korea Mr. Coleman interviewed all the notables and near-notables, and nobodies that promised game for his insatiable curiosity, the President of China and the Japanese and Chinese Prime Ministers being among his biggest game. He describes himself as

The Geisha Girl. By T. Fujimoto. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Letters from China and Japan. By John Dewey and Alice Chapman Dewey. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Have We a Far Eastern Policy? By Charles H. Sherrill. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Japan—Real and Imaginary. By Sydney Greenbie. Harper and Bros.

The Far East Unveiled. By Frederic Coleman. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A History of the Japanese People. By Capt. F. Brinkley, with the collaboration of Baron Kikuchi. George H. Doran Company.

being "merely a bland, always smiling, imperturbable, fat, certainly harmless man with a somewhat annoying penchant for asking foolish questions". Surely his was vastly illuminating and profitable folly. Mr. Coleman richly deserves the praise Montaigne bestowed on "the good Froissart, who tells us the diversities of humours which were current, and the different accounts that were told him. This is history naked and unadorned, and every one may profit from it ac-

ording to the depth of his understanding". Perhaps there is malicious irony in the title of Mr. Coleman's book. "The Far East Unveiled" is of superlative importance for the light it throws on politics in the east and America's trade relations with the Orient. Mr. Coleman's book—with Captain Brinkley's "History of the Japanese People" about to be reissued—belongs to that small and distinguished company of first-rate books on Japan.

IN A FRIEND'S LIBRARY

(During Her Absence)

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ONE night I was alone in a friend's room,
 Where the lamps shed their soft and steady glow,
 And all around me, row on solemn row,
 The words of Masters whispered in the gloom.
 They spoke, as voices from a long-sealed tomb,
 And as I dipped into some folio,
 To read a page I had loved long ago,
 Spirits came forth, their old life to resume.

O sacred hour with these most-treasured friends!
 O moments of delight with this great host!
 How much I loved each soft-returning ghost,
 And the white peace that such an hour attends
 But most I loved the silence. Nay, loved most
 The thought of You!... Too soon my evening ends!

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

BY COMPTON MACKENZIE

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG may be called the most fortunate or the most unfortunate of the younger novelists: it depends on the point of view. If a general discussion of his chance in the great tontine of fame really help a novelist he must be esteemed unfortunate, for that chance has certainly not received anything like the attention it deserves from the recent accumulations of ephemeral criticism which now appear as regularly as new magazines. If, on the other hand—and I suspect that this opinion is more justifiable—it be really a handicap for an artist to find himself taken too seriously at the beginning of his career, then Mr. Brett Young must be counted the most fortunate. The present method of appraising authors has more affinity with racing gossip than with literature, and the climax is reached when the appraiser, not content with estimating contemporary values, indulges in speculations about the values of posterity that savor more of spiritualism than of criticism. I am sure that Mr. Brett Young has lost nothing because he has never been pictured drinking in Elysium, five hundred years hence, the distilled nectar of earthly fame, or even, to pass from the trivial to the significant, because Henry James did not include him in that famous article on the younger

generation which set a few hearts beating and so many burning.

For one thing, such neglect has allowed Mr. Brett Young a free hand to experiment, and so interesting has been each one of these experiments, at any rate so far as his prose and verse are concerned—I cannot speak of his plays—that his varied production might serve as a text to illustrate the tendencies of our time.

Tendencies are as infectious as influenza; even with rigid isolation the subject is not immune, but he is safer thus than he would be by frequenting various literary groups, which are the worst disseminators of such infection. Mr. Brett Young, who was a doctor before he became a writer, probably learned in the exercise of his earlier profession the wisdom of avoiding infected areas unless compelled to visit them professionally. Literature has not summoned him professionally into such infected areas, and, with the exception of an excellent book on Robert Bridges, in which he gave a model diagnosis of a completely uninfected patient, he has not been called upon to administer the consolations of criticism.

At the same time, one feels that Mr. Brett Young has indulged in a certain amount of research among the infectious tendencies of the present day; so much so, that occasionally he

seems to have felt that it was his duty to inoculate himself, however mildly, with each serum in turn. The first tendency of this kind was toward a type of Welsh influenza which has remained endemic in the Marches, and which, under the influence of Mr. Arthur Machen, almost grew into a pandemic. The result was "Undergrowth", and it is interesting to notice that, like so many of the maladies of our early days, it ran through the household and infected his brother simultaneously, so that Francis Brett Young's first novel was really only half a first novel, the other half belonging to Eric Brett Young. The book is concerned with "old, unhappy far-off things" impinging upon the present, and you can get a better thrill from it than from any book of the same kind, always excepting "The Three Impostors". Incidentally it introduced a writer whose pen for landscape was evidently going to be one of the most accomplished of our time.

"Undergrowth" was followed by "Deep Sea", which is as different from "Undergrowth" as cheese from—in this case—Silurian. "Deep Sea" is a story of Brixham and Brixham trawlers, a simple and moving story, free from any hint of a tendency and achieving what, with much more elaboration of effort, the next book "The Dark Tower" fails to achieve,—the illumination of a minor tragedy by a privileged and sympathetic onlooker. The weakness of "Deep Sea" lies in what seems the author's lack of relish for the villainy; and this is a weakness which is noticeable right through his work. I do not think that any other living writer can evoke a sinister landscape at once so accurately and so alarmingly; but the sinister personalities in these landscapes sometimes turn out on approach to be

scarecrows. This is not to deny that a scarecrow well placed can be as frightening as Charles Peace, if we keep our distance. The horrible requires at close quarters the naturalism of the Chamber of Horrors with its rows of glassy blue eyes and with its waxwork that simulates the human skin.

Perhaps Mr. Brett Young was conscious of this weakness, for in "The Dark Tower", the theme of which is essentially a sinister landscape, he experimented with some of the Conrad serum, in order to provide a human interest as suggestive, as complicated, and as provocatively obscure as his wonderful landscape. This is not the time to divagate into an examination of Mr. Conrad's method of narration, and I must take the risk of appearing superficial by saying that, roughly, this consists in viewing the dramatis personæ through a cloud of ordinary personalities that melts in a rain of inverted commas, above which can be heard the remote thunder of the tale and through which flashes the lightning of the author's revelation. Such a method, with all its pretense of "naturalism", is for me the least naturalistic that there is. I believe neither in Mr. Conrad's unending Marlowe nor in Mr. Brett Young's more finite Marsden: they are no more human than unresolved algebraical brackets. If the old Olympian method by which the novelist was allowed to know all about his puppets is no longer tolerable at our present pitch of literary refinement, it will at any rate never be ousted by this new contorted method, which is like craning at a football match from the middle of a crowd. Progress in art is a history of discarded conventions. Marlowes and Marsdens are only fresh conventions, clumsy or graceful according to one's

taste; with the *deus ex machina*, the servants at the rise of the curtain, the messenger, the lonely horseman silhouetted against the last rays of the setting sun, the confidante, the soliloquy, the aside, and the transformation scene, they too will, in their day, pass to the property-room of art. But my intense dislike of oblique narrative has made me unjust to "The Dark Tower"; the tale often "walks in beauty like the night".

Mr. Brett Young's next book, "The Iron Age", begins with a very small injection of the Arnold Bennett serum, the effect of which is rapidly thrown off to show us more of Mr. Brett Young than any of the preceding books. There is again admirable scenery (that was to be expected); but there is now also visible a real ability to create human character, and though less pretentious in its psychology than "The Dark Tower", "The Iron Age" is more convincing. The fault of the book is an abrupt conclusion, brought about by the late war, at the very moment when Mr. Brett Young was in full swing with his theme. I am not such a fool, being a novelist myself, as to suppose that the war is not going to intrude upon the greater part of the novels written during the next twenty years. But Mars is not the only god emerging from a machine; the great war is not a finale like the general carnage of an Elizabethan tragedy, and it is to be hoped that novelists will remember the entrance of Fortinbras at the close of "Hamlet". The flow of normal life, be it damned never so violently, will gradually be restored.

Mr. Brett Young, having sent off his hero to the war, followed him immediately afterward, and was lucky enough (this can be said since he came safely home) to take part in the East

African campaign. The result of this experience was "Marching on Tanga", which made a deep impression and brought his name into real prominence for the first time. Written under a stress of emotion and exaltation in a rhythmical prose that somewhat too frequently breaks into blank verse, it is a remarkable record of a remarkable experience, and it already beautifully fills in the immense library of war books a space which is assuredly a permanent one.

The experience gained in East Africa was now utilized less directly in "The Crescent Moon", which Mr. Brett Young in the dedication characterizes as a "shocker". He is unjust to himself, and this display of self-consciousness extends to imperil the whole story, for if Mr. Brett Young does not believe in his book, how shall he preserve the illusion that in so violent a story is more than ever essential? I cannot help feeling all the time that I am reading it that the author is looking over his shoulder a little apologetically and saying to some critic who during the war kept the divine fires burning at home: "I'm sorry I went away and had so much experience of blood and thunder; you will quite understand that I realize how shocking all this is, and I will try never to do it again." But why this apology? For the good or for the ill of our art some of us have been dragged through hell these last years, so that storms in teacups and the chess-problems of adultery are less attractive than formerly. "The Crescent Moon" requires no apology; I believe that it may be the apology which has once more taken the edge off Mr. Brett Young's villain.

But the effect of East Africa was not exhausted by "Marching on Tanga" or "The Crescent Moon". If

the description of that emotion was in prose, the expression of it was in verse, and in "Five Degrees South", or more completely in "Poems, 1916-1918", Mr. Brett Young became definitely, even conspicuously, one of the "Georgian" poets, to use the muddle-headed jargon of the moment. There is a legend being sedulously spread that we live in a great age of poetry, propaganda for which is conducted unscrupulously enough by the poets themselves. Was it de Musset who said that his glass was not a large one, but that he did drink out of his own? The "Georgian" poets might add: "Our glass is not very large either, and we all drink out of it in turn, although some of us do possess small liqueur glasses of our own." I think that Mr. Brett Young has one of these liqueur glasses, and a very beautiful little glass it is, wrought by a cunning workman and brimming with a liqueur that was not bottled yesterday. In the latest volume of "Georgian" poetry there are several examples of Mr. Brett Young; and "Prothalamion", with its exquisite dying fall, might almost tempt one to suppose that we do live in a renaissance of poetry, and that the four-and-twenty blackbirds who are baked weekly in the printer's pie of the literary press are really a dainty dish fit to set before a Georgian king. But alas, the king is indeed in his counting-house, for the war is over; the poets are being driven like the gods of Hellas to exercise their craft less divinely; the blackbirds have become mud-larks, and the mud that formerly produced the Lily of Malud is now being used for other purposes, medicinally, no doubt some would say; "but mud is none the less mud," as one of the group sings.

Mr. Brett Young escaped the void into which peace flung professional

soldiers and poets. He got back immediately to his novels, and to such purpose that with "The Young Physician" he surpassed easily all his previous books. With the exception of the hurried end, obviously dictated by the economic tyranny of publishers (themselves the prey of other tyrannies), and of an attempt to give the book the kind of form it could have dispensed with by stretching probability in respect of the "villain's" reappearance, there is not much to say against "The Young Physician". The episode of the mother's death is as good as anything in contemporary literature; there are the usual beautiful landscapes, which are now inhabited by real people; finally, there is Mr. Brett Young as himself (I do not mean autobiographically) able and willing to affirm "our true intent is all for your delight".

I confess that I like a book to be readable; it seems to me that a capacity for entertaining a certain number of people is the chief justification for writing novels. It is a low-browed ambition, but I shall persevere in it myself, and I hope that Mr. Brett Young will persevere in it too. And here is "The Tragic Bride" to encourage such a hope. For a moment, in the first half-dozen pages, I thought that I was going to be disappointed. I expected to see that fellow Marsden round the next bend of the stream. But he was not fishing in Ireland that year, and presently I was enraptured by a hundred pages of Mr. Brett Young at his best, and how good that can be readers must find out. I should like to remove these hundred pages and print them as one of the best "short stories" in the English language, for though the rest of the book is good, it is not so good as the earlier part, and though my judgment is a

sentimental one founded upon the intense pleasure the earlier part gave me, I do feel that in this case the sentimental judgment is supported by the æsthetic one.

Well, here is an end of my poor attempt to remind people that Mr. Brett Young is a novelist who has shown by his industry and steady progress, by his versatility and romantic outlook, by his technical accomplishment and by a kind of graceful modesty which

is the very essence of his individuality as a writer, that he is worthy of much more attention than he has received. Yet I come back to my opinion that he is therein fortunate, because, withdrawn from the tribal wars that menace the health of the body æsthetic and unencumbered by the scalps of successful rivals, he is moving honorably toward that high place in the literature of the next decade for which he is marked out.

THE WIFE OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THERE was recently published in Paris a new volume of letters from Honoré de Balzac to the woman he married after a courtship of seventeen years. Madame de Balzac (known in French literature by that name of *Etrangère* which Viscount Spoelberch de Lovenjoul gave her when first he brought her correspondence with Balzac to the notice of the world) was in her way just as remarkable a personality as her renowned husband. She was, however, of such a modest disposition that she never during her lifetime allowed anyone to give her the praise which she deserved. After her death, most unfortunately for her memory, certain writers with more spite than talent tried to villify her, and to represent her as a cold, ambitious woman who had married Balzac entirely out of vanity. The truth is vastly different, and it is time to clear her memory

from an imputation which has been strengthened by the spite of Victor Hugo. In a sketch far more imaginative than exact of the last moments of Balzac, Hugo attempted in a veiled, sarcastic manner to give to the public the idea that the great writer had died alone, while his wife remained in her own apartments. The truth is less romantic and far more human. When Hugo called on his dying friend, my aunt retired to her room for a few moments in order not to meet him. She did not like him, and she preferred not to encounter a man whom she knew to be antagonistic to herself at an hour when she was about to undergo the greatest trial in her life. As soon as the poet left the house, she resumed her place by the bedside of her husband and remained there until the last. And she paid him the greatest tribute of affection a woman could give to the man she had loved; she as-

sumed the burden of his immense debts and, though not compelled to do so, paid them down to the last farthing. She remained upon the most affectionate terms with his mother and family,—it was thanks to her that Balzac's mother was able to spend in comfort her last years. These facts speak for themselves, and I think dispose better than volumes on the subject could of the conscious or unconscious calumny cast by Victor Hugo on my aunt's memory.

She was a remarkable personality, this famous *Etrangère* about whom so much has been written, and so little really known. She was truly, as Balzac once wrote to her, "one of those great minds preserved by solitude from the petty meannesses of this world". She loved solitude, moral as well as material; the best years of her life were spent by her alone, save for the affection of a few people who could appreciate and understand a character which perhaps had never bent, but which had always recognized the value of others, even when those others differed in opinions and thoughts. Her life was simple enough, in spite of the immense love and the wonderful romance that filled it. The daughter of a remarkable man who had enjoyed the friendship of most of the great writers of the eighteenth century, who had been a friend and a correspondent of Voltaire, she was brought up in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century with its touch of skepticism. The encyclopædia remained for her a kind of gospel, and the principles of the great French Revolution constantly inspired her, in spite of the fact that she was brought up in one of the haughtiest aristocratic circles in Europe, and in a country where the very mention of the words *liberty* and *freedom of opinion*

was tabooed. She was eminently tolerant, a quality then perhaps more rarely to be met with than now. She respected the faiths and the convictions of others, and never condemned what she did not approve of. She hated hypocrisy, no matter in what shape or form it presented itself. This fact explains better than anything else the courage she displayed when, against the advice of her family and in spite of all obstacles, she carried through her determination to exchange her great position in Russia for that of wife of a novelist who was not then considered the great genius he has been proclaimed since his death.

Madame de Balzac was brought up almost entirely by her father, a man of great mind and charm, whose favorite she was. She was one of a large family of whom all the men were clever, handsome, and brave, and all the women beautiful, intelligent, and charming. At an early age she was married to a man much older than herself, whose immense fortune made him a conspicuous personage in the matrimonial market of his country. Monsieur Hanski (who by the way never had any right to the title of Count which is generally given to him, even by Balzac) was a man of unbalanced mind, subject to attacks of what we now call neurasthenia. This invalid shut up his young wife in the solitude of a magnificent country home where she had nothing to do but read, educate her children, and think over the miseries of a blighted existence. As long as her father lived, my aunt found in his affection a solace for her disappointments. When he died she was left, in the full sense of that word, alone,—alone to suffer, to love, and to struggle.

Of her five children, four died in infancy; one daughter remained, on

whom she concentrated all her affection, and whose health was a subject of constant anxiety. It was an austere existence that she led in her lonely Ukrainian castle; and it is no wonder that she caught at the idea of entering through the medium of a newspaper into a correspondence with Balzac, whose early works she had read. Her first letter to him, signed "Une Etrangère", impressed him so much that he replied; this was the beginning of the long "love romance"—as he called it in one of his letters to Madame Zulma Carraud—which ended only with his life. The correspondents met at last at Neuchâtel in Switzerland, where began in earnest the affection which was to remain the leitmotif in my aunt's subsequent life.

Upon the death of Monsieur Hanski, his widow succeeded to his great fortune. Instead of remarrying immediately, however, she waited until the marriage of her daughter, to whom she gave up this wealth, reserving for herself only an annuity. Then, though she knew Balzac to be ill beyond the hope of recovery, she did not hesitate for a moment in pledging herself to him. My father, Madame de Balzac's favorite brother, related to me how he tried to dissuade her from taking this step which meant a quasi exile from her native land. He could not shake her resolution, and her reply was so essentially characteristic that I quote it here: "It would be unworthy of me if I were of so contemptible a turn of mind as to put my own happiness or comfort before the possibility of soothing the last hours of the man whose heart has been in my keeping for seventeen years." Balzac's marriage was, as he expressed it himself, the great and supreme triumph of his life. Six months after it had taken place, he died in Paris,

whither he had brought his wife,—died happy in spite of all that has been told or written to the contrary. My aunt closed his eyes with pious hands; her heart was broken and, as she told me once, "J'ai vécu un enfer de souffrance ce jour là." (I lived through a hell of suffering on that day.)

Madame de Balzac remained in Paris after her husband's death. Her first act was to pay his debts, which she did with that care and thoroughness she always brought to bear on everything she undertook. She remained in the little house in the rue Beaujen, afterward rue Balzac, which the great writer had bought for her; there her daughter and son-in-law joined her, after which existence for her settled in a grave but contented channel. Gradually all the intelligent and remarkable men (of whom there were so many in the Paris of that time) found a meeting-place in the long and narrow room, low of ceiling, with its large fireplace at one end, and a table with the colossal bust of Balzac by David D'Angers at the other. By the middle window of the three which lighted the apartment, my aunt would sit beside a small working-table, generally knitting, and from time to time putting in a remark which immediately gave a new turn to the conversation. She possessed in a rare degree the art of listening, and that of bringing forward the best points in other people's discourses. To any question put to her, or any fact submitted to her judgment, she had an immediate reply, which brought an illuminating light into the discussion. Her comments on men and events were sometimes severe but never hard; she exhibited always that great serenity which was one of her most wonderful traits; her intelligence was constantly

applied to the task of looking for the best, never for the worst side of human nature.

One evening the conversation turned on the facility with which people destroy their neighbors' happiness by idle words or ill-natured remarks. My aunt lifted her head from her everlasting knitting. "I think," she gravely said, "that this proceeds from a vice in our system of education. Children ought to be brought up to respect other people's happiness just as they are reared in the respect of religion; they ought to be taught to reverence it as something holy if not entirely divine." This was one of many illuminating remarks which constantly escaped her. Madame de Balzac, though what the world would perhaps call an atheist, was in reality one of the greatest believers it has ever been my fortune to meet. In one of her letters to my mother she says:

You will know one day, my dear little sister, that what one cares the most to read over again in the book of life, are those difficult pages of the past, when after a hard struggle duty has remained the master of the battlefield. It has buried its dead, and brushed aside all the remains that were left of them; and God in His infinite mercy allows flowers and grasses to grow again on this bloody ground. Don't think that by these flowers I mean to say that one forgets. No, on the contrary, I am thinking of remembrance: the remembrance of the victory that has been won, after so many sacrifices; I am thinking of all these voices of the conscience which come to soothe us and to tell us that our Father in Heaven is satisfied with what we have done.

The hôtel Balzac, as it was called, was for many years one of the most important centres of Parisian society. There one could meet statesmen like Thiers and Guizot (it was, by the way, the only house where they ever condescended to meet after politics had divided them in an irreconcilable manner); historians and thinkers like Taine and Renan; art critics like Charles Blanc, painters like Gigoux,

Carolus Duran at the beginning of his fame, and Gudin; authors like Sainte-Beuve, and Paul Lacroix or the Bibliophile Jacob as he was called; great ladies belonging to the aristocracy of the whole of Europe; politicians of all parties; philosophers like the famous Abbé Constant (known in occult circles by his pseudonym of Eliphas Lévy); sometimes even a priest like Lacordaire, or a musician like Gounod, and a sprinkling of lovely women to lend to this eclectic picture the help of their beauty and of their grace. Nowhere in Paris did people of more opposed opinions condescend to meet, and to be friendly with one another; nowhere did more animated discussions take place without ever degenerating into quarrels.

My aunt, though essentially the type of a grande dame of the old régime, was nevertheless an ardent liberal by conviction. Her early education, and later on Balzac's influence, would have inclined her to sympathize with the legitimists or monarchists, had not her sound common sense absolutely recoiled. She refused to accept the creed of intolerance professed by many of those who were dear to her; she hated Napoleon III and the whole Bonapartist program. Long before the disasters of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, she had taken the standard of the Emperor and of his government. But after the fall of the Empire, she refrained from throwing stones at the man whose omnipotence she had always disputed.

Thiers was her particular friend. One of my earliest recollections (in 1869, just before the cataclysm which was to culminate in the catastrophe of Sedan) is that of a short, active little man with spectacles, and an unmistakable southern accent, sitting on one side of the open fireplace, while oppo-

site him reclined in a wide armchair a tall, lean figure with stern features. They were engaged in animated conversation, and as my governess led me—a child of six or seven—into the room, my aunt made a sign to me to come near her. Drawing me closer to her, she whispered in my ear: "Remember these two men, my child; the short one is Thiers, and the other is Monsieur Guizot. Perhaps later on you will be proud to have seen them." This friendship of Madame de Balzac for the first President of the third French republic lasted until the latter's death. He admired her for her virile mind, and for the fearlessness with which she often disagreed with him. He liked to tease her about her "aristocratic prejudices", and took malicious pleasure in recalling the following incident. During the Commune a detachment of "Fédérés" invaded the hôtel Balzac. My aunt, then past seventy, immensely stout, and crippled by gout, faced them sitting in her usual armchair. Her servants had fled in terror; she was alone with her daughter. The officer in command of the company of soldiers who had forced themselves into her presence, addressed her as "Citoyenne". My aunt looked at him quite unconcernedly, and said in the most matter-of-fact voice: "First of all take off your hat; I am not used to men coming into my room without uncovering their heads. And then don't call me 'Citoyenne' but 'Madame',—I am too old to be addressed in such a familiar manner." The man was so cowed by this impassible courage that he immediately removed his cap, excused himself, then left the house without having molested its inhabitants.

I think that of all my aunt's visitors and friends, the one whom she liked and whom she certainly respected the

most, was Renan. They were in complete sympathy with each other mentally, and both were intensely religious. Few people have understood so fully as did Renan the beauties of the morality preached by Christ, and few people have had more reverence for the sacred individuality of the Savior of mankind. Renan tried to imitate Christ in all the actions of his life, to be, like Him, kind and indulgent and compassionate toward the woes of the world. This creed created a link, and a strong one, between him and Madame de Balzac, who like him possessed a very clear insight into religious matters and the faculty of setting aside superstition while retaining the poetry that attaches to the teachings of the different churches. Both of them sought truth always; but they never gave out their own ideas as perfect ones or tried to impose them on others. I remember a discussion on religious tolerance in general between a distant relative of my aunt, the Princess Hedwige de Ligne, who was considered a power in the faubourg St. Germain, and a few men whose opinions were entirely different from hers. Renan was consulted and asked to say what he thought about the theory of heaven and hell. He smiled the sad little smile which appealed so much to those who understood all that it contained of indulgence and kindness, and quietly replied: "I think that God is far too just to punish with an eternity of torment, the sins committed during such a short period as the longest of human lives." The Princess was not satisfied, and continued amplifying her subject. "After all, Monsieur Renan", she exclaimed, "I would really like to know whether you absolutely refuse to believe in the divinity of Christ." At this moment Madame de Balzac, who

had followed the discussion with keen interest, turned to her niece with the remark that she regretted that people "should always harp upon the divinity of our Lord, because after all his sacrifice, supposing it had been made by a man for the good of mankind, would have been far greater than if accomplished by a god aware of the results it was bound to have. The uncertainty as to its usefulness must have been the most awful part of the torments Christ had to endure, and it would most certainly have added to his greatness had he only been a child of God." The remark at once put an end to the discussion.

Mention of Renan reminds me of an amusing story connected with him, the kindest and most obliging of men. One evening after dinner, a small circle of people were gathered around my aunt's armchair. The Comtesse de Montalembert, widow of the great Catholic writer, with whom my aunt was distantly connected, happened to call. She had never seen Renan and, not for one moment supposing he could be there, failed to notice his name when he was presented to her. The evening was a rainy one. When the Countess was about to go home, she discovered that she had forgotten to take her umbrella and had sent away her carriage. Renan, always amiable, offered to accompany her and to give her the shelter of his huge and anything but elegant cotton umbrella. The Countess accepted the offer and parted upon excellent terms with her escort. A few days later she was asked by one of her friends, who had watched the incident with considerable amusement, whether she knew who had been her companion on that night. When she heard that she had actually walked side by side with the author of "The Life of Jesus"—which had so

profoundly shocked the Catholic world—she immediately rushed to her confessor to ask absolution for this heinous crime. She never again set foot in my aunt's house.

Hippolyte Taine, the great historian, used also from time to time when he happened to be in Paris to cross the hospitable doors of the hôtel Balzac. My aunt admired him exceedingly, though she did not quite sympathize with all his views. She was above everything else an ardent French patriot, who never would admit her country could be wrong. Taine on the contrary professed the opinion that patriotism ought not to interfere with the condemnation of what was wrong in one's own land and in one's own people. I remember his saying once: "It is a poor kind of patriotism which imagines that one must excuse the crimes of one's own country, simply because one is a citizen of it." This my aunt would not admit, especially not as a public confession. She held the opinion that one's country ought to be considered as a mother with whom fault must never be found.

One of the most curious personalities among the many remarkable ones to be found at the hôtel Balzac, was undoubtedly the famous Abbé Constant, better known under his nom de plume of Eliphas Lévy, and one of the greatest authorities in the world on all matters relating to occultism. He used to dine with my aunt every Wednesday, and was treated with great respect by all who met him there. The fact of his being a priest who had left Holy Orders and taken a wife, made him an object of abomination to all pious Catholics; but among the circle of deep thinkers who were in the habit of consulting him in regard to their religious doubts, he was a personage of immense importance. No one, see-

ing him seated next to my aunt, would have suspected him of practising black magic. His venerable countenance, his flowing white beard reaching to the chest, reminded one of the patriarchs of old, rather than of an evocator of the Evil One, with whom he was suspected of holding intercourse at times. He was credited with being able to foretell the future of those people brave enough to ask him to do so. I must confess that once or twice he divined, in an uncanny way, what was going to happen to some of his friends. But he was kindness itself, and his serenity was equaled only by that of my aunt, surpassing even sometimes that of Renan, with whom he was on terms of sincere friendship. The Abbé Constant had sprung into notoriety upon the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Sibour. When the prelate's assassin was brought to trial, he exclaimed that this disaster would not have happened had he listened to Eliphas Lévy. Police inquiries established the fact that the man had consulted Lévy a few days before the murder, when the seer warned him to leave Paris immediately because he was about to commit a terrible deed which would result in his own death. After this the Abbé Constant, as he was still called, became quite a Parisian celebrity—a fact which did not contribute in the least to his happiness.

All these things happened very long

ago; not one of the brilliant and famous people who used to assemble at the hôtel Balzac is now left in this world. The house where I saw them and listened to them has been pulled down, and in its place has been erected the sumptuous dwelling of the Baroness de Rothschild. My aunt's Russian home, with its many remembrances of Balzac, has been destroyed by the Bolsheviks. Madame de Balzac herself died under particularly painful circumstances, after witnessing the squandering of her large fortune by her daughter, who possessed none of her great gifts of heart or of mind. At the news of this disaster my aunt bowed her head upon her chest, and never raised it again. But her wonderful mind remained bright and unimpaired until the end. On Easter Day, 1882, a few hours before her death, she was asked whether she would like to see a priest. She replied simply that if he wished to pray for her she would feel grateful; but that she could not lie to the God she believed in nor lend herself to a comedy which would dishonor her last hours, by submitting to the rites of a religion she no longer pretended to profess. Her last words were "Anna", her daughter's name, and "Honoré", which had been her husband's: the names of the one love and the only tenderness her life had known. Upon hearing of her death, Renan exclaimed that in her "one of the great lights of the world had gone out".

ON BEING AN ESSAYIST

BY BERTON BRALEY

LAMENTING for lost arts is, and ever has been, one of the favorite indoor sports of those choice souls—self-chosen—who hold literature “a precious, precious thing” and deplore any tendency on its part to play with the rough, common boys of Popularity and Commercialism. Next to falling for everything misty and mystic and bizarre which heralds itself as “new art”, holding obsequies over a “lost” one is probably the most popular amusement of this little group of serious thinkers.

Unquestionably the cadaver over which they lament most regularly is the “lost art of the essay”. Every gathering of the elect becomes automatically a funeral for this form of literary expression, the mourners begin wailing as soon as three or four of them have coalesced, and when the wake gets into full swing the very tea they drink is salt with their tears. If there isn’t any corpse present they send out for one, dress it in the garments of Lamb, Addison, Emerson, and Stevenson, and pass about the bier wagging their heads sadly and saying, “Doesn’t he look unnatural”.

It makes no difference if the corpse sits up and becomes paradoxically articulate in the voice of Chesterton; or whimsically genial in the tone of Marquis, or proudly young-paternal in the manner of Morley; the brotherhood

and sisterhood of wailers wail on, the service for the dead is intoned, and the interment takes place as scheduled, with wax flowers and wired wreaths. Then back from the cemetery in the limousine with the job well accomplished, while the “remains” climbs out, dusts itself off, and discusses politics and the high cost of living with the sexton.

Nothing is more amazing than the persistence of a reiterated falsehood. And nothing is more durable than a tradition which is constantly asserted. “The essay is dead, is dead, is dead”, cry the professional and volunteer mourners, and so the great bulk of us who meet the essay in the daily paper, in the weekly magazine, in the popular monthly, in advertising pages, on cards in the stationer’s shop, and heaped high on the best-seller counter of the bookstores—repeat automatically “the essay is dead, is dead, is dead”, even while we dine and play Kelly pool with the men who are keeping it most emphatically alive.

For you can get away with almost any statement if you don’t argue about it or defend it, but proclaim it doubtfully and consistently to all and several with the ring of authority in your voice. And to attain that authoritative ring you merely need to assert something, anything, with sufficient doubtiness and consistency. So it is

a beautiful circle which anyone who doesn't care about facts can easily run around in.

Of course the basis for this tradition of the essay's defunctitude is the Little Lord Fauntleroy complex with which many critics and a certain self-constituted group, heretofore and hereinafter named the elect, are affected. As I hinted a little earlier, these folk regard literature as a "precious, precious thing"—a good deal as many mothers in the Little Lord Fauntleroy era regarded their male offspring as Cedric Errols who must by no means scrub around with the rough little boys in the neighborhood, but must keep their velvet pants unmuddied, and their golden locks virgin to the shears. (The Fauntleroy complex holds literature as a delicately exclusive snob which can endure association only with a strictly selected number of other snobs, and as soon as this Cedric Errol of culture shows tendencies toward romping around and getting all mussed up with the butcher's boy and the rest of the crowd in Dugan's back lot, the Fauntleroy neurosis declares him not of gentle blood, casts him out to scrub through as best he may, and refuses to let the nice little boys and girls play with him.

And it is always and inevitably with pained surprise that the Fauntleroyites note that his subsequent career leads him not to a foundling's home, but to an apartment on Riverside Drive and a summer shack in Maine.

I am willing to wager that the Fauntleroyites of Shakespeare's time regarded his work as commercialized pandering to the mob, and prophesied that such perniciously popular stuff would perish miserably with the man who fathered it. There is no more ageless tradition than that literature is for the few and not for the many,

and this in the face of the fact that with scant exceptions most great and enduring work has been successful in its own time.

This Fauntleroy complex looks upon the essay as a sacrosanct possession of Lamb, Addison, and a few others who are dead. Therefore it regards the essay as dead. In other words, if it isn't Lamb it isn't an essay. Which is logical enough if you accept the premise. Most arguments in the world are logical if you accept the premise. If people could wholly agree on premises to begin with, there wouldn't be divorces or world wars. But I have no use for that particular premise. I don't think I could define an essay—but I see no reason why anybody should be afraid to write one, if he has anything to say worth essaying.

I can already hear the chorus of well-bred scorn which will follow my statement—assuming that the elect aren't too scornful to read it—that Dr. Frank Crane is in some ways a better essayist than Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that the writing of glorified common sense in a vital and trenchant fashion is literature. To sneer at the obvious is easy enough, to answer it is something else again. And nowadays, when propaganda which ignores or denies the obvious is leading allwhither and nowhere at all, platitudes driven home by a hammer in the hands of a vigorous and skilful literary craftsman are emphatically desirable. With hundreds of so-called thinkers pulling bolts and nails out of the structure of society and hopefully tying the timbers together with pink string, the need for efficient carpenters grows.

However, that is a digression. What I wanted to prove is that the essay is not dead. If you take the particular style of a particular man and maintain, "Thus gods are made

and whoso makes them otherwise shall die", then every form of art dies with the man who first practises it. On such an assumption the novel died with Richardson, the play with the first maker of drama, the essay with the first commentator. But I cannot bring myself to narrow down any form of art to such limits as that. And I hold that the essay, therefore, is very far from dead. Alas, the elect sigh, why does no one write like Lamb? A lot of people do write like Lamb,—so much the worse for their work. Not because Lamb wasn't a delightful essayist, but because a writer ought to express himself and not somebody else.

So I maintain that the essay is a live art while there are those alive who practise it, and that nobody need be

for a moment deterred from writing essays because the shadow of Lamb or Addison hangs over this craft. And whether the essays be about books or vacuum cleaners, art or artichokes, they have a reason for being if people like them well enough to read them, or read them well enough to like them.

But if I should write essays—which I'm likely to do any time—I should feel that I had done a very bad job if they were the sort that appealed only to the elect. Deliver me from the Fauntleroy complex and let whatever I produce at least be the type of literary offspring that comes back to the house a little late for dinner, tousled, smudged, a bit breathless, shouting, "Oh, pop, I've been playing with the bunch in Dugan's back lot and I've had a perfectly gorgeous time!"

ON HUMOR IN LITERATURE

BY C. S. EVANS

SOME time ago a well-known firm of publishers offered a prize for the best humorous novel. Such enterprise deserves to be rewarded and I hope they got what they wanted. At the present time the world needs a really humorous novel very badly, and there is a fortune waiting for the person who can make it forget its troubles in a hearty laugh.

But what exactly is the definition of a humorous novel? Would that term be applied, for instance, to "Martin Chuzzlewit" or "The Old Curiosity Shop"? Both of these books make one

laugh very much, in parts, but in others they are the blackest tragedy. Is "Huckleberry Finn" a humorous book, or is it an epic? Is Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat", which has made hundreds of thousands of people hold their sides, "humorous", or merely "funny" (for there is a difference between the two)? In short, what is humor, and what is its relation to literature?

Having thus complacently propounded a riddle, I suppose I must try to answer it, but this is by no means easy. To deal with such a sub-

ject satisfactorily one must delve deep into human nature and answer a score of fundamental questions. Why, for instance, do we laugh when we are amused; and why is it that some things amuse us and not others? Such questions as these have aroused the curiosity of scientists and philosophers. Darwin tried to answer them, and told us that the feeling of pleasurable exhilaration which causes us to laugh had its origin in a strictly utilitarian function. When we were fishes, ten million years ago or thereabouts, we pursued our prey with open mouths. To eat was the greatest pleasure, with which all other pleasures became in time associated; hence the expression of physiological satisfaction by the muscles of the mouth. Kissing, according to this school of philosophy, originated in much the same way: the mother who kisses her baby is expressing a primæval feeling—the baby is so nice that she would like to eat it. Could anything be simpler!

Bergson and William James and Sully, all of them considerable psychologists, have investigated the meaning of laughter, the first in one of the most brilliant (and least convincing) psychological essays ever written. His argument is too long and too complex even to outline here, but one may sum it up by saying that, in Bergson's view, laughter is a social gesture instinctively called into play to repress that mechanical inelasticity which is life's negation. Deformities are comic in proportion as they can be imitated by any normal person; attitudes and movements call forth laughter in so far as they remind us of a mere machine. We laugh every time a person gives us the impression of being a thing. A red nose is a painted nose to the imagination; a negro a white

man unwashed. Laughter is purely corrective in function, and we never laugh except at the failings or deficiencies of others.

To anybody who wishes to pursue this subject, I recommend the careful study, one after the other, of Bergson's essay on "Laughter" and Meredith's essay on "The Uses of the Comic Spirit". These books will not help an aspirant to win a publisher's prize, but they will at least show how extraordinarily complex is the whole subject, and how difficult it is to explain the appeal of so-called "humorous" or comic situations.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to reflect that there is undoubtedly some remote connection between the risible faculty and the emotion of fear. Why does a child laugh when you tickle it in the ribs, or in the neck, or under the arms? Everybody will testify that in laughter so provoked there is considerable apprehension, and in my view this is due to the fact that pressure applied in these places threatens injury to a vital organ. The so-called ticklish regions of the body are those where the big arteries approach the surface, as for instance in the neck or axilla, or those covering the heart and lungs. Laughter in this case is a physiological expression, not of fear, but of a much more complex emotion in which fear and a certain relief that fear is unjustified play a part.

There are certain things and certain actions, even certain words, which seem almost intrinsically funny. Every comedian knows that he has only to mention the word *sausage*, even in the most solemn of connections, to provoke shrieks of merriment. A red nose, also, is an intrinsically funny thing, and if a red-nosed man should be discovered eating a sausage that would be the very height

of the laughable. A study of music-hall humor would lead one to suppose, also, that there is something inherently funny in the idea of (a) a mother-in-law, (b) a kipper, (c) strong-smelling cheese, and (d) a man or woman under the influence of drink. Is it too unwarrantable an assumption that a considerable though vague feeling of apprehension is at the bottom of the emotion in each case?

No one who proposes to investigate the meaning and function of laughter can afford to neglect the manifestation of the faculty in children and other primitive beings. It was once my privilege to talk to a well-known pantomime comedian just before he was going on, and I asked him what his part was. "Oh", said he, "it's very simple. I just put on a little hat and big boots, walk on, fall over my feet, and come off again." A minute later he went and did it, and, judging by the screams of laughter which echoed around the hall, he did it with great effect.

Now there is nothing funny in falling down; on the contrary, to the person who falls at least, it may be an exceedingly painful experience. But the professional comedian knows that a fall is an infallible laugh-getter. Failing a fall, he may sit on a gentleman's top-hat, or inveigle a victim into sitting down on a chair that isn't there. But enough of such instances. It is sufficient to remark that nothing less than a profound psychology inspires the performance of the clown in the harlequinade, when he steals a monstrous string of sausages from the Pantaloon's basket, and burns the policeman with the end of a red-hot poker.

There are, of course, degrees of subtlety in humor, and probably the

next grade in order of complexity is the humor which is based upon the idea of confusion. The greatest exponent of this form of humor was the late Dan Leno. Many people will have joyous memories of his exploits with a harp at the Drury Lane Pantomime some years ago. He had a harp, and a music-stool, and a music-stand. Encumbered with the harp, he placed the stool and the stand in position, and then sat down to play. But the stand was too far away, and in getting up to adjust it he fell over the stool. While he was picking the stool up the stand fell onto his head, and so the merry game went on, for at least twenty minutes, until he finished up with the harp round his neck while the audience held their sides. Told thus coldly, there is nothing funny in the incident, but it was excruciatingly funny to watch. This "humor of confusion" and the elemental kind of humor first mentioned have their counterpart in literature in the exploits of Lever's Handy Andy, and in those two books, once so exceedingly popular but now long forgotten, "Valentine Vox the Ventriloquist", and "Sylvester Sound the Somnambulist". Anyone can test its efficacy for himself by giving a child "A Bad Boy's Diary". These four books and many others of a similar nature, were put forward ostensibly as "humorous" books, and they perfectly justified their name. Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat", and even H. G. Wells's "Bealby" are, though much more adequate from the point of view of art, really exercises in the same genre.

The fact that emerges is, that the book which deliberately sets out to be humorous or, in other words, to get a laugh, usually succeeds in so far as it makes its appeal to the fundamental and primitive elements of humor

which I have noted. Such books usually make one laugh uproariously or they do not amuse one at all. A case in point is Ellis Parker Butler's story called "Pigs is Pigs", which was published some years ago. I always thought that story the funniest thing in literature, but I have known people who could read it without a smile. The humor of it, however, is elemental; it tickles the foundations of one's nature. It is "comic" rather than humorous.

For by "humor" in literature we have come to mean not the clumsy digging at the ribs which provokes an outburst of uncontrollable laughter, but the kindlier, subtler pleasure which arises from skilful observation or caricature. In this sense "Don Quixote" is a humorous novel, and so are most of Dickens's books and Thackeray's "The Yellowplush Papers" and "The Book of Snobs", though the last is perhaps better described as humorous satire. The great masterpiece of the world's literature in this form of art is, of course, the great work of Rabelais. Gargantua, Pantagruel, and the rest are humorous figures conceived by a surpassing genius, and in our own literature they are equaled only by the colossal figure of Falstaff. Few episodes in such masterpieces as these provoke the actual laugh, but they produce the internal purr of pleased content which is the sign of supreme satisfaction.

And how few are these consummate creations of the humorist's art! You may count the masterpieces of humor on the fingers of one hand. "Don Quixote", Rabelais, "Pickwick Papers", those wonderful scenes from "Henry VI", Sterne's "A Sentimental Journey" and "Tristram Shandy"—what else is there to compare with these? Very near to them I should be

inclined to place Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn", and especially the latter, which is no mere masterpiece of humor but a masterpiece of the world's literature. Compare the supreme art of it with the manufactured funniness of "The Innocents Abroad" or the works of Max Adeler. On the lower plane of humor you get a laugh by the most unimaginative means—merely conceive a recognized humorous situation, or bring several things together according to a recipe, and the thing is done. Every practised comedian, in literature or on the stage, is an adept at it. But the creation of character, the expression—in terms of the words and actions of men and women—of that "social gesture" which is laughter's source, is a much greater thing, for there we touch the symbolism which is the soul of art.

I had meant, when I began this paper, to pass in review the work of a few of our professed literary humorists, and to examine the elements of their varied appeal to the risible faculties, but to do that properly I should have to write a book which probably nobody would buy. Yet it would be a very interesting study, and I think it might possibly throw some light on a department of criticism that so far has been little explored. One could place W. W. Jacobs, for instance, very close to the immortals, and state the reasons for so doing. One would also explain why Mr. Jacobs is condemned to go about like a modern Sindbad, carrying on his shoulders a night watchman who at each step grows more ponderous. "Saki" (who created that memorable otter which, kept in a tank in the garden, whined restlessly every time the water-rate became overdue) should be classified at the end of the division which had Thackeray at the head, because of his savage and

cynical satire, while Samuel Butler should have a place all to himself. Then there are Stephen Leacock, and O. Henry, and Frank Richardson,—who in a flash of brilliant genius saw the intrinsic humor of whiskers, and materialized it for ever in the phrase, “face fungus”,—and Max Adeler and Artemus Ward and the other popular humorists of America. Like a pro-

cession of comedians, they walk through the halls of memory, each in his appropriate makeup, with big feet or red nose, or incredible whiskers.

And above and beyond, brooding with an awful melancholy, are the three or four great humorous artists of the world, Cervantes and Molière and Shakespeare, and the apostate monk of Touraine.

CURRENT TASTE IN FICTION: A QUARTERLY SURVEY

BY JOHN WALCOTT

I WAS saying the other day that we should be able to talk more sensibly about current taste in fiction if we had any real way of classifying book buyers and borrowers by quality as well as by numbers. And this isn't mere “academic” curiosity, for any reasonable person might be interested to know not merely what relation novel-reading has to the prosperity of publishers or the labors of librarians, but what relation it has to the pleasure and profit of the nation as a whole. We need, for instance, some formula, however vague, to give their due importance to the more intelligent minority who read actively, as against the less intelligent majority who read passively. It isn't a case altogether of highbrow and lowbrow, either; for we have thousands of readers who are earnest enough in their ignorance, and in default of education and its standards simply can't find or recognize the good stuff they hanker for. They chew their thistles with pathetic fidel-

ity, and try their best to make them taste like figs. And we have, on the other hand, hundreds if not thousands of well-meaning and more or less educated people who dutifully masticate the alleged figs certified by “the best authorities”, without being able to assimilate any nourishment from them whatever. It is all very complex and baffling for the modest investigator.

One thing of which the American novel-reading public (in the lump) has been frequently accused, especially by foreign observers, is that it is predominantly female. Our novelists (so the charge runs) have fallen under the thumb of the sentimental fair on the one hand, and the aggressive women's-clubbers on the other. And so between the devil of squashy romance on the one hand and the deep sea of feminist document on the other, the novelist's robust male sense, common or uncommon, has feebly withdrawn into the background, murmuring compliments. Between the

Ladies' Home Journalists and the Women's Federationists and the Greenwich Villagers, what could a poor man do? The pathos of the picture is slightly modified by the fact that the poor man has for some time been largely if not mostly a woman himself. But the main question is whether our fiction has really been feminized. The allegation goes on to specify that this portent is a sign of the general feminization of our culture and our society.

Now I incline to take a more hopeful view of this situation. I think there was getting to be a good deal of truth in the charge before the war, and I see that, in our period of reaction, there seems to be hardly less truth in it now. But I believe the tendency is actually decreasing, not increasing. Short of madness, I must believe that.

But I can't pretend to derive this belief from the behavior of the majority. After all, the war was rough on the majority: let me not cause its head to be bowed in shame! Let me mention as a venial foible or natural and momentary symptom that the majority shows just now a marked tendency to relax into the easy arms of sentimental romance. While the publishers are dutifully beckoning us to their solid wares, in which American life, they say, is being more searchingly portrayed than ever before, the majority finds its account elsewhere. It passes on to the counters where the broncos rear and the lovely maiden hangs by a finger from the edge of the precipice; or to the stack where So-and-so toweringly repeats himself about the childlike eccentric hero and the rich damsel whose privilege it is to adore him; or even beyond, to the shelves where old-fashioned heroines peep out at us from under lilac sun-

bonnets and the dialogue is mostly cribbed from the language of flowers. If our wives and our daughters are now fated to be almost totally visible on sandy beach and dancing-floor, refuge for them and us remains in the memory of the maiden whose nature it was to blush when, in a careless moment, her instep endured exposure upon the rose-walk of her father's formal garden.

But if the old-fashioned girl has never ceased to be a refuge and a delight, it is nevertheless true that the normal or average heroine, even in romance, is now pretty thoroughly modernized. It is not only her cigarette and her camaraderie, her frank speech and vaunted ability to "take care of herself" that mark her off from her mother and her aunts. Her very physique is up-to-date. And it is a whimsical or ominous fact, as you choose to take it, that the finest thing you can say for her is to pronounce her "more like some slim boy".... She has no hips and as little chest as possible; and as the hero views her outlined against the sky with the sea-breeze blowing back her skirts and so on, the thing that chiefly thrills him, by all accounts, is that she has no particular form to outline. I really wonder if this does the hero justice? The query brings us back to an old problem. Is the physical woman of the hour chiefly a product of demand and supply? Does the man of the hour lift her, as it were, from the vasty deeps of his dream, and gloat upon her eccentric variations in contour from the female God made? Or does he good-humoredly put up with her for the sake of a quiet life?

I for one hope that last thing is true; for I should hate to suspect the current male of being really in love with this hipless, brassiered, up-and-

down creature of the moment, this "slim boy" with the oblique seductions of somewhat longer hair and a voice that will never change. I want to think of her as a silly fashion of the dressmakers rather than to impute to him what would amount to a sort of perversion.... However, there we have her in the fiction of our day and date; and only some smirking fellow in a Paris "studio" knows how soon she will step out of it in favor of a later and therefore more "correct" model. Even today there are flounces and things about, and tomorrow we shall find the story-tellers wrapping up the heroine in them with all the zest in the world. The present "she" is at least an improvement in some ways. I like her for giving up the "crooked smile" of yesterday—a contortion out of keeping, to be sure, with her prevailing straight lines.

On the whole, with her common-sense attitude and matter-of-fact speech, she is a sign of one reassuring tendency in the current novel. Readers are after a more wholesome "heart interest" than they were in the tangled morbid years that bred the war. If you happen to have seen the Bulletin of the Authors' League at any time during the past year, you must have noticed how many editors have been asking for "clean love stories". Some of them preside over publications which have been wont to deal in rather sultry wares. What they want now is clean love—stories not besmeared with sex-curiosity or tainted with the sly intention to provide a sort of peepshow within the law for the unmated millions, from the shop-boy on Broadway to the forgotten spinster in West East-able, Massachusetts. Some of our popular magazines are still rotten enough with the old furtive appeal; but the news-stands are cleaning up a

little. It looks as though a considerable part of the reading publics of England and America, having tasted the joys of release from Puritanism and Victorianism and all, had promptly discovered that the theme of sex for its own sake is more a bore than an incitement to people of the Anglo-American strain. It isn't an object of keen intellectual interest to us, as it is to the Latins, or a matter for cheerful laughter. For better or worse, we take it a little heavily. Like religion, it is a thing we really prefer not to talk much about. Unluckily there is no hard and fast line to be drawn between reticence and repression; and here is the literary pander's chance. There are certain words he mustn't print. But he may paint seduction or mutual passion about as realistically as he likes, so long as those words are not used and a perfunctory moral is tacked on, as it were a stamp on a parcel. No American newspaper or magazine will print the word *prostitute* in one syllable, but any of them will describe the article herself in full detail; as likewise tolerably full items of the nameless "statutory offense" from the knowledge of which our virgins are theoretically to be guarded.... But the war, I conclude, has done something toward clearing up this muggy atmosphere of sexual innuendo and incitement, and to restore a taste among novel-readers for clean adventure, including love.

And there are other serious adventures to which if not the majority, an important minority of our novel-readers are gladly committing themselves. The picturesque localisms of our own country have been pretty thoroughly "covered" by our novelists; but their use has just begun. No place or type has really come into its own until it has found embodiment in a story of

universal meaning. Hawthorne's Salem, Howells's Boston, Cable's New Orleans, Masters's Spoon River, are all of moment beyond the hour and place because of their fidelity to the hour and place. Something of this has always been suspected by American story-tellers; but until very lately the larger fidelity to humanity through race and place has been more or less confounded with a worship of "local color" for its own sake. Now we are getting a fiction with its tap-root in the soil. The American novel is less and less self-conscious about its Americanism or its localism. And in consequence it is deepening for our own uses and making itself felt abroad as something far more significant if less picturesque than the costume-and-ver-nacular stuff which was all that the world would have from us in the nineteenth century.

And, thanks largely to the war, this tendency to reach out and comprehend is increasingly reciprocal. It is plain that no force now active in America, not even the force of popular government as represented by senatorial majorities, can clamp down again the shutters or readjust the blinders that kept us from seeing what an interesting place the big world is. Amazing how our idea of foreign parts has changed already. Once we used them for touring purposes, as Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" slyly or ingenuously (according as you interpret the author) set forth our sense of everything outside America as outworn or artificial or absurd—outlandish! It was great fun those days, to jog round the globe and chuckle at the silly ways of foreigners, safe in the consciousness that New York or West Sarum, Illinois, was waiting there, back home, with its sane ways and sensible language to fall back on when the sights

and the gibberish elsewhere got to be a bore; back home where the frogs and wops and chinks had, in the main or at least in public, to toe the American mark.

Naturally our fiction made similar use of regions "abroad". The adventure romancers found what they wanted there, in the picturesqueness and remoteness of princesses, pirates, sacred jewels, and so on. The smells of the East were invaluable, and touches of native jargon, Paris or Hindustan, "helped a lot" in creating the desired illusion of atmosphere. But you took none of that seriously—it was just the understood and necessary trickery of the trade. Once, some time back, Kipling seemed to be opening a window for us; but Kipling, after all, while he posed as an insider in his India, was really the British outsider condescending to the place and people of his momentary sojourn. Never for a moment does he fail to think of his "natives" as of an inferior race; and the thrilling thing about his most popular poem is the ineffable generosity of the white man who actually gives the wall to Gunga Din. For a moment we tolerate the surprising suspicion that even the brown man may be a burden-bearer in his way. In his way—that was it: poor devil, it could never be our way. Kipling's "East is East and West is West" put another hasp on the shutter of our real vision of what lies beyond the white man's (that is, the Anglo-American's) easy apprehension.

Not that our own more serious fiction has failed to make valuable use of, and in some measure to interpret, races and places without our own gates. We had acquired, for instance, a by no means trivial Rome from Hawthorne and Howells and Marion Crawford. But of the Rome of Rome's nov-

elists we knew nothing or next to nothing, of the Italian as seen and interpreted by himself. Or this was nearly true; for it occurs to me that ten or a dozen years ago excellent English versions of Fogazzaro and one or two others were beginning to appear. They seem to have found a very limited audience, though. Of Spanish life as interpreted by her many brilliant novelists we knew nothing. De Maupassant was the only French writer a large English public really had any acquaintance with. There were the Russians, of course, whom the enthusiasm of Howells and others had lifted to a kind of ardently gloomy following; and Ibsen's vogue led to the venture of translating now and then some bit of Scandinavian fiction which was fairly sure of critical praise and popular neglect. South America, of course, was not on the literary map. Somehow we hadn't waked up to the realization of the immense riches of fiction from which we were shut off not by any fatal barrier of racial character or temperament, but by a mere stupid film of language.

But now we are discovering as a nation what so many of our boys and girls discovered "over there" on a recent occasion,—that these unlucky foreigners have homes of their own worth admiring, and decent ways, and honest laughter, and even morals above contempt. The French war stories, and Couperus, and Bojer and other Scandinavians, and Ibáñez and a whole flock of Spaniards, and newly conveyed masterpieces from South America and the Balkans and where not: all these are now a part of the regular fare of most intelligent and (the real test of a tendency) many unintelligent readers, in England and America. I don't think any sort of radical international tendency is re-

sponsible for our aroused knowledge of and interest in these new literary possessions. But what "gets" us in these books, from so many different quarters and racial stocks, in so many different tongues, is that they have so patently a common denominator. For all their differences of color and finish, their human texture is the same. How much like us, when we get them on the basis of a common tongue, these people are or how much like them we are! Laughter and anguish, greed and sacrifice, love and death: these, it seems, are also the great concerns of people "abroad", of the foreigners whose kinship we have had hidden from us by obstacles of dress and manner and accent. Our response to this opening of the doors to foreign fiction is fast growing more general and generous. A sound foundation is being laid for future understanding, whether it is to call itself internationalism or a leaguening of nations or just a broadly human entente. From what the booksellers report, and from the evidence of the publishers' output and announcements, we Americans are actually looking for good stuff from all points of the compass with some eagerness, in strong contrast with the passive resistance we offered "foreign translations" before the war.

I suspect that one of our weaknesses as a racial reading public is that we are so much split up. We cannot, like the Latins, take our religion humorously and our humor lightly. In a way humor seems to be our religion, whenever sentiment isn't; our partition between the two is stout. In other words we resign ourselves to being either that solemn ass Youth,—the fellow who wouldn't be able to keep on loving and daring if he ever got a glimpse of himself in the glass,

—or this professional funny man, whose sense of the incongruous forbids that he should admire anything heartily. In everyday life an American who cannot handle the humorous patter of the moment as well as his neighbor is sadly handicapped in the game of social existence. A few slang phrases will serve his turn; but he must seem to use them with a gusto. If this goes bitterly against his grain, there is a kind of sanctuary for him in the solemn-ass stories of the sentimentalists: which somehow have a pretty good standing of their own. Whether we like ourselves better as solemn asses or as silly asses is nobody's business, but it might be better if we did not need to settle ourselves deliberately in either corner of the lit-

erary stable. Fiction really is capable of gradations between "Dere Mable" and "The Re-creation of Brian Kent"; and it will be a good thing for the world at large when the vast majority of our fellow citizens who write and read novels awake to the fact.

Let us not end, however, upon this self-depreciatory note. Without flapping her wings too loudly or screaming too shrilly, post-bellum America may fairly take comfort in her generally respectable attitude toward the novel as a serious form of art, whether for the delectation or the edification of her children. The pursuit of rot for its own sake becomes, on the whole, a less popular and less generally tolerated sport among both the writers and the readers of our fiction.

NOLENS VOLENS

An Eccentric Sonnet, in a New Form

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

WHY should I pen a sonnet to a maid
 Whose cold, unanswering look, like painted fire,
 No warmth possesses and can none impart?
 Why should I write (and after all I've said
 To kindle bright the flame of her desire!)
 Mere words of love that sting, like poisoned dart,
 Not her who reads, but—ah!—the poet's heart!

What lass, with half the wooing I have done
 Would not with twice the loving thus repay
 An honest lover with an honest lot,
 And glad herself, make still a happier one?
 Why should I pen a sonnet, then, this day
 To her for love of whom I lie distraught?
 Why should I pen a sonnet?—Nay, I'll not!!

THE LONDONER

Profits from Novel-Writing — Hardy's Technique — John Galsworthy — Dangers to the London Book Trade — Forthcoming Novels by Wells, George, Walpole, Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence — "Reputations" and Douglas Goldring — Literary Critics Love One Another — St. John Ervine's Adaptation — Publishers' Readers Who also Turn an Honest Penny.

LONDON, June 1, 1920.

OF purely literary news there is very little to record at the moment, because, while most of our authors must be busy upon one form or another of literary activity, there has rarely been a time when there has been less sign of their busyness. London has lately been occupied with two principal events—the will of the late Charles Garvice, and its contrast with that of Dickens, and with the eightieth birthday of Thomas Hardy. Garvice left, as the result of his brilliant capture of the cheap market for love stories of a popular character, no less than £71,000 (on the old exchange \$355,000), and Dickens left £80,000. I doubt if many other English authors will leave as much. Hall Caine, with so many successful plays to his credit, may do so. I cannot at the moment recall the name of anybody else likely to reach such an amount. Our normally successful writers are good spenders, and I suppose there is always temptation in the notion that as much money as a popular book produces can always be made by a successor. In general, however, incomes from literature run somewhat lower, unless the author has the good fortune to attain early success in both

England and America, and to live long thereafter, with the same success. Naturally, film rights will in future lead to the making of larger sums. May they be as well husbanded as the profits of Charles Garvice! There is nothing like pecuniary rewards for creating the assumption in the ordinary mind that literature is a thing of real importance, and a calling of which one need not be ashamed.

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Hardy, I am sure, will leave nothing like the sum credited to Garvice. For one thing, he has written fewer books, and, for another, their total sales must be smaller than those of the great novel merchant (I use the term without disrespect). But Hardy enjoys the respect of almost all intelligent English readers. He stands right at the head of living novelists. I remember reading, however, in a critical book by Ford Madox Hueffer, the assertion that his work is not "technically interesting". This is very good, but not quite true. I still think that the technical skill of the first few chapters of "The Woodlanders" is extraordinary. Moreover, the entire technique of so early a book as "Under the Greenwood Tree" has always

struck me as remarkable. This to mention no others. On his eightieth birthday Hardy is to receive an address of congratulation from the Authors' Society. It is to be conveyed to Dorchester by Augustine Birrell, John Galsworthy, and Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins. I am reminded that one paper, still befogged about Galsworthy's status, calls him "Sir John". This is a reminder of a lamentable mistake in a recent "Honours List", when Galsworthy's acceptance of a knighthood was wrongly assumed, and the honor was declined. I do not know whether one can really decline a title after it has been bestowed and announced; but the fact is that Galsworthy remains plain "Mr." to those who know him.

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Galsworthy's new play, "The Skin Game", has long passed the consecutive "run" of any other play of his. It is characteristically serious and sincere work, probably the best thing on the boards at the moment, and enthusiastically received in some quarters; but it suffers from the author's preference for types over humans, and is not a really great play, as some would have us believe. All the same, I am glad that it is having the success it clearly enjoys, for it is a remarkable thing that in the theatre Galsworthy has always been hitherto disappointed of any large public. Golden opinions he has always won, but not recompense in the Garvician sense. In the novel, on the other hand, he has really reaped a full harvest of popularity.

* * * *

What terrifies me at the moment is not any question concerning the income of writers like Garvice or Galsworthy or Hardy, but the dangers to which every kind of book is now liable. I can only repeat what I hear, but

there seems to be truth in the reports which reach me from several sources as to the alarming prospects for the future. In order to justify my fears I must mention some of the stories which have been told me. First of all, costs of production advance so overwhelmingly that it becomes increasingly difficult to make books pay upon prewar or even wartime sales (wartime sales being, on the whole, larger than sales were before reading became a national pastime). In order to make a profit, publishers have been driven to raise their prices. So far, so good. Everything else, except tube fares, park seats, and public lavatories, has gone up, and there seems no logical reason why books should not cost more. But I am told that the public is showing the cloven hoof. Not only has it turned against the plays upon which it has been feeding for the last six years, to the great prosperity of the producers and their parasites. It is beginning to jib at the prices of books. It is refusing to buy them. What with the hot weather and possibly the absence of any really noteworthy productions, the booksellers are receiving less than their fair share of patronage. They wait for customers in relatively empty shops. Naturally they are cutting down their orders for newer books. They are afraid of a serious slump. Perhaps it will not come; but they are afraid of it. Booksellers are a timid class, and naturally; for, if they are not careful, they can be made to carry heavy dead stocks, and their losses may well be disastrous unless some leaven of enthusiasm comes to the rescue.

Books, then, are not booming. They are "slow". It is quite true that novels published before the war at 4s. 6d. ~~net~~ are now published at 8s. net or 8s. 6d.

net or 9s. net. They cannot be produced, at a profit, for less. But if the public will not pay the price, something will have to be done. Already there is little enough in it, when all the manufacturers and agents have taken their increased prices. I shall wait, therefore, with interest to see what happens. But this is not all. You may think that I am too much of an alarmist. Very well, perhaps I am. But what comes after? I hear that of the big London booksellers two at least are in a most unfortunate position for bookbuyers. These two firms are among the largest there are in the West End. And one of them has had his shop sold away from him to a firm of cheap jewelers (although he offered a hefty price for it himself), so that he will in a few months' time be without a place to lay his stock. And the other, an old-established firm, has recently been bought up by a large haberdashery house, which, if the business does not show a proper investment return, will be able at the end of a fixed term to take over the premises for its ordinary business. This is indeed a poor lookout for the West End of London, which contains already too few first-class shops in which one can buy anything but the cheapest kind of book.

Paper was recently said to be coming down in price; but I am told that this, in the cant phrase, is "only a rumor". What happened was that some people who had been holding large stocks in expectation of a further rise in price suddenly took fright at the newspaper tales of slumping prices everywhere, and began to unload at a slightly reduced figure. The relief affected only one or two hasty purchasers, and there is no sign at the moment of any genuine reduction. Therefore publishers are faced with

difficulties no less than they had foreseen.

It must not be thought that books are being held up by these disquieting movements. Far from it. I marvel at the stuff I see advertised in the literary papers. Some of it must be extraordinary rubbish. Who buys it, I cannot think. But then it is always a mystery to me who buys anything in the shape of new books. That is not a luxury I allow myself. It is certain that many houses are galloping on with huge lists, or if not huge ones at any rate lists containing books which I should personally regard as very poor starters. It would be invidious to mention names, but I am amazed at the adventurousness of some of our medium houses. May their confidence be justified! Or, rather, may the books which they are embarking upon the troubled waters be better than they seem from their titles and the things I hear about their contents!

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One or two items of news suggest that the autumn may see some interesting novels. Wells is at work upon one, about which I have heard no details. W. L. George, I hear, has finished a story of the press and journalistic experience. About the last one that was published (Philip Gibbs's "The Street of Adventure", which was rather too romantically named and conceived) had a certain vogue, and of course Courlander's "Mightier than the Sword" attracted some attention. As a rule, however, the newspaper novel does not amuse the general public to any great extent. I was long ago warned of this by a novelist who was the least "literary" novelist I ever met. He said, "Books about writers are always rot, and they never sell." I expect that George's book will disprove this assertion. I hope it will be better

than most. But I wonder how any novelist can make a journalist a romantic figure. I would as soon undertake to create romance out of a novelist or a publisher!

To come to some of the other items of the autumn fiction list. Hugh Walpole, just back from what seems to have been a remarkably happy and successful tour in America,—where I gather he made many new friends and renewed several older relationships,—has revised and completed a long story which should cut a great figure in the world. It is called, at present, "The Captives", and contains somewhere about a quarter of a million words. Good gracious! What a feat in these days! However, Walpole likes long novels himself—witness his enthusiasm for Trollope—and where there has been such enjoyment in the writing there must surely be enjoyment even greater in the reading, for the innumerable admirers of Walpole's work, both in America and England.

Mackenzie has so recently published "The Vanity Girl" that I should not imagine his next novel will be ready before 1921; but when it comes it ought to be, from what I am told about its title, a sort of companion piece to "Poor Relations". I will not say more about it at present, in case I betray a confidence; but I hope it will be a better book than "The Vanity Girl", which is being stoned into great sale here.

There is one excellent piece of news which I am glad to record. This is that D. H. Lawrence has completed a new story. It is only just finished, and the author, who is living now in Sicily, seems in it to have departed somewhat from the work with which his name has latterly been associated. As I have not seen the book I cannot say what its theme is, but I am told

that it is humorous, which promises a complete breakaway. The title under which the book is to appear delights me. It is "The Bitter Cherry".

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Many of our young writers have received adulation this year at the hands of that enthusiastic essayist, S. P. B. Mais. Perhaps Mr. Mais's book ought properly to have been published before, rather than after, one that has just appeared here. This is Douglas Goldring's "Reputations". In the new book several of the reputations made or recorded with such glee by Mr. Mais are blasted untimely by a remorseless young critic. Goldring, however, lives in a glass house, for his own activities in the novel are not few, and it will be perfectly easy for the writers attacked to turn up their august noses at this young man's strictures by comparing his creative work with their own. Of course they will do no such thing! They never do! No novelist ever thinks his own work better than that of his critics. Yet I am advised by a sagacious observer that the young novelists as a whole are less jealous of one another than are the young poets. It may be that the young novelists are not capable of such sensitiveness as the young poets, or that they are better self-pleased. I do not, however, think this is true. In fact I am surprised how humane our young writers are toward one another. And how friendly are our young poets, who seem endlessly to review each other's books in the weekly press. The literary life is a strange one. When I adopted it I never guessed how strange.

Goldring has been about in the literary world for a number of years, but during some part of the war he was in Ireland. Years ago, he was in the office of "The English Review", when

it was run by Ford Madox Hueffer. In this capacity he read the proofs and seems to have had considerable opportunities for meeting and appraising many of the well-known writers who made "The English Review" in its early days the most distinguished thing of its kind in the market. He then, I think, edited a monthly magazine called "The Tramp", and published several travel books. Since that time he has written novels, one of which I have certainly seen advertised recently in American papers; and quite lately he has appeared in the rôle of satirist. The objects of his satire have been his contemporaries, the poets. It was Goldring who invented the phrase "infant Sitwells baying at the moon" and the name of "the Wufflet" for young Alec Waugh, the author (at some precocious age) of "The Loom of Youth". It is amusing to see that Alec Waugh bears no malice for this disrespectful nickname, for "Reputations" is published by Chapman and Hall, with which firm the name of Arthur Waugh (Alec's father) has long been associated. Alec Waugh is himself a member of the firm.

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Talking above of the kindness of our young writers to each other reminds me to relate this anecdote. The other evening I met one of the most prominent literary critics in this country. I was pleased with him. Later I met another, even more distinguished literary critic. The conversation turned upon the first. (It should be understood that both these men belong to an older generation than the one I have been discussing.) The second dismissed Number One. He said: "Oh, he's no good." I said, surprised: "Really? I thought he was supposed to be rather good." Number Two an-

swered: "Yes, he is. But, if you know what I mean, he's as near being good as a man can be who is *no* good!" The anecdote is not without its point. I now wait for an opportunity of learning the opinion of Number One upon his detractor. It should be very interesting. I ought perhaps to explain that in the comment as made to me there was not the least animus. Indeed, there was a special declaration that Number One was "a dear chap". I must admit that this attitude of one man in the same line toward another who is in no sense an immediate rival has immense interest for me. I am sometimes accused of being ungenerous to my neighbors, a charge which I always feel to be unjust; and I think this somewhat expert judgment is as good an example of candid appraisal as I know. One cannot help having opinions upon others in the same department of work, and there ought to be some rule whereby one is not debarred from candor through a fear of being thought jealous. I have heard scientists speak with a feeling which is generally absent from even the most scathing comments of literary men. Strangely enough, I have heard more praise of rivals from doctors than from any other class; but it must be remembered that doctors have a greater clannish justification for praise of each other than can be generally admitted by other sections of the community. They necessarily must preserve the prestige of their craft. I am told that the greatest sinners in respect of inter-praise or common feeling—what is called "sticking together"—are Jews, Scotsmen, Roman Catholics, Cambridge men, and another class not to be mentioned in print. They "stick together". With doctors, as I have said, the reason is apparent. They are

professionals. Also, I am a layman; and naturally one is most likely to hear candid criticism from professionals to professionals.

Professionalism is a fascinating subject. All professionals talk "shop", and I like shop. To invert the remark of the old lady who did not like green peas, I like shop, and I'm glad I like shop, because if I didn't like it I should never hear it, and I like it. Hazlitt once wrote an essay on the conversation of literary men, in which he said that whoever had ever enjoyed it never wanted to listen to any other kind of conversation. Personally I agree with Hazlitt, but I wonder if the average person would do the same. What I have quoted earlier about the distaste of the reading public for novels about writers of any kind would seem to suggest the reply. But on the other hand, there has to be recalled the fact that such causeries as this (I except my own, of course, from so favorable a generalization) are extremely popular, both in England and America. I do not like to hear amateurs talking about books. Their talk never seems to me to have any "body". But I do like to hear practitioners in any craft talking about their work. It may be snobbery, but I feel that I am listening to something authentic. That is why, although I detest tea-parties such as the women writers of all countries enjoy, I like nothing better than to hear several men speaking intimately about the things they care most for, in the most technical way. It is a pleasing occupation to listen to such. Today I heard three writers extolling a novel called "La Chartreuse de Parme" to another writer who had never read that great novel. It pleased me to hear their expert comments. The comments would not have persuaded a non-writer. To me they were

conclusive. One man said, with an air of finality: "The Brothers Karamazov', 'War and Peace', and 'La Chartreuse de Parme' are the three greatest novels ever written". That's the sort of thing I like to hear said. And it was not contradicted. How could it be?

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St. John Ervine is coming back to the States later on, I hear, to be present at the production of an extraordinarily interesting adaptation for the stage, made by himself, of one of the earliest and most fascinating novels of a writer often mentioned in this causerie. It is a remarkable thing that in the course of the work Ervine made an interesting discovery. He tried to use as much as possible of the original dialogue. As stage dialogue it was as ineffective as in the novel it was appropriate and right. It all had to be rewritten. This serves to show how different are the arts of the novel and the play. When the play is produced it will be charming to make the comparison for oneself, and see just where the difference lies. Ervine's novel "The Foolish Lovers" is not yet out here; but it must be almost ready. It is being published by Collins, for whom J. D. Beresford (a friend of Ervine's, as all who know him must be) acts as reader.

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Beresford, like some other novelists who act in a similar capacity for publishers, issues his books through the firm for which he "reads". But there are others, again, who do the reverse. I was interested the other day to learn of the career of C. E. Lawrence (no relation to D. H.), who is a novelist, and whose later novels have all appeared with the Collins imprint. His must be almost a unique case, for he started doing other work in the office of

John Murray, and only later qualified as a professional reader and writer. Naturally, it is of enormous importance to a publisher to have as his adviser somebody who really knows something about contemporary authors. Beresford is a case in point. Nobody would deny him a considerable acquaintance with what is valuable in modern letters. His long experience as a journalist has taught him to "size up" talent when it comes his way, and in that secondary branch of "reading", the introduction of new books of more than common interest, he must be invaluable to his firm.

It would be interesting to know just exactly how many professional writers are also "readers". Several, such as E. V. Lucas, are well known to exercise the double function; but the number is much larger than is generally supposed. After all, the task of being "a sort of a kind of hermaphrodite, soldier and sailor too" is an invidious one, because rejected authors may misunderstand the causes of their misfortune, and attribute it to the wrong motive. I do not think there can be much of that. All such men are liable to err, but they are most keen of all to discover what is good, as well as what is salable. I wonder how they attain their position. Either, I suppose, they drift into reading as a side-show, or they write to some extent in self-defense. And, in the latter instance, do they ever feel tempted to steal ideas? It would be hard to say. A novel I once read, called "A Marrying Man" ("readers" being, apparently, amorously inflammable creatures), made the hero, a reader, lift for his own fell purposes the whole notion of a novel which he had professionally examined. Other tales by writers equally trustworthy have brought similar charges. I do not be-

lieve one of them. The game would be too risky. All the same, one would rather rely upon a reader who was the dumb background figure which one never saw. He, one would think, should be above suspicion of bias or dishonesty. I must inquire into this matter.

As far as I recollect, I have never seen a man who professionally "read" a published book of mine. Strangely enough, I once received from a publisher a copy of his reader's report upon an early effort which has been long destroyed. I believe my notorious modesty must be due to this early contact with critical candor. One phrase haunts me still (I am not going to quote it). It is like an epitaph, far more accurate than the one that Keats wrote for himself because I am afraid it is still the last word in criticism of my amiable, well-intentioned work. I have seen few publishers' reports since then, though I have written a few; but I have never seen any upon my own books. I sometimes wonder if all reports are as compellingly ruthless in their analysis of youthful talent as the one I remember. Also, I wonder if many publishers "tell" what their readers think. I do not believe they do, and it is probably just as well. Otherwise, only those writers with overweening confidence (or, of course, insuperable modesty) would persist in writing books at all. Thus, many a masterpiece would be lost to the world, for I find that few authors care for the truth as it is seen regarding their work by somebody else. I am reminded of the true story of an author who asked for the candid opinion of an expert. The opinion was candidly given. The author, puzzled and chagrined, said, disappointedly: "Oh, I thought you really *knew!*"

SIMON PURE

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

The Title is ---

MAGNIFICENTLY simple! Like all great ideas. (That's how you know them for the great ideas they are, isn't it? By their magnificent simplicity. Yes. For of course in practice they never work out just right. . . .) Well, I got it from reading an interview with George Moore, an interview extracted from George Moore (with exquisite difficulty) by George Moore. He was defending his course in publishing his books at two guineas apiece, edition limited to one thousand copies. And the principal argument he used was his aversion to anything savoring of commercialism in literature. Convincing, he was! But a moment later I thought of a point Moore had overlooked, a point about titles.

He ought not to use them. He ought to number his works. "Opus 7", by George Moore, is sufficient. The title means nothing to his readers, nor does the ostensible theme of his work. For them, it is enough that a new book by George Moore offers. They will subscribe for it before publication, anyway; what do they care for the title? They know what it will be—Some Moore by George Moore. A title is bait; it has a commercial taint. An artist should be above such a play to the public.

This was clear, conclusive—as all aspects of art inevitably are the instant they present themselves. But, I

reflected, if this is the case respecting Mr. Moore, it is the case respecting all our writers whose work, in the words of Mr. Conrad, "aspires to the condition of art". Or whose work, so aspiring, is generally conceded to attain its artistic goal. For example, take Mr. Conrad, whose new novel "The Rescue" is, I believe, his twenty-third volume. "Opus 23", by Joseph Conrad, is all that *I*, for one, care to know. And that must be true of ninety-nine per cent of Conrad's readers. The remaining one per cent read him by a mistake on the part of the librarian in getting hold of the wrong volume.

Everybody knows, anyway, that there are not enough good titles to go around. The use of opus-numbers would avoid some vexing duplications, such as occur yearly. It would avoid title-misunderstandings, which are among the most lamentable misfortunes of readers. The classic anecdote, probably, is of the sheep-grower who asked for Ruskin, misled by the title which suggested valuable advice about his business. Ruskin was notably misleading in his titles. On the other hand, some titles mean nothing until you read the story—"Nostromo", for instance; though if you know Italian or Spanish you may glean an idea from hearing the name (and scarcely the right one). After one has read a book, "Opus 17" is as good a handle by which to refer to it as "Sawdust" or "Green Pomegranates".

But perhaps it will be argued that numbers are hard to remember. In the field of music, they seem not to be. I am not in doubt when I hear someone speak of the "Fifth Symphony"; "Beethoven's" is assumed unless you say you mean someone else's fifth. "His third novel" when talking of Joseph Hergesheimer is enough. Why bother with "The Three Black Pennys"?

It will be adduced, very likely, that even in music opus-numbers are scanted for titles—the "Pathetic Symphony", etc. My answer is that these titles are more often than not misleading, as in the instance of the "Moonlight Sonata". The best composers use them sparingly, though, to be sure, they are partly at the mercy of persons who "program" their compositions, telling what it is all about in the outrageous fashion in which publishers too frequently treat their authors' masterpieces on the paper jacket.

But in all this I am reasonable. I do not recommend opus-numbers for short stories, remember! To open "The Saturday Evening Post" and find spread across the top of a page, "Opus 7,932, by Ben Ames Williams", would be distinctly unsatisfactory because one's attention would be drawn to the fact that Mr. Williams had produced his 7,932nd piece of fiction and a doubt might creep in.... No, only for books. Then, except in the case of Carolyn Wells whose books number well over a hundred, the size of the opus-number could scarcely excite undue attention. And think of the double-stress the use of opus-numbers would confer on the name of the author! Then, indeed, would authors come into their full estate as they cannot quite do now. For even in the case of E. Phillips Oppenheim, the attraction of such a title as "The Great

Impersonation" undoubtedly sold some copies of the book and detracted, by a trifle, from the glory that was E. Phillips and the grandeur that was Oppenheim.

Do you recall how, a hundred or more years ago, an author always had a title that took up a whole page? Like: "The Wicked Wonder; Being an Account of a Marvellous but Thorough-Attested Circumstance Occurring in the County of Somerset Whereby", etc., running the reader breathless before he got to chapter I? Later we got rid of this habit and now the only survival of it is introductions by Mr. Wells and title-headings of De Morgan's chapters. Nowadays the ideal title is a crisp enigma, like "Sawdust". The next step is to replace "Sawdust" by "Opus 17". There is no objection that I can see to a further word or two where the author's work has been in various departments. For example, let us suppose that Agnes Semicolon has written three books of an inspirational character, called "Opus 1", "Opus 2", and "Opus 3" respectively. She now writes a novel. "Novel No. 1 (Opus 4)" by Agnes Semicolon seems to me a perfectly proper formula to be recited on the title-page. I am not so strict, either, as not to allow occasionally such a designation as "Short Stories in the Key of Compassion", by Joshua Standstill—entirely analogous to "Somebody's Songs in E-Flat". Which reminds me that I wish when people translate a work from another language they would not so frequently think it necessary to transpose it, too. Songs may be required to be transposed for particular voices; but literature scarcely requires to be transposed for a presumed different order of intelligence. Although...perhaps...if some good American novels were

transposed a little, they might get across in England.

Another little thing: if I write a novel all I can hope for now is to sell first serial, dramatic, movie, second serial, and reprint rights (besides what the book brings in, and such picayunes as translation, etc.). If I come through with "Opus 4", say, I am confident I can sell it, additionally and enormously, for exclusive reproduction on the victorgraph.

—GRANT M. OVERTON

A Bonus for the Poet

THE very elegance and subjectiveness of the poetic mood allow the gaunt wolf's gnawing such ample opportunity of making itself felt, that the poets' most pressing demand is not for amaranth and moly,—however they may rave on in verse,—but for good strong food and plenty of it. And how are we going to satisfy that demand? It used to be that when a poet's wife came bearing bills he would simply say, "What, \$20 for the butcher? I'll have to dig up another dead love!" Whereupon he would seize his quill, and thousands of eyes would shortly dew up over some such result as this:

Swift on the primrose's first flush
From twilight grasses where she long has lain,
In some dim, gasping, lark-sweet hush
She will come back, she will come back again.

And he is right—she will come back, whenever bills press at this particular season. Her chances of remaining buried more than a year at a stretch are growing slimmer all the time, and the worst of it is that little good will come of her sacrifice. Dead loves used to be good for a week or two but now they don't provide food for more than

three or four days. Likewise with shoes and armchairs and all the rest of the poetic paraphernalia,—while they have kept the modern pace in actual cost, their buying power has shrunk with the years until the little worn shoe in mother's hand is hardly worth a cabbage and the empty armchair simmering by the fire won't bring a peck of potatoes.

Either the market value of poetic wares will have to be inflated to fit present-day conditions or some sort of bonus will have to be provided for our singing brothers: for the tradition that poets are thin and eat but sparingly is like most traditions in that it won't bear investigation. As a matter of fact poets are heavily cushioned as a race (the ill-advised exposure of a young bard's photograph having been known to spoil the sale of an entire edition of delicate verse); and if they have a hungry look, it does not mean that secretly their appetites are less carnal than ours—only more insatiate. Some of the tenderest lyrics of our time have been inspired by the rosiness of beef or the delicate brown of spring lamb eaten incognito, but it is only when a poet has attained great years or reputation that he may allow the perfect health of his appetite to be fully sensed.

I have seen a greybeard of the profession at a public dinner, while discoursing of fauns and white lilies, "wrap himself around" as a vulgar expression has it, not only his own meal but those of his neighbors on either side, holding his victims spellbound with one hand and eating with the other. And it is said that no less a person than D'Annunzio serves himself with half a block of ice cream and divides the other half among his ten companions.

—CONSTANCE MURRAY GREENE

THE SOCIALIZATION OF THE LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Librarian, St. Louis Public Library

WHEN one man lends another a dollar, we may focus our attention on the dollar, or on the men. The transaction remains the same in either case, but we fit it differently into our mental scheme of things, and its reaction on what we think and what we do is different in the two instances. This is typical of much. The material world is made up of persons and things; both enter into most of the events that interest us. We are naturally so little introspective that things first claim our attention. After a while we begin to discover ourselves and others. Persons begin to interest us; we become socialized.

This is what is happening to the public library. The things and persons of its world are books and readers. Focusing his attention at first solely on the books, the early librarian built strongholds to keep them safe; he studied their material and the ways of putting it together. He devised ways of arranging them on the shelves and catalogues to enable him to find them. In doing all this he was thinking of himself, as the custodian of the books, not of the reader—still less of the community as a body of potential readers. This was natural, of course. The physical conditions of book construction were such that a book was a rare and precious thing, not to be han-

dled lightly. The community at large neither cared for books nor knew how to read them.

The tale of how these conditions came to be altered is the story of the progress of civilization since the invention of printing. Books are now easily duplicated in great quantity: the ability to read and understand them has become the rule rather than the exception; the users of books, beginning as a small and restricted group, now embrace, or should embrace, nearly all members of the community. Why not all? The very fact that the librarian asks this question shows that he is taking the social viewpoint. It is but a step from asking to answering, or making the attempt. A step further is to act, and action of this kind is now being taken by American libraries. It explains the many library activities in which, according to European librarians, we have gone altogether beyond our sphere. They are right, provided the attention is focused on the book alone. We are right from our own standpoint, because we are thinking primarily now not of the book but of the reader, and not altogether of actual readers but also of potential ones.

Why should a librarian inquire into the characteristics of the residents in his community—their nationality,

their literacy, their interests? Why should he make an effort to get in touch with their various groups; religious, political, racial, educational, and social? Why should he offer such of these as are organized, a meeting-place in his buildings? Why should he endeavor to extend and supplement the education of those who are inadequately educated? Why should he be interested in social welfare, in business and industry, in all sorts of community movements, in conventions, in churches, in political campaigns? All these things seem far removed from the functions of a simple custodian of books. And they are so removed. But they are very near indeed to one who is on the lookout for readers, actual and potential. They are sometimes near when they do not seem to be so. They are akin to the so-called "general advertising" which is a reflex of the growing socialization of business. You may notice in the advertising pages of magazines not only publicity intended to direct your attention to Smith's cameras and Jones's tractors, but also to the merits of tractors and cameras in general. The librarian is trying to interest his community in books in general and in the things that will lead them to books; and this includes almost all forms of social activity—religious, political, educational, and industrial.

Anyone who does not understand this viewpoint should ponder the related developments in the business and industrial world. Take modern salesmanship, for instance, with its insistence on psychology. The salesman deals with shoes, with hardware, with foodstuffs. Where does psychology touch these? It does not touch them at all; but he deals also with buyers, and in his relations with them psychology is all important, especially

when the buyers are only potential and he wishes to make them actual. Take industry, where a large part of the employer's time is now occupied with plans for holding his men, for maintaining their health and strength, and for keeping them satisfied and good-natured. Everywhere we see signs that the world is awaking to the importance of its human content; the socialization of the library is only a small section of what is happening.

One of the satisfactory features of a policy that deals primarily with people instead of things is that man is a self-mover, physically and mentally. Mohammed, as the familiar quip goes, found it far easier to go to the mountain than to induce the mountain to come to him. All that we have to do to man is to start the wheels and guide them; there is no dead weight to be dealt with. And in most cases the wheels are ready to move: there is steady pressure against the obstacles due to our own ignorant and passive attitude. Modify that attitude; clear away the barrier; there will be instant results.

We have in the St. Louis Public Library and its branches about fifteen rooms that are available for public meetings. In the course of the year about four thousand such gatherings are held under our roofs—all that we can accommodate. Staff-rooms, work-rooms, even corridors have been pressed into service upon occasion. We do not have to urge anyone to use our facilities. We do not have to go out and form clubs "under the auspices" of the library. The club microbe is normally present in the human subject. Give it a culture-medium and it begins at once to form colonies. The corner saloon used to be a good place for it to multiply. It responds quickly to environment;

what kind of groups would you expect to be controlled and guided by that particular kind of hospitality? In the library they take on a different guise. They may be political, educational, industrial, religious, musical, or social. They may represent any one of a thousand crystallizations and recrystallizations of community thought and effort. We make but two requirements—freedom and order.

“But these are not libraries at all, they are community clubs!” This was the illuminating comment of an eminent architect after he had listened to an explanation of what would be required in a system of branch library buildings. He was quite right; the socialization of the library has naturally and inevitably made a club of it—a club of which all well-behaved citizens are members, with nominal dues payable yearly to the tax-collector. This has been a perfectly natural development. Nobody, whether librarians or public, has fought very hard for it; certainly nobody has opposed it. It has come about like the growing of plants in a garden; it is the result of evolution, not of revolution.

Of course the use of the library's buildings for community gatherings is not the only evidence of its socialization. The social trend may now appear almost anywhere throughout its organization. In registering their readers many libraries are now grouping them; the librarian can show you a separate card-index of children, of negroes, of aliens, of non-residents. This is but a beginning. We may in the future be able to turn to files of those who are interested in numismatics or of workers in the various local industries. As is always the case, the public, which has no traditions of technique, is continually demanding, in a way that betrays recognition of

the socializing process, information that is far beyond our present power to give. The historical society wants a mailing-list of persons who read local history; an investigating cleric asks: “What do clergymen read?” These are social questions: they are about people. We cannot answer them from our records, because the socializing process has not yet modified this part of our machinery.

Naturally enough, personnel responds to a socializing tendency sooner than machinery, because it is itself social. But a machine, since it is a tool, is nothing but an extension of personality and will make its belated response in time. I have been curious enough, at this point, to glance at the statistical form filled out by American libraries at the request of the American Library Association. There are in this blank fifty-seven items, of which only seven refer to persons, making a liberal interpretation of the word. There could, perhaps, be no more striking demonstration of the fact that our records are not keeping pace with our practice. This discrepancy runs through all the mechanical part of our work.

Not long ago, in organizing an exhibition of books suitable for Christmas presents, we concluded that the primary objects of our solicitude should be the recipients, and we accordingly classified these and arranged the books in groups according to their suitability for one class of persons or the other. Thus our headings were: “For Housewives”, “For the Idler”, “For Shut-Ins”, “For Reading Aloud”, etc. This exhibition has been held several times at the holiday season; recently I noticed that the assistant in charge of making the list, while retaining the form, had so worded the headings that the groups were again

classified by the subject-matter instead of by reaction of that subject-matter on probable readers. Thus they ran: "For Those Who Enjoy Biographies", "For Travelers", "For Art Lovers"; and they might as well, of course, have been simply "Biography", "Travel", "Art", and so on. This shows that socialized machinery, if not watched, sometimes reverts.

This recognition of groups in the community, not only of readers but of potential readers, is steadily increasing and is an important element in the socialization of the library. It may be said to have begun with the special attention paid to children. Within the memory of persons scarcely past middle life, little or no regard was paid in public libraries to children's reading. Some included no books for them at all; in others, where there were such books, they were selected carelessly and there was no one on the staff who understood children or their needs. Special rooms or accommodations for children were generally unheard of until the late 'nineties. And yet such special recognition has now been accorded to this group of readers that librarians specialize in "children's work", every library has its room for children, with carefully selected stock of books and trained assistants, and there are training-schools that devote themselves almost wholly to this particular branch of library education.

In the same way, although not always to the same extent, recognition is accorded to other groups. In the case of civil servants and legislators, for instance, we now have special library accommodations and collections, often in state capitols and city halls; and a special class for training municipal and legislative reference librarians is conducted by the Wiscon-

sin Library Commission. Educators are recognized as a group by the provision of "teachers' rooms", with special collections in pedagogy, the latest text-books, and all sorts of material for classroom use. Each newly arrived immigrant finds himself grouped by the library with others who speak and read his mother tongue, and provided with books and periodicals in that language, together with material for acquainting him with English and with the new and strange conditions that he must meet in his new home—social, political, religious, industrial, and educational. This is Americanization work devoid of the least shade of propaganda, unless that may be so called which is merely an effort to hasten and ease an adjustment that would otherwise come about slowly and painfully—possibly in some cases not at all.

The latest group to receive interested, almost intensive, service from the library is that of "business men"—a somewhat vague and loose assemblage. There can be no doubt, however, that business and industry of all kinds — commerce, transportation, mining, manufactures—was neglected by the older library. It is now coming into its own. The large industrial organizations are establishing libraries or research departments of their own, and these are multiplying with great rapidity. They are forming connections with the local public libraries which are fast learning that the printed and bound book is not the only item of an up-to-date public collection. Added to this must be pamphlets, manuscripts, folders, broadsides,—everything that can serve as source material for the business investigator, whether what he is after is the determination of a policy involving mil-

lions, or the spelling of a local name in Venezuela or Burma.

The most widespread recognition of groups ever made by libraries was in connection with the war work of the American Library Association. Financed by the Association itself in the early part of the war, this work later became part of that cared for by the united war fund, raised jointly by seven welfare organizations, of which it was one. While this joint action was primarily to avoid multiplicity of "drives", by special request of President Wilson, the recognition of the American Library Association's work as cognate with that of the Y. M. C. A. or the Red Cross was an unconscious admission of the importance of the community and of community groups, in its present scheme of service. Its war service was rendered to groups and sub-groups—to the army, for instance, as one great group, with training-camps, headquarters, and forces in the field as sub-groups; to the navy as a whole and to individual vessels, to the crews of vessels built and operated by the United States Shipping Board, and so on. Since the end of the war this group service has been maintained as far as necessary; and some of it has been taken over by the United States government. It is the desire of the Association to extend it to certain peace groups: for instance, to industrial workers, to the mercantile marine in general, to communities in which there is ignorance of library service or indifference toward it. To this end it is formulating and preparing to carry out a so-called "enlarged program of service", to be financed by general contributions from the friends of libraries.

It will be noted that the service about which we are now speaking has been and will be rendered not by indi-

vidual libraries but by associated libraries as a body,—by a group to groups, which is a further step in socialization. Libraries and library workers have been very fond of grouping themselves, but such groups have in the past functioned largely as bodies for comparing notes and discussing methods of work. They have only recently undertaken constructive programs, although state library associations have been responsible in many instances for the adoption of advanced library legislation and for the recognition by states of the library as an important part of their educational machinery.

Very recently the grouping process has extended to the workers in libraries, considered as members of the industrial public, and has resulted in the formation of unions, staff associations, and the like. The temper of librarians is such that the complete unionization of library staffs, including affiliation with labor organizations, seems quite unlikely. The desire of most librarians is for professional status. There is, however, a feeling that they must get together locally for betterment of various kinds, including increase of salaries. All this is a phase of library socialization, working inward.

There is a trend, too, toward giving library workers a part of some kind in determining details of operation, and to some extent minor policies, in their institutions. We have as yet no library soviet, nor are we likely to have one, but the "shop committees" now being tried in many industrial plants, are being paralleled in libraries—not copied, for we have here an independent manifestation of the socializing tendency. There are "library councils" here, "staff meetings" there, with all sorts of advisory bodies and staff committees to determine or report

upon changes or improvements in library methods and regulations. Occasionally we find such a body that has more than advisory powers—that is as purely legislative as Congress is, restrained only by the librarian's veto as the national body is by that of the President. For instance, in our own library, the various rooms in the central building devoted to the use of the staff—the lunch-room, the locker-rooms, the rest and recreation rooms—are controlled absolutely by a committee of the staff. Theoretically its action may be negatived by the librarian, but no such veto is on record.

It would be strange if this interior socialization did not spread to the outside also, and such is the fact. In other words the users of a library are now taking part, with members of the staff, in administrative work. Of course both staff and readers are members of the public and as such are the ultimate owners of the library, but what they do is entirely apart from their share in the institution as public property. For instance, the share taken by readers in book selection is often large and important. Books are frequently purchased to meet a demand, and this demand is that of the reader, shown sometimes indirectly—almost automatically—by increased circulation or multiplied waiting-lists, sometimes by conversation at the charging-desk, sometimes formally by direct request. The public does not seem to know its privileges and powers in this respect, otherwise direct requests for purchase would be proffered in far greater number. Neither does it realize that it is the ultimate maker

of library rules—even of those that may be looked on by some as harsh or strict. The library's business is to render the best service to the largest number; it cannot, of course, improve service to a few at the expense of the many. Yet when rules are adopted to protect the rights of the many, the few are sure to regard them as the arbitrary edicts of some library czar. Those who object to them have in truth to deal not with librarians but with their fellow readers. The stroller through a park who would like to pick the flowers is restrained ultimately by the fact that were he allowed to do so there would shortly be no park at all for his fellow strollers to enjoy. It is the fact that the sum total of enjoyment obtainable from the flowers is greater when they stay on their stems than when they are transferred to his vases, that is responsible for the inhibition laid upon him, harshly as it may grate upon his desires.

It being entirely proper to close with a moral, we may note here that socialization and cooperation are very closely allied, and that cooperation or "team work" always means an increase in the comforts and opportunities of the many at the expense of those of the individual. So it is with library socialization. Libraries, in paying more attention to their communities of readers and potential readers, are doubtless curtailing individual privileges here and there and perhaps lessening types of individual service. This moral is for those who consider themselves aggrieved thereby; and if they are good citizens they will profit by pondering it.

MR. DOOLEY ALIAS FINLEY PETER DUNNE

BY MORRIS R. WERNER

THERE was a saloon-keeper in Chicago who will go down to posterity under an assumed name, the Anti-Saloon League to the contrary notwithstanding. The assumed name is Mr. Dooley, and the man who assumed it for him is Finley Peter Dunne—the man who created a character for America as famous at home and abroad as Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Dunne came from Chicago, like so many other American writers, and especially humorists. And like those other humorists—George Ade, Ring W. Lardner, and the others—he was a Chicago newspaperman. Finley Peter Dunne became a reporter as soon after he was graduated from the Chicago public schools as a Chicago newspaper would employ him—at the age of eighteen. He worked first for the Chicago “Evening Post”, later became city editor of the Chicago “Times”, and then became managing editor of the Chicago “Journal”.

One James McGarry, a saloon-keeper in Dearborn Street, Chicago, near the office of the Chicago “Tribune”, had a happy way of commenting on what he read in the newspapers concerning everything from politics to society. One day he had been reading of Jay Gould’s funeral, and his comments on that deceased celebrity were so delicious that Dunne, hearing them, thought of writing them out

with slight alterations and additions as the thoughts of a Colonel McNeery. The result appeared in the Chicago “Evening Post”, whereupon Dunne continued to write more of Colonel McNeery’s observations without troubling the original, McGarry, for further inspiration. McGarry began to feel irritation at the way in which he was being used as a medium of things humorous under the thin disguise of McNeery, and it is said that he complained to the editor of the “Evening Post”. The result was the creation of that far-famed individual, Mr. Dooley.

Mr. Dooley first came into prominence in American life at the time of the Spanish-American War, when his comments on the various phases of that expedition made the country and Admiral George Dewey explode with laughter. Mr. Dooley said very little about the World War, however, because that conflict was rather too important and too stern for him. Besides, his creator, Mr. Dunne, was too busy directing the publicity of the War Savings Stamps Campaign to be able to act as ventriloquist to the old man of Arr-chey Road. In his book “Mr. Dooley on Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils” Mr. Dunne has one paper called “On Food in War”, which was written before America entered the conflict. His

comments on a war of starvation are interesting.

When "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War"—Dunne's first collection of his newspaper Dooley articles on the Spanish-American War and allied subjects—appeared in this country it sold an edition of ten thousand copies each month for the first six months. It was so popular that several firms of British publishers immediately pirated the book, and it sold widely in Great Britain and her colonies, the English reviewers acclaiming its author as a new Artemus Ward. In 1899 Dunne went to London with his American publisher, to settle with the London publishers of Mr. Dooley. They were able to bring about a settlement. But Dunne had his fun out of the incident. In the second Dooley book, "Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen", he dedicates the book:

To
Sir George Newnes, Bart.
Messrs. George Routledge & Sons
Limited

And Other Publishers Who Uninvited, Presented Mr. Dooley to a Part of the British Public
This second book was even more popular than "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War", for with that first offering, Mr. Dooley had certainly won his way into the hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. Dunne's art consists in taking a national trait which the nation concerned recognizes as such, and developing the humor of that trait to the nth power—but in such a way that the reader never for a moment loses the impression that what he is saying is absolutely true fundamentally. A remarkable feature of all the Dooley books is their lasting quality. Reading everything that Mr. Dunne makes Mr. Dooley say is an experience rather like overeating, but the incidents after many years still retain their flavor.

There is so much quotable in the

eight published volumes of Mr. Dooley that one cannot begin to select the best. It is easy to find an illustration of almost any phase of American or European life in Mr. Dooley's talks. His versatility is astounding; he discusses everything from Arctic explorations to criminal trials.

Mr. Dunne does not bite the end of a pencil with a view to producing a maxim and publishing it with a capital *M*. The wit rolls off quickly, spontaneously, continuously. Any historian who is an historian according to the definitions in "Observations of Mr. Dooley" will use Dooley as the most complete available background of the politics and affairs of the last twenty years. Says Mr. Dooley:

"I know histry isn't throe, Hinnessy, because it ain't like what I see ivry day in Halsted Sthreet. If any wan comes along with a histry iv Greece or Rome that'll show me th' people fightin', gettin' dhrunk, makin' love, gettin' married, owin' th' grocery man an bein' without hard-coal, I'll believe they was a Greece or Rome, but not befure. Historyans is like doctors. They are always lookin' f'r symptoms. Those iv them that writes about their own times examines th' tongue an' feels th' pulse an' makes a wrong dygnosis. Th' other kind iv histry is a post-morten examination. It tells ye what a counthry died iv. But I'd like to know what it lived iv."

Mr. Dooley's observations are valuable because they are as true many years after, applied to a different set of incidents, as they were when Dunne wrote them for a particular purpose. For example, in his latest book he talks "On the Power of Music" in relation to William J. Bryan's love of oratory and international peace:

"Ye see, me boy, th' wurruld is a pretty old hunk of mud an' wickedness, an' I've been here a long time an' I've observed this sad thruth. Ye don't have to lend a man money. Ye don't have to amuse him; ye don't have to take care iv him if he's sick; ye don't have to do annything f'r him but wan thing."

"An' what's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"If he wants to fight ye, ye've got to accommodate him," said Mr. Dooley.

There is an analysis of Theodore Roosevelt:

"Whin he (Roosevelt) does anny talkin'—which he sometimes does—he talks at th' man in front iv him. Ye don't hear him hollerin' at posterity. Posterity don't begin to vote till afther th' polls close."

Mr. Dooley on Shakespeare and reading in general is interesting and keen:

"Hardly a day passes but some lady frind iv mine stops me on me way to catch a car, an' asks me if I don't regard Morse Hewlett as th' gr-reatest an' mos' homicidal writer iv our time, an' what I've got to say about Hinnelly's attack on Stevenson. 'Madam' says I, 'I wud n't know Morse if I was to see him goin' down th' sthreet ax in hand, an' as f'r Hinnelly, his name escapes me, though his language is familliar to anny wan who iver helped load a scow. Stevenson,' I says, 'doesn't appeal to me, an' if he shud, I'll revarse th' decision on th' ground iv' bad prevyous charackter iv th' plaintiff, while,' I says, 'admittin' th' thruth iv what he said. But,' says I, 'th' on'y books in me libr'y is th' Bible an' Shakespeare,' says I. 'I use thim f'r purposes iv definse. I have niver read thim, but I'll niver read annything else till I have read thim,' I says. 'They shtand between me an' all modrhen lithra-choor,' says I. 'I've built thim up into a kind iv breakwater,' I says, 'an' I set behind it ca'm an' contint while Hall Caine rages without,' says I."

Mr. Dooley remarks apropos of Carnegie's libraries: "Ye bet he didn't larn how to make steel billets out iv 'Whin Knighthood was in Flower'." But his perfect observation on the effects of reading and the causes of it is:

"Readin', me frind, is talked about be all readin' people as though it was th' on'y thing that makes a man better thin his neighbors. But th' thruth is that readin' is the nex' thing this side iv goin' to bed f'r restin' th' mind. With mos' people it takes th' place iv wurruk. A man doesn't think whin he's readin', or, if he has to, th' book is no fun. Did ye iver have something to do that ye ought to do, but didn't want to, an' while ye was wishin' ye was dead, did ye happen to pick up a newspaper? Ye know what occurred. Ye didn't jus' skim through th' spoortin' intillygence an' th' crime news. Whin ye got through with thim, ye read th' other quarther iv th' pa-aper. Ye read about people ye niver heerd iv, an' happenin's ye didn't undershtand—th' fashion notes, th' theatrical gossip, th' s'clety news fr'm Peoria, th' quotations on oats, th' curb

market, th' rale-estate transfers, th' marredge licenses, th' death notices, th' want ads, th' dhrygoods bargains, an' even th' iditoryals. Thin ye r-read thim over again, with a faint idee ye'd read thim befure. Thin ye yawned, studied th' 'design iv th' carpet, an' settled down to wurruk. Was ye exercisin' ye-er joynt intelleck while ye was readin'? No more thin if ye'd been whistlin' or writin' ye-er name on a pa-aper. If anny wan else but me come along they might say: 'What a mind Hinnissy has! He's always readin'.'. But I wud kick th' 'book or pa-aper out iv ye'er hand, an' grab ye be th' collar, an' cry, 'Up, Hinnissy, an' to wurruk!' f'r I'd know ye were loafin'. Believe me, Hinnissy, readin' is not thinkin'. It seems like it, an' whin it comes out in talk sometimes, it sounds like it. It's a kind iv nearthought that looks ginooline to th' thoughtless, but ye can't get annything on it. Manny a man I've knowed has so doped himsilf with books that he'd stumble over a carpet-tack."

A book of definitions compiled from the observations of Mr. Dooley would be one of the most accurate dictionaries of human relations ever published. Here are two samples: "Th' interest iv capital an' labor is th' same, wan thryin' to make capital out iv labor an' th' other thryin' to make laborin' men out iv capitalists". Anarchists: "They don't want annything, that's what they want. They want peace on earth an' th' way they propose to get it is be murdhrin' ivry man that don't agree with thim. They think we all shud do as they please."

Mr. Dooley on the Dreyfus case is so uniformly entertaining that it is impossible to quote samples. But as well as entertaining the reader, Mr. Dunne knows how to tell a real short story, by means of Mr. Dooley. "Shaughnessy" in "Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen" is an example and there are others throughout the eight volumes.

In conclusion we may take Mr. Dooley's own estimate of his character.

"D'ye know I'd like to be an iditor," said Mr. Dooley.

"It must be a hard job," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ye have to know so much."

"'T is a hard job," said Mr. Dooley, "but 't is a fascinatin' wan. They'se nawthin' so hard

as mindin' ye-er own business an' an iditor nivir has to do that. He's like mesilf. I'm sick iv' th' perpetchool round iv examin'in' th' beer pump an' countin' up th' recelpts. I want to put on me hat an' go out an' take a peek at th' neighborhood. How's Clancy gettin' on with his wife? Is it thrue she hates him? How's Schwartzmelster's business? Whin is Flannigan goin' to paint his barn? Afther I get through with me investigations I come back here an' give ye me opinyon on th' topics iv th' day. Be hivens, I am an iditor in me way. All I need is a cover iv a yellow man hittin' a blue goluf ball with a green shtick to be wan iv th' gr-reatest newspapers th' wurruld iver see. An' if it wasn't f'r th' likes iv ye, I wudden't be alive. Ye're me circula-

tion. Ye're small, Hinnissy, but ye're silict. Ye want to know what's goin' on an' ye want some wan to make up ye'er mind about it an' I give ye th' ivints iv th' day an' tell ye what they all mane."

The only reason why Finley Peter Dunne has not gone down hill in his humor is because he seems to take periodic rests from the strenuousness of making Mr. Dooley our national character. We have not seen him much in recent years. Let us hope that his creator is taking a good rest but a short one.

SHAKESPEARE?

BY EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

SUPPOSE you used to know a lad out in Keokuk, Iowa, say, whose folks were pretty well off as things go in a small town, and of some importance locally. The lad himself was rather bright, although he never carried it far enough to become the valedictorian at a high school commencement. Whatever chances he had as a scholar, however, were spoiled by a sudden marriage to a woman eight years his senior, under circumstances indicating a certain lack of free choice on his part. He was only eighteen at the time, and when the first kid came a few months after the wedding, many people did not know whether to put the blame on him or on the woman. A couple of years later he disappeared quietly, and there were those who thought the place well rid of him, particularly because his exit was generally connected with the simultaneous departure of a traveling theatrical

company. Some time afterward it was whispered about that the lad had become head usher, or something of that kind, at one of the leading New York theatres, and that he was sending home money to his family.

Suppose further that, only four or five years later, you caught sight of the selfsame lad on Broadway, looking all tailor-made and grand. Questioning one who ought to know, you were told that he was part owner of the Belasco theatre, that his acting compared favorably with that of any Barrymore, that he had just touched up an old Clyde Fitch play so that everybody was crazy about it, and that, finally, he had had four or five big plays of his own produced and would publish them as soon as their "runs" ceased.

Would you quarrel with any one for looking skeptical in the face of such a story? It is the very story we have

been told about Shakespeare these last three hundred years.

Unlike many others, I am not prepared to declare it intrinsically impossible. One never knows what genius may do. And those were remarkable days, full of remarkable men that seemed to set at naught all the rules of ordinary life. Think only of Kit Marlowe of "the mighty line". He was not yet twenty-three when he completed the two parts of his "Tamburlaine the Great". He died at twenty-nine, leaving behind a body of work comparing favorably with what is usually claimed as Shakespeare's at about the same age. And he was only a shoemaker's son. To be sure, he did not marry at eighteen, and he had a university education, but that is about the only difference. Yet no one has ever questioned the authorship of the plays published as Marlowe's, though only two or three of them seem to have been printed before his death.

The Encyclopædia Britannica tells us that we had reached the middle of the last century before any one dared to suggest that Shakespeare had not written his own plays. The fact is, however, that some sort of mystery has been connected with the authorship of those plays ever since the days when Shakespeare still lived. Plays now ascribed to him were published piratically without any known protest on his part, while other plays, not his at all, were wrongfully published in his name with the same negative result. Take the books of an orthodox Shakespearian scholar like Charles Knight, for instance, who wrote before any Baconian cryptogram or acrosticon had yet upset the temper of the learned world. Right through his biography and his "Studies of Shakespeare", he takes up a defensive position on behalf of the Bard. Why

should such a position be required? No one seems to think it necessary to assume a similar attitude when dealing with Marlowe or Jonson or Francis Beaumont. Yet Shakespeare was greater than all the rest, and to prove that his own contemporaries thought so, we are told what Francis Meres said about him in his "Wit's Treasure" in 1598. But in the very same work the same man spoke of Ben Jonson as "one of our best in tragedy", although we are not aware of any tragedy completed by Jonson up to that time.

Let us return to the lad from Keokuk for another minute. Suppose that, after you had hesitatingly swallowed the wonderful story of his rise and dramatic achievements, some new informer came with a whispered tale about a silent literary partnership with an eccentric man of wealth and high birth, whereby the lad got the whole glory of their common labors, while the man behind was enabled to work in freedom without being annoyed by his many enemies. Would you not be rather inclined to think this latter story quite plausible? And if someone should tell you on hearing it, that such a partnership could never be kept secret for any length of time—well, do you recall the story of William Sharp, who kept the identity of "Fiona Macleod" completely hidden for eleven long years, or until it was revealed by his widow after his death in 1905? Make one more supposition: that Mrs. Sharp had not given the story of her husband's dual authorship to the world, and that some literary student had got fragmentary proofs of it years after her death. What do you think would have happened? Do you think that the identity of William Sharp and "Fiona Mac-

leod" had ever become generally accepted under such circumstances?

Applying this analogy to the case of Shakespeare, the defenders of the orthodox view will again retort with a volley of contemporary references to Shakespeare, forgetting that in almost every instance, as far as I can make out, such references were aimed at the work rather than the man. Men like Barnfield and Davies and Weever and Freeman spoke of the author of the poems and the plays just as I am likely at any time to speak of Anatole France, whom I have never had the privilege of meeting in the flesh, but whose existence as an author I take for granted on the basis of the specimens of his work found on my shelves. If another man of higher position stood behind Shakespeare, either as collaborator or as sole author, and if that man earnestly wished not to be known, then the possibility of his unknown presence cannot be explained away by any number of open mentionings of the man whose name he was deliberately using. And if you believe it impossible for a man to take such an attitude in regard to his own work, you have only to turn about and observe the absolute indifference displayed by Shakespeare himself toward the work reputed to be his.

What I have just said implies no conclusion on my part either in regard to the authorship of the Shakespearian plays or in regard to the theory now advanced by Mr. Looney. What I believe quite humbly, and have believed for years, is that certain mysterious circumstances attach to the reputed authorship of those plays, and that the problem—or rather group of problems—involved will continue to challenge every open-minded student of English literature until it is settled by some discovery of documents or

facts hitherto unknown. For this reason I hold that every sincere effort like that of Mr. Looney's must be welcomed, not as a proof of what cannot be proved by mere reasoning, but as a starting point for new, and maybe more fruitful research. There is nothing sacrilegious about such an attitude. Those who protest in horror are, as a rule, protesting unconsciously on behalf of the personality read out of the plays rather than on behalf of the man whose name appears on the title pages. There has been far too much idolatry practised in the name of Shakespeare, and the problems connected with his real or reputed achievements have been additionally obscured by it. Generations of scholars have striven stubbornly to fit the works into the Procrustean bed furnished by the miserable store of available biographical and chronological facts. Texts have been read and references construed with a wholly one-sided reference to their favorable or unfavorable bearing on the established ideas about the man behind the works. Yet innumerable people of the highest critical acumen seem, from the very start, to have been troubled by a sense of hopeless conflict between the impression of stolidity and thrift conveyed by the Stratford actor, and the passionate aspiration and flaming fancy of the soul seen through the plays and the poems.

The effort of Mr. Looney to solve this conflict is a little unfortunate in some respects, though most interesting in many others. A schoolmaster by profession, he is inclined to speak like one. A discoverer in fields where many have toiled in vain, he has the fanaticism of a man thinking himself possessed of a new truth. A palpable sufferer of what the psychoanalysts call a "self-assertion complex", he

must needs make enemies for his own cause by presenting it as aggressively as possible. Claiming to be a scientist and deploring the absence of the true scientific spirit in literary men, he fails utterly to grasp the modest caution that prevented a Darwin from dogmatic formulation of the theories later named after him. All this is the more to be regretted because so much of the objectionable matter appears at the beginning of the book, where it is most likely to repel a sensitive or prejudiced reader. This granted, however, there remains for the more patient a body of documentary revelation and literary conjecture that cannot fail to set open minds thinking very seriously.

The man on whom Mr. Looney wants to bestow the laurels so long held by Shakespeare is Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford. An air of romance and mystery has always surrounded the figure of him who was generally recognized as the foremost noble of Elizabeth's illustrious court. "An uplifted shadow lies across his memory," wrote Dr. A. B. Grosart who, in the seventies, collected and published the small group of poems constituting the only work authoritatively assigned to Oxford. The biographical material at our disposal is extremely scant and generally discolored by open or veiled sneers. Yet this very man was known to his contemporaries as a poet and playwright of unusual gifts. Mr. Looney quotes among others Puttenham (one of two brothers—George or Richard—we don't know which) as saying, in his "The Arte of English Poesie" (1589), that the Earl of Oxford "deserves the highest praise for comedy and interlude". Quoting him at second-hand, from Sir Sidney Lee's article in the Dictionary of National Biography,

Mr. Looney has failed to discover another passage in the same work that suggests the very policy of disguise which forms a part of his own theory:

"And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong up an other crew of Courtly makers Noble men and Gentlemen of her Maiesties own servantes, who have written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman Edward Earle of Oxford." (Chapter XXXI; page 75; English Reprints edited by Edward Arber; London, 1869.)

What put Mr. Looney on the track of his particular candidate for Shakespearian honors was the discovery that out of twenty-two poems known to be the work of Oxford, and known in most cases to have been produced before 1576, not less than seven are made up of stanzas identical in metre and rhyming scheme with those made familiar to the whole world by the poem of "Venus and Adonis". Starting from this point, Mr. Looney found, or thought he found, an unmistakable correspondence between the style and spirit of the acknowledged Oxford poems and the earlier works of Shakespeare. Thus he was led into a detailed study of the life of Oxford, and it was in this manner he brought to light facts that call for our serious attention.

The life and character of Oxford, as revealed not only by the few biographies, but also by the "Hatfield Manuscripts" and the "Calendars of State Papers", fit most remarkably with the image distilled out of the plays. It would seem, too, that not a single fact out of Oxford's life as now known to us has escaped use in the plays. He was an aristocrat to the finger tips, a rather free-thinking

sympathizer with the old religion, and a Lancastrian by heredity—and so appears the man who wrote the plays. Oxford worshiped his father, who died when the boy was twelve. His mother remarried not long after, and her new husband took up his abode at the palace which had been particularly dear to the older Oxford. Here we have the familiar situation from "Hamlet". The young Oxford became a ward of the Crown—as was Bertram in "All's Well". As such he was placed in care of Lord Burghley, then still Sir William Cecil, whose portrait as drawn by Macaulay tallies in the minutest details with that of Polonius—even to the point of sending spies to watch his son on a visit made by the latter to Paris. At twenty-one Oxford married the daughter of Lord Burghley, Anne Cecil, who was then fourteen—like Juliet (which facts have already been used on behalf of Bacon, who was a nephew of Burghley, who liked him as little as did Oxford and who, by the by, must have been thoroughly familiar with Oxford's private life).

More striking coincidences follow. While abroad, the Earl was warned by a retainer—Iago—about the behavior of his wife. When recalled by Lord Burghley, he suspected his wife of being responsible for it, just as Othello suspected Desdemona. Being anxious to arrange a reconciliation and finding himself balked by Oxford's stubborn reserve, Lord Burghley finally cooked up a plot by which the Earl was lured into sleeping with his own wife without being aware of her identity—just as Bertram is reconciled with Helena. While in Italy, Oxford wrote a letter home in which he mentions a wealthy Paduan, Baptista Nigrone, from whom he had had to borrow five hundred

crowns. In the same letter he mentions another Italian, Benedict Spinola. The father of Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew" is named Baptista Minola, and it is practically the only Italian play where Shakespeare speaks of crowns instead of ducats. In later years Oxford was a close friend of the young Southampton, to whom the "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" are dedicated. It was proposed that Southampton should marry Oxford's eldest daughter, and the Earl was very much in favor of it—which brings into our minds the first seventeen of the sonnets. Like Hamlet and the Lord in the "Induction" to "The Taming of the Shrew", Oxford was intensely interested in stagecraft. He had a company of players named popularly the "Oxford Boys". He wrote and produced plays of his own. He associated with actors and literary men on such familiar terms that his father-in-law accused him of having been "enticed away by lewd persons". Above everything else, however, he was proud, passionate, generous, witty, eccentric, and given to melancholy—just as we would expect the writer of the Shakespearian plays and poems to be.

It is impossible in an article like this to do justice to the wealth of evidence collected by Mr. Looney, or to the ingenuity displayed by him in its coordination. Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of his labors is that they affect not only the central problem of William Shakespeare's relation to the work named after him, but a whole series of literary enigmas that have puzzled every painstaking student of this period for nearly two hundred years. There is the problem of the lyrics excluded from the plays of John Lyly, author of "Euphues" and private secretary to Oxford, on their

first publication—one of which is practically identical with one of the lyrics in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". There is the problem of the shepherd Willie in Edmund Spenser's "The Shepheard's Calendar" (1579) and "Teares of the Muses" (1590). And so on. The peculiar thing is that all these problems seem to fall into place and form a consistent picture the moment you accept the theory of Oxford's connection with the Shakespearian plays.

Mr. Looney thinks he has proved this theory. Of course, he has not.

But he has opened most promising vistas, and it is to be hoped that his leads will be followed up. The days are past when a new Shakespearian theory can be laughed out of court. And the days should be past when all the facts bearing on such theories are studied with a single aim in view. In this as in all other cases, we should be moved solely by a desire for truth, and nothing that may be helpful in finding it should be despised.

"Shakespeare" Identified in Edward de Vere, The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford. By J. Thomas Looney. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

DEAD OR ALIVE

By Theodore Maynard

IT ought to be a salutary reminder of mortality to every famous personage to know that every well-regulated periodical has his biography prepared against the day of his death. Those winding-sheets of paper lie neatly folded in their pigeonholes ready for instant use. A man is valued according to the amount of copy that is written about him. Generally the biographer will allow a decent interval to elapse; but so great is our human curiosity that we grow impatient at times and seek to catch our celebrity dead or alive. There is a price upon his head.

Of two recent books of personal criticism, that written by Horace G. Hutchinson follows the older method of allowing a fair interim be-

tween the death and the discussion of his subject; that written by E. T. Raymond frankly professes to concern itself only with such people as are of present public interest. Many of his people, of course, will not be remembered very long; but they are being talked about now. Consequently Mr. Raymond is willing to barter any two birds of permanence in the bush for the piquant bird he has in his hand.

Mr. Hutchinson's collection of studies "Portraits of the Eighties" is the acknowledged sequel to G. W. E. Russell's "Portraits of the Seventies", just as that volume was the acknowledged sequel to Justin McCarthy's "Portraits of the Sixties". And Mr. Hutchinson is able to emphasize the continuity of the series by beginning with a chapter on Mr. Russell, in imitation of Mr. Russell himself who began his book by a portrait of his fore-runner, Mr. McCarthy.

A certain amount of overlapping is inevitable. Gladstone and Disraeli, Chamberlain and Parnell, among others, reappear several times; and the latest gleaner in the field has found that former harvesters have thinned it considerably. Nevertheless, I cannot feel that Mr. Hutchinson would have done much better under far more favorable circumstances. He is sensible and he has taken pains. But he lacks the charm of Russell or McCarthy; and he writes (or gives the reader the impression of writing) from the *outside* of his subject, whereas his fellow biographers wrote with evident *inside* information. Mr. Russell was always exquisitely discreet. He managed the difficult trick of being confidential without breaking confidences. But Mr. Hutchinson, though he announces his desire not to "administer shocks to persons still alive", has, I suspect, very little shocking material at his command.

I would not go so far as to say that "Portraits of the Eighties" are daubs. They are pleasing designs in the conventional style quite competently executed. The book is full of important facts brought together in an accessible form. But Mr. Hutchinson has little penetration and suffers in any comparison that is drawn between his work, which may be admitted to be good, and the work which is entitled to be called excellent of some recent writers.

To take a definite point at which it may be compared with the most brilliant of contemporary biographers, Lytton Strachey, let us select the Gordon of "The Eighties" and the Gordon of "Eminent Victorians". In Mr. Strachey's hands the strangest of all evangelicals, with his open Bible and his open handy bottle, becomes vividly alive. And the combined hesi-

tation and intrigue by means of which Gordon was sent to his death are unraveled with the most masterly irony. Mr. Hutchinson, however, in touching the same theme, fumbles. On page 89 he tells us, correctly enough, that Gordon, being the man he was, believed that a special intervention of Providence would occur. "It is quite impossible", he adds, "to think that the British Government believed it; nevertheless it sent him out." But ten pages later he weakly admits, "After all it is not wholly impossible that there were those in the Cabinet who believed that Gordon might be granted a peculiar portion of the divine help." Now this is not ordinary inconsistency—which is a perfectly pardonable thing. It is helpless wavering on the very centre of his argument, and serves not to illuminate Gordon or Gladstone or Hartington or Cromer but merely to show that Mr. Hutchinson is incapable of making up his mind.

If the author of "Portraits of the Eighties" is afraid of conclusions and generalizations, the author of "All and Sundry" is afraid of neither. The only fear he betrays is the fear of being dull. The only model he follows is that set up in his earlier "Uncensored Celebrities". He is at all times original, even to the degree of whimsicality; and he makes his effects by means of paradox and epigrams. Mr. Raymond's desire to be striking may have its disadvantages; it hardly leads, for instance, to historical impartiality; but it enables him to make everything he touches intensely interesting.

I have said that E. T. Raymond is "original". So he is in the mode of presenting his theme. Apart from his amusing literary tricks, however, there is not much in what he has to

say. His philosophy is derived from Carlyle, his wit is on the Chesterton model, and his information is culled from the newspapers. These elements are fused together into an alloy that at first glance appears to be a new metal. There is no reason why we should examine it more closely.

Mr. Raymond is delicately impudent in his sketches of "All and Sundry"; and it is this light irreverence that is his chief attraction. He never says a really bitter thing, even where he should say it; but on the other hand he never stints his banter. Nobody could be offended or fail to be entertained by it—not even those who squirm under it; for Raymond's humor is invariably good-humored.

I can best illustrate his method by examples. Dean Inge's face, he says, is that "of a quiet fanatic whose main trouble is that he has nothing very obvious to be fanatical about". And Herbert Samuel "moves towards his object with a sort of inexorable gentleness, as of a Juggernaut car fitted with pneumatic tyres". Comments in the same vein are offered upon President Wilson, Rudyard Kipling (the one man of his group Mr. Raymond comes nearest to disliking), Conan Doyle, Harold Begbie, and T. P. O'Connor. Unqualified or almost unqualified praise is reserved for the two Frenchmen in "All and Sundry", Clemenceau and Foch. But whether in praise or persiflage the book is highly readable.

It is a pity that Neville Chamberlain was not included as one of Mr. Raymond's subjects. A good deal of fun could have been extracted out of the widely advertised and inefficient Minister of National Service. I cannot refrain from retailing a mot that a man I knew went round repeating in the London clubs. It seems to me to

sum up bureaucratic futility. "Neville Chamberlain", he was wont to say gravely, "may take a long time before he is able to make the wrong decision—but he makes it in the end!"

Portraits of the Eighties. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Charles Scribner's Sons.
All and Sundry. By E. T. Raymond. Henry Holt and Co.

FOLK AND NATURE VIGNETTES

By Walter Prichard Eaton

HUDSON'S "Adventures Among Birds" has been issued newly and rather dubiously adorned with reproductions of the wood-cuts in Bewick's "British Birds". Not having been recut by some competent engraver, and being printed on paper unsuited to the purpose, the effect is something of a libel on Bewick. We should best like to see this lovely and gentle book of Hudson's illustrated with scenes from the countryside through which he wandered, drawn after the manner, let us say, of Edmund New. Though styled adventures among birds, the work in reality is a record of adventures among men and women, children and trees, green hedgerows and sedgy marshes, wild hills and rich valleys, with a kind of bird-song obligato. Hudson is a trifle sentimental about bird music, to be sure; or shall we say that he does not quite possess the sharp, definite, apt phrasing of Thoreau to relieve his praises from the suggestion of sentimentality? About folks, however, he has more to say than Thoreau ever did, and such vignettes as that of the workman's family with whom he boarded in Hampshire have the clear simplicity and profound human sympathy of the

finest art. Fine, too, is his indignation at the British game-keepers (and the game-keepers' employers) who slaughter every kind of bird in order—supposedly—to “protect” the pheasants. He even tells of one keeper who killed the nightingales because they kept the pheasants awake! We may have much to learn from England, but it certainly is not about game laws. No man's property is his own, to kill what he pleases upon, in America. He has to respect the general welfare, thank God.

But perhaps the most delightful part of Hudson's book—as it has been of other books he has written—is that in which he gathers up various authenticated anecdotes of bird and animal behavior. Done, to be sure, with a scientific purpose, his literary art and his profound love for all wild creatures make of each anecdote something as unlike a scientific illustration as a Rembrandt etching is unlike an engineer's diagram. The chapter on bird and animal friendships is as entertaining as it is astonishing. It is here that he tells of the lonesome swan, who finally made a companion of a big trout, and flew out of the pond and savagely attacked the man who caught the fish. With this tale he, quite wisely, closes the chapter. There are limits to a layman's belief.

Adventures Among Birds. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A VOYAGE TOWARD REALITY

By Ruth Murray Underhill

THE term *realism* has gathered a depressing sense. Unjustly our minds connect it with accuracy about the less welcome facts of life, pictures

of dulness or brutality. Yet we admit reality to be miraculous. To eyes not so jaded as ours, the spectacle of human beings against their background of æons and planets would be absorbing, entry into the mind of one such being, even at his dullest moment, a stupendous adventure.

Such eyes Virginia Woolf has, toward such an adventure she leads us in her two novels “The Voyage Out” and “Night and Day” (the latter forthcoming). These are stories of pleasant people, who move quietly through a quiet environment. Yet they are to be read breathlessly. The curious fabric of minute-by-minute daily life, compound of emotion, sensation, thoughts half seized, actions half intended, becomes in these pages almost tangible. The half uttered sentence, the impulse poignant and inexplicable, go to the very roots of our remembrance and produce a thrill of revelation. This is true.

The plot of each story is simple, for it is not outward events that, to Mrs. Woolf, make history. In “The Voyage Out” a young girl makes her entry into the world outside the secluded home of her maiden aunts. But she is not plunged straight into a treasure mystery nor into the chase of a criminal. She sails on her father's ship, with some clever and well-bred people, to South America and, very slowly, through their agency and that of the others she meets at Santa Marina, she reaches some understanding of the nature of human beings and of love. “Night and Day” has an even simpler motive. A nice girl tries to find her way, among a group of pleasant and cultured people containing two young men, toward the reality of love.

The very young heroine is, at present, regnant in fiction. She may be seen every month, directing a whole

staff of detectives or rescuing the business of her father or lover from ruin, always with perfect self-possession and knowledge of what she wants. Mrs. Woolf's girls are not of that breed: they are people, in all the ignorance and fallibility that the term implies. They do not know what they want, but they go out to look for it.

To the reviewer, the opportunity to read about people who are real, but intelligent, is an unusual delight. These people employ self-control and common sense, even as you and I, and the plot proceeds without misunderstanding or murder. It is no psychological disquisition; it is profoundly moving. But, given Mrs. Woolf's perspective, it is not the conventionally emotional scenes by which one is stirred,—it is rather those reminiscent and elusive moments when both heroine and reader palpitate at the approach to truth.

The aura of magnificence about the adventure is perhaps greater in "The Voyage Out" than in "Night and Day". The splendor of the ocean and of the clear-cut southern scenery lends a perspective to the faltering human action which London cannot supply. The half expressed thought, the interrupted sentences by which the action of "Night and Day" proceeds, are baffling. Carry this sort of thing a few steps further and you have Maeterlinck. Yet even this intent study of a fragmentary and delicate thing strikes one as in the spirit of Tennyson's "flower in the crannied wall" whose complete comprehension means comprehension of what God and man is.

AGRICULTURAL PREDICAMENTS

By Walter A. Dyer

BEING an amateur farmer myself, I suspect Judge Shute, the original Plupy and author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy", etc., of not being a farmer at all. He finds too much that is funny in the occupation. He may indeed have got him a cow and a sheep and a couple of pigs, but I think I perceive evidence of his having acquired them as much for literary purposes as for any more practical end. If they had cut up as much as he says they did he would have ceased being an agriculturist before the end of the first month. There is nothing intrinsically funny, I submit, in being a farmer. Other people may think so, but not the farmer himself. Hence the doubtful veracity of this diary.

I can well remember the day when my old cow Matilda and her fastidious daughter Nancy saw fit to stray off into the orchard instead of into their paddock. It was before mowing time and the grass was tall. Also it was very wet, for we had had rain. For some reason which the scientists may be able to explain, cows are always particularly wayward on wet days. I had been to town and was not dressed for the part I was called upon to play. It was most distressing to me. I could not possibly write a humorous account of what followed. That it must have been very funny I have no doubt, for neighbor Page nearly died of laughter and still refers to the occurrence with unseemly hilarity, invariably remarking, between gasps, "And he had his white pants on!"

Again do I recall the time when said neighbor Page's bees swarmed on the crab-apple tree. Father got a bee

The Voyage Out; Night and Day. By Virginia Woolf. George H. Doran Company.

down his neck, daughter got one elsewhere, son had a lump as big as an egg under one eye, and the dog had convulsions in the flower bed. This seemed to me at the time and still seems deliriously funny, but neighbor Page did not view it in that light. He would not have mentioned it in his diary, if he had one—and real farmers never do—with the slightest hint of humor.

The predicaments incident to farming and the raising of live stock cannot possibly seem funny to the farmer himself, and Judge Shute has written a book that is reasonably funny all through, and very funny in spots. As a jurist he must admit that the evidence is against him.

I suspected that the book would be of this sort, and I doubted whether I should laugh very much over it. When the cow has kicked over the milk pail once, and the pigs have got into the cabbages once, and the sheep has butted someone once, there seems little more to be said. But Judge Shute has kept up that sort of thing for 277 pages. I don't see how he did it. And I don't see why I should have found it so funny, in view of my prejudices. But I did, I must candidly admit. After the cow had led him a chase through the woods I knew perfectly well that in a day or two the pigs would lead him a chase through the neighborhood. And yet I laughed. And I think you will. Better try it and see.

The book isn't all about farming. I really believe Judge Shute is funnier as a lawyer than as a farmer, or when appearing in a dress suit in Boston, or—most delicious entry of all—when riding to business in a hack the horses of which were destined to respond to a fire alarm. And there is a friendliness permeating the book, too—the quiet atmosphere of the town of Exe-

ter, New Hampshire, and a nature lover's observations of bird life.

Professionally I am inclined to condemn the book as a piece of deliberate manufacture by a man who knows too well that he is expected to be funny; personally I like it very well indeed. If this be inconsistency, make the most of it.

The Real Diary of the Worst Farmer. By Henry A. Shute. Houghton Mifflin Co.

LOG OF A SPIRITUAL VOYAGE

By Joseph Wood Krutch

LEAVING Oxford was the most nearly dramatic thing that Arthur Hugh Clough ever did. This fact explains, perhaps, why he has, up to the present, lacked a biographer. But he has a story—the story of a soul perplexed in the extreme but faithful to the end. His spirit was a spirit which, if it did not like Newton's voyage through strange seas of thought alone, at least groped its way through the fog banks which lay between Arnold's two worlds—the one dead, the other powerless to be born. The log of this voyage, which ended in no happy harbor, has been written lucidly and interestingly by J. I. Osborne in "Arthur Hugh Clough". He traces the spiritual progress of the pilgrim through the early insipidity of his Wordsworthianism, and through the disillusion of "Dipsychus", to the sterility of his last years and writes with a touch of that Olympian aloofness which has made Lytton Strachey famous.

From Rugby, Clough once wrote home: "There is a deal of evil springing up in the school, and it is to be feared that the tares will choke much

of the wheat." Such a boy was surely in danger of becoming a prig. Indeed, he did become one, for he was nourished in an atmosphere where priggism was the ideal and was taught both through precept and example by the great Dr. Arnold, who called it Christian Character. But Clough recovered. For he who could so far give the devil his due as to allow the doubtful spirit of "Dipsychus" to sing persuasively:

How pleasant it is to have money, Heigh-Ho
How pleasant it is to have money,—

who could see that Duty, which he wished to follow, was often but an easy assumption of convention, and who could write a new decalogue beginning:

Thou shalt have one God only, who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images shall be
Worshipped except the currency,—

was no prig. There is a sting in Clough's religious verse that saves it from the namby-pamby, and it was the tragedy of his life that while he wished to pray with the faithful, his keen intelligence forced him to scoff with the scornful.

The theme of Mr. Osborne's book is this escape from priggism, and if he fails at all, it is in neglecting to present adequately the tragic as well as the comic side of Clough's perplexity. He was one of that unhappy band which the nineteenth century swept into unwilling rationalism. His was a spirit which longed for the certitude of faith, but his was also the spirit that must give the honest No. He wished to listen to the church chimes with honest rapture, but they only dinged into his ears:

Ting, ting. There is no God, ting, ting,
Dong, there is no God; ding,
There is no God; dong, dong.

We of this later age, born to the

fruits of a struggle, often fail to realize what they cost. To us, it seems ridiculous that our forefathers should have been troubled because they felt a growing conviction that, say, all our difficulties had not been due to Adam's prank in robbing an orchard, but their heritage of faith was more inclusive than our heritage of doubt. All that men lived by, all that gave meaning to a perplexing world, was gone. In those trying times, when some who chose, first of all, the pleasure of certitude, drifted into Newmanism, others rejoiced in a new-found freedom; but Clough was one of the unhappy ones to whom the abolition of dogmatism brought no joy of freedom and left only the austere comfort of a resolution to follow the white star of truth and say:

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so.

For him there was no way out. He was too pure in heart to accept the world's compromise and he was too little a pagan to be satisfied to be a mere poet, for only exceptional circumstances can make a moralist satisfied to be a verse writer. Milton wrote because he was past more active service, Wordsworth only because an enormous conceit convinced him of the unparalleled importance of his writings. With a bit less of vanity, his moral obsession would have driven him to the ministry at least. To Clough the obstinate questionings of his minor Faust, "Dipsychus", and the sad resolution to difference in "Qua Cursum Ventus", seemed only a prelude to a life work. Yet they are nearly first-rate poems, and the poems that are nearly first-rate are few. Modern taste looks askance at poetry on God and Duty and (vide the Hymnal) not without reason, but Clough's are good because they have passion. He loved

God with an intensity which neither the atheist nor the cheap religionist to whom God is a sort of familiar relative can understand. He loved him with the torturing ardor of one who half believes that his mistress is false. But the fame of a minor place in anthologies would seem to him no excuse for a life. *Qui laborat orat*, was his creed. Yet he found no work to do. In the end he relapsed into errand running for Florence Nightingale. Probably he did not do it well. With more or less faith he would have been saved—in this world at least—but his was the damnation of the doubter.

Arthur Hugh Clough. By J. I. Osborne.
Houghton Mifflin Co.

A STOREHOUSE OF YOUTH

By Eleanor Kilmer Sceva

THERE is in "Paths of June" not the usual "slender volume of verse", by the way—a remarkably complete representation of many moods and many admirations. Burges Johnson, in a paragraph on the jacket which combines introduction with commendation, writes: "A first book of poems has more in its favor than any first novel could ever have, for it will bring together all of those purely spontaneous expressions written in the years before exposure to life has built a shell of reserve." This is particularly applicable to Miss Stockbridge's first book. The poems are indicative of a youthfulness of spirit not suggesting callowness nor confusion of mind on the part of the author; nor is she ashamed to be gravely rhapsodic at times, "secure in a sense of the beauty of things", or equally

wholesouled in denunciation of the ills of the world.

"The Fellowship of Poets", the first poem in the book, is written in a somewhat grand style, a rather dangerous feat were it not that Miss Stockbridge possesses both dignity and assurance of manner. "Masefield" is also a long poem. It is an impression of John Masefield, and of Masefield's England, salted with a wind from the sea and with a strain of balladry running through it. In addition to these are "The Eternal Exile", "O Centuries", "The Song of Balder", "To Rupert Brooke", "Poseidon of Many Moods",—each poem of several pages' duration.

It is, however, in the shorter poems full of the fleeting joys of gay youth living its brief hour among birds and flowers, thrilled into ecstasy by moonlight on a river or an apple-tree in blossom, that the spirit of the book lies hidden. The stray lines and phrases which make a poem and a poet are here in abundance, and in their frequency and beauty there is assurance of a true gift of poesy.

Paths of June. By Dorothy Stockbridge. E. P. Dutton and Co.

PALE BLUESTOCKINGS

By Martha Plaisted

THE Learned Lady in England, 1650-1760" is one of the books published in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Vassar College; and a more fitting tribute to a great modern institute of learning for women by one of its own alumnæ could hardly be offered. It is a relic of the early, groping attempts of the pre-

Bluestocking to escape the tyranny of sentimental conventions; which no one, hitherto, has thought it worth while to bring together, and which Myra B. Reynolds, with incredible patience and effort, has arranged in such a way as to show a real development from the very occasional female prodigy of the Stuart régime—who expended her literary talents entirely for the pleasure and approbation of the men of her own family—to the Johnsonian woman of acknowledged ability, who demanded and achieved an appreciative public.

The amount of reading which Miss Reynolds must have gone through in seeking out the personalities of these so long dead and forgotten ladies is frightening to think of. For there is no index or catalogue of their names. It was necessary to pursue them through pages and pages of heterogeneous print—through ancient periodicals, through manuscripts, through family records, through pamphlets, even through tombstone epitaphs.

It was a discouraging task, and even at the end, the author admits no great success. There are no women of the century who can in any way compare with the eminent men, such as Dryden, Milton, Pope, Addison, Steele. The "Matchless Orinda", Mary Aspell, Margaret Blagge—who ever heard their names? Even Susanna Wesley and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu bring only faint flashes of recognition. But Miss Reynolds has put them all before us in their ridiculous muddle-headedness, their pretentious verbosity, their pathetic sincerity.

And from our contemplation of this dim, crowded gallery of ineffective shades, we turn away with certain clear ideas forming in our minds. We begin to see that these women, fluttering and disparate as they seem, actu-

ally moved with steady progress toward the goal of liberty of thought and action, which the women of today congratulate themselves on having almost reached.

For it was during this period that a profession was first opened to women,—acting. And it was at this time too that a woman first earned her living by her pen. This was Mrs. Aphra Behn, who discovered that the public will pay if you give them what they want. So she forsook the pious paths of her predecessors and began to compete with the men in writing comedies. She was very little behind them in wit and not at all in vulgarity; and she won success at the sacrifice of her reputation. Another real achievement was the awakening of women to the need of education. Schools were established in which it was possible for girls to learn something besides water-colors, japanning, needlework, and dancing. It was Mary Aspell who dreamed of the very college of Tennyson's "Princess". But perhaps the most important thing which comes out under Miss Reynolds's development is the change in the attitude of men toward the achievements of women. It is amusing to observe how the contemporary letters which the author quotes very freely, from being condescending, effusive, sultry, become sincere and almost fraternal.

In reading the book we cannot help missing the diverting gossip, the humorous malice which we are accustomed to look for in all discussions of eighteenth-century subjects. But Miss Reynolds has an end in view. It takes 465 pages to cover the facts and she has no space for parley. We suspect that her strong-mindedness is main-

The Learned Lady in England, 1650-1760.
By Myra B. Reynolds. Houghton Mifflin Co.

tained at some personal sacrifice when she refers without comment to a book of orations by the youthful Duchess of Newcastle, containing a "speech for a half-drunk gentleman on a convivial occasion" and when she quotes pas-

sages about girls' "abominable swear-ynge". But the book is quite long enough without any sidetracks. It is an interesting and original piece of work and covers ground that has hardly been touched before.

LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

ONE of the popular superstitions is that publishers stop publishing during the summer and, like the Arab, fold up their presses and silently steal away to the country. Such may have been the case twenty years ago when the public's vacation meant going where neither news nor books dared to tread. But, fortunately, more people find each year that books will actually fit into the suitcase and, barring interference by the post office, they may even come by mail. Which brings me round to the diverse and interesting list of books scheduled for late July and August publication.

* * * *

Katharine Newlin Burt's "Hidden Creek" (Houghton Mifflin Company) came to me unbound,—capital shape for a book which three or more people want to read at the same time (only matters became confused when my wife insisted on jumping ahead to see what Sylvester's mysterious plan really was). The story did something to my long-dormant spirit of adventure, took it up, and sent it flying west to the land where the mountains are the highest, the air the clearest, and life the fullest of any spot on this earth. Three crowded hours of ad-

venture, and one of them the wrong side of midnight! Miss Burt writes western romance de luxe. Looking back, the providential arrival of Hiliard just as the wolves close in on Sheila appears rather too good to be true, but at the time I was just as glad to hear his shots ring out as was the girl herself. And, while my recent dip into the school of English realism has taught me the futility of such procedure, perhaps in this case it isn't quite as improbable for the hero and heroine to fall in love after all.

* * * *

"Making Advertisements" by Roy Durstine (Charles Scribner's Sons) did not at first strike me as having much meat for general consumption. I find it has, however, inasmuch as it is a chatty review of the good and bad in advertising. There are some sound ideas for the man who is interested in this newest of professions—and who isn't? Mr. Dustine says:

A few years ago it was common to hear a man boast that advertising had never sold him anything. Inquiry probably would have developed that he was awakened by a Big Ben, shaved himself with a Gillette, brushed his hair with a Prophylactic tooth brush, put on his B. V. D.'s, his Holeproofs, Regal shoes, E. & W. collar, Arrow shirt, and had Kellogg's corn flakes, Beechnut bacon, and Yuban coffee sweet-

ened with Domino sugar for breakfast. And then—but why pursue him farther on his trade-marked way? Of course advertising never sold him anything!

He is somewhat unfair in his criticism of publishers' advertising. "Don't sell books, sell reading," he says. But I will wager my last piece of "copy" against the blurb on his book that if five months from now, Scribner's told him that the appropriation set aside for the advertising of his book had been swallowed up in a "Read More Books" campaign, he would be indignant. In competition with such campaigns as "Keep Clean—with Ivory Soap" "Keep Well—with Grape Nuts" the publisher must run a multiplicity of campaigns: "Understand Advertising—Read Roy Durstine's Book"; "Get a Working Knowledge of the Country's Economic Problems—Read Otto Kahn's Articles", and so on over the whole field of new books. And as for the author's suggestion to push old publications instead of continually bringing out new ones, would he have accepted that argument as the basis of a refusal to publish his? *Mais non, pas du tout, pas du tout!*

* * * *

Here is a book (published by Frederick A. Stokes Company) that should appeal to everyone who uses oil, from the owners of the oil burning "Imperator" to the housewife who puts "3 in 1" on the shuttle of the sewing-machine (or is it the shuttle?). It is the first information of a process by which oil may be obtained from oil-shale. "The Oil-Shale Industry" by Dr. Victor Alderson, President of the Colorado School of Mines, gives a careful review of the probable amount of crude oil remaining in the known fields, a discouraging lot of figures. According to Dr. Alderson the output of petroleum is now at its peak, with an ever increasing demand. On the

other hand, the author cheers us with the news of an almost unlimited supply of oil in the surface oil-shale which covers many thousand square miles of the country, a shale which will produce about a barrel of oil to the ton. Dr. Alderson does not hold out hope of any material productivity from these fields in the near future, but at least the knowledge of such a reserve,—like the hidden last "quart"—gives one the feeling that all is not yet lost.

* * * *

Unfortunately "Birth Through Death, Ethics of the Twentieth Plane", as reported by Dr. Albert D. Watson through Louis Benjamin of Toronto, reached this office too late to be read. However, I can say that by all indications it should be read by those who know and follow the work of Sir Oliver Lodge, Conan Doyle, and the late Dr. Hyslop. As a matter of fact it was Dr. Watson who received through Mr. Benjamin, as medium, the first Hyslop message a short time ago. "Birth Through Death" (James A. McCann Company) is a departure from the usual psychic book, being entirely made up of statements and long messages from those "beyond". It will bring down a storm of criticism, for it has little to prove its authenticity.

* * * *

The statement by Governor Cox of Ohio that the Democratic campaign will be fought on the question of the League of Nations, has finally brought up a definite line of cleavage between the two parties, and it has brought to the front again that day-by-day house and office discussion, Shall or shall we not accept the League? In "American World Policies" Dr. David Jayne Hill thinks emphatically not. He says:

The problems of our national life have been solved, and successfully solved by our institutions. We cannot, therefore, wisely abandon or

subordinate them. Our whole value to the rest of the world depends upon the unity, the efficiency, and the prestige which these institutions have given us.

Whether or not the election will prove that the majority of people agree with Dr. Hill, at least no one can deny his arguments are much to the point. My personal feeling is that every man, be he a platform or a

breakfast-table orator, can add to his arguments or be forewarned of the arguments of his opponents by a careful investigation of Dr. Hill's work. I should suggest that George H. Doran Company, who will publish the book late this month, send copies to Senator Harding and Governor Cox for their own information and guidance.

—S. M. R.

THE GLORIOUS GAME

BY RICHARD BURTON

I GO about dumbfoundedly and show a dullard's glance,
But in my mind are spangles, and music and a dance—
Tra-la, the hid Romance!

And I suspect, O, brothers and sisters, drab and prim,
'Tis quite the same with all of you, with every Her and Him
That goes in masking trim.

The whole earth hides the truth, and, faith, it is a parlous game
To make a pale-faced misery of such a glorious game,
With all of us to blame.

So let us be like mummers who grin and lift their lays
And kick their heels at heaven a hundred happy ways,
Sky-larking down the days!

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in June in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Portygee	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
2. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
3. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
4. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
5. Mary Marie	<i>Eleanor H. Porter</i>	HOUGHTON
6. The River's End	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Portygee	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
3. Mary Marie	<i>Eleanor H. Porter</i>	HOUGHTON
4. The Ramblin' Kid	<i>Earl Wayland Bowman</i>	BOBBS-MERRILL
5. September	<i>Frank Swinnerton</i>	DORAN
6. The Great Desire	<i>Alexander Black</i>	HARPER

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Portygee	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
2. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
3. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
4. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
5. September	<i>Frank Swinnerton</i>	DORAN
6. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
3. The Lamp in the Desert	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
4. Mary Marie	<i>Eleanor H. Porter</i>	HOUGHTON
5. The Portygee	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
6. Bars of Iron	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM

WESTERN STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	BOOK SUPPLY
4. September	<i>Frank Swinnerton</i>	DORAN
5. The Portygee	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
6. Mary Marie	<i>Eleanor H. Porter</i>	HOUGHTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
2. The Portygee	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
3. The Great Impersonation	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
4. Mary Marie	<i>Eleanor H. Porter</i>	HOUGHTON
5. Red and Black	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Great Desire	<i>Alexander Black</i>	HARPER

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Now It Can Be Told	<i>Philip Gibbs</i>	HARPER
2. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
3. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
4. A Labrador Doctor	<i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i>	HOUGHTON
5. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	<i>John Maynard Keynes</i>	HARCOURT
6. Theodore Roosevelt	<i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	HOUGHTON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Now It Can Be Told	<i>Philip Gibbs</i>	HARPER
2. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	<i>John Maynard Keynes</i>	HARCOURT
3. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
4. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
5. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
6. An American Idyll	<i>Cornelia S. Parker</i>	ATLANTIC

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	<i>John Maynard Keynes</i>	HARCOURT
2. An American Idyll	<i>Cornelia S. Parker</i>	ATLANTIC
3. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
5. Life of John Marshall	<i>Albert Beveridge</i>	HOUGHTON
6. "Marse Henry"	<i>Henry Watterson</i>	DORAN

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
2. An American Idyll	<i>Cornelia S. Parker</i>	ATLANTIC
3. Modern American Poetry	<i>Louis Untermeyer</i>	HARCOURT
4. A Labrador Doctor	<i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i>	HOUGHTON
5. Best Short Stories of 1919	<i>Edward J. O'Brien</i>	SMALL, MAYNARD
6. Life of John Marshall	<i>Albert Beveridge</i>	HOUGHTON

WESTERN STATES

1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	<i>John Maynard Keynes</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
3. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
5. The Inside Story of the Peace Conference	<i>E. J. Dillon</i>	HARPER
6. Raymond	<i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
2. Now It Can Be Told	<i>Philip Gibbs</i>	HARPER
3. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	<i>John Maynard Keynes</i>	HARCOURT
4. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON
5. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	<i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i>	SCRIBNER
6. An American Idyll	<i>Cornelia S. Parker</i>	ATLANTIC

THE GOSSIP SHOP

SHADES of Shakespeare! The epigrapher, penning the lines,—

Good friend for Jesus sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed heare.
Blese be y^e man y^t spares thes stones,
And curst be he y^t moves my bones,—

must have felt a prophetic twinge of destiny as to the multitudinous seas of ink that should flow in the quarrel over the authorship of his plays. Yesterday it was Bacon, today it is the earl of Oxford, or of Rutland ("Lord Rutland Est Shakespeare", by Abel Lefranc), or of Derby ("Sous le Masque de William Shakespeare", by Celestin Demblon)—never less than a lord. The latter book, it has been suggested, by the way, is a delicate compliment to the present ambassador in Paris. The Stratfordian must have been a various person; as a literary gentleman whom "The New Statesman" recalls in "Nicholas Nickleby" remarked concerning him: "Bill was an adapter...so he was—and very well he adapted, too, considering."

A complaint of speed is entered against the breakneck pace of acting in the spring festival plays in Stratford, April 16-May 8, according to the "Manchester Guardian"—a change from the Henry Irving vogue satirized as "donkey racing". "What needs my Shakespeare?" asks the outraged correspondent. "Why a high velocity phonograph, and a 3-speed-gear kine-

matograph." Get the effect of this at 180 words a minute:

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Another correspondent argues that such acting is memorable in that "the romantic lay figures are humanized, the great set speeches taken at a stride before the audience grows self-conscious; speech may be nothing but mere gabble...pace in Shakespeare is as subtle a thing as in a Mozart sonata. These plays are designed for those who have a late train to catch."

Mr. Tarkington's famous good nature and modesty is shown in his reception of the somewhat pungent criticisms of his friend Murray Hill on such intimate matters as the shape of his nose, the fit of his coat, his grammar, and other points presumably sacred to himself and his Maker. In a recent letter to the Gossip Shop from Kennebunkport, Maine, B. T. said:

"Had I seen the proofs of the first Life and Times of Murray Hill paper, I should have changed my *hoarse voice booming* to a *rich contralto*. I like a colored cook, in a friend's house, better than I like Holliday. She asked: 'Who *was* dat talkin' in dat gran' gruff voice? I pay dollah *any* time hear him sing.'"

The Gossip Shop wishing to regale its readers with this bit, Mr. Tarking-

ton hesitated: "The subject of cooks (to people in the country particularly) is so serious, that there is dynamite in it. Our cook is *very* peculiar. Just what did I say?"

And on reflection he wired: "All right of course. I feared I had said something about our own who is literary." We are going to look up her name on our list of subscribers.

Other literary laurels are being questioned in France. The heirs of August Maquet are demanding that his name appear with that of Dumas on those works in which he collaborated. And Pierre Louys, in his latest book, affirms that the greater number of Molière's plays were written by Corneille.

French critics, it seems, are pondering that American phenomenon, Vachel Lindsay. In an article devoted to the poet in the "Nouvelle Revue Française" Valery Larbaud demands:

What would the aged Whitman have thought, had he been able to see this poetry alongside of which his appears academic and pompous? Perhaps, after frowning a bit, he would have said, smiling: "Yes, after all, here is my successor."

Which causes a commentator in "The Anglo-French Review" to wonder "what sort of poetry it will be that will look on M. Vachel Lindsay as academic". By the way, the time is almost here for Mr. Lindsay's visit to England. He sails in September.

To many of us "war literature" has signified either records of adventure or bursts of lyricism. But recent studies of the writing produced during the entire war period show the wide scope of this output. Such a survey is "French Literature in the Great

War", by Professor Albert Schinz of Smith College. Germany's contribution is the subject of a French volume ("La Littérature Allemande pendant la Guerre"), by Maurice Muret. M. Muret's aim, however, is to present a picture of social and political conditions rather than a book of literary criticism. He devotes considerable attention to the metamorphosis of Maximilian Harden.

Those literary sleuths who exult in the discovery of mixed metaphors and similar lapses will welcome the compilation of Albert Cim. Here are a few of the specimens in M. Cim's collection:

Gustave Droz, in "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé": "I felt a tear mounting to my throat."

Edmond About, in "Les Mariages de Paris": "Victorine continued to read while closing her eyes."

Charles Merouvel, in "Jenny Fayelle": "This woman had a svelt and supple waist that a man's hand could have imprisoned in his ten fingers."

Alphonse Daudet in "Tartarin de Tarascon": "Four thousand Arabs were running barefoot, gesticulating, laughing wildly, and causing to shine in the sun six hundred thousand white teeth."

The Goncourt brothers, in "Germinie Lacerteux": "On the box the coachman's back was astounded to hear such loud weeping."

Henry Murger in "Scènes de la Vie de Jeunesse": "In the depths of her breast, floating in an ocean of tears, her heart, assassinated by suffering, struggled while crying for help."

But—to come nearer home—here is a letter from a scandalized friend of the Gossip Shop in Washington, D. C.:

Dear Gossip Shop:

Is it not amusing that a magazine which displays as its leading article in the July issue a splendid essay on "English as She Is Spoke", should furnish the writer thereof with another horrible example of the grammarless tongue in the shape of a split infinitive from the Gossip Shop?... "though

we do not mean to at all imply...”, said the man in the Gossip Shop, while speaking pleasantly of the atmosphere of Paul Elder’s book place.

Of course, it is amusing.

Anyway, I laughed.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Patterson.

Follows Mr. Ellsworth’s apologia regarding “An Oldtimer’s” charge of using a “chestnut” in his book of unimpeachable stories and reminiscences:

Dear Gossip Shop:

Every once in a while someone gets righteously excited over the fact that the “polar-bear” story in my book “A Golden Age of Authors” isn’t new. Right they are—it is at least thirty years old and very likely much older. I don’t tell it as if it were new. I am speaking of how I helped to entertain an audience in an insane asylum, and I say this:

I told them the “polar-bear” story—it was new then, and the shout at the dénouement was instantaneous. People who have lost some of their wits certainly retain their sense of humor. That “polar-bear” story was first told in New York by Mary Mapes Dodge’s son, “Jamie” Dodge, at the Barnard Club. For the benefit of those who may not have heard it I set it down here.

Then it follows.

There is another story that is not new,—the Sherlock Holmes tale which Conan Doyle told at an Aldine Club dinner. In that connection I say:

The stories that occur in this book are, I think, generally hitherto unpublished. I know this was printed somewhere, but I have told it many times in a lecture and have yet to meet the first person who has heard it before, so it is included here.

I know now where it was printed. It was in Major Pond’s “Eccentricities of Genius”.

So far only two errors have cropped out. Richard Grant White wrote “The New Gospel of Peace” and not Park

Benjamin, and “What hath God wrought” is from the Book of Numbers and not from the Psalms. If any of your readers know of any other mistakes I shall be glad to correct them.

Cordially yours,

William W. Ellsworth.

We must admit we had to look up the Sherlock Holmes tale, and on the toss-up, here it is:

On his arrival in Boston Doyle told us that he had noticed a dog-eared but familiar volume peeping out of his cabman’s pocket. “You may drive me to Young’s or the Parker House,” he said.

“Pardon me,” returned cabbie, “you will find Major Pond waiting for you at the Parker House.”

As they parted, the cabman asked for a pass to the lecture instead of a fee, and Doyle said: “Now, see here, I am not usually beaten at my own game. How did you know who I am?”

“Well, sir, of course all members of the Cabmen’s Literary Guild knew you were coming on this train, and, I noticed, sir, if you will excuse me, that your hair has the cut of a Quakerish, Philadelphia barber; your hat shows on the brim in front where you tightly grasped it at a Chicago literary luncheon; your right overshoe has on it what is plainly a big block of Buffalo mud; and there are crumbs of a doughnut, which must have been bought at the Springfield station, on the top of your bag. And then, sir, to make assurance doubly sure, I happened to see stenciled in plain lettering on the end of the bag the name Conan Doyle.”

It isn’t every college class, even of one of the big universities, that can boast of two poets of the rank of Edwin Arlington Robinson and Cale Young Rice. Yet this is the glory, or better perhaps, only some of the luck of the class of 1895 of Harvard which has just been celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. As a part of the celebration, the Class Secretary published a huge crimson volume in which each member discloses more or less what he thinks of himself and what he has been doing since graduation. The

reader would hardly guess that the modest lines below were written by one described, on his just past fiftieth birthday, as "by all odds the greatest living American poet":

"I find that I have not much to say for myself, or of myself," Mr. Robinson wrote the Secretary, "except that I have done literary work since leaving Harvard in 1893. I have written from time to time for the magazines, and have published several books of verse. I might add that several superficial critics who have called me a pessimist have been entirely wrong in their diagnosis. In point of fact, I recommend a careful reading of my books to anyone who wishes to become an incurable optimist. My principal hatreds, or two of them, are prohibition and free verse."

Cale Young Rice—as the London Bookman said the other day, "a great poet because his first and last impressions are perfections of lyrical beauty"—likewise turns the curious to his books, but with a shade more emphasis: "If the class of '95 wishes to know what I've thought during the last twenty-five years", he says, "let it go to the books I've written—or be damned. If it wishes to know what I've done besides write books (and give readings from them) let it hear that I had a Chair of English Literature for a year after leaving college; that I've travelled much—with my side partner, Alice Hegan Rice—all over the world; that I've seen and read much of peoples, politics, religions, and literatures; and that I believe particularly, just now, that a League of Nations and every other sane way of internationalizing and creating world opinion is the great hope of the future.

"If the said class wishes also—as

per questions—to know what I think of myself and my work, it will have to establish an intimacy with me that does not at present exist. For why should I reveal to strangers such important things as the kind of socks and toothbrush I prefer?"

Mark Lee Luther, another member of the class, whose "Presenting Jane McRae" is doing just now very well indeed, seems to have risen to the bait, "Would you go into the same business if you were twenty-five tomorrow?" He replies: "Your second bolt in the air—'Would you go into the same business if you were twenty-five tomorrow?'—ought to flush reams of copy. It is an indoor sport that every man with gray hair or a bald spot is sure to play. It belongs in the same insidious class as solitaire, and like solitaire tempts you to cheat yourself. It is a game for the tired business man when too debilitated for the Follies or golf. Being a business man he is free to fancy he had a choice. But the writer is barred. He knows that his business chose him. It attacked him like a disease and, the publishers failing to kill the germ, the thing became chronic. He realizes that it was in his system at Harvard and that it throve under the elms. Yet he has no regrets. He would cheerfully go there again and run the same risk, for he likes his malady. He would not know what to do without it after all these years."

A courageous publisher is bringing out another Austen book—"Personal Aspects" this time, by Mary A. Austen-Leigh. A French translation of "Pride and Prejudice" has just been made by Mme. Bertaux, who in a recent number of "Les Annales" commends the author as "loved and cele-


brated in England, an author whom young girls and serious persons read with respectful and delicate pleasure". Who do *not* read "Jane" and why, Gertrude Atherton lately made the thread of a rapid-fire discourse in the "Times" in which Mr. Firkins's book was the bull's-eye. One gathers that Mr. Firkins's Austen idiosyncrasy is more or less of a Freudian matter. Yet today no higher praise can adorn the publisher's jacket than an Austen similitude, and in Miss Austen's day she was the mirror and the mold of form for women writers. As Virginia Woolf, that modern young English-woman, says: "To be a popular writer in the year 1850 it was necessary to write well. The women writers in particular wrote very well. Presumably the ordeal of appearing in print was then so severe that no lady went through it without taking pains with her deportment. Jane Austen, moreover, had set the fashion...."

Virginia Woolf is the daughter of the Encyclopædia Britannica editor Sir Leslie Stephen—who as everybody knows married Thackeray's younger daughter—and the god-daughter of James Russell Lowell. Mrs. Woolf's private printing press, the Hogarth, has issued already several books by American authors.

A recent Thackeray find (too recent for inclusion in the Henry Van Duzer bibliography whose publication a little while ago stirred even lukewarm Thackerayans) is the "King Glumpus" playbill. Here is the little rarity that created a literary sensation as the earliest clue to the authorship of that mysterious playlet which for more than half a century kept everybody guessing.

At Thackeray's death in 1863, illustrations of the play (one of the few

plays he illustrated for the stage and in which he is said to have acted a part) were found among his memoranda, with references to the text. But that text



THEATRE ROYAL.
MELVILLE ISLAND.

The Committee of Management, beg to inform their Patrons, the Arctic Public, that the Corps Dramatique being about to start on a tour through the Province, their last performance this evening will take place, on board

H. M. S. RESOLUTE,
CAPTAIN HENRY KELLETT, C. B.
On Tuesday, the 1st of February 1853.

The Ladies of the Establishment, having modestly represented the inconvenience of performing at a temperature of 30° minus, without nose and leg protectors, will in consequence of a further decrease to 60° below the freezing point, have recourse on the ensuing occasion to Blomsterism for which innovation they crave the indulgence of a considerate Public.

The characters in the popular and much admired farce, of

RAISING THE WIND.

Will be sustained by the following of the Ship's company

FAIRBOLD,	Sr. HOBBS R. M. JOHN,	Mr. TULETT.
PLAINWAY,	Mr. HOLLY,	RICHARD, - KUMFORD
JEREMY DUDLER,	WARNE	SAM, - JOY.
WAITER,	WALKER,	PEGGY, NORTHOUSE
	MISS DURABLE,	Mr. BLACKWELL.

After which several Songs and Glens, by Messrs Silvey, Ridgway, and Jeffery
To conclude with the laughable Extravaganza of

KING GLUMPUS.

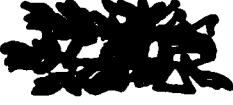
(By John Bull now Eng. F. R. S.) being its first performance in these Regions

KING GLUMPUS, Lieut. Fm. ADMIRAL GRUB Dr. Dunsville.
LORD LOLLYPOP, G.E. Mc Dougall Esq.
QUEEN, G. S. Nemo Esq. LADY LOLLYPOP, Lieut. DeBong.
LADY POPKINS, F. J. Krabbe, Esq. LADY TOMKINS, Mr. Purchase.

The Orchestra will as usual proceed with Melody, as guaranteed by the engagement of the following Musical talent. Messrs. Hood, E. Dean, Kinson, Corcoran, (Chamberlain, Humphrey, and Morgan.

The Office of Postmaster, kindly undertaken by Lieutenant Hamilton.
The Service arrangements under the management of Mr. William Dean.
Doors open at six o'clock; to commence at half past six, precisely.

Melville Island Press.



could not be found. Imagine the excitement in 1898 when it turned up. Even the *old* Bookman ran a headliner, "An Interesting Thackeray Discovery", with the illustrated play in full and with preface to the effect that "admirers of the author will find both

text and illustrations extremely Thackerayesque"; and the publishers of the magazine cabled \$1,000 to a rare book dealer in London for it. One could have bought a small Philippine island for the amount at the time, a sarcastic contributor observed in a following issue and added, "That Thackeray wrote a line of the text I don't one moment believe." And he was right, as this little playbill in time proved.

In a delightful article about Thackeray as editor which George Sargent writes on Mr. Van Duzer's peerless collection for the Boston "Transcript", Mr. Sargent, while paying every tribute to the bibliography and the collection, makes this statement: "The Whitey-Brown Paper Magazine, the unique copy of which...brought \$3800 in the Lambert sale, is an omission." The Gossip Shop hears that by many Thackeray collectors the Whitey-Brown Paper Magazine is supposed not to be an original publication, but a made-up volume taken from "The Autograph Mirror".

Of the many tempting little items listed in this collection, we cannot resist quoting a few notes. Here is a bit of advice written from the Garrick Club: "My dear old B.: Never have a literary man for a correspondent. Them's my sentiments to you. He's like a writing-master at a plain letter or a professional dancer at a quadrille. Considers himself too grand for it."

Again: "My dear Mrs. Cole: I am going to confiscate an American rocking-chair which has been an eye- and shin-sore in my room for years past since a Yankee captain gave it me...."

Beneath a pen-and-ink drawing of a party of seven at dinner are these lines: "*My Lord*: Dearest Mrs. D., how incomparably lovely you are."

"D: For this and all thy other mercies, the Lord make us truly thankful."

On the back of a note declining an invitation to dinner, is a pen-and-ink sketch of a little boy saying his prayers. A postscript is added as follows: "On the back of the note I see with dismay the picture of a little boy saying his prayers. As the subject is moral and edifying, I don't write a new note and economize a piece of paper."

Why doesn't someone make a collection of Thackeray letters, and get them published? An American, by all means, since this side has always been first both in collecting and publishing Thackerayana.

In view of the present fad of books relating to psychic phenomena, it is interesting to hear Zona Gale say that Mary Johnston's Swedenborgian novel "Michael Forth" is in her opinion the most important book of fiction of recent years—not so much from the standpoint of standards (whatever that is) as from the standpoint of values transcending standards. "The psychical research folk," Miss Gale said the other day, "bid fair to be outdistanced publicly as they are in reality, and left presenting the obvious, the mere resultant, while science flows back to causation itself." Miss Gale goes on to say (for the Gossip Shop's private and particular ear):

"Mary Johnston has set herself to interpret, through fiction, a tremendous adventure, whose A. B. C. of interpretation was Dr. Buck's 'Cosmic Consciousness'. The first intimation of this comes to Michael Forth in his love story—that entrance upon a new level of consciousness which is one of the reasons of the world's thralldom to romance, since the enhancement of

consciousness which comes with love is the chief enhancement of consciousness which the majority of the race ever knows. Such a love as Michael's which replies to a lure to unfaithfulness, 'No, the winged thing mustn't return to the finned thing', makes the modern sex novel a mere record of biological failures.

"In one of Michael's important experiences, he says: 'I looked at the lilies by the reeds. They were very fair; they trembled on the dark water; they seemed lit from beneath, sapphire, exquisite. The reeds grew musical instruments and living green and of a vivid grace. It was a flash of transfiguration.' May Sinclair has made note of the same experience in the moment before the thorn tree in 'The Three Sisters' and in a measure in the occasional 'strange and secret happiness' of Mary Olivier, in whose last recorded experience the new consciousness is strongly present.

"There are in the story suggestions of Einstein's ideas of space and time; of H. G. Wells's 'There is no difference between time and space, except that our consciousness flows along it', for man at different ages is 'a three-dimensional representation of a fourth-dimensional being'. Evelyn Underhill in her three remarkable books on mysticism gave a clear, intellectual presentment in London. A. E.'s 'Candle of Vision' is one of the most recent and exquisite expositions."

Forthcoming is another book by Aldous Huxley—this time poetry, "Leda". Mr. Huxley is by turns several different kinds of a poet in this volume, so that the following bit is not representative—it is merely a delightfully whimsical fragment of his reflections on "the irony of being two" which we for one cannot resist:

Oh, the dear front page of the Times!
Chronicle of essential history:
Marriage, birth, and the sly mysteriousness
Of lovers' greetings, of lovers' meetings....

The life so short, so vast love's science and art,
So many conditions of felicity.

"Darling, will you become a part
Of my poor physiology?

And, my beloved, may I have
The latchkey of your history?
And while this corpse is what it is
Dear, we must share geographies."

Arthur Guiterman, in a rhymed characterization of that much-damned woman and well-praised book "Invincible Minnie", chivalrously calls Minnie a Libel. Certainly she doesn't belong to the "woman—lovely woman" era, nor yet to the "be-good-and-let-who-will-be-clever" period. That she is dumpy with a "neat waist" takes her out of the Theda Bara class. Oliver Herford calls her the "she-bear of fiction". On account of the frightful potentialities of the creature she is anathema to all readers—a clinging vine that may become any minute a parasite with strangle hold. She is a modern Clytemnestra and Medea.

Here are Mr. Guiterman's verses:

A weirder beast than unicorn
Or basilisk described by Pliny
Is this receptacle of scorn,
The truly admirable Minnie.

By stuffing straw in female clothes
The Author viciously creates her
With every fault said Author loathes,
And then elaborately hates her.

How Minnie nursed her moral taint
Of stupid selfishness, but hid it,
And seemed a sweet, domestic saint,
I fail to see—but Minnie did it.

By methods crude as crudest oil
She stole her sister's only fellow,
Who spun not, neither did he toil,
A pleasant waster, tinted yellow.

A female of the Minnie kind,
While dead to loftier emotion,
May show to mate or child, we find,
A reckless, ruinous devotion.

So, since her husband must be fed,
No matter what must happen later,

Our Minnie bigamously wed
A wealthy Swedish real-estater.

And Minnie stole, and Minnie lied,
And Minnie grafted, wholly lawless,
Yet always smugly satisfied
That all her acts were pure and flawless.

'Tis not Romance, the Author deems,
Nor Realism. On the Bible,
I'll say she's right in that; it seems
Like what they used to call a Libel.

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News of Benjamin Franklin's "golden snowball"—the accrued interest on his thousand-dollar bequest to the city of Philadelphia—is reviving in England some old Franklin stories. It seems that when he was a compositor in London he was known as "the American aquatic", not developing a taste for wine until he lived in Paris as American Minister. Abbé Mouellet in "Lettres à Lord Shelbourne" quotes a letter in which Franklin says that the wickedness of man before the flood was due to there being nothing but water to drink. Noah had such a sickness of water whilst in the ark that he invented wine, and thereafter—with the exception of one lapse from sobriety—trode the path of virtue till death came. With his letter Franklin sent the Abbé some drawings to prove that whereas all other animals with long legs have long necks so that they can drink easily from rivers and streams, man has a short neck. He evidently was meant to drink well out of a glass, but Providence intends that the inferior animals shall drink water.

Alexander J. Wall has done a good piece of work in compiling a list of New York almanacs 1694-1850. It includes collections of fifty-four libraries, and is a most valuable book for the collector. The collecting of al-

manacs, by the way, is a fascinating hobby. To fully appreciate how much of history, wit and wisdom lies between the covers of an old almanac, read "The Old Farmer and His Almanac", by Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard, whose boundless erudition and sense of humor have made a most readable book on an apparently unpromising subject.

News of the publication of a sequel to "Marie-Claire" stirs memories of the sensation caused by the American importation, almost a decade ago, of that first literary attempt of a French seamstress. If you read that book, you will recall that at the end the heroine, in desperation, sets out for Paris. "L'Atelier de Marie-Claire" describes her experiences in Paris and furnishes a graphic picture of the life of the worker in a dressmaking establishment.

For twenty years the house at Olney, Buck, in which the poet William Cowper lived from 1767 to 1786, has been known as the Cowper and Newton Museum. This building, containing a collection of Cowper's works, has long been the object of literary pilgrimages. Recently the garden has been purchased in which stands the summer house so frequently mentioned in Cowper's charming letters. The trustees who have bought and paid for the property must now meet the cost of restoring it, and for this purpose a fund is being raised. A second edition of the "Life of William Cowper" by Thomas Wright is now on the press.

News comes from England that Archibald Marshall's proposed visit to America this summer is off, on account of the ill-health of the novelist.

The latest thing in poetry movements seems to be the Dadaist—a Paris importation. Here is a sample purporting to be by one Louis Aragon which is said to make the most futuristic futurist look like a cave man. It is called "Suicide" and runs:

a	b	c	d	e
f	g	h	i	j
k	l	m	n	o
p	q	r	s	t
u	v	w		
x	y	z		

And the last few lines of another which begins "Clgr Grlt Gzdr" (the last two lines mean "Whistle of yellow ink and slap"):

adada
ibldilzi
planche
simill
galvanoplastie
ra
ga
ta
ga
ribaldi
course
sifflet d'encre jaune
et gifle

"Few would care to commit themselves on so peculiar a question", said Gelett Burgess when approached by the American Library Association in their recent symposium on books most helpful in reaching success. "Suppose I should say, for instance, that Sinnett's 'Esoteric Buddhism' affected me most? Yet it is as near the fact as anything I could say. I often get more stimulation from a poor book than from a good one. It drives me to surpass it, and I say, 'If this fool can dare express himself with such abandon of ignorance, why should not I, who have better things to say?'"

Shakespeare is the favorite of Charlie Chaplin; Thomas Edison has read mostly technical books, hence is too one-sided to give an answer. Sixty per cent of the votes were for the

Bible, thirty per cent for Shakespeare, and the remaining ten per cent included Emerson, Carlyle, and Herbert Spencer. This is suspiciously respectable.

The recent practice of authors of naming their books for comestibles has moved another friend of the Gossip Shop (Charles F. Woods, librarian of the San Jose Free Public Library) to suggest the following:

MENU FOR THE NEXT ANNUAL DINNER OF THE AUTHORS' CLUB

COCKTAIL

Manhattan *à la Clarke*

HORS D'ŒUVRES

Mixed Pickles *à la Field*

SOUP

Red Pottage *à la Cholmondeley*

FISH

Octopus *à la Norris*

ENTRÉE

Peacock Pie *à la de la Mare*

ROAST

Roast Beef Medium *à la Ferber*

Wild Duck *à la Ibsen*

Small Potatoes *à la Isbell*

Carrots *à la Molesworth*

SALAD

Cherry *à la Tarkington*

DESSERT

Mince Pie *à la Morley*

Raspberry Jam *à la Wells*

Ladyfingers *à la Gregory*

Oranges and Lemons *à la Wemyss*

There's Pippins and Cheese to Come *à la Brooks*

Cup of Coffee *à la Reynart*

Something that Begins with "T" *à la Strahan*

Smoke *à la Turgenev*

Sherry *à la McCutcheon* New Wine *à la Castle*

A film version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is now in the making, in which twelve hundred persons are to take part. An important scene in the photoplay will be a reproduction of the first battle of the Marne.

THE BOOKMAN



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"Read it and put laughter and good humor back into your daily life."
—CHICAGO NEWS

DAISY ASHFORD: HER BOOK

A collection of the remaining novels by the author of "The Young Visitors", together with "The Jealous Governess," by Angela Ashford

WITH A PREFACE BY IRVIN S. COBB

ADVICE ON PROPOSING

DEAR MR. LINCARROL

It is with great pleasure that I comply with your wishes. It is not the first time I have been appealed to under such circumstances. There is an art in proposing as well as in every thing. If you are liable to nervousness, do not propose indoors. There is a very nice little nook in the back garden by the crocus bed, where my own romance took place. It is quite unfrequented from 11 to 1 and from 3 to 6.

Be careful not to be too sudden or you will make the girl shy, but do it by degrees. Keep as close to her as you can after she has accepted (which if you manage it with tact she is sure to do) draw her to you and murmur soft words.

If you wish for more details do not hesitate to write to me. Wishing you every success.

I remain,

Yours etc.,

CHRISTINA BEAUFORT.

WEDDING ARRANGEMENTS

DEAR REV. FATHER FANTY,

I hope your kindness does not mind marrying Miss Edith Plush and myself. We are both capable of receiving the Sacrament of Matrimony on Thursday next if quite convenient to you. Hoping you will excuse my craving for matrimony,

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS HENRICK. (BURKE)

MOST DEAR T. HENRICK,

On Thursday I am free from all engagements and am most willing to marry you, and give a charming wedding breakfast in my lovely harmonium room. So with my best congratulations on your coming marriage, I am

Your affectionate priest,
FATHER FANTY.

AN ELOPEMENT

"At ¼ to 6 Leslie slipped out by the back door. He was attired in a long old fashioned ulster, a deer-stalking cap, large golosha boots, and a hunting suit as he had gone to hunt for Sylvia. On his right arm he carried a bag containing clean under linen and other odds and ends also his money consisting of £40 in ready gold. He found Sylvia standing by the table buttoning her jacket with nervous trembling fingers.

"'Oh Leslie!' she cried as he entered the room, 'I am so glad you have come,' and saying this she fell back in a chair and fainted dead away.

"Leslie caught hold of the water jug and wetting a sponge applied it to her white face, and by this and the aid of smelling salts, Sylvia soon revived.

"'I am ready now,' said Sylvia in a weak voice as she put a packet of biscuits into her bundle.

"'I'll carry your luggage,' said Leslie picking up her bundle which was tied in a white tablecloth.

"Sylvia had been more particular than Leslie as to her luggage. Besides all her under linen she had with her two pairs of clean sheets and pillow cases, some bath towels and soap, likewise a sponge and a yard of flannel (in case she lost any) a flask of brandy, some new potatoes and a tooth brush."

MARRIED LIFE

"The Doctor had arrived with a box under his arm. 'Oh, I say Mrs. Hose?' he began taking off his hat, 'I have heard you have been wishing for a baby, so I have brought you one and your wish is granted.' 'Oh hurrah,' said Mr. Hose, 'is it a boy or girl?' 'Well I don't know,' said the Doctor, quite, 'but I'll leave you to find out and settle matters,' so saying Dr. Pauline took his departure shutting the door with his foot, while he held his precious top hat in his two hands. 'Don't you think we had better open the box and look at it?' said Mr. Hose. 'Well perhaps we had,' said his wife, cutting the string with a pair of scissors which were lying on the bed. Directly the box was opened, a dear little fat baby rolled out on the eiderdown. 'Oh, isn't it a darling?' said Mrs. Hose, sitting up in bed, and placing it between her and her husband, 'What a pity it hasn't got its eyes open.' 'Oh, but it's asleep,' said Mr. Hose, 'they never have their eyes open when they are asleep, except when they are very ill.'"

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Who's Who in America for 1920-21, has just come from the press, a better volume, if possible, than any of its predecessors. This is the eleventh biennial issue of a publication which long since became the recognized standard biographical reference book of the country.

It contains 3,304 pages, presenting, as only Who's Who in America can present them, nearly 24,000 crisp, personal sketches, and 2,500 of these sketches are entirely new, having appeared in no previous edition. As usual, the latest address is appended to each sketch, and the index by state and post office address is retained as a necessary corollary to a volume that has become a welcome biennial visitor in well-equipped libraries.

Turn to the index and see how many notable names belong to your state. It will help you to know the people you hear much about and read about in the newspapers and magazines. It will help you to know and understand them as school children are coming to understand them by the constantly growing use of Who's Who in America in the schoolroom.

A "Revised Mandarin Bible" has lately been published in China. The language of the text is "Pu-tung hwa", a dialect which, unlike those of Southeast China, can be written. This volume represents a quarter-century of work on the part of missionary linguists in collaboration with Chinese scholars. The chairman of the translation committee, the Reverend Chauncey Goodrich, D.D., Litt.D., L.H.D., now in his eighty-third year, has had a share in this undertaking ever since its inception. And one committee member is now at home on furlough for the first time in twenty years.

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field]. 6 plays for child actors.
The Boys' Book of the World War, by Francis
Rolt Wheeler [Lothrop]. A history to Janu-
ary, 1920.
Fairy Tales from France, by William Trow-
bridge Larned [Volland]. An illustrated
volume.

In a small-town church in Illinois a young men's Bible class was being formed and one of the books for study was Farrar's "Seekers after God". Several copies of the book were needed but could not be obtained in the town. A telegram was sent to one of the publishing houses in Chicago asking for the required number. This reply was wired back: "Very sorry but no seekers after God in Chicago".

Miss Lowell would like to have it stated that "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" is out of print only for the moment, and that "Can Grande's Castle" (not "Salmagundi") is being issued in England.

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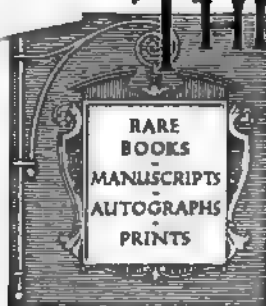


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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

THE American exodus to England is now well under way, and among the tourists are many whose principal recreation will be found in the London bookshops. Probably never before has so inviting a table been spread for the American guests, and even where material is not for sale it will be put out for the delectation of American scholars. Miss Henrietta Bartlett, who with Alfred W. Pollard in 1916 compiled "A Census of Shakespeare's Plays in Quarto, 1594-1709", has already feasted at the board of Sir George Holford, where she found sixteen undescribed quartos, including one unique item. This is the only large collection found since the book was compiled, although some copies there described have changed hands, and an occasional unrecorded copy has turned up in the auction room. The Dorchester House Library of Lord Holford contains the first edition of "Troilus and Cressida", one of the four known copies of the earlier issue of 1609, having the shorter title and no prologue. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it is entirely untrimmed by the binder's knife and measures $7\frac{15}{16}$ by $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The famous Perry copy of "Pericles", 1609, in the original paper covers, owned by Dr. Rosenbach of New York, measures $6\frac{9}{16}$ by $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The Dorchester House copy, the only uncut one known before 1623, therefore gives us a clue to what the Shakespeare quartos looked like in their original form.

Another remarkable autograph sale, held last month in Philadelphia at Henkel's rooms, was that of the collections of Sir Stephen Coleridge of London, who sent his autographs to this country for the simple reason that they were likely to bring more here than they would abroad. Sir Stephen's collection included fifty letters from Benjamin Franklin to Miss Mary Stevenson of London; Charles Lamb's letter to Coleridge in which he writes that he could wish his sister Mary were dead; Robert Burns's poem to Miss Cruikshank; the autograph manuscript of Byron's "Don Juan, Canto 8",—but why enumerate? Sir Stephen frankly says that he is selling his autographs because half of his income is taken in war taxes. He has included nothing that he has inherited or been given, and consoles himself with the reflection that the sad separation from his treasures has been forced, not by his own profligacy, but as a "necessary consequence of a just and glorious war waged in a noble and grave spirit to a splendid victory".

While the American book-auction season has practically closed, only one or two minor sales being held by the smaller auction houses, the English season, which always holds on later than ours, is notable for the important sales held last month. The dispersal of the Britwell Court treasures and the Lord Mostyn library has gone on, the Mostyn manuscripts furnishing a sale in that line fairly com-

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (Continued)

parable with the two great Yates Thompson sales, which have reached a total of more than \$750,000. The Duke of Marlborough's collection of undescribed papers relating to the early Indian and French conflicts in America caused a flutter among the American historical societies and collectors, and a great amount of valuable material has come to this country. Report has it that a great deal of unknown American material will find its way into the American auction rooms next season.

While many people are now showing a collector's interest in those modern English writers like John Masefield, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, and others of their ilk, it might be worth the consideration of some far-seeing American collector whether the works of H. L. Mencken, Robert Cortes Holliday, and some of our other American essayists are not worth collecting, to be read and then put aside as an asset in the final settlement of the collector's estate. The earls of Pembroke did not disdain to collect the writings of their contemporaries, and how we scramble to get them now!

The past season has witnessed an increased interest in everything relating to California. This cannot be wholly attributed to recent political events which made San Francisco the focal point of attention to many who are not book collectors. The literature relating to the "golden age" in California is becoming scarce, and as it deals with one of the most interesting periods in the history of our country, it is worthy of preservation. The result of this interest is shown in remarkably high prices paid for little pamphlets dealing with the gold discovery.

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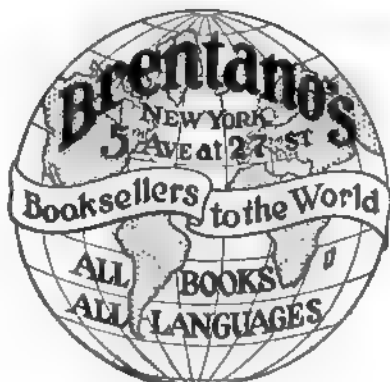
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Marjorie Benton Cooke, whose death occurred recently, was an alumna of the University of Chicago. As a student she was prominent in the work of the Dramatic Club and she began contributing to magazines the year of her graduation. She won early success as a writer and interpreter of monologues and toured the United States in presenting this form of entertainment. She was a member of the Authors' League and the Society of American Dramatists and of the Little Room, Chicago.

Her earliest publications were: "Modern Monologues" and "Dramatic Episodes". Among her later books are "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods", "To a Mother", "The Twelfth Christmas" (a dramatic poem), "Bambi", which won popular approval, "The Threshold", "The Cricket", and three one-act plays. Miss Cooke had started on a tour of the world when she died suddenly in Hawaii.

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Who's Who Among Authors

CORRA HARRIS, one of the best-known and most widely read of American women-authors is an illustrious representative of the Southland. Born in Georgia, "raised" in Georgia, she is, at the height of her fame, in heart and in fact a Georgian still. The proud owner of a farm in the mountains of North Georgia, Mrs. Harris spends most of her time in agricultural experiments "which are eminently successful but never pay the costs". She lives alone in a log cabin built by the Cherokee Indians, with a black



CORRA HARRIS

"Mammy" for companion. Mrs. Harris claims that "life on this farm is desperately exciting, full of startling incidents, dangers, happiness and hairbreadth escapes from God, nature and the weather." When the nervous strain grows unbearable she usually "comes to New York for rest and quiet. Nothing new happens in New York." Mrs. Harris thinks of herself as a "settled woman". As a writer she would be proud to feel that she occupied a small chair in the doorway of all men's and all women's hearts, "thinking their thoughts, seeing their faults, passions and virtues, observing the greatest scenes of life, those laid not in the open, but in that secret place where we really live and suffer—and die—many times in the course of our lives."

Mrs. Harris' great success began with the publication of "The Circuit-Rider's Wife". Since then she has risen steadily on the tide of popularity. Her latest, "Happily Married" has just been published by



GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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Who's Who Among Authors



KATHLEEN NORRIS

MRS. NORRIS," explains William Dean Howells, "puts the problem, or the fact, or the trait before you by quick, vivid touches of portraiture or action. If she lacks the final touch of Frank Norris's power, she has the compensating gift of a more controlled and concentrated observation. She has the secret of closely adding detail to detail in a triumph of what another California author has called Littleism, but what seems to be nature's way of achieving Largeism."

Her long journalistic experience may have given her this gift, may have given her, too, that closeness to the heart of life evident in all her work, which is revealed in the tragedies and ec-

stasies which make good newspaper stories. On a grander, truer scale, she is the artist reporting life, and her reports have that sureness and truth which has been called realism.

It is not, however, the realism which sees life all black. Her stories are wholesome, with living men and women for characters drawn in the tenseness of a passion, a struggle, a revelation, which comes into every life, however well ordered.

The story of Mrs. Norris's career is an interesting one. Her first striking success was with a story in "The Atlantic Monthly". After its publication one publisher asked for her work, and in her reply she gave the dates when the same story had been submitted to that house and returned. After that, her work appeared in all the magazines, and she has had an almost unparalleled success. Her latest book, "Sisters," adds another triumph to her impressive list. It is a study of love, its recklessness, blindness, and selfishness—and also its dignity, its beauty and self-sacrifice.

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THE BOOKMAN

Who's Who Among Authors

WE think to-day of Achmed Abdullah as an American writer so great an impression has he during the last five years made upon American letters. It is hard to realize that, in reality, he writes in a foreign language and from the viewpoint of a foreign civilization, since he is an Oriental. Nor has he always written in English. There is a volume of delicate, almost Baudelairean poetry from student days in Paris; a riotous farce "La Carotte", written and produced at the same time, and later on contributions to the then ultra-modern periodical "Die Jugend".



ACHMED ABDULLAH

It is perhaps the very fact that he is writing in a foreign language which gives him that peculiar distinction not only of style, but also of outlook—which as the critic Edward J. O'Brien said, makes his characters almost subjective they are so real.

He knows intimately many lands and many peoples. He can portray this vividly. We see Europe and Asia in "THE RED STAIN" and "THE BLUE-EYED MAN-CHU"; our own far West in "BUCKING THE TIGER"; Paris in "THE TRAIL OF THE BEAST"; New York's Chinatown in "THE HONORABLE GENTLEMAN"; this country and Berlin in "THE MAN ON HORSEBACK".

James A. McCann, Abdullah's publisher, has some new novels by this writer under way which are said to far surpass the very fine work that he has already done.

JAMES A. McCANN COMPANY

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Who's Who Among Authors



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HENRY VAN DYKE

THE story of Henry van Dyke is the story of achievement. When we know him we understand more clearly why his books have a power that sets them apart. He was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1852. From Princeton he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1873. He then studied for the ministry, and in 1879 was ordained by the Presbyterian Church. He served as pastor of the United Congregational Church at Newport, 1879-1882, and the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York for about twenty years.

At various times he has been preacher at Harvard, American Lecturer at the University of Paris, Lyman Beecher Lecturer at Yale, and in 1913 President Wilson appointed him Minister

to the Netherlands and Luxemburg, where he held office until near the close of the war.

Henry van Dyke has for years occupied a position in American literature as definite and permanent as that he occupies in the affection of his readers; and edition after edition of his separate books and of groups and sets from them have been published to meet an increasing demand. But a uniform and standard complete edition has waited, though long among the plans of his publishers, until the conditions have so shaped themselves that Dr. van Dyke could give it careful personal editing and arrangement and could include in it all of his writings that he wished to live.

The edition has been named the "Avalon Edition," after Dr. van Dyke's home in Princeton. It will contain 16 volumes, which will be illustrated by famous artists and special photographs of Dr. van Dyke and his home, Avalon. The first two volumes, "Fisherman's Luck" and "Little Rivers," with frontispieces by N. C. Wyeth, are now ready and two additional volumes will be brought out each month until the set is complete.

"The Avalon Edition" will find a high place in the Scribner modern library, which already contains the works of such men as Meredith, Kipling, Isben and Tolstoi. The books will be sold by subscription only and may be procured from the publishers direct.

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Who's Who Among Authors

IT is not easy to put my philosophy into words. Probably it could be done in two words: love and work. And that after all is the foundation of every normal life." Mary Roberts Rinehart, it is hard to realize, began writing barely fifteen years ago. In the same article from which the opening quotation was taken, she tells how she came to New York with a MSS of verses—and took them home again! Her first novel, *THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE*, was accepted a little later and then began a career wrung by indomitable effort from the cares of domestic life and a growing family. As Mrs. Rinehart says: "I learned to use a typewriter with my two forefingers, with a baby on my knee." Year by year Mrs. Rinehart has added to her list of novels and through them, unmistakably, one is conscious of the growing accents of a writer to whom life has brought increasing tolerance, a finer texture of faith in men and women and a clearer vision of the real things. *THE AMAZING INTERLUDE*, underneath the iridescence of a fabulous adventure, really put into words for the first time the passionate response of American womanhood to the even more fabulous horror that agonized Europe. It was truth of a triumphant kind such as the painter expresses in an idealistic portrait. In *DANGEROUS DAYS*, her latest novel, Mrs. Rinehart catches up in a swiftly-flowing narrative men and women who face the hardest of human problems: the failure of sympathy, spiritually and intellectually, between husband and wife. The bitter and the evil in life damn it for some, dominate it for others. But surfaces after all are surfaces; they photograph perfectly. What makes Mrs. Rinehart's voice of special interest in American fiction is that she is mainly concerned with what cannot be photographed, the stuff that is beneath the top of life.



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
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Who's Who Among Authors



MARGARET WIDDEMER

IS Margaret Widdemer at her best as poet, novelist, or when she is selecting from the works of others? "Factories," her first volume of verse, attracted instant attention throughout the country, as first volumes seldom do, by the earnest passion of its message, and the singing qualities of its music. Her second volume, "The Old Road to Paradise," which shared the \$500 Pulitzer prize for the best volume of verse in 1918, shows a fairylike way of writing—all music, and desire, and haunting dreams.

The thousands who have read "The Rose-Garden Husband," "The Wishing-Ring Man" and her other light-hearted novels and pushed them into the rank of "best-sellers" might say she was best as a writer of pure romance. "The Boardwalk," her latest novel, however, shows how she can combine romance and realism. It is a story of the young married people and the young people about to be married who live the year around in a resort town on the Atlantic seacoast and of how the shadow of the boardwalk and the irresponsible summer life is over their lives.

As editor and compiler of "The Haunted Hour" she has given us a delightful and most unusual anthology—a collection of the most interesting poems on the subject of the return of spirits to earth. Everyone who delights in the mystery, the thrill, the wistfulness and the humor of the phantom world will take this book to heart.

HARCOURT, BRACE AND HOWE

THE BOOKMAN

Who's Who Among Authors

WITH the extraordinary success of "The Miracle Man" before them, lovers of the dramatic in book, play or motion picture, have begun to see the real proportions of the creator of Jimmie Dale and his breathless exploits in the underworld. Year by year, Frank Packard has been steadily rising to head the list as one of the most popular writers of tales of mystery, romance and daring. His stories reflect his life—hunter, camper, fisherman and traveler—whatever the world holds of sport and adventure is pure joy to this man's man. Before he began to write, Mr. Packard studied civil engineering in Belgium, bossed railroad gangs all over Canada and the



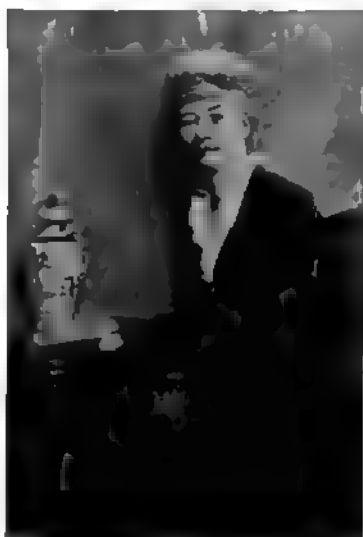
FRANK PACKARD

United States, traveled through the prairie provinces of Canada, wandered over most of Europe and made a trip around the world, visiting especially South Africa, Samoa, Fiji and Hawaii. When at home he lives in a bungalow perched on the very edge of Lake St. Louis, near Montreal, and is a hard-working author at his desk every morning before eight-thirty for a day of writing. Of his plots, he says, "I get most of them in the evenings—in the dark, down on a couch, with the lights out." His subjects range from the romance of the days of pioneer railroading in the Rockies to life behind prison bars and the night-cloaked mysteries of New York's underworld. As well-constructed, plausible and exciting stories they deserve unstinted praise. But Packard puts something besides perfect technic and thrilling incident into his work—a clear insight into the perplexities of human nature and the ability to make each of his characters a living personality, not a type, gives his books real substance and lasting appeal. First among Packard's early successes were "The Miracle Man", "Greater Love Hath No Man" and "The Wire-Devils". Then came the famous "Jimmie Dale" stories, "followed last year by "The Night Operator". His latest "From Now On" has just been published.

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Who's Who Among Authors



ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

AN American critic some years ago interpreted the art of Anne Douglas Sedgwick in the phrase, "She writes from an inner vision;" and it is this fine distillation of life that gives her novels their peculiar distinction. Though one thinks of her as an English writer, New Jersey was her birthplace and America her home until the age of nine. Since then she has lived in England—except for five years spent in the studios of Paris studying painting. In 1895 she wrote her first novel; in 1908 she married Basil de Selincourt; and in 1913, with the publication of "Tante," she definitely took her place as one of the really distinguished novelists of the present day.

Then the war came, and for five years Mrs. de Selincourt dedicated her entire time and energy to her hospital in France. A friend who saw her at the close of the war described her as "rejuvenated by her arduous experiences and years younger than when I last saw her. Her mind, too, is younger! I had decided on my previous visit that 'Tante' would remain her greatest work, but merely to look at her convinced me that she was still far from the summit of her art."

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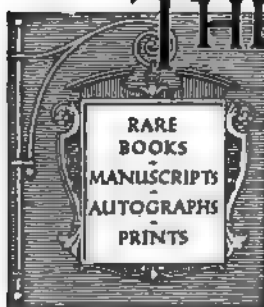
Springfield, Mass.

Henry van Dyke's very large audience will be glad to know that his publishers announce a uniform and standard edition of his works. Dr. van Dyke has had personal charge of the editing and arrangement and has included in the set, from their many forms, all of his writings that he wishes to live. The edition has been named the "Avalon Edition", after Dr. van Dyke's home in Princeton. It will contain sixteen volumes, illustrated by various artists—special photographs of Dr. van Dyke and his home will be included. The first two volumes, "Fisherman's Luck" and "Little Rivers", with frontispieces by N. C. Wyeth, will be ready immediately, and two additional volumes will be brought out each month until the set is complete. The "Avalon Edition" will be in the same "library" that already contains the works of Meredith, Kipling, Ibsen, and Tolstoi. The books will be sold by subscription only, and may be procured direct from the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children" has been considered such a contribution to lasting American literature that the society interested in the blind in Philadelphia have made arrangements to have the book reprinted in the Braille type.

At an Americanization meeting in Milwaukee, the leader followed a reading of Robert Haven Schauflier's poem "Scum o' the Earth" with a few words of regret for his untimely end. While the listeners were feeling for their handkerchiefs and the thought—"so young—so gifted" was in every mind, his aunt rose up in the hall to contradict the statement. Mr. Schauflier did something in France, but got through with only a wound. His new book "Fiddler's Luck" will soon appear.

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

NATURALLY the most-talked-about event in the book-auction world this season was the dispersal of a portion of the famous Britwell Court library at Sotheby's in December, when George D. Smith purchased for Henry E. Huntington a little volume containing the unique copy of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" of 1599 for \$75,500—the highest price ever paid at auction for a book. The story has been told at length in the public press, with some additions and subject to some corrections. Many of the papers spoke of the sale as though the whole Britwell Court library had been sold, although there were only 108 lots in the sale. While in this sale of English literature there were no less than twenty-four items of which no other perfect copy is known to exist, there still remain in the library duplicates of some of the other most important items; and while the Americana was sold *en bloc* to Mr. Huntington and collections of early voyages and travels, music and early English literature have been dispersed, it is reported on good authority that the major portion of the library will be kept intact for the descendants of C. J. Christie Miller, the owner. In the music collection, for instance, there was a copy of the very rare "Songs of Three Fower and Five Voyces", by Thomas Whythorne, 1571; but imperfect, like that in the British Museum. Yet Robert Steele, in his monograph on "The Earliest English Music Printing",

1903, states that "there is a complete copy in the Britwell library", so that the one sold was probably only the duplicate, which may have been acquired from Dr. E. F. Rimbault, who wrote a paper about this book.

William Henry Miller, who laid the foundations of the present Britwell Court library, was the great grandfather of the present owner, and was an antiquary interested only in early English printing. He died in 1848, and the library came into the possession of Wakefield Miller, father of C. J. Christie Miller, Esq. of Burnham, Bucks. Under the present owner the library has been augmented as well as diminished, and there still remains a splendid collection of early English literature which will not go under the hammer, although there may be still more sales of selections from it.

The acquisition of the unique fourth edition of "Venus and Adonis" by Henry E. Huntington of this city, gives additional distinction to what was an unsurpassed collection of Shakespeare's writings. It lacks but one of the quartos, the unique "Titus Andronicus" which H. C. Folger of Brooklyn acquired soon after its discovery in a library in Sweden. But in the matter of Shakespeare Folios the Huntington library has every known variation and imprint, and other editions of the quartos innumerable. The "Venus and Adonis" which Mr. Hunt-

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (*Continued*)

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are in public libraries, safely out of
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ton has therefore the only known copy
of the first procurable edition of
Shakespeare's first printed play.

The book auction season of 1919-20
opened with no diminution of interest
among collectors, and the prices paid
at the sales of the S. P. Avery, Henry
F. DePuy, Loren G. DuBois and other
sales at the opening of the season,
were a continuation of those paid last
season. One of the most remarkable
sales was that of the bibliographical
library of C. F. Libbie and Company,
the Boston book auctioneers who are
retiring from business. The prices
paid at this sale for rare, privately
printed bibliographies were high, as
was to be expected, in view of the in-
creasing number of collectors. But
the astonishingly high prices paid for
old-book auction catalogues, priced
and unpriced, made the collectors
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Harold Brighouse, the English dramatist, after a dozen successful plays to his credit, including "Hobson's Choice", "Garside's Career", and "The Odd Man Out", has again taken up fiction writing. A new novel from his pen with a Manchester background is entitled "The Marbeck Inn".

E. Phillips Oppenheim, at fifty-four, with sixty novels to his credit, has written his most popular book in "The Great Impersonation", now one of the best-selling novels in the United States. Mr. Oppenheim was attached to the British military intelligence service during the war.

"The Book Monthly", of London, recently published an interesting article on General William Booth as his biographer Harold Begbie sees him. The Booth biography is announced for publication over here by the first of March. It is to be in two volumes, elaborately illustrated.

F. P. A., the much admired columnist of the New York "Tribune", thinks William W. Ellsworth in his "A Golden Age of Authors" exaggerates the harm done by the dime novel. "Probably the worst influence in our young life", he writes, "was Horatio Alger, Jr. It was strange that we never have been able to expurge the conviction that fortune, success, and happiness are the inevitable reward of honesty, chivalry, and industry."

ANNUAL CATALOGUE of BOOK BARGAINS

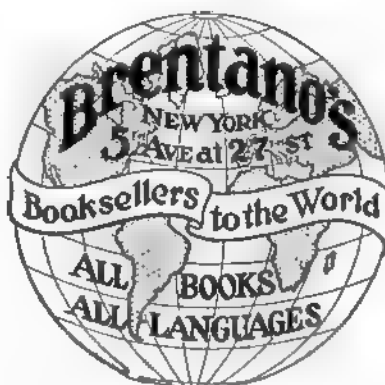
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"The Life of J. Henri Fabre", translated by Bernard Miall, is announced for early publication. While this volume, it is said, cannot exactly be called an autobiography, yet it is almost that. The author, a fellow scientist and a relative of Fabre, wrote the book under the intimate direction of the great naturalist. The volume is described as his method of linking together Fabre's own story of his life, aspirations and work.

The following note is taken from one of Clement K. Shorter's recent "literary letters" to the London "Sphere":

Lord Ernle, better known to most of us as Mr. Rowland Prothero, addressed the Writers' Club the other evening, and told his audience that hearing his father and mother speak of "Jane Eyre", he purchased with his scanty pocket money a copy of the book on his way to his first school. He was told by the schoolmaster that if he had not been a new boy he would have been flogged for bringing such a book into the school. And yet there are people who refuse to acknowledge that the mid-Victorian epoch was a horrible time.

But this is not the best part of the story. While Lord Ernle was speaking, one of the reporters said to his neighbour, "Who was this Jane Eyre? Did she write novels?" When told that it was a popular work of fiction, he replied that he had never heard of it.

The firm of W. & G. Foyle, booksellers, London, has been converted into a Limited Company with W. A. Foyle and G. S. Foyle, the original partners, as directors. By this conversion the firm hopes to extend its business and to give even better book service. Twelve years ago, the brothers Foyle started operations with a few short-hand books. Now they have a stock of over 1,000,000 volumes. They claim to buy over 10,000 volumes weekly, and as these have to be shelved, priced, and catalogued before they can be offered to prospective buyers, the firm of necessity employs a staff of over one hundred.

Meredith Nicholson called on the Gossip Shop the other day. He wished to present to our Murray Hill the idea of an essay to be called "Snobs I Have Snubbed". He said he was fairly well.

The English literary invasion promises to continue. Among our visitors scheduled for this summer is Archibald Marshall. He writes his American publishers, however, that he prefers to come as "a private citizen" rather than as a lecturer, as he feels that in that way he can "get more at the heart of things" here.

Numerous characteristic whimsicalities appear in the recently published volume "Memories of George Meredith", by Lady Butcher, whom all good Meredithians will remember as Alice Brandreth of his letters. Follows the Meredith comment on motor-ing: "Three toots of a horn, and a harem of veiled ladies dashes by leaving a stench of petrol behind, that lasts for a quarter of an hour."

James Whitcomb Riley manuscripts are valuable. At a recent sale of autograph letters, manuscripts, etc., in Philadelphia, an autograph poem of his "Another Acrostic" brought \$13. At the same sale \$70 was paid for his typewritten manuscript of "The Name of Old Glory". Riley had made corrections in his own hand on the manuscript pages, and had signed his name, with a pen scratch through the signature. A number of original Riley manuscripts were displayed at the book Fair in Indianapolis recently. They were loaned by publishers.

Frank Bacon, author of "Lightnin'" and star of the production, has put the story of the play into a novel. "Light-

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

- Possessed, by Cleveland Moffett [McCann]. *A woman's emotional experience.*
 My Rest Cure, by George Robey [Stokes]. *A humorous narrative.*
 Peter Kindred, by Robert Nathan [Duffield]. *A youth's school life and marriage.*
 A Jewel in the Sand, by Alma Newton [Duffield]. *A girl's city experiences.*
 Evander, by Eden Phillpotts [Macmillan]. *A romance of ancient Rome.*
 The Strange Case of Mortimer Fenley, by Louis Tracy [Clode]. *A murder mystery.*
 "The Line's Busy", by Albert Edward Ullman [Stokes]. *A telephone girl's letters.*
 The Enchanted Golf Clubs, by Robert Marshall [Stokes]. *A golf romance.*
 Where Angels Fear to Tread, by E. M. Forster [Knopf]. *A story of misalliance.*
 In the Shadow of Great Peril, by Horace A. Wade [Reilly and Lee]. *A boy's adventure.*
 The Fortieth Door, by Mary Hastings Bradley [Appleton]. *An American-Turkish romance.*
 Deliverance, by E. L. Grant Watson [Knopf]. *The love story of two women and a man.*
 Wyndham's Pal, by Harold Bindloss [Stokes]. *Adventures in the Caribbean lagoons.*
 Sara Videbeck, by C. J. L. Almquist; Neils Lyhne, by J. P. Jacobsen [Amer.-Scand. Foundation]. *Novels in the "Scandinavian Classics" series.*
 A Thin Ghost and Others, by Montague Rhodes James [Longmans]. *Five mystery stories.*
 The Splendid Outcast, by George Gibbs [Appleton]. *A tale of twin brothers.*
 The Mystery at the Blue Villa, by Melville Davisson Post [Appleton]. *Seventeen tales.*
 Pirates of the Spring, by Forrest Reid [Houghton]. *A study of an Irish schoolboy.*
 Robin Linnet, by E. F. Benson [Doran]. *A novel of English society life.*
 Happily Married, by Corra Harris [Doran]. *A small-town story.*
 Fire of Youth, by Henry James Forman [Little]. *A youth's search for romance.*
 Sweethearts Unmet, by Bertha Ruck [Dodd, Mead]. *The story of a lonely girl and boy.*
 Cathy Rossiter, by Mrs. Victor Rickard [Doran]. *A story of English lunacy laws.*
 Sheila Intervenes, by Stephen McKenna [Doran]. *A spirited English girl's romance.*
 Happy House, by The Baroness von Hutten [Doran]. *A woman novelist's experience.*
 Villa Elsa, by Stuart Henry [Dutton]. *An American's observations of German life.*
 Poor Relations, by Compton Mackenzie [Harper]. *A successful playwright's romance.*
 Glamour, by W. B. Maxwell [Bobbs-Merrill]. *An English playwright's love affairs.*
 What Outfit Buddy? by T. Howard Kelly [Harper]. *A colloquial war narrative.*
 A Place in the World, by John Hastings Turner [Scribner]. *A Russian woman's English experiences.*

Poetry

- Ballads of Old New York, by Arthur Guiterman [Harper]. *Historic legends.*
 The Dark Wind, by W. J. Turner [Dutton]. *Imaginative poems.*
 There and Here, by Allen Tucker [Duffield]. *War impressions.*
 Arcades Ambo, by Lily Dougall and Gilbert Sheldon [Longmans]. *Lyrics and sketches.*
 The Foundations and Nature of Verse, by Cary F. Jacob [Columbia]. *A technique study.*
 Argonaut and Juggernaut, by Osbert Sitwell [Knopf]. *Impressions and fantasies.*
 The Golden Whiles of California, by Vachel Lindsay [Macmillan]. *American impressions and others.*

The Tempering, by Howard Buck [Yale]. *War poems and others.*
 The Singing Caravan, by Robert Vansittart [Doran]. *A story of pilgrims.*

Biography

Days and Events, 1860-1866, by Thomas L. Livermore [Houghton]. *A Civil War journal.*
 Foch, the Winner of the War, by Raymond Recouly [Scribner]. *A study of personality and methods.*
 Some Personal Impressions, by Take Jonescu [Stokes]. *Records of Rumania's ex-Prime Minister.*
 Life of Walter Quintin Gresham, by Matilda Gresham, 2 vols., [Rand McNally]. *A study of American politics from the 40's to the 90's.*
 George von Lengerke Meyer, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe [Dodd, Mead]. *A biography from diary and letters.*
 The Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez [Scribner]. *A sister's story.*
 Jacopone da Todi, by Evelyn Underhill [Dutton]. *A study of a 13th-century poet.*
 Leonard Wood, Conservator of Americanism, by Eric Fisher Wood [Doran]. *A biography.*
 Vanished Poms of Yesterday, by Lord Frederic Hamilton [Doran]. *A diplomat's recollections.*
 The Soul of Abraham Lincoln, by William E. Barton [Doran]. *A religious study.*

Sociology and Economics

Patrons of Democracy, by Dallas Lore Sharp [Atlantic]. *A paper on American schools.*
 The Young Man and Teaching, by Henry Parks Wright [Macmillan]. *Suggestions for the future teacher.*
 Education for Democracy, by Alice Davis [Knickerbocker]. *An essay.*
 Habits That Handicap, by Charles B. Towns [Funk and Wagnalls]. *Facts about drug evils.*
 National Evolution, by George R. Davis [McClurg]. *A sociological interpretation.*
 Housing and the Housing Problem, by Carol Aronovici [McClurg]. *Principles for a national program.*

War and Reconstruction

Fishermen in War Time, by Walter Wood [Stokes]. *Achievements of North Sea trawlers.*
 The Enemy Within, by Severance Johnson [McCann]. *Treasonous conspiracies in France.*
 Raymond Robins' Own Story, by William Hard [Harper]. *Russian observations.*
 Readjustment and Reconstruction Activities in the States [Gov. Print. Office]. *A report of the Council of National Defense.*
 A Handbook to the League of Nations, by Sir Geoffrey Butler [Longmans]. *An historical survey.*
 Paris Sees It Through, by H. Pearl Adam [Doran]. *A resident's diary.*
 An Irishman Looks at His World, by G. A. Birmingham [Doran]. *A survey of conditions.*
 British Campaigns in the Nearer East; British Campaigns in Africa and the Pacific, by Edmund Dane [Doran]. *Two volumes of records.*
 Mons, Anzac, and Kut, by an M. P. [Longmans]. *An Intelligence Officers' diary.*
 The Monroe Doctrine and the Great War, by Arnold Bennett Hall [McClurg]. *An account of origin and development.*
 Ireland a Nation, by Robert Lynd [Dodd, Mead]. *A study of the Irish question.*

nin' " tells the story of old Lightnin' Bill Jones, so called because he was as slow as lightning is fast; how he ran his hotel, mostly for folks about to be divorced, on the border between California and Nevada.

Owing to the great expansion of their business recently, Harper and Brothers have taken seven floors of a loft building—near the Franklin Square Building in New York which they have occupied for more than half a century—to be used as a business annex. One entire floor will be used as a shipping room for the "Bubble Books", which have become a business in themselves. The sale of these juveniles—known as "the books that sing"—each of which contains three Columbia records, now exceeds a million copies a year. The remaining floors of the new building will be used for stock rooms.

In the spring and summer of 1791 President Washington made a tour of the South, visiting the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia. This was perhaps the first presidential "swing around the circle". Archibald Henderson, author of "The Conquest of the Old Southwest", soon to be published, has just completed a detailed investigation of this trip. He retraced Washington's steps and reports that he unearthed a wealth of generally unknown and forgotten facts and incidents concerning his life. During these investigations Dr. Henderson made an interesting and valuable collection of old prints, rare engravings, portraits, and facsimiles of letters and documents.

A few days ago, Thomas A. Daly, whose books of dialect verse, "Madri-

gali", "McAroni Ballads", etc., have been recently collected in a uniform edition, received the following letter from a lady in Toledo:

TO T. A. DALY

For monny weeks I gotta weesh
To writa you, Signor.
Dose "McAroni Ballads" oh
Dey mak' me weesh for more.
Dey maka me lov' Angela,
Dey mak' me lov' Carlott,
An' Ireesh Padre Tommeechkbide—
He's besta one you got!

But Meester Signor Tom Dalee,
No matta we'en I start
To read da pretta songs out loud,
A sigh, eet chok' my heart.
I can no say da funna words—
Like speak Eytalian,
An' so I'm sad, but prouda, too,
'Cause I'm good 'Merican.

Oh, Signor, eef you'd only do
Jus' like da gran' Carus'
(Wit voice so like a singin' bird)
It pleass' me like da deuce.
An' eef you wanta breeng me joy,
An' mak' me sing an' laugh,
Oh, pleass' go hav' a record made
To play on fona graph!

A London publisher is about to re-issue a new edition of a novel originally published in 1854. Its title is "A Lost Love", and the author Ashford Owen. It will be interesting to see how far the present-day public endorses the opinion of Browning and Swinburne and others of those who expressed enjoyment of this novel when first it was printed.

Under the title "O. Henry Memorial Stories, 1919, as chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences for the O. Henry Memorial Prize Award", will be published the collection of stories from which the O. Henry award will be made.

This memorial to the distinguished American writer of short stories takes the form of two prizes, the first of \$500 and the other of \$250 to the best

Russia as an American Problem, by John Spargo [Harper]. *A survey of the situation.*
The Inside Story of the Peace Conference, by Edward J. Dillon [Harper]. *A story which aims at impartiality.*
The Paravane Adventure, by L. Cope Cornford [Doran]. *The story of an invention.*
Responsibilities of the League, by Lord Eustace Percy [Doran]. *An Anglo-American discussion.*
The Battle of Jutland, by Commander Bellairs [Doran]. *An historical survey.*

Drama

The Genius of the Marne, by John L. Balderston [Nicholas L. Brown]. *A study of Joffre's plan.*
Snow, by Stanislaw Przybyszewski [Nicholas L. Brown]. *A Polish drama of love.*
Three Plays, by J. Hartley Manners [Doran]. *War plays.*

Essays and Literary Studies

Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination, by Walter de la Mare [Harcourt]. *An essay.*
Ruskin Centenary Addresses, ed. by J. Howard Whitehouse [Oxford]. *Papers by Viscount Bryce and others.*
Modes and Morals, by Katharine Fullerton Grould [Scribner]. *Reflections on present-day life.*
Flaubert and Maupassant: A Literary Relationship, by Agnes Rutherford Riddell [Univ. of Chicago]. *A study with bibliography.*
"Oh, Well, You Know How Women Are!" by Irvin S. Cobb; "Isn't That Just Like a Man!" by Mary Roberts Rinehart [Doran]. *Two complementary papers.*

History and Political Science

Papers on the Legal History of Government, by Melville M. Bigelow [Little]. *Five essays.*
The French Revolution, by Neta H. Webster [Dutton]. *A new interpretation.*

Travel and Description

A Sportsman's Wanderings, by J. G. Millais [Houghton]. *An illustrated narrative.*
Old Junk, by H. M. Tomlinson [Knopf]. *Sketches of various lands.*

Art

Twenty Drawings by Kahlil Gibran [Knopf]. *Reproductions with introduction.*

Religion and Spiritualism

The Spirit of the New Philosophy, by John Herman Randall [Brentano]. *Sociological studies.*
Fear Not the Crossing, "written down" by Gail Williams [Clode]. *Spirit messages.*
The Road to Unity among the Christian Churches, by Charles W. Eliot [Beacon]. *An address.*
If Jesus Did Not Die Upon the Cross, by Ernest Brougham Docker [London: Robert Scott]. *An argument.*
The Army and Religion, with preface by The Bishop of Winchester [Association]. *A report based on questionnaires.*
Ghosts I Have Seen, by Violet Tweedale [Stokes]. *Psychic experiences.*
Our Unseen Guest, Anonymous [Harper]. *Communications from a dead soldier.*

The Social Evolution of Religion, by George Willis Cooke [Stratford]. *A survey.*
 The Solar Empyrean, by John M. Russell [Flynn]. *A study of science and theology.*
 The Case Against Spiritualism, by Jane T. Stoddart [Doran]. *An argument.*

Miscellaneous

"The World" Almanac and Encyclopædia: 1920 [N. Y. World]. *A compendium of facts.*
 Opportunities in Aviation, by Arthur Sweetser and Gordon Lamont [Harper]. *A forecast.*
 Wedding Customs Then and Now, by Carl Holliday [Stratford]. *An historical survey.*
 The Ground and Goal of Life, by Charles Gray Shaw [N. Y. Univ.]. *Individualism vs. socialization.*
 Every Step in Canning, by Grace Viall Gray [Forbes]. *Cold-pack methods.*
 Success with Hogs, by Charles Dawson [Forbes]. *A farmer's handbook.*
 The Woman of Forty, by Edith B. Lowry [Forbes]. *Suggested mental and physical hygiene.*
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 Food for the Sick and the Well, by Margaret J. Thompson [World Book Co.]. *Recipes.*
 The Book of the Damned, by Charles Fort [Bon]. *Data repudiated by science.*
 The Wisdom of Woodrow Wilson, ed. by Charles J. Herold [Brentano]. *Quotations.*
 French-English Practical Phrase-Book for English-Speaking Tourists, by Eugene F. Maloubier [Brentano]. *A handbook.*
 Better Letters [Herbert S. Browne]. *A manual of business correspondence.*
 Animated Cartoons, by E. G. Lutz [Scribner]. *A history and exposition.*
 Birds in Town and Village, by W. H. Hudson [Dutton]. *Observations illustrated in color.*
 The American Credo, by George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken [Knopf]. *A study of national character.*
 Scientific Handwriting, by Charles T. Luthy [pub. at Peoria, Ill.]. *A manual.*
 Negro Year Book, 1918-1919, ed. by Monroe N. Work [Tuskegee]. *An almanac.*
 The Key of Destiny, by Harriette Augusta Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss [Dutton]. *The science of nos. 12-22.*
 Basket Ball and Indoor Baseball for Women, by Helen Frost and Charles Digby Wardlaw [Scribner]. *A handbook.*
 Marcotone, by Edward Maryon [Marcotone]. *An exposition of tone-color in music.*
 Terry's Short Cut to Spanish, by T. Phillip Terry [Houghton]. *A grammar and phrase book.*
 List of References on Shipping and Shipbuilding, compiled by Herman H. B. Meyer [Gov. Print. Office]. *A bibliography.*

Juvenile

The Ragged Inlet Guards, by Dillon Wallace [Revell]. *Adventures in Labrador.*
 The Cockpit of Santiago Key, by David S. Greenberg [Bon]. *A Porto Rico tale.*
 Catty Atkins, by Clarence Budington Kelland [Harper]. *A boy tramp's regeneration.*
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 The Three Mulla-Mulgars, by Walter de la Mare [Knopf]. *A story of monkeys.*
 First Steps in the Enjoyment of Pictures, by Maude I. G. Oliver [Holt]. *An illustrated study.*
 More Magic Pictures of the Long Ago, by Anna Curtis Chandler [Holt]. *Historical stories based on pictures.*
 Puppies and Kittens, by Carine Cadby [Dutton]. *Illustrated animal stories.*

and second best stories written by an American and published in America during the year 1919. The members of the Committee of Award are Blanche Colton Williams, Edward J. Wheeler, Robert Wilson Neal, Ethel Watts Mumford, and Merle St. Croix Wright. These are assisted by an advisory committee of twenty-three authors, editors of large publishing houses, and literary critics including Gertrude Atherton, James Branch Cabell, Hamlin Garland, Rupert Hughes, Stephen Leacock, Charles G. Norris, and William Allen White.

One of the best known short story writers who will be represented is Edna Ferber. "April the 25th as Usual" which will be published this spring in a book of her collected short stories, has been chosen as her best work. Margaret Prescott Montague's "England to America" will also be one of the number.

With the presidential campaign looming large, everyone who likes to follow politics intelligently, will be interested in the news of a book by Nicholas Murray Butler—"Is America Worth Saving?"—in which President Butler is said to discuss, among other things, progress in politics and the Republican party—its duty and opportunity.

In "Within My Horizon", Mrs. Helen Bartlett Bridgman gives the following appreciation of the human side of the late Admiral Peary:

I only wish the world could see Peary in his home; how soon then would the conception of him as forbidding, lacking all the gentler qualities, vanish. Dignity is his, of course, but a man of simpler tastes, of more frank, almost boyish, pleasure in all real things—the woods, the water, the sun, the storm, birds, animals, stones, flowers—never lived. Children love him and that alone is a sign, while he will feed a faithful beast before himself."

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Book-lovers and those who appreciate the skillful handling of plots are usually people who have developed their imagination. They merely lack the ability to put on paper the literary development of plots that are in their minds. To these people and those who have been successful contributors to the literary world, professors, society people, authors, critics, poets, playwrights, instructors, etc.—this call, from the studios, for new stories should be investigated.

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The educational policy of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is directed by the following eminent authorities:



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This famine of good photoplays has been brought about by the radical change in public taste. People no longer go to moving pictures for their novelty. They demand to see a real play. Plenty of manuscripts were submitted, but were unsuitable because writers did not know how to write in the peculiar language of the screen. More writers must be developed if the industry is to survive.

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When members so desire she submits their plans to Directors and Scenario Editors in person.

\$2000 a Story Not Uncommon

One of our students, formerly a minor actor, sold his first story for \$3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred, were both written by Palmer students. James Kendrick, of Texas, has sold six stories since enrolling less than a year ago.

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Paul Schaeffer
A year ago he was a rank outsider. He studied the Palmer Plan. To day he is under a 2 year contract as staff writer with Thomas H. Ince Studios.



Mrs. Caroline Sayre
Wrote the photoplay "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan one of scores of new writers who are being supplied by correspondence instructions.

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Jules Castier, the young Frenchman who beguiled nearly four years of captivity to the Hun by writing parodies on famous English authors, has under way a French translation of Kipling's "The Seven Seas" and "The Five Nations". Even the most facile style is taxed in translating Kipling. "It is no easy job," says Castier, "and I'm glad that Mr. Kipling approves of it."

General Grant's granddaughter, Julia Dent Grant, who married the Prince Cantacuzene and lived in Russia for more than twenty years, is back in America and has written a book "Russian People": making clear, it is said, the position of the great population outside the cities, the tenantry of the great estates, and the tillers of the soil.

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In an interesting chapter on the question of whether or not many species of birds pair for life, W. H. Hudson in his new book "Birds of Town and Village" tells a curious story of a pair of thrushes that were true to their first love. He quotes the incident from a bird observer of Winchester, England—Miss Ethel Williams:

She had among the bird pensioners in the garden of her house adjoining the Cathedral green a female thrush that grew tame enough to fly into the house and feed on the dining-room table. Her thrush paired and bred for several seasons in the garden, and the young too were tame and would follow their mother into the house to be fed. The male was wild and too shy ever to venture in. She noticed the first year that he had a wing-feather which stuck out, owing probably to a malformation of the socket. Each year after the breeding season the male vanished, the female remaining alone through the winter months, but in the spring the male came back—the same bird with the same unmistakable projecting wing-feather. Yet it was certain that this bird had gone quite away, otherwise he would have returned to the garden, where there was food in abundance during the spells of frosty weather. As he did not appear it is probable that he migrated each autumn to some warmer climate beyond the sea.

In that department of "The Book Monthly", of London, called Grub Street Gossip, a feature which corresponds somewhat to the Gossip Shop of THE BOOKMAN, there are, in the latest number of this magazine to reach us, fifty-five notes. Thirty-one of these relate to American literary matters.

Johan Bojer, the Norwegian author whose novels "The Great Hunger" and "The Face of the World" have gained him a considerable following in the United States, is now in London. The "Manchester Guardian" relates that:

He is the director of the new Norwegian journal "Atlantis", which has for one of its objects the enlargement of English culture in Norway. Norway, as everyone knows, strained her neutrality on the side of the Allies during

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the war, and her losses in seamen were more cruel than that of many of the actual belligerents. But German culture has always played a large part in Norway, mainly through proximity and nearness of language, and partly because no efforts were made by England to popularize her own literature and ideas there. Even today the field has been left largely to Germany and German sympathizers. Mr. Bojer told me today that he hoped to interest Norwegians through his magazine in the most living literature that has been produced in England.

The success of Johan Bojer's novel "The Great Hunger", which in less than a year has gone into ten editions, has persuaded the publishers of the book that two new translations of other novels by the popular Norwegian author, together with a biography, will be welcomed in this country. They therefore have just issued "Treacherous Ground" and "The Power of a Lie", with an introduction by Hall Caine. The latter has been dramatized and will be produced in New York this year. Karl Gad's biography of Johan Bojer will soon appear, translated from the Norwegian by Elizabeth Jelliffe Macintire. The lecture tour of Mr. Bojer promised for this year has been postponed until 1921.

"A Book of R. L. S.", by George E. Brown, recently published, lists in alphabetical order the names of the people and the places—mentioned in Stevenson's books and letters—that played a romantic part in his career, giving the important facts about each one.

Robert J. Roe, of Maricopa County, Arizona, sends, and the Gossip Shop is glad to print, the following letter:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

Could you find space in THE BOOKMAN to lodge an idea that is perhaps better fitted for "Popular Mechanics", and sent to you only because it may be of great interest to persons who write a great deal on the typewriter?

A person composing directly on the typewriter has his flow of thought disturbed, if infinitesimally, by the constant necessity of putting a fresh sheet of paper in the machine. It seems to me that someone with a little me-

chanical ingenuity ought to come to the assistance of the struggling author with a roll of paper (such as is used in adding machines) manuscript width, and perforated to manuscript length. For first copy this would make a wonderful difference in the quality as well as quantity of material turned out.

For aught I know I may be telling you of something which you have already seen in practice; but it hasn't yet reached the Arizona desert.

For the first time in many years a novel makes its first appearance in paper covers. "Pollyooly Dances" by Edgar Jepson is announced for spring publication "in a most attractive paper cover of the old-fashioned kind". It remains to be seen whether the H. C. L. has hit the novel-reading public hard enough to make them give up the tradition of cloth bindings for light fiction, and accept this cheaper form. This is the love story of "Pollyooly", the girl about whom Mr. Jepson has already written a novel.

We bow and print following letter:
To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

Don't you think it is time that "Jack" had a rest? Is it not time to suggest to writers of American fiction that *Jack* be left out of their list of names? Hasn't "Jack" been pulled and hauled, and putted and wax-worked until he is just about beside himself? Nearly every day some book comes out with Jack popping into the scenes again. There's Hamlin Garland, and Ralph Connor, and no end. What excuse is there for H. S. Harrison to use such names as Meacham and Plonny as important characters? I'm about resolved to avoid all such books. Why don't you say something?

The question of why Lincoln never joined a church is one which has been debated very frequently. Dr. William E. Barton, author of a study of the spiritual evolution of Lincoln, "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln", recently published, offers the following interpretation. He writes: "The best statement, and one that has been accepted as truly representative of Lincoln's feeling with regard to church membership, is one that comes to us on thoroughly good authority and from the period immediately following Lincoln's death.

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"To his Washington pastor, Reverend Phineas D. Gurley, he said that he could not accept, perhaps, all the doctrines of his Confession of Faith, 'but,' said he, 'if all that I am asked to respond to is what our Lord said were the two great commandments, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and mind and soul and strength, and thy neighbor as myself, why, I aim to do that.'"

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dignified Chinese mandarins is a mystery to visitors in China. There also seems to be strong preference among the men readers of China for American girls' books dealing with boarding-school life. It is not uncommon, according to missionaries stationed there, to see a stately citizen of Shanghai or Peking reading a Chinese translation of a Betty Wales book or a similar school novel, as he rides through the streets in his sedan chair.

A Christian Literature Commission made up of American women has been sent to the Orient by the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America in an effort to create a desire for wholesome literature for men, women, and children of the Far East. The findings are to be used by the Interchurch World Movement in the formulation of its world program.

The Commission plans to translate popular American books into Chinese and Japanese, and to train young girls of both countries for magazine writing. By introducing the best of our fiction into the Orient, missionaries hope to counteract the popularity of novels which are detrimental to the morals of the reading public, and at the same time offer inspiration to the writers of China and Nippon.

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time, it is said, that Dr. Freud has, as is were, come out of the laboratory and, in simple language, addressing an audience of men and women, laymen and students, given a comprehensive picture of the whole field of psychoanalysis.

"If I were to be asked in which of Mr. Conrad's writings his genius shows itself at its highest power, I should answer without hesitation, in this, the latest of them." Thus Sir Sidney Colvin on "The Arrow of Gold". He adds that we should thank "the master for a study of a woman's heart and mystery scarcely to be surpassed in literature".

George D. Smith, the most celebrated American dealer in rare books of our time, died in New York early in March shortly after his return from his triumphal visit to England where he earned the distinction of having paid the highest price ever given at auction for a single book. The purchase of the Britwell Court "Venus and Adonis" of 1599 for £15,100 has been the most-talked-about event of the year in book-collecting circles. A London editor declares that this price is preposterous, and only shows to what lengths American extravagance will carry one with a hobby. On the other hand, there are collectors who declare that the price is not excessive for this unique Shakespearian treasure, and that the only possible copy procurable of the immortal bard's first published work is worth any price. Dollars are relative, nowadays, while books have a value not to be determined in money. With the rate of exchange existing between England and the United States, however, Mr. Smith's purchase hardly reaches the price of \$75,500, although it still stands as the highest price ever paid at auction for any book or manuscript.

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of *THE BOOKMAN* will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

FEBRUARY was an exceptional month in book-auction sales in this country. Many important books changed hands, but considerable of the material offered in the February sales had a familiar look to New York and Boston dealers and collectors. The most important sale of the month was that which occupied three sessions on February 17 at the American Art Galleries. The first sale, consisting of association books, was made up of books belonging to Francis W. Fabyan, a wealthy Boston bookbuyer, and selections from the stock of P. K. Foley, a Boston dealer who supplied Mr. Fabyan with many of his rarities. The second sale consisted of notable items of Americana which were all the property of Mr. Fabyan and which comprised no less than four unique Mather items. The third sale was of historical broadsides, books and tracts from the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. Foley's stock and several other consignments. The Massachusetts Historical Society contribution was notable from the fact that of many of the broadsides offered, relating to Colonial matters and the Revolution, the only other known copies still remain in the possession of the Historical Society. As was to be expected, in view of the rarity of these items, they brought high prices.

The dispersal of the Henry F. DePuy collection of Americana is one of the important events of the present book-auction season in this coun-

try. Mr. DePuy, who has been a well-known New York collector for many years, has removed to Maryland and decided to put his special collections of books on the market rather than to remove them to his new home. Mr. DePuy was assiduous in gathering material relating to New York and the Indians of that state and Canada, and his work on early colonial treaties with the Indians is a standard. Unlike some other collectors, Mr. DePuy used his material in making contributions to history, and a bibliographical list of his own writings would be of respectable length. In the second of the DePuy sales, held at Anderson's in New York, appeared the most extensive collection of Jesuit Relations ever offered for sale, most of them being in the original vellum binding. Of one, the Avignon edition of 1636, the DePuy copy was probably the only perfect copy known. Of the forty-one years in which the Relations were issued, the DePuy collection contained thirty-seven, lacking only the excessively rare first, the twenty-fourth, twenty-eighth, and thirty-fifth. This collection was sold as one lot, and brought \$19,000, or an average of more than \$500 per lot, which is considerably above the average of the Relations when sold separately.

Mr. DePuy possessed the largest and finest collection of English colonial treaties with the Indians ever offered for sale, and these brought high prices. The rare Bradford im-

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print of 1721, the earliest treaty with
the Five Nations in English, the only
other copy of which is owned by
Henry E. Huntington, was sold for
\$2,050, and twenty-four other treaties
brought a total of \$16,505. Mr. De-
Puy's copy of Hakluyt's "Divers Voy-
ages", 1582, noted as "the first book in
English on what is now the United
States", was the only copy ever sold
with a map. A perfect copy contains
two maps, by Thorne and Lok. Only
three of these are known. The DePuy
copy had the Thorne map but lacked
the other. Of the eleven copies known
only six have any map. This im-
portant volume brought \$5,000.

The first edition of "Joe Miller's
Jests" now brings \$300. It was orig-
inally published in 1739 at the price of
one shilling. Considering the use
which has been made of the jests by
comedians, it is fair to assume that
most of the copies issued then have
been worn out.

Whistler's "Nocturne", printed in
brown by himself, was sold for \$2,900
at the Flanagan auction sale in De-
cember. Whistler appears as success-
ful a printer as an etcher.

Charles E. Goodspeed of Boston is
compiling a bibliography of the writ-
ings of Thomas W. Parsons, trans-
lator of the first ten cantos of Dante's
"Inferno", published in 1843. Mr.
Goodspeed says he knows of one other
person besides himself who collects
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The home offices of the Yale University Press have just accomplished a somewhat delayed occupation of their new quarters. The present building, made available through a gift from Mrs. Harriet Trumbull Williams in memory of her son, Lieutenant Earl Trumbull Williams, affords the Yale Press a much needed opportunity for expansion. The house, formerly the residence of Governor Charles R. Ingersoll, and overlooking the historic Green, has been remodeled but its colonial character is retained. A complete printing office is installed in the basement, and the Williams Memorial Room is maintained on the first floor as a reception and reading room for the convenience of guests.

A uniform edition of the works of Jack London and also a uniform edition of F. Marion Crawford's novels are being issued. The first volumes of the London series, which is called "The Sonoma Edition", are now ready and include "The Valley of the Moon", "The Sea Wolf", "South Sea Tales", "The Call of the Wild", "The Scarlet Plague", "Before Adam", "The Game", "The Faith of Men", "Tales of the Fish Patrol", "Children of the Frost", "The House of Pride", "The Turtles of Tasman", "Moon Face", "The Strength of the Strong", "The Red One", and "The Love of Life". The set will number twenty volumes. This publication will make available once more a number of Mr. London's books which have been out of print.

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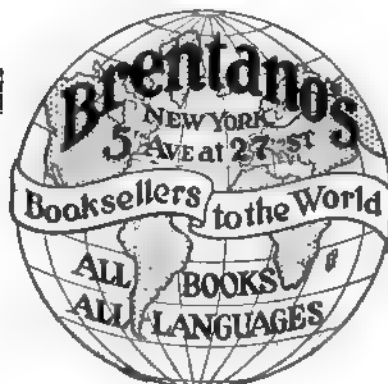
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A gentleman, writer of fiction by profession, whose name is a “household word” in every home in the land, and who lives not far from the most celebrated “soldiers’ monument” in the United States, writes the Gossip Shop as follows:

Who in the name of frenzy is Charles Fort? Author of “The Book of the Damned”. I'm just pulling up from influenza and this blamed book kept me all night when I certainly should have slept—and then, in the morning, what is a fevered head to do with assemblies of worlds, some shaped like wheels, some connected by streaming filaments, and one spindle shaped with an axis 100,000 miles long?

A clergyman, old brilliant friend of mine, “went insane” one summer—got over it when his wife came home from Europe but that summer he was gone. I remember when I caught him: he spent all of a hot afternoon telling me, at the University Club, about a secret society of the elect—adepts—who had since days immemorial welcomed (and kept hidden) messages from other planets. That's where this alleged Charles Fort shows his bulkiest dementia—but he's “colossal”—a magnificent nut, with Poe and Blake and Cagliostro and St. John trailing way behind him. And with a gorgeous madman's humor! What do you know of him? And doesn't he deserve some BOOKMAN attention? (I never heard of the demoniac cuss.) People must turn to look at his head as he walks down the street; I think it's a head that would emit noises and explosions, with copper flames playing out from the ears.

The following letter is from Senator Lodge to Oliver Herford, author of “This Giddy Globe”:

Your little geographical work came to me last evening. I took it home, and having run over the table of contents and made sure there was nothing in it that concerned the League of Nations, I sat down and read it at once, of course with instruction, but also with a great deal of enjoyment and amusement. In past days your writings and drawings have given me a great deal of pleasure, for one always likes to be transported to the land of wit and humor, of laughter and smiles, and never more so than at this moment, when the world looks so chaotic and full of unknown perils. I am grateful to you, therefore, for some very pleasant moments and also for your kindness in sending me the book. I felt much flattered that you should have thought of me and have written your name in the volume.



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...I rejoice in the getting on of your work—how splendidly copious your flow; and am much interested in what you tell me of your readings and your literary emotions. These latter indeed—or some of them, as you express them, I don't think I fully share. At least when you ask me if I don't feel Dostoleffsky's "mad jumble, that flings things down in a heap", nearer truth and beauty than the picking and composing that you instance in Stevenson, I reply with emphasis that I feel nothing of the sort, and that the older I grow and the more I go, the more sacred to me do picking and composing become—though I naturally don't limit myself to Stevenson's kind of the same. Don't let any one persuade you—there are plenty of ignorant and fatuous duffers to try to do it—that strenuous selection and comparison are not the very essence of art, and Form is [not] substance to that degree that there is absolutely no substance without it. Form alone takes, and holds and preserves, substance—saves it from the welter of helpless verbiage that we swim in as in a sea of tasteless tepid pudding, and that makes one ashamed of an art capable of such degradations. Tolstoi and D. are fluid puddings, though not tasteless, because the amount of their own minds and souls in solution in the broth gives it savour and flavour, thanks to the strong, rank quality of their genius and their experience. But there are all sorts of things to be said of them, and in particular that we see how great a vice is their lack of composition, their defiance of economy and architecture, directly they are emulated and imitated; then, as subjects of emulation, models, they quite give themselves away. There is nothing so deplorable as a work of art with a leak in its interest; and there is no such leak of interest as through commonness of form. Its opposite, the *found* (because the sought-for) form is the absolute citadel and tabernacle of interest. But what a lecture I am reading you—though a very imperfect one—which you have drawn upon yourself (as moreover it was quite right you should). But no matter—I shall go for you again—as soon as I find you in a lone corner....

Well, dearest Hugh, love me a little better (if you can) for this letter, for I am ever so faithfully yours,

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Poems of Tennyson, ed. by Henry van Dyke [Scribner]. *Selections with introduction.*

"All through the centuries the wraith has survived in literature, has flitted pallidly across the pages of poetry, story, and play, with a sad wistfulness, a forlorn dignity," says Dorothy Scarborough (author of "The Supernatural in English Fiction") in her preface to "The Best Psychic Stories", edited by Joseph Lewis French and brought out this month. Another new ghost-book is "The Haunted Hour", a poetry anthology by Margaret Widdemer.

Pierre Loti has recently turned his attention away from foreign lands. His latest book, "Prime Jeunesse", is an autobiographical account of his early life at Rochefort which forms a sequel to his "Roman d'un Enfant".

A contributor to a current magazine decides that movie scenarios lack cultural background, and so he arranges a pretty film-version of "The Education of Henry Adams". "This volume has had remarkable success—public records show that more people have lied about having read it than about any other book in a decade." His cultural movie is to be called "The Education of Henry Adams, or, Why Minds Go Wrong". Here is THE BIG ROMAN SCENE: Caption, "Here, after a year's wandering through the happy, smiling lands of Europe, comes young Henry Adams in search for education." (He is discovered sitting on a rock among the ruins of the Capitol, thinking: The shadows deepen, and he rises, passing his hand across his brow.) — (Flash-back showing the Latin verbs which govern the dative case.) Pianist plays "The March of the Jolly Granadiers".... This is the climax and the end? Caption, "God have mercy on me! I can see it all—I have never been educated!"

Studies in Tennyson, by Henry van Dyke [Scribner]. *Analyses, with bibliography.*
 A Miscellany of British Poetry, ed. by W. Kean Seymour [Harcourt]. *A contemporary anthology.*
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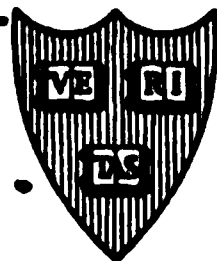
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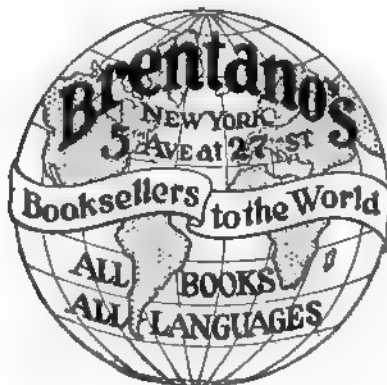
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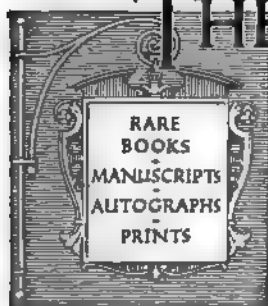
Liberty and the News, by Walter Lippman [Harcourt]. *Papers on the free press.*
 Natural Food and Care for Child and Mother, by Susan Harding Rummel [Rand McNally]. *Detailed suggestions.*
 The Human Form Divine, by Genevieve Brady [Four Seas]. *Facts about mental influence.*
 The Einstein Theory of Relativity, by H. A. Lorentz [Brentano]. *An explanation.*
 Report of the Librarian of Congress for 1919 [Gov. Print. Office]. *A tabulation.*
 Morning Knowledge, by Alastair Shannon [Longmans]. *Philosophical reflections.*
 Lectures on Modern Idealism, by Josiah Royce [Yale]. *Studies of Kant and others.*
 Palmer Plan Handbook [Palmer Photoplay Corp.]. *A manual of photoplay writing.*
 An Ethical System Based on the Laws of Nature, by M. Deshumbert [Open Court]. *A translation from the French.*
 The Lure of the Pen, by Flora Klickmann [Putnam]. *Suggestions for the writer.*
 International Waterways, by Paul Morgan Ogilvie [Macmillan]. *A reference book.*
 Bobbins of Belgium, by Charlotte Kellogg [Funk]. *An account of the lace industry.*
 Psychoanalysis, by André Tridon [Huebsch]. *An exposition for the layman.*
 Selling Your Services, by George Conover Pearson [Jordan-Goodwin]. *Helpful hints.*
 How to Speak Without Notes; Something to Say; How to Say It; Successful Methods of Public Speaking; Model Speeches for Practice; The Training of a Public Speaker; How to Sell Through Speech; Impromptu Speeches; How to Make Them; Word-Power: How to Develop It; Christ: The Master Speaker; Vital English for Speakers and Writers, by Glenville Kleiser [Funk]. *Ten handbooks.*
 The Natural History of the Child, by Courtenay Dunn [Lane]. *An historical survey.*
 Handbook for Comrades; Manual for Leaders [Association]. *Boys' recreational programs.*
 The Model T Ford Car, by Victor W. Page [Henley]. *An illustrated 1920 manual.*

Juvenile

The Garnet Story Book, ed. by Ada and Eleanor Skinner [Duffield]. *An anthology.*
 Carita's New World, by Lucy M. Blanchard [Page]. *A Mexican girl's U. S. experience.*
 Swatty, by Ellis Parker Butler [Houghton]. *Boys' adventures on the Mississippi.*
 The Cart of Many Colors, by Nannine LaVilla Meiklejohn [Dutton]. *An Italian tale.*
 A Staircase of Stories, ed. by Louey Chisholm and Amy Steedman [Putnam]. *Graded tales.*

Referring to the World's Classics edition of "The Life of Charlotte Brontë", which completes Mrs. Gaskell's works in this form, "The Athenæum" commends the "admirable introduction by Clement Shorter, doubly valuable because it contains the text of an unpublished letter by Mrs. Gaskell which gives an even more vivid picture of the tragic household of the Brontës than any to be found in her book. The letter is a masterpiece of quick and passionate apprehension, and, if only for the reason that the letter is contained in it, the new edition of the book is bound to supersede the old."

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

The sale of the second portion of the collection of illuminated manuscripts and fifteenth-century books printed on vellum, the property of Henry Yates Thompson, editor of "The London Daily Mail", was the outstanding event of the book auction world in the month of March. This sale included only twenty-six illuminated manuscripts and eight fifteenth-century books, fourteen lots consisting of English manuscripts several of which are of distinguished ownership. A volume containing various works of Cassiodorus and Seneca, written about A. D. 1200, was once the property of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Queen Elizabeth. A Psalter of John of Gaunt, about 1360, subsequently belonged to Henry VI or his wife, Margaret of Anjou, and afterward to John Stafford, Archbishop of Canterbury and the first "Lord Chancellor". Many of the manuscripts come from great collections, like those of the Duc de Berri and the scarcely less famous collector, Prigent de Coetivy, Admiral of France, (1400-1450). A Book of Hours made for Dionora, Duchess of Urbino, in the early sixteenth century, is a beautiful memento of that paragon of all the virtues who was described by Castiglione as uniting "wisdom, grace, beauty, genius, courtesy, gentleness, and refined manners". A manuscript that belonged to such a person is worth having.

New issues of "The New England Primer" are constantly coming to

light and the appearance of copies which heretofore have been known only through references aid materially to the straightening out of the bibliography of this oft-printed little "Bible of New England". The latest "find" is of a copy of "The Royal Primer Improved: Being an easy and pleasant Guide to the Art of Reading", printed at Philadelphia and sold by James Chattin, in Church Alley, 1753. A second edition of this is mentioned by bibliographers who had evidently never seen a copy, their quotation of the title being taken from a newspaper advertisement. This copy was sold at Anderson's recently.

George Watson Cole, librarian of the Henry E. Huntington private library, has laid a ghost that has troubled bibliographers for more than two hundred years. The old play of "The Bloody Banquet", by "T. B.", is credited with the date 1620 by many bibliographers since the days of Langbaine (1681). But the title-page was larger than the work itself, and in binding many of the copies have had the lower line, which reads: "Printed for Thomas Cotes, 1639", cut off. In the British Museum copy reprinted in the "Tudor Facsimile Texts", the binder has trimmed the bottom so close that only the upper part of the Old English 3 and the circle of the 9 remain. As in all copies in which the imprint remains intact, the date is 1639, Mr. Cole concludes that this was the only edition of this work, and that

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (*Continued*)

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the 1620 edition is a myth. The matter is interesting as showing the pitfalls which are constantly in the path of the bibliographer.

The purchase of the Shakespearian library of Marsden J. Perry of Providence by the Rosenbach Company of Philadelphia resulted in another record price—in this case the highest price ever paid for a printed book. This was a sum approaching one hundred thousand dollars for what is known as the "Edward Gwynn Shakespeare". This is the first collected edition of the great dramatist's plays, issued in quarto four years before the First Folio of 1623. It contains ten of the quarto plays, with varying dates on the title-pages, but there is strong evidence that these were printed at the same time and issued as a collected edition in 1619. It is believed that several volumes of this kind were in existence a century ago, but that they were broken up, the only surviving example being the Marsden J. Perry copy, which once belonged to Edward Gwynn, an English collector. The volume, within a few days after the library was bought *en bloc*, passed into the possession of H. C. Folger, the Shakespearian collector. It now ranks as the highest-priced book ever sold, but if a vellum copy of the Gutenberg Bible were to come into the market tomorrow there might be another new record. It is noticeable, however, that Shakespeare, both in the auction room and the bookstore, is now the world's "best seller".

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Two books about the late Sir Herbert Tree, are reported to be forthcoming. One is said to be the "official" life of Sir Herbert written by his renowned brother, Max Beerbohm, with contributions by George Bernard Shaw and others who knew the many-sided actor knight; the other, a book or reminiscences of him by G. Dickson Kenwin, one of his closest friends. A collected edition of Max Beerbohm's works will soon be issued by a New York firm.

An English book reviewer of Mr. Wells's "Outlines of History" which has been appearing in parts in England, cannot understand why this form of book publication has never been adopted in America. Why not, he says, when the subscription book and all sorts of instalment-plan payments are in vogue in America? The explanation is that it is entirely a matter of temperament. An American refuses to take care of infinitesimal paper-bound sections of a work later to be bound. On the other hand the complete set, bound and delivered to his order, appeals to his common sense. By the way, "Outlines of History" will be brought out in two volumes next autumn by a New York firm.

A recent marconigram from Gilbert Frankau to his American publishers retailing the London success of his novel "Peter Jameson", read:

Peter in fifth printing. See Luke, chapter ten, verse thirty-seven. (Go thou and do likewise.)

To which a reply was promptly cabled:

See Hebrews, chapter six, verse three. (And this will we do if God permit.)

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

- The Eye of Zeltoon, by Talbot Mundy [Bobbs]. *An Armenian mystery tale.*
 Come-on Charley, by Thomas Addison [Bobbs]. *A reputed millionaire's adventures.*
 Some of Us Are Married, by Mary Stewart Cutting [Doubleday]. *Love stories.*
 The La Chance Mine Mystery, by S. Carleton [Little]. *A Canadian miner's romance.*
 The Chinese Label, by J. Frank Davis [Little]. *A tale of stolen diamonds.*
 Tutt and Mr. Tutt, by Arthur Train [Scribner]. *Experiences of a law firm.*
 At Fame's Gateway, by Jennie Irene Mix [Holt]. *A pianist's New York romance.*
 The Cresting Wave, by Edwin Bateman Morris [Penn]. *A youth's business career.*
 Skinner Makes It Fashionable, by Henry Irving Dodge [Harper]. *A suburban tale.*
 The Romantic Woman, by Mary Borden [Knopf]. *A story of an Anglo-American marriage.*
 Peter Jameson, by Gilbert Frankau [Knopf]. *A study of modern English married life.*
 Paddle, by Emily Dudley Wright [Stratford]. *A young governess's love affairs.*
 Two Bubbles, by John Temple Graves, Jr. [Stratford]. *A wartime romance.*
 Sailor Girl, by Frederick F. Moore [Appleton]. *Adventures of a girl steamship owner.*
 Woman Triumphant, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez [Dutton]. *A Spanish artist's story.*
 The Golden Scorpion, by Sax Rohmer [McBride]. *Machinations of a criminal band.*
 Marqueray's Duel, by Anthony Pryde [McBride]. *An afterwar political English novel.*
 The Portygee, by Joseph C. Lincoln [Appleton]. *A Cape Cod romance.*
 A Cry of Youth, by Cynthia Lombardi [Appleton]. *An American girl's Italian love story.*
 The Duke of Chimney Butte, by G. W. Ogden [McClurg]. *A tenderfoot's western adventures.*
 In Lincoln's Chair, by Ida M. Tarbell [Macmillan]. *A colloquial sketch of Lincoln.*
 Sheepskins and Grey Russet, by E. Temple Thurston [Putnam]. *A farming experiment.*
 Scrambled Eggs, by Lawton Mackall [Stewart and Kidd]. *A barnyard allegory.*
 The Great Accident, by Ben Ames Williams [Macmillan]. *A political reformer's experiences.*
 Hills of Han, by Samuel Merwin [Bobbs]. *Romantic adventures in China.*
 Outside Inn, by Ethel M. Kelley [Bobbs]. *A girl's experiment with a teashop.*
 The Gate of Fulfillment, by Knowles Ridsdale [Putnam]. *A secretary's romance.*
 Time and Eternity, by Gilbert Cannan [Doran]. *A story of exiles in bohemian London.*
 The Explorer, by W. Somerset Maugham [Doran]. *A tale of love and family pride.*
 The Loom of Youth, by Alec Waugh [Doran]. *An English schoolboy's narrative.*
 Love and Mr. Lewisham, by H. G. Wells [Doran]. *A youthful scholar's story.*
 Blacksheep! Blacksheep! by Meredith Nicholson [Scribner]. *A society man's underworld experiences.*
 One Hundred Best Novels Condensed, ed. by Edwin A. Grozier, 4 vols. [Harper]. *An illustrated collection with biographical sketches.*
 Claudio Graziani, by Silvio Villa [Brentano]. *A short war sketch.*
 Ships Across the Sea, by Ralph D. Paine [Houghton]. *American navy tales.*
 The Doctor of Pimlico, by William LeQuex [Macaulay]. *A tale of double personalities.*
 Glory Rides the Range, by Ethel and James Dorrance [Macaulay]. *A western girl's adventures.*
 The Secret of Sarek, by Mauric LeBlanc [Macaulay]. *An Arsène Lupin mystery.*

A Son of Courage, by Archie P. McKishnie [Reilly & Lee]. *Canadian oil-field adventures.*
 The Bride in Black, by Lillia Shaw Husted [Four Seas]. *A story of forced marriage.*
 Wanted: A Husband, by Samuel Hopkins Adams [Houghton]. *A plain girl's romance.*
 The Cream of the Jest, by James Branch Cabell [McBride]. *The story of a novelist.*
 Many Junes, by Archibald Marshall [Dodd]. *A novel of English family life.*
 Harvest, by Mrs. Humphry Ward [Dodd]. *An English woman farmer's experiences.*
 Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland, by Lady Gregory, 2 vols. [Putnam]. *Folklore.*
 Jane, by Anna Alice Chapin [Putnam]. *A young actress's romance.*
 His Friend and His Wife, by Cosmo Hamilton [Little]. *A tale of society scandals.*
 The Voice of the Pack, by Edison Marshall [Little]. *Oregon adventures.*
 Passion, by Shaw Desmond [Scribner]. *An English novel of love and business.*
 The Real Diary of the Worst Farmer, by Henry A. Shute [Houghton]. *Rural experiments.*
 The Nut Cracker, by Frederic S. Isham [Bobbs]. *A venture in impersonation.*
 Iron Cousins, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick [Watt]. *An English governess's German experience.*
 The Passion for Life, by Joseph Hocking [Revell]. *A supposedly dying man's romance.*
 Sarah and Her Daughter, by Bertha Pearl [Seltzer]. *A story of New York's Ghetto.*

Poetry

Something Else Again, by Franklin P. Adams [Doubleday]. *Humorous verse.*
 Poems of John R. Thompson, ed. by John S. Patton [Scribner]. *Civil War time poems.*
 Nowadays, by Lord Dunsany [Four Seas]. *An essay on the poet.*
 The Bomber Gypsy, by A. P. Herbert [Knopf]. *Wartime songs.*
 The Roamer, by George Edward Woodberry [Harcourt]. *Narrative, lyrics and sonnets.*
 A Prisoner of Pentonville, by "Red Band" [Putnam]. *Introspective prison poems.*
 Diantha Goes the Primrose Way, by Adelaide Manola Hughes [Harper]. *Free-verse lyrics.*
 Others for 1919, ed. by Alfred Kreymborg [Nicholas L. Brown]. *A recent anthology.*
 Dressing Gowns and Glue, by L. deG. Steveking [Harcourt]. *Humorous verse illustrated.*
 Songs and Portraits, by Maxwell Struthers Burt [Scribner]. *Lyrics and sketches.*
 Lancelot, by Edwin Arlington Robinson [Seltzer]. *An Arthurian legend.*
 The Five Books of Youth, by Robert Hillyer [Brentano]. *Sketches, lyrics, and sonnets.*
 Fleurs-de-lys, trans. and ed. by Wilfred Thorley [Houghton]. *A French anthology.*
 My commonplace Book, col. by J. T. Hackett [London: Fisher Unwin]. *Quotations.*
 For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War, by A. St. John Adcock [Doran]. *An enlarged illustrated edition of the anthology.*
 The Well of Being, by Herbert Jones [Lane]. *A narrative and love sonnets.*
 The Spacious Times, by Francis Coutts [Lane]. *Wartime reflections.*

Biography

Mrs. Gladstone, by Mary Drew [Putnam]. *A daughter's memoir.*
 From Friend to Friend, by Lady Ritchie [Dutton]. *Reminiscences of Thackeray's daughter.*
 Mercier, by Charlotte Kellogg [Appleton]. *An account of the Cardinal's life and work.*
 The Life of Leonard Wood, by John G. Holme [Doubleday]. *A record of activities.*
 The Life of General William Booth, by Harold Begbie, 2 vols. [Macmillan]. *The story of the Salvation Army's founder.*

A contributor to an English magazine finds food for speculation as to what a novelist should read, and quotes Meredith Nicholson as thinking that reading of fiction is unprofitable for professional writers of it: "I only read three novels a year, chosen for me by my wife. I prefer to read social and political discussion, biography, and poetry."

Something of a departure in a bookstore is the Brick Row Bookshop, a New Haven store which is just opening a branch in New York. All kinds of books, old and new, rare and popular, are offered for sale in rooms that aim to achieve the atmosphere of an exclusive club library. Booklovers are always welcome to drop in and browse in the well-stored alcoves without feeling that anyone will try to force them to buy anything. It will offer a pleasant place to drop into before or after a matinee or at any leisure hour, and is conveniently accessible in its new quarters in the centre of the city.

An English newspaper finds material for a sensational literary scandal in the breach between Henry James and H. G. Wells as recorded in the H. J. letters—the only occasion in this voluminous letter writing when James shows himself wounded by the act of another. James had praised Wells's work—an admiration casually recorded by Rebecca West in her notable study "Henry James" in the Writers of the Day series—in letter after letter, calling him "the most interesting and masterful prose painter of your English generation.... Your big feeling for life, your capacity for chewing up the thickness of the world in such enormous mouthfuls...this constitutes for me a rare and admirable exhibition on your part.... Your

temper and your hand form one of the choicest treasures of our time." After years of such intercourse, imagine James in his last failing days receiving as a gift from Wells his novel "Boon" and finding here a parody of his own style which struck him like a blow in the face. Wells ignored the hurt and merely wrote: "Writing that stuff about you was the first escape I had from the obsession of this war." "Boon" was "just a waste-paper basket".

The London "Daily News" regrets that James let "Boon" make him so very cross and throw him into such an unforgiving mood:

We wish for his own sake that he had laughed at the history of "Mutineer", the once perfect butler whose tray is carried at a more and more precarious angle as "the plot thickens". The skit is rather a dangerous extension of private joys into public life; but Henry James need not have turned quite such an awful face upon Mr. Wells's gaminerles. There is a touch of the convert's zeal in this conception of courtliness.... The truth is Henry James felt the art of literature to be assailed in his person.... That is the chief cause of his quarrel with "Boon" and with Mr. Kipling's "Stalky and Co." They were disrespectful. They did not remove their hats in the presence of the Muse.

"The most inveterate player is the beaver (says Enos Mills in his recently published "Adventures of a Nature Guide"), who, we have been led to believe, is always very busy. Every summer he has a vacation of three months or more, and loafs most of any animal in the woods. He plays much and often and is the master of the fine art of rest."

An interesting instance of literary activity in one family in two distinct fields, is found in the case of Dr. E. Y. Mullins, President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and his wife, Isla May Mullins. Dr. Mullins

Woodrow Wilson and His Work, by William E. Dodd [Doubleday]. *A study of policy.*
Reminiscences of a Boy in Blue, 1862-1865, by Henry Murray Calvert [Putnam]. *A narrative.*
Presidents and Ples, by Isabel Anderson [Houghton]. *Incidents of Washington society.*
Alexander Hamilton, by Henry Jones Ford; Stephen A. Douglas, by Louis Howland [Scribner]. *Two volumes in the "Figures from American History" series.*
That Human Being, Leonard Wood, by Hermann Hagedorn [Harcourt]. *A personality study.*

History and Political Science

A Short History of the Italian People, by Janet Penrose Trevelyan [Putnam]. *A narrative to 1870.*
The Rebirth of Korea, by Hugh Heung-Wo Cynn [Abingdon]. *A history of recent events.*
Parliament and Revolution, by J. Ramsay MacDonald [Scott]. *A study of democracy.*
The Story of a Common Soldier of Army Life in the Civil War, by Leander Stillwell [pub. at Erie, Kan.]. *An illustrated narrative.*
The Making of a Nation, by Wentworth Stewart [Stratford]. *An Americanization study.*
Have We a Far Eastern Policy? by Charles H. Sherrill [Scribner]. *Personal observations.*
Phases of Corruption in Roman Administration in the Last Half-Century of the Roman Republic, by Richard Orlando Jolliffe [Menasha, Wis.: Banta]. *A dissertation.*
Primitive Society, by Robert H. Lowie [Bonl]. *An economic and social study.*
On the Trail of the Pioneers, by John T. Faris [Doran]. *An account of settlements west of the Alleghenies.*
Intervention in Mexico, by Samuel Guy Inman [Doran]. *Interpretation and suggestion.*
The Conquest of the Old Southwest, by Archibald Henderson [Century]. *A narrative of American pioneers.*
The Art of Fighting, by Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske [Century]. *A history.*

Drama

The Passing of the Kings, by Nina B. Lamkin [Denison]. *An historical pageant.*
The One-Act Play in Colleges and High Schools, by B. Roland Lewis [Univ. of Utah]. *A paper with bibliography.*
A Book of Marionettes, by Helen Halman Joseph [Huebsch]. *An illustrated history.*
The Death of Titian, by Hugo Von Hofmannsthal [Four Seas]. *An incident in verse.*
Ten Plays, by David Pinski [Huebsch]. *Yiddish one-act plays translated.*
Masks, by George Middleton [Holt]. *One-act plays of modern American life.*
The Contemporary Drama of France, by Frank W. Chandler [Little]. *1000 plays analyzed.*
Beyond the Horizon, by Eugene O'Neill [Bonl]. *A romantic youth's disillusionment.*

Essays and Literary Studies

An Essay Toward a History of Shakespeare in Denmark, by Martin B. Rudd [Univ. of Minn.]. *A monograph.*
The Way of My Heart and Mind, by T. Carl Whitmer [Pittsburgh Print Co.]. *Musical comments and others.*
We Moderns, by Edwin Muir [Knopf]. *A criticism of the modern arts.*
The Bad Results of Good Habits and Other Lapses, by J. Edgar Park [Houghton]. *Reflections on so-called good people.*
In Winter Quarters, by Alvin Howard Sanders [Chicago: Breeder's Gazette]. *Thoughts on nature and other themes.*
Early Theories of Translation, by Flora Ross Amos [Columb. Univ.]. *A study of English writers.*

Moments with Mark Twain, selected by Albert Bigelow Paine [Harper]. *Brief excerpts.*
 Leader of Men, by Robert Gordon Anderson [Putnam]. *An appreciation of Roosevelt.*
 The Old Humanities and the New Science, by Sir William Osler [Houghton]. *An address.*

Sociology and Economics

The Joke About Housing, by Charles Harris Whitaker [Marshall Jones]. *An inquiry.*
 The Paris Bourse and French Finance, by William Parker [Columb. Univ.]. *A comparative study.*
 Agricultural Prices, by Henry A. Wallace [pub. at Des Moines]. *A statistical survey.*
 Opportunities in Engineering, by Charles M. Horton [Harper]. *Suggestive facts.*
 A Short History of the American Labor Movement, by Mary Bears [Harcourt]. *A survey.*
 Common Sense and Labour, by Samuel Crowther [Doubleday]. *An outline of methods.*
 The American Era, by H. H. Powers [Macmillan]. *A consideration of present problems.*
 Personal Beauty and Racial Betterment, by Knight Dunlap [St. Louis: Mosby]. *A eugenic study.*
 Sex Attraction, by Victor C. Vaughan [St. Louis: Mosby]. *A physiological talk.*
 The Superstition of Divorce, by Gilbert K. Chesterton [Lane]. *Five essays.*

War and Reconstruction

A Short History of the Great War, by William L. McPherson [Putnam]. *A non-technical account.*
 The Descent of Bolshevism, by Ameen Rihani [Stratford]. *A history of early revolutions.*
 How the War Came, by The Earl of Loreburn [Knopf]. *A British statesman's account.*
 A History of the Great War, Vol. II, by Bertram Benedict [Bureau of Natl. Lit.]. *A narrative including the Peace Conference.*
 In the World War, by Count Ottokar Czernin [Harper]. *An Austrian minister's record.*
 First Reflections on the Campaign of 1918, by R. M. Johnston [Holt]. *Observations on America's military organization.*
 Now It Can Be Told, by Philip Gibbs [Harper]. *War sketches.*
 Alsace in Rust and Gold, by Edith O'Shaughnessy [Harper]. *Armistice events.*
 From Serbia to Yugoslavia, by Gordon Gordon-Smith [Putnam]. *A history, 1914-8.*
 Bolshevism at Work, by William T. Goode [Harcourt]. *Personal investigations.*
 The New Frontiers of Freedom, by E. Alexander Powell [Scribner]. *Recent European observations.*
 A History of the Great War, Vol. VI, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle [Doran]. *The final volume.*

Travel

Further Incidents in the Life of a Mining Engineer, by E. T. McCarthy [Dutton]. *Experiences in Asia, Africa and other regions.*
 South Sea Foam, by A. Safroni-Middleton [Doran]. *Polynesian adventures.*

Religion and Spiritualism

The Newton Chapel [Phila.: Judson]. *Newton Theological Institution addresses.*
 To Walk with God, by Anne W. Lane and Harriet Blaine Beale [Dodd]. *Spiritual communications.*
 Christian Unity, by John B. Gough Pledge [Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.]. *A sermon.*
 Psychical Miscellanea, by J. Arthur Hill [Harcourt]. *Eleven essays.*
 The Open Vision, by Horatio W. Dresser [Crowell]. *A study of psychic phenomena.*
 A Better World, by Tyler Dennett [Doran]. *A survey of religious resources for peace.*
 How to Advertise a Church, by E. E. Elliott [Doran]. *Publicity suggestions.*
 Things Eternal, by Rev. John Kelman [Doran]. *A collection of sermons.*

has contributed a number of important books on the subject of philosophy and theology, several of which have been translated into Chinese, Japanese, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He is a native of Mississippi. His wife is of New England stock, although born in Alabama. She is a writer of books for young people and is probably best known through her "Blossom Shop" series. Her last volume, entitled "Tweedie", brings her total of published volumes up to eight, while Dr. Mullins is credited with nine—altogether a very sizable bookshelf for one writing family.

Another interesting case of literary activity in a family is that of Rupert Hughes and his wife, Adelaide Manola Hughes, whose first book of poems "Diantha Goes the Primrose Way" is a spring publication. Mr. Hughes's new novel inquires "What's the World Coming To?"

With due acknowledgment of interest, we print the following letter:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

In THE BOOKMAN for April, an article entitled "Walt Whitman: Fiction Writer and Poet's Friend" contains several statements which, while unimportant in themselves, are so employed as to convey an erroneous impression of Whitman's relation to Hawthorne and Poe. The writer of the article gives the impression that Hawthorne's "The Shaker Bridal" and "Old Esther Dudley" and Poe's "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains" all first appeared in print in "The Brooklyn Daily Eagle" (1846), of which Whitman was then editor. As a matter of fact, "The Shaker Bridal" had appeared in "The Token" in 1838, "Old Esther Dudley" in "The Democratic Review" for January, 1839, and "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains" in "Godey's Lady's Book" (Philadelphia) for April, 1844. It would be more nearly accurate to say that Whitman learned some of his own limited skill in story writing from both Poe and Hawthorne. He even contributed a sketch to Poe's "Broadway Journal" in 1845.

Very truly yours,

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A New York bookseller comes back at the Gossip Shop with the following:

In your March number I find you poking fun at the poor bookseller who called Julian Street "she". But the laugh is not always on the poor bookseller. A few days ago a crotchety old man stamped into a down town book shop and demanded a copy of "Claud" of the young woman who came towards him. "'Claud'", she repeated, smiling doubtfully. "Yes, 'Claud', by this Englishman who is over here now." And he went away content, with a copy of "Raymond" under his arm.

Not long ago an English firm announced a "Who was Who, 1897-1916", containing the biographies taken from "Who's Who" of those people who have died during the twenty inclusive years. This work was doubtless not conceived in the spirit of levity which characterized an American "Who Was Who, 5000 B. C. to date. Biographical dictionary of the famous and those who wanted to be", edited by one Irwin L. Gordon and published by a Philadelphia house in 1914.

"What's your oldest newspaper?" asked an inquisitive visitor of an attendant in the newspaper room of the New York Public Library.

"We go pretty far back in newspaper history," replied the attendant. "We have a copy of one of the first newspapers known to have been published in English, the 'Corant or Weekly Nevves from Italy, Germany, Hungaria, Polonia, Bohemia, France and the Low Countries'. That was printed in London in 1621. Besides that, we have another London newspaper printed in the same year. That one is known as the 'Corant or Nevves from Italia, Germania, France and other places'."

F. Britten Austin, whose most recent collection of short stories about the war "According to Orders" has just been brought out in New York, visited the United States during April.

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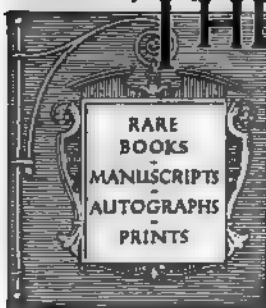
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Brieux's new play, "Les Américains chez Nous", recently produced in Paris, has a wartime setting. This story of the love affair of an American nurse and a French physician furnishes a contrasting study of ideals and traditions in the two nations.

"From Friend to Friend", a little volume of recollections by Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, edited by her sister-in-law, Emily Ritchie, has just been published by a New York firm. Lady Ritchie met many of the most interesting people in England in the course of her long life, which covered the period from 1838 to 1919, and in this little book she has given charming, intimate and significant glimpses of her father, of Tennyson and his wife, of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, of Adelaide Kemble, and of many others who, to readers of today, are just names and fames. There are anecdotes of Thackeray in his younger days, when he was beginning to write and wishing rather to paint, and later on when he was in the full tide of literary production; and there are memories of the Rome that was in the days when the Brownings made it their home. The book has a frontispiece portrait of Lady Ritchie.

"To find for all he had to say words of vital aptness and animation—to communicate as much as possible of what he has somewhere called 'the incommunicable thrill of things'—was from the first his endeavor—nay more, it was the main passion of his life," says Sidney Colvin, writing of his friend Stevenson. Such a passion on Stevenson's part led him to plan a technical book, to be called "The Art of Literature", which he never developed. But some of the "loose ends" have been selected from his scattered essays and collected, at the discretion of John William Rogers, in a book called "Learning to Write", recently brought out by a New York firm.

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

THE sudden death of George D. Smith, the famous dealer in rare books, has been the principal topic of conversation in book circles for some time, and pages of newspaper space have been devoted to all kinds of sketches of the man who has been the dominant figure in the book-auction world for the last few years. Naturally a large part of the comment, both American and foreign, was devoted to the probable consequences of the elimination of this powerful factor in the determination of auction prices. Since his death there have been some notable sales in both hemispheres, in which Mr. Smith, had he lived, would doubtless have been the most important bidder. The prices realized at these sales generally show that rare books will be sought by collectors regardless of the presence or absence of any particular person. Probably the prices at the Wallace and some other sales would have been higher had Mr. Smith remained a factor, yet the unique examples in the Buxton Forman sales will command their own prices and the desirable books in the Wallace collection brought good prices. There has been nothing like a panic in the book-auction market. Possibly this is in part due to the reappearance in the auction room of some buyers who have not been seen there for some years and who were frightened away by the fearless bidding of Mr. Smith. On one point all commentators agree—that in the death of Mr. Smith the rare book world lost a unique and lov-

able character and the most forceful personality in the book-auction market.

Two of the most important of the Charles Lamb items in the Walter Thomas Wallace sale are now in the library of a private collector in Boston. The Locker-Lampson copy of "Poetry for Children", of which the Augustin Daly copy is the only other one sold in this country, brought \$3,300. This is not an excessive price, considering the remote chance of the collector of securing another copy, as this is the first that has been brought to light in modern times, having turned up in Australia in 1877. The copy of "Blank Verse" by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, which the same Boston collector secured for \$900, was a real bargain, as this copy was presented by Lamb to his old East Indian House associate, Henry Hedges. The three works composing this lot were bound in two volumes. The third work, containing "A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret", has the Birmingham imprint of Thomas Pearson, 1798. In this issue the Lamb collector has one of the rarest items procurable, the copy in Henry E. Huntington's library being the only other one known in this country. The copies unsold were sent to London and have a reprinted title page, the old page being removed and the new one inserted on the stub. For this particular copy three times the price paid would not have been excessive.

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The original manuscript of Charles Lamb's "Dissertation upon Roast Pig", which was sold by Stan V. Henkels in Philadelphia for the remarkable price of \$12,600 and was bought by the Rosenbach Company, is now in the library of J. P. Morgan. From one of Lamb's letters we learn that he received twenty guineas a sheet for his contributions to "The London Magazine", in which the "Dissertation" originally appeared. As a sheet was sixteen pages, it is presumable that the gentle Elia received five guineas for the manuscript which brings \$12,600 a century later.

Wordsworth is perhaps less of a collector's author than Tennyson and other of his contemporaries, but there are some notable collections of Wordsworthiana, the most important of which in this country is that formed by the late Mrs. Cynthia Morgan St. John of Ithaca, New York. It contains not only practically all the first and later editions of Wordsworth's writings, but original manuscripts and a large collection of letters to or from Wordsworth and members of his family, in addition to a bust, the portrait by Shuter, and numerous memorabilia of the poet. The manuscripts include such rare items as twenty-seven of the "Itinerary Poems" of 1833, one of the "Poems of Fancy", and poems and parts of poems from "Yarrow Revisited" and other writings. Since the death of Mrs. St. John it has been decided to break up this collection of many years' growth, which it would now be impossible to assemble.

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Kermit Roosevelt in his book, "War in the Garden of Eden", gives the following example of Turkish chivalry for women:

"When I was at Samarra an amusing incident took place in connection with a number of officers' wives who were captured at Ramadie. The army commander didn't wish to ship them off to India and Burma with their husbands, so he sent them up to Samarra with instructions that they be returned across the lines to the Turks. After many aeroplane messages were exchanged it was agreed that we should leave them at a designated hill and that the Turks would later come for them. Meanwhile we had arranged quarters for them, trying to do everything in a manner that would be in harmony with the Turkish conveniences. When the wives were escorted forth to be turned back to their countrymen, they were all weeping bitterly. Whether it was that the Turk in his casual manner decided that one day was as good as another, or whether he felt that he had no particular use for these particular women, we never knew, but at all events twenty-four hours later one of our patrols came upon the prisoners still forlornly waiting. We shipped them back to Baghdad."

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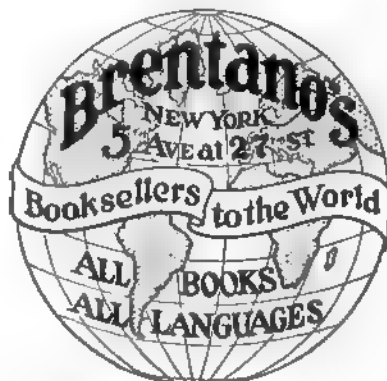
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State of New York }
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Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Doran, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the president of George H. Doran Company, publishers of The Bookman, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, George H. Doran Company, 244 Madison Avenue.

Editor, Robert Cortes Holliday, 244 Madison Avenue.

Managing editor, none.

Business Managers, George H. Doran Company.

2. That the owners are: George H. Doran Company, 244 Madison Avenue; George H. Doran, 244 Madison Avenue; R. P. Hodder Williams, London, England; J. E. Hodder Williams, London, England; Messmore Kendall, 120 Broadway; Stanley M. Rinehart, Jr., 244 Madison Avenue.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is _____. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) GEORGE H. DORAN (President).

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY (Publishers).

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1920.

[SEAL]

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(My commission expires March 30, 1921.)

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Elizabeth Wordsworth, the venerable grandniece of the Rydal Mount poet, in one of her recent "Essays Old and New" brought out in England, enters the ranks for women's rights in a short analysis of "Andrea del Sarto":

To judge from the whole tone of the poem, there is no doubt that he implies his inferiority as man and artist to be greatly his wife's fault. Now here I must say I think Andrea del Sarto, and Mr. Browning speaking through his mouth, are just as unfair on women as most other sons of Adam.

John Drinkwater, in his preface to Margaret Prescott Montague's prize O. Henry Memorial story "England to America", just brought out by a New York house, is not quite sure whether Miss Montague's analysis of English character is at all points exact, "but since she is an artist, she happily makes this of no consequence". He goes on to say that the test of all narrative art is "not whether a generalized idea drawn from the particular narrative tallies with our own conclusions. It is, rather, whether the characters in the narrative have their own reality, and so convince us of their own actions." This is a broad and altogether admirable criterion of criticism.

Lovers of Mark Twain who have been trying to secure his home at Hartford, Connecticut, where "Innocents Abroad" and other books were written, have given it up, at least for the time being. It is said that two men have recently bought the place for \$55,000 and now hold it for \$300,000. It is thought the state may condemn the property for a park.

The two best-selling books in England according to a late report were "The House of Baltazar" by William J. Locke, and "The Superstition of Divorce" by G. K. Chesterton—both recent American publications.

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- Bruce, by Albert Payson Terhune [Dutton]. *The story of a collier.*
- Tamarisk Town, by Sheila Kaye-Smith [Dutton]. *A man's struggle between love and ambition.*
- The Pointing Man, by Marjorie Doule [Dutton]. *The tale of a Burmese feud.*
- That Affair at St. Peter's, by Edna A. Brown [Lothrop]. *A church theft mystery.*
- Hannah Bye, by Harrison S. Morris [Penn]. *A present-day Quakeress's story.*
- England to America, by Margaret Prescott Montague [Doubleday]. *A short story of an American's English reactions.*
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- Pierre and Joseph, by René Bazin [Harper]. *A war story of Alsatian brothers.*
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- Maureen, by Patrick MacGill [McBride]. *A present-day story of Irish peasantry.*
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Lord Grey of the Reform Bill, by George Macaulay Trevelyan [Longmans]. *An account of early 19th-century politics.*
 Swinburne as I Knew Him, by Coulson Kernahan [Lane]. *Recollections and letters.*
 Talks with T. R., by John J. Leary, Jr. [Houghton]. *A journalist's notes.*
 Finding a Way Out, by Robert Russa Moton [Doubleday]. *An autobiography.*
 Herbert Hoover: The Man and His Work, by Vernon Kellogg [Appleton]. *An associate's account.*
 Buffalo Bill's Life Story [Cosmopolitan]. *An illustrated autobiography.*
 The Ordeal of Mark Twain, by Van Wyck Brooks [Dutton]. *A character study.*
 Americans by Adoption, by Joseph Husband [Atlantic]. *Accounts of noted men.*
 All and Sundry, by E. T. Raymond [Holt]. *Sketches of political and literary figures.*

Boston had better look to its laurels, for William Marion Reedy's town, according to recent figures compiled by the Arcade Book Shop of St. Louis, is in the lead as a home of serious readers. It seems that forty-three per cent of the book buyers of Boston read fiction, as compared with twenty-three per cent for St. Louis, and that in every other of the ten classifications of books enumerated except one—that of autobiography—St. Louis leads Boston. This, to the compiler's mind, is conclusive proof in itself of a more serious and discriminating trend of thought and taste on the part of the book readers of St. Louis. The populations of both cities—according to the 1910 census—were about equal, 670,585 for Boston as compared with 687,029 for St. Louis and the figures compiled indicate the approximate percentage of the body of the book buyers and the kind of books they buy:

	Boston	St. Louis
Fiction	43	23
Biography	6	9
Autobiography	5	3
Essays	6	7
History	5	8
Literary criticism	5	6
Poetry	8	9
Drama	7	12
Business	10	15
Allied arts	5	8
	100	100

It would be interesting to have similar statistics regarding the book tastes of other cities—New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, for example.

A new edition of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw's "The Story of a Pioneer" is synchronous with the completion of the organization of the Anna Howard Shaw Memorial Committee. At a recent meeting it was voted to establish headquarters in Philadelphia for the fund of half a million dollars with which a foundation of politics is to be established at Bryn Mawr College, and one of preventive medicine in the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Juveniles

Mary Marie, by Eleanor H. Porter [Houghton].
A 15-year-old girl's narrative.
Bowler, the Hound, by Thornton W. Burgess [Little]. A dog's adventures.
Robby and the Big Road, by Maud Lindsay [Lothrop]. A city boy's country experiences.
When I Was a Boy in Scotland, by George McPherson Hunter; When I Was a Boy in Persia, by Yusef B. Mirza [Lothrop]. Two "Children of Other Lands" books.
The Treasure of the Isle of Mist, by W. W. Tarn [Putnam]. A fairy tale.
Tweedle, by Isla May Mullins [Page]. The tale of a girl who brings cheer.
Conservation Reader, by Harold W. Fairbanks [World Book]. A study of resources.
Young People's History of the Pilgrims, by William Elliott Griffis [Houghton]. An illustrated account.
A Little Gateway to Science, by Edith M. Patch [Atlantic]. Stories about insects.
The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers, by H. G. Tunncliffe [Bevel]. A narrative illustrated.
Don Strong, American, by William Heyliger [Appleton]. Boy Scout adventures.
Dick Arnold of Raritan College, by Earl Reed Silvers [Appleton]. A college story.
Paul and the Printing Press, by Sara Ware Bassett [Little]. A story of a school paper.
The Ring-Necked Grizzly, by Warren H. Miller [Appleton]. Rocky Mountain adventures.
The Lost Dirigible, by Ralph Henry Barbour [Appleton]. A naval aviator's exploits.

An English critic revives the more or less well-known controversy of the authorship of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's famous epigram by which, he says, she will live in literature:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone.

One recalls that in "The World's and I" (published a year ago before her death) the author declares that she first published the poem in the New York "Sun" in 1883, and that two years later a John Joyce claimed the authorship. She describes him as the writer of "very trashy verses", and states that he wrote the poem is an utter falsehood; that she offered repeatedly to give 50,000 dollars to a charity if anyone could produce a copy of these verses published before February, 1883.

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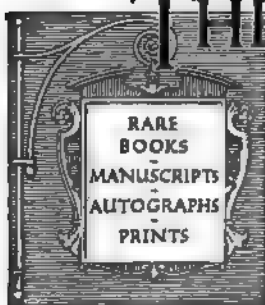


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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

THE dispersal of the famous library of S. R. Christie-Miller, formerly at Britwell Court, Burnham, Bucks, England, has gone on the past season uninterruptedly, but the end is not yet, for the first portion only has been sold of the works on theology, divinity, etc., among which are some of the rarest early English imprints. The first portion of this library, consisting of Americana, after being catalogued for sale at Sotheby's, was disposed of privately to the late George D. Smith in August, 1916, and was bought by Henry E. Huntington. In June, and July, 1919, a collection of voyages and travels from this library was sold at auction. This was followed by a sale of "rare books" in December, 1919, at which Mr. Smith bought the famous "Venus and Adonis" for \$75,000, the highest price ever paid for a book at auction. The books of airs, ballads, catches, madrigals, songs, and other music from Britwell Court were also sold in December last year. The first portion of the theological works from Britwell Court was dispersed last May and followed immediately after the sale by auction of the 464 lots in the Britwell library of books from the library of the celebrated French bibliophile, historian and statesman, Jacques Auguste De Thou (1553-1617). The last sale from this great English library was in June, 1920, consisting of early English tales, novels and romances. To disperse the entire collection will require several more sales.

One of the remarkable autograph sales of the last season was that of the collection made by Dr. Jesse C. Green of West Chester, Pennsylvania, at the Philadelphia auction rooms of Stan V. Henkels. Dr. Green had been collecting autographs for some eighty years, and although only 102 years of age, yielded to the temptation which has beset many other collectors and decided to have his treasures dispersed in his lifetime. Since the collection was a judiciously chosen one, not being loaded down with signatures of people once considered distinguished but now forgotten, the results of the sale were satisfactory. One wonders, however, whether the centenarian really intended to give up collecting when his material was dispersed. A habit of eighty years is not easily shaken off.

The sale of Dr. Frank P. O'Brien's collection of dime novels last season doubtless will start many people to hunting up those treasures of their boyhood in the hope that they may, like Dr. O'Brien, dispose of them at from ten to 625 times their original price. Such a hope is likely to prove illusive, for there are plenty of old dime novels in existence, and the high prices paid for the O'Brien collection are not likely to be repeated. More than one seeker after hidden treasure has found, after reading of the high price paid for an old book, that his possessions "in which the s's are like f's" are merely worthless junk. By

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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (*Continued*)

the way, a merely cursory examination of old typography will disclose that the long s in old books is not like an f as the bar is not carried across the upright.

The death of Frank Karslake, for many years editor and publisher of the English quarterly, "Book Auction Records", will not put an end to that publication. Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son and Stiles of Great Russell Street, London, will continue the publication on behalf of Mr. Karslake's widow.

Herschell V. Jones, the sale of whose library was one of the greatest of this generation, has by no means given up collecting. He is now engaged in bringing together a collection of one hundred books relating to the formative period of the drama before Shakespeare, and has succeeded in securing about forty volumes which have not appeared but once in an auction sale in the last half-century or more. His latest acquisition was the "Amorette" of Edmund Spenser, the Christie-Miller copy and the only one known that will ever be offered for sale. Mr. Jones, following the example of Yates Thompson, another editor, in limiting his library to one hundred books, is likely to secure one that will rival his previous collection of about 2,000 volumes in its interest to collectors.

The Blackstone Memorial Library of Branford, Connecticut, has a copy of a Eulogy on the death of George Washington, delivered in Guilford, Connecticut, on February 22, 1800, by Doctor David S. Brooks, but not printed until 1823 in New York. This seems to be the only known copy. If no other copies can be located, a facsimile reproduction will be made.

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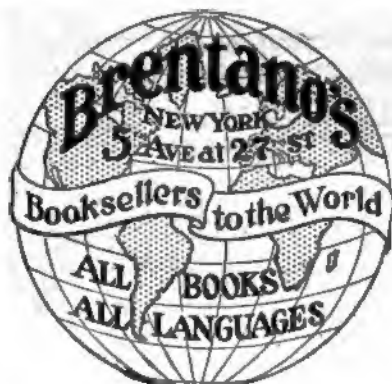
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An American anniversary edition of Hardy's novels, in twenty volumes, commemorates the eightieth birthday of the novelist. On this occasion Mr. Hardy received this birthday cable: "The following American writers congratulate you on your living contributions to our literature: (Signed) Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Van Wyck Brooks, Theodore Dreiser, Robert Frost, Joseph Hergesheimer, Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, H. L. Mencken, E. A. Robinson, James Oppenheim, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale, and Louis Untermeyer."

A New York correspondent to the London "Times" deplores the screening of Hardy's novels "out here":

Literary vandalism is fast becoming an art whereby a producer (or director) climbs up the golden ladder. It is difficult to crush down bitter thoughts when one hears of the way in which one of Hardy's novels has been screened out here. One scene is laid in Boston! An extraneous love affair is introduced. They announced that the filming had been beautifully done and the author not hurt in any way.

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